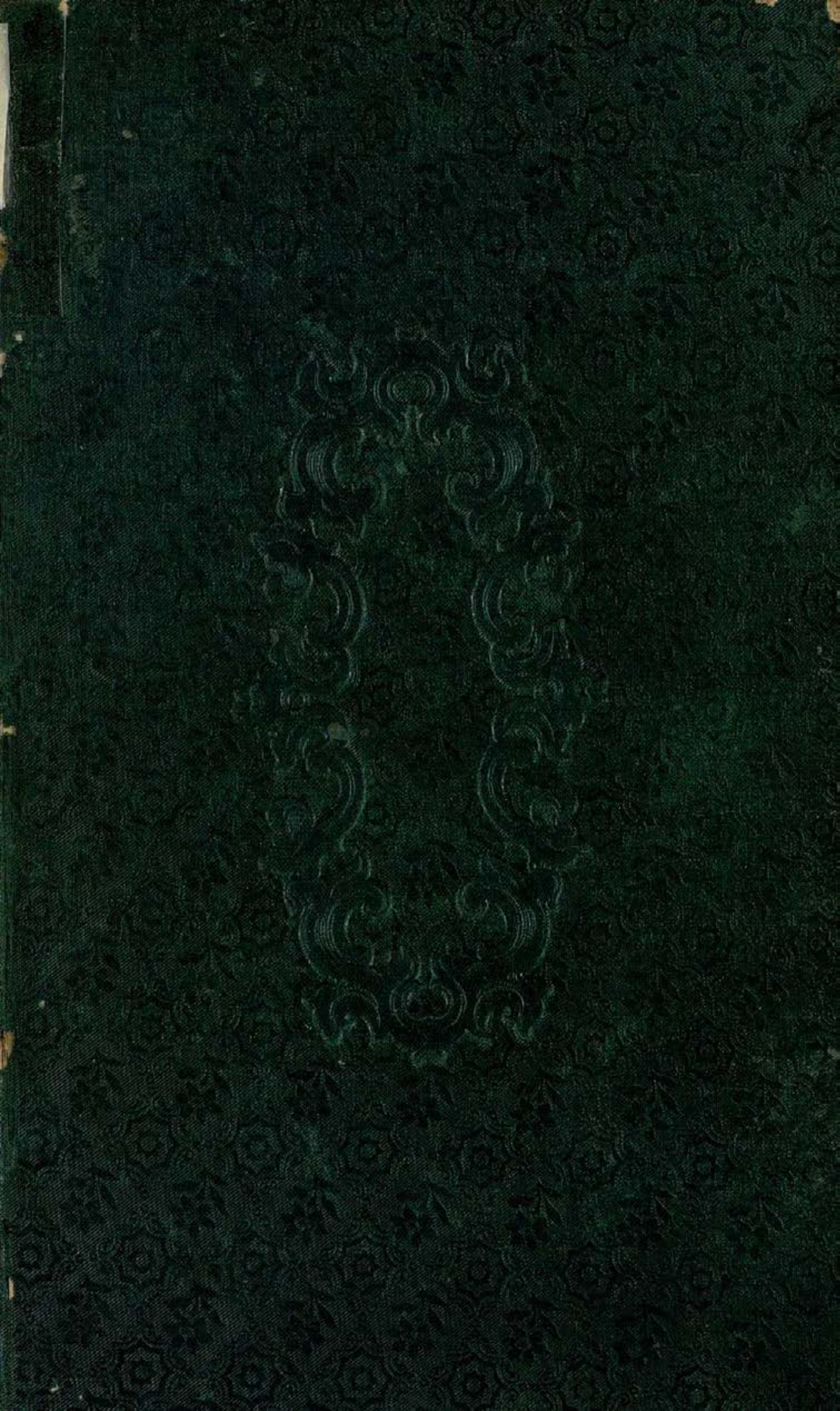

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MISCELLANY.

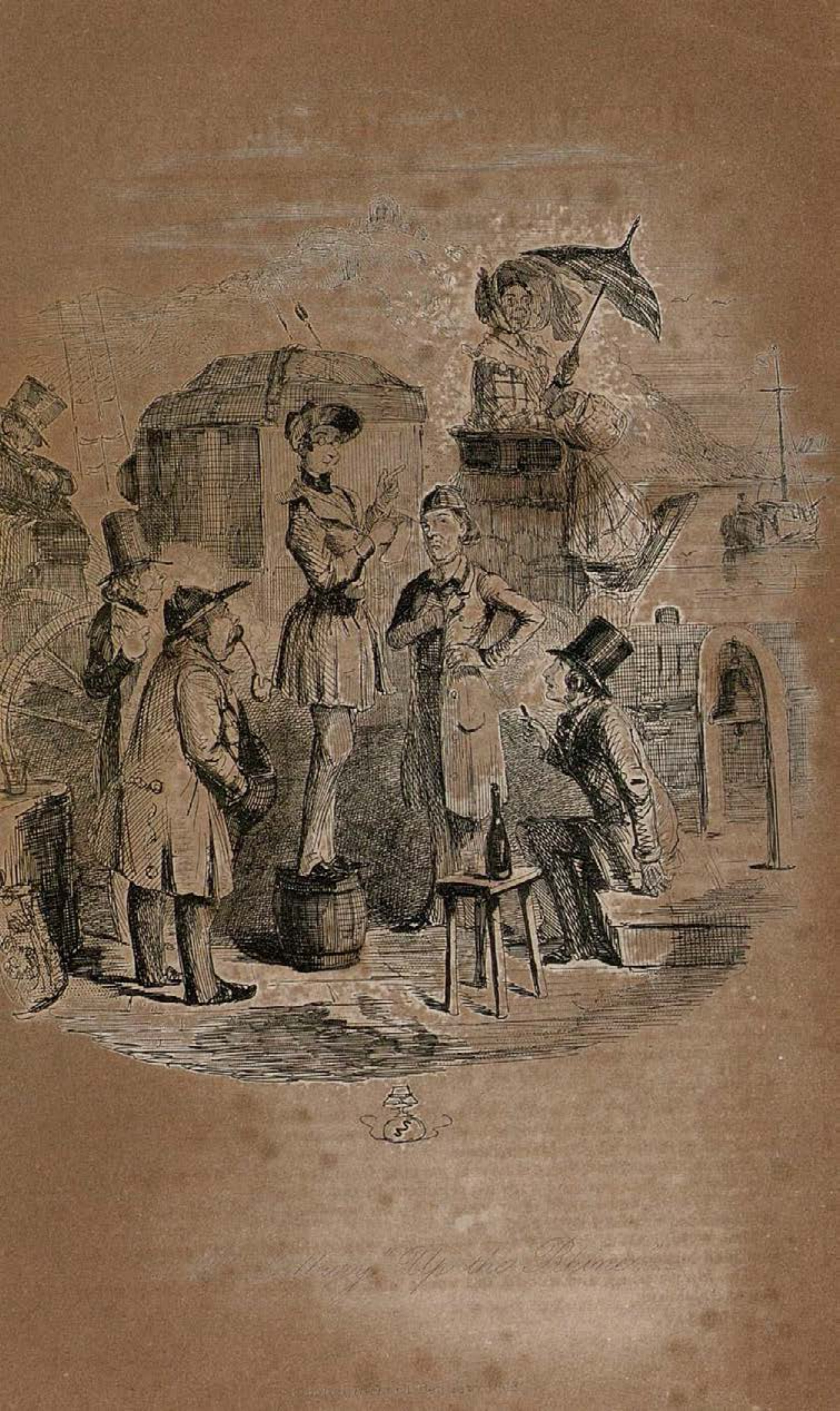
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ILLUSTRATIONS.



[illegible] "Up the Rhine."

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT CABUL.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY ONE OF THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

[WE are indebted to Major Thomson,* of Ghuznee celebrity, through Lieutenant Curling, for the following Narrative by one of the most interesting of the female prisoners detained at Cabul by Mahommed Ukbur Khan; the remainder of which we hope to receive by the next India mail, and to present our readers in our next Miscellany.—EDITOR.]

ALL had been preparing for a start from Cabul for many days before that event took place. Camels and poneys for baggage were purchased at extravagant prices. Property was sorted, that the owners might select only such things as were indispensably necessary to carry with them. It was curious to observe the different expressions of regret with which valuable property was cast aside as worthless. Wardrobes, libraries, music, pianos, (no, piano, it should be, for there was only one in Cabul,) furniture, crockery, houses, &c. Indeed, it would be difficult to detail half the losses experienced, particularly by the married people, and the staff-officers of Shah Soojah's force; most of whom had built houses, and made every arrangement for a long residence at Cabul. But, immense as was this sacrifice, the resignation with which it was made was at least most creditable to the sufferers.

When the British force marched from Cabul, those ladies† who were unencumbered with children rode on horseback; the rest started in doolies and palanquins. They were on the move by sunrise on the 6th January; but it was nearly sunset before they reached the first halting-ground, a distance of only five miles from Cabul.

* This gallant officer of engineers, it will be recollected, succeeded in blowing in the gates of Ghuznee, and thus mainly contributed to the capture of that strong fortress, till then considered impregnable.

† Lady Macnaghten in a palanquin. Sir W. H. Macnaghten had been killed a fortnight before.

Lady Sale on horseback. Sir Robert commanded at Jalalabad.

Mrs. Sturt on horseback. Her husband rode with her.

Mrs. Boyd, and two children, three and five years old, in two doolies. Her husband rode with her.

Mrs. Trevor, and seven children, varying from three to twelve years old; herself on horseback; the children on poneys, in camel-panniers, and doolies. Her husband fell with Sir W. H. Macnaghten.

Mrs. Anderson, and three children, varying from five days to five years old; in two doolies. Her husband with his regiment in the column.

Mrs. Waller, and a child of one year old; on horseback; the child in a doolie; her wounded husband with her.

Mrs. Eyre, and a child of four years old; the child behind a horseman; her wounded husband with her.

Mrs. Mainwaring, and a child ten weeks old, in a doolie. Major Mainwaring was at Jalalabad.

This delay was caused by the difficulty experienced in getting over a *nullah*, which ran close to the cantonment-walls, and also to the snow, which lay deep along the road. The ladies and children marched with what may be termed the advanced-guard; so it may be supposed that on their reaching the halting-ground, tents, or a hot meal, were out of the question. The night closed in, leaving those delicate beings, who until now had been used to every comfort, to win their way through a Cabul winter night, a prey to all the evil forebodings that this their initiation to piercing cold, hunger, and thirst, would naturally give rise to. Strange as it may appear, it was from thirst that the party most suffered; for, although surrounded by deep snow, there was no possible means of melting it. A few of the most provident had made arrangements to carry on a small quantity of fuel; but half the baggage had never been able to quit the cantonments, owing to the narrow egress and deep nullah; and of the half which did get out, much was carried off by the plunderers on the road; much thrown away, that the camp-followers might rid themselves of a troublesome charge; and much, it is supposed by some, carried by faithless servants, and sold in the Cabul bazaar. One officer (whose wife and children were of the party,) I have frequently heard speak of his good fortune in having bought for ten rupees, as he came along, two small bundles of wood, about the size of a tolerable birch-broom; with this he melted a few mugsful of snow, mixed with brandy, to assuage the thirst of two or three of the ladies and the children who happened to be near him.

The night wore quietly away; but the morrow brought little hope of relief. Few of the servants had come up; and half the camp equipage and baggage had been already lost. At about sunrise the party moved off in much the same order as the day before. Their march again was only five miles; but before this distance was accomplished the snow and frost had done its work on the doolie and palanquin-bearers' feet, who with difficulty carried their burthens to Boothkhak, the place assigned for the halting-ground.

It is not my object to make any reference to the army. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that it had been harassed the whole distance by the Affghan cavalry, had experienced considerable loss in guns, officers, men, ammunition, and equipage, during this short march; and it was with something like satisfaction that a rumour was heard of a communication having been received from Mahommed Ukbur Khan; though it would have been difficult to guess what good was to result from it. However, the firing on our camp (if it can be so designated) had till this time been incessant and annoying, but ceased as soon as the above communication had been established.

To-day water was within reach of all who could themselves go a hundred yards from the camp, or who had servants who would not heed the occasional whizzing of an Affghan bullet; but any kind of fuel was again out of the question. This was the second night that most of these unfortunate mothers and children were obliged to pass, without other protection from the cold than that afforded by their palanquins and doolies. A few had been fortunate enough to save a handful of biscuits, or some such trifle, which proved the only meal they had tasted during the day. Heartsick and weary, as all must have been, sleep offered no relief to the sad sufferers, who longed for

the morrow, not with the hope of its lessening their miseries, but as being at least one day nearer to their termination. The night wore away, clear and cold, and in profound silence.

The morning of the 8th was ushered in with a renewal of *juzzail** firing from the enemy, which occasioned a message to be be sent to Mahommed Ukbur, to inquire its meaning; but before the messenger's return the most fearful scene of confusion had taken place in the camp. The followers, of whom there must have been at least fifteen thousand, were panic-stricken, and rushed almost simultaneously towards the entrance of the Khoord Cabul pass, through which our route lay. Those of our unhappy countrywomen, with their children, who had been travelling in doolies and palanquins, on this occasion had their courage put to the severest test. The panic which had taken possession of the camp-followers was so general and sudden, that in their rush they carried with them a great part of the little army. Doolie and palanquin-bearers accompanied the fugitives, leaving the ladies and children to the mercy of the enemy. Fortunately the panic was momentary. The late Envoy's cavalry-escort, under Captain Lawrence, and a part of the 44th Queen's, who happened to be nearest the point threatened, under the late Major Thaine, showed a front that not only checked the advance of the Affghans, but actually drove them back a considerable distance, giving time for the rest of the troops to fall in, when something like order was restored. But the bearers were now nowhere to be found; and those families who had been dependent on them for conveyance, were with much difficulty provided with camels. While these new arrangements were making, small bands of camp-followers were prowling about in search of plunder, and by the time the ladies and children were seated in the camel-panniers, had contrived to extract from the palanquins and doolies the few necessaries that until then remained, of the small stores their owners had provided for the march. It was on this occasion that most had to deplore the loss of all those dear little mementos of relations and friends far away: miniatures, trinkets, letters, all were now lost. It would be hard to say, without a sigh; but, surrounded with danger so imminent, few would be found calm enough to think of aught but their immediate peril.

Although from the time the enemy had been beaten off by the above-mentioned party all firing had ceased, still the camp-followers had been too much alarmed for any of them to be induced to act like rational beings, and it required the united efforts of all the cavalry to restrain them from pressing on into the pass before any order for an advance had been given. The consequence was, that though a clear stream was flowing within three hundred yards of the party, to obtain a glass of water was next to impracticable. On occasions such as are adverted to, the officers have their particular duties to attend to, and cannot possibly quit their posts. However, it so happened that there was a quantity of wine which had been brought thus far, and for which further transport could not be provided. From this any one was at liberty to take what he chose; it was offered as a substitute for water, and not only many of the ladies, but many of the children, quenched their thirst in draughts of sherry which

* *Juzzail*, the Affghan firelock.

at other times would have proved too copious for a gentleman's morning potation. The extreme cold and anxiety counteracted all the bad effects that might have been anticipated from such unmixed potations. By those who have not experienced the fact, few would conceive the thirst occasioned by the glare from the snow, the cold, and the extreme excitement; but the writer has not only experienced, but has heard many others of the survivors of the Cabul retreat declare, that of all their privations and sufferings, thirst was the most distressing.

At length, about 11 A.M., some arrangements having been made with Ukbur Khan, and three hostages* sent by us to insure our good faith, (!) we were informed that the pass was opened to us; and two or three chiefs were sent to accompany our advance through it. The order of march was much the same as on the two previous days; but those who had previously travelled in doolies and palanquins were now in camel-panniers. No sooner had the head of the column entered the pass, than a scattered fire was commenced upon it by the Affghans posted on the heights. The whole length of the pass, which is some four or five miles, is traversed by a stream of water, which was now coated with a thin sheet of ice, upon which, as well as upon the firm ground, the snow had fallen to a depth of some fifteen inches, rendering it impossible to distinguish the stream from the hard soil. Thus floundering and toiling along, of course the progress of the party was very slow. Camp-followers were so intermingled with the troops, that the advance was considerably impeded; and as the firing increased, and we advanced farther into the pass, the slaughter and confusion became most fearful. The chiefs who accompanied the advance appeared to use their utmost endeavours to stop the firing; but, although they were exposed to the same risk as our own people, their exertions were unavailing.

Towards the end of the pass the hills close in considerably, leaving an open space of not more than twenty or thirty yards. In this part the Affghans had erected on each side small stone breastworks, behind which they lay, dealing out death with a most prodigal hand, with perfect impunity to themselves. Those ladies who were on horseback put their steeds to a gallop at this spot, and were soon clear of the pass; but those who were on camels could do no more than crawl along at the slow pace of about two miles an hour. How can we sufficiently admire the behaviour of the Hindoostanees, who unflinchingly remained at their posts, and led their camels through this murderous fire!

At this end of the pass Lady Sale was slightly wounded by a bullet in the arm; and it was also here that her son-in-law, Lieutenant Sturt, received his death-wound. A woman-servant of his family, who was accompanying them on a pony, had let fall some warm clothing, probably all they had to protect them from the piercing night cold; in going back to recover this property, Lieutenant Sturt received a juzzail-shot in the abdomen, and would have been left there to perish but for the gallantry of a friend, Lieutenant Mein, of H.M. 13th, who had been wounded in the head some ten weeks before; and rendered for the time unable to proceed with Sir Robert Sale's brigade to Jalalabad. Lieutenant Mein re-

* Major Pottinger, Captain Lawrence, and Mackenzie.

traced his steps through the fire of the enemy, reached his wounded friend, lifted him on to his horse, and brought him clear of the pass, himself having passed thrice under this murderous fire. It was late in the afternoon before the pass was cleared; the weather had been all day threatening, and now snow began to fall, and there were still three tedious miles to traverse before reaching the ground selected for our bivouac.

It was about this period of our melancholy adventures that Major Boyd and Captain Anderson heard of the loss of their children; the major's youngest, a boy, and the captain's eldest, a girl. These poor babes (for so they may be called—the eldest was not five years old) had been placed in camel-panniers; the boy with his mother, Mrs. Boyd, on one side; and the girl, under charge of Mrs. Mainwaring, on the other. Mrs. Mainwaring, notwithstanding she had an infant of her own in her arms, generously volunteered the charitable office, seeing that Mrs. Anderson had two other children to take care of, the youngest scarcely a week old. The above little party were all on the same camel in the middle of the pass; the beast was shot, and lay down, leaving its helpless freight a stationary mark for the bullets of the Affghans. Shortly a Hindoostanee sowar took Mrs. Boyd on his horse, and carried her safe through the pass. The other lady, the kind-hearted Mrs. Mainwaring, was nearly sharing a more wretched fate; she had just contrived to dismount with her own infant from the fallen camel, when an Affghan horseman rode up to her, and threatening her with his sword, desired her to give him the shawl with which she was clothed; while she was urging some vain remonstrance, a grenadier sepoy of the 54th contrived to force his way to her rescue; which he effected by discharging the contents of his musket into the body of the Affghan. Leaving little Boyd and Anderson to their fate, he then gave his arm to his fair *protegée*, and with the gallantry of a cavalier of olden times, supported her failing steps to near the exit from the pass; here, poor fellow! he was fated to end his career, and he fell by a bullet from one of the above-mentioned stone-breastworks.

It now became the chance of a spirited young fellow, a private in the 44th, to afford aid, which he did by giving one arm to the poor lady's assistance, and bearing in the other the infant she had herself until now carried. Thus, as evening was closing in, did this little party reach the halting-ground. A weak and delicate woman, used to all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, having walked a distance of five or six miles, the whole way through snow more than ankle-deep; in many places sinking to the knees through the thin coating of ice that covered the stream flowing through the pass; forcing her way through the shoals of camp-followers, all equally eager to get clear of the mouth of the pass (to so many, in truth, the jaws of death), and for more than half the distance carrying in her arms a child of ten weeks old. Still, hers was a happy case compared to that of others; she had surmounted her difficulties, and could press her infant to her bosom. But how was it with Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Anderson? they had now to learn that in the confusion and hurry of saving the ladies, their children had been left to the tender mercies of the ruthless Affghans. Who could guess what would be the fate of these poor babes! happy, surely, would their parents have been, could they have been assured that the sword

had ended their miseries: but to fancy them living to become the slaves of Affghans! Who shall venture to depict their anguish? Would that I could say my task of describing this day's miseries were completed! The snow continued to fall long after the night closed in. The cold, wet ground, served alone for the resting-place of all; their covering drenched with the falling snow. By some most happy chance, three small pauls* were procured, under which the ladies found shelter. Abodes of sorrow! In one of these small tents, together with others of the families, the two bereaved mothers found a place. In another were huddled together the widowed Mrs. Trevor, and her seven little ones; the dying Sturt, attended by his heart-broken wife; and their wounded parent, Lady Sale. Poor Sturt spoke not, but he looked his thanks to those who, heedless of their own sufferings, sought only to alleviate his. The paul in which he lay was open at both ends, and the sides did not reach the ground; the wind, sweeping through it, added greatly to the wretchedness of its inmates.

This was the third day passed almost without food. Most trying as it was to all, how much more so must those poor mothers have suffered who had to give sustenance to their little ones? The firing this day had been heaviest on the rear column, and the carnage, as we afterwards learned, had been dreadful. Little or no assistance could be rendered to the wounded soldiers, who continued straggling into the camp long after dark. The appearance of the pauls, where the ladies were, seemed a haven of promise to those unfortunates; several of whom, streaming with blood, and apparently at life's last gasp, contrived to crawl round and into them. The groans of these poor wretches, to whom, in our helpless plight, we could offer no relief, were most heart-rending.

When the morning broke, the tents were surrounded with the dead and dying; and, though we had longed for daylight, it brought with it no hope of an improvement in our condition. As the sun rose, all again became anxiety to move forward; but some of the ladies found another difficulty to contend with. Those whose camels had been shot were without any conveyance; and there was no alternative but to ride, *en cavalier*, such steeds as could be procured. One of these ladies, as before stated, had an infant in her arms; the other was scarcely recovered from a frightful accident she had met with some months before, when, by her horse falling, her hip was nearly dislocated, besides anticipating an increase to her family. Poor Sturt, too, was still alive; and, excruciating as must have been the pain caused by such conveyance, there was no choice but to place him on a camel.

No order for the advance had been given; but, as all hope seemed to rest in reaching Jalalabad, the camp-followers hurried off; and, by some mistake, the troops, with exception of the rear-guard, had also moved forward at least two hours before the time appointed. The party had proceeded about three miles, when shouts were heard from the rear for all to return, as the general had decided on halting. We afterwards learned that he had done so in consequence of some communication made from Mahommed Ukbur Khan. To turn back a host of fifteen thousand men, with the usual

* *Paul*, a very small light tent.

motley assemblage of baggage, cattle, camels, horses, bullocks, donkeys, mules, all thronging along a narrow road, striving to get to the front, which had usually proved the least dangerous position,—to turn back a multitude so constituted, is a task much more easily attempted than accomplished. However, those who were well in advance had to remain until this tide had been forced back, and it was late in the day before the halting-ground was regained. Strange that not a shot had been heard from the time the pass had been cleared the previous evening. We knew not what to augur. We saw too plainly that we were still surrounded by the Affghans, watching our every movement. The snow-clad hills rendered their dark forms in every direction too evident, as, in throngs of scores, fifties, and hundreds, they were perceived toiling up to those heights and positions which commanded the road by which we had just been proceeding.

Poor Sturt died immediately after he was lifted from the camel. His friend, Mein, performed the last sad offices for him, and, despite the difficulties of the circumstances, gave him Christian burial. We had not been many minutes dismounted when the late Captain Skinner, who had served as a means of communicating with Mahommed Ukbur Khan, conveyed to the ladies a message from that chief that he would be happy to give protection to them and their families; also, that the general thought it would be advisable they should go, as their husbands and the wounded officers were to accompany them. We were aware that the general had shown himself inclined to credit Mahommed Ukbur's repeated protestations of a wish to befriend us; therefore, although the proposal was unexpected, it did not create much surprise. It required little argument to decide which was preferable,—for weak women and children to take the chances of the camp, or to trust to Mahommed Ukbur Khan. It must be remembered that this was the fourth day of their trials, during which many had scarcely tasted food or slept. Some were in a condition which rendered a longer endurance of such fatigue and privation impossible; and even the strongest must have given way long before we could have reached Jalalabad. It was reasoned that, by accepting the chief's proposal, there was a chance of our preservation; by rejecting it, none. Arrangements were, consequently, made for our immediate removal to Mahommed Ukbur's camp.

The general seemed eager for our departure, and, after about an hour's march over the snow, we reached the small fort of Khoord Cabul. Our party consisted of those ladies above enumerated, with their husbands. Lieutenant Mein accompanied Lady Sale and her daughter, they having now no other gentleman to whom they could look for assistance. Captain Troup* was the only one of the many wounded officers who would venture to accompany us into what was by all considered the lion's den. We were met on our entrance into the fort by the three officers mentioned above as having been sent as hostages at Boothkhak.

It should have been mentioned, that when the proposal for our going over to Mahommed Ukbur was first made to us, Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Anderson were told that their children were safe within the fort to which we were conducted. This, probably, was a strong

* At the end of this.

counteraction to the dread with which they had approached the quarters of one whom, since the death of Sir W. Macnaghten, they had looked upon as a fiend incarnate. No sooner were they within the fort than little Boyd was placed in the arms of his rejoicing parents. Who shall paint a mother's joy on such an occasion as this —her child restored from the dead, or worse than the dead! This is indeed a happiness to be felt, not told. But how fared it with the other longing mother, Mrs. Anderson? She, poor thing, was too weak to walk, too weak to stand without assistance. The doors of the fort were too small to admit a laden camel, consequently the pannier in which she travelled had been taken from the beast's back, and carried by men and placed on the ground in the interior of the fort. A witness to the joy of her friends, the Boyds, Mrs. Anderson looked anxiously about for her own cherished child. One was brought and shown to her; but no responsive transport of affection, no mad expression of joy welcomed her lost treasure. She replied only by a cold, inquiring look, which said, "And where is my child?" Her child was far away, no one could tell whither. The one they showed her was a little boy, son of a private in H.M. 13th. Truly that poor mother's was a bitter cup!

On the day that the hostages were sent over to Mahommed Ukbur Khan, at Boothkhak, they had accompanied that chief through the pass a couple of hours after the British army. It is not within the province of this paper to detail the horrible scenes they witnessed, —the hundreds of our poor fellows they saw dead, dying, or slightly wounded,—the barbarities committed on them by the blood-thirsty Affghans. It was spoken of by those officers as most fearful, most heart-rending; and easily may it be conceived how their blood boiled to feel that they must witness such atrocities, without power to alleviate or avenge them. They only succeeded in saving the wife of one soldier, (Mrs. Burns,) and the child of another. These were added to our party on our arrival in the fort.

And now let us take a short retrospect of our situation. From the commencement of the insurrection at Cabul, (2nd Nov. 1841,) starvation had been staring the troops in the face. From time to time the late Envoy contrived to secure scanty supplies of grain; but, at the period he was induced to enter on negotiations with the Affghans, (Dec. 11th,) there was reported to be only one day's quarter rations left for the troops. All military enterprise on our part had ceased. The Affghan chiefs were fully aware of the above circumstances; and, on pressing their terms on Sir W. Macnaghten, told him that they knew he had not another day's food for his army. They demanded, at this first interview, all the married females as hostages, for our fulfilment of the agreement to leave the country. Mahommed Ukbur Khan was particularly energetic in urging this stipulation; but was overruled by the other chiefs, on Sir William's representation of the extreme repugnance that all European nations feel to include women and children in any international treaties. However, so completely had Mahommed Ukbur set his heart upon getting the families as hostages, that they were not only demanded at every subsequent interview, but also formed a specific article in the new treaty after Sir William's death.

From the first outbreak, the military heads had appeared to despair of success from offensive operations. The few attempts that

were made to oppose the enemy in the field were always on so limited a scale, as to render them next to abortive; and on some occasions our troops were forced back, with considerable slaughter, to the shelter of the cantonment walls. The ladies were, of course, too intimately concerned in the result, to remain passively in their houses, when a two minutes' walk to the ramparts would render them spectators of these encounters, on which they felt their lives depended. It is not surprising, therefore, that, repugnant as all such scenes of bloodshed naturally are to educated females, they preferred witnessing the progress of them, and by doing so becoming able to judge for themselves of the actual state of affairs. Besides, unfortunately, there were not wanting those who, instead of assuming a cheerful look, and a tone of encouragement, seemed to find pleasure in prognosticating all kinds of misfortunes. The ladies were, therefore, pretty correctly informed of their real situation, and had prepared themselves to bear with fortitude whatever evils might be in store for them. But to be left unprotected in the hands of the Affghans was an extremity which had never entered their calculations; nor is it wonderful that they and their husbands declined all overtures to volunteer to remain, although backed by the general with pecuniary offers to a very considerable amount. Now, however, the case was different.

It was too evident that, on the one side, the general no longer had it in his power successfully to resist any demands Mahommed Ukbur might make; and, on the other, that the ladies and children (his grand object) could not much longer hold out against the united effects of cold, hunger, and thirst. Although, judging from what has since occurred, instead of from the state in which the army then stood, there are those who now profess a different opinion, still the fact that so many wounded officers, with one exception, all resisted the offer of trusting themselves to Affghan mercy, too truly indicates the fate which was supposed to await those who were compelled to yield to the proposal. Scarcely a servant could be induced to accompany us. With one exception,* the whole of the party had no other clothes than those they had on when they started from cantonments, and some of these were, from the helpless condition of the wearers, mere wrappers fitted for travelling in a palanquin.

This was the fourth day many of us had been almost without tasting food. It may easily be supposed that we were in poor plight to meet our (as the event might determine) host, jailor, or perhaps murderer. We were shown into a small inner court of the fort, on two sides of which were some small rooms, four in number, averaging ten feet six inches in size, and one somewhat larger. The four smaller ones were divided among the families (in all thirty-one persons, including children); the others were assigned to the bachelors of the party.†

After we had been a short time in the fort, Mahommed Sooltan Khan (better known by the designation of Sooltan Jan — a pet ab-

* Lady Macnaghten had, by some extraordinary good fortune, saved nearly all her property.

† Mr. Conductor Ryley, with his wife and two young children, had accompanied the families, and were always allowed to share equally with them in everything. A sergeant of the name of Wade, who was attached to the Cabul mission, and his wife, accompanied Lady Macnaghten. It was chiefly through this man's exertions that her ladyship's property was saved.

breviation) presented himself to us. Sooltan Jan appeared about twenty-two years of age, not very fair, but of particularly handsome features. We afterwards learned that Ukbur Khan (whose cousin he is) was particularly partial to him, and placed more confidence in him than in any other of his countrymen. This young man was very courteous in his address to us, asked what we required, and promised that every attention should be paid to the wants and wishes of the ladies.

Wood for fuel, and water to wash, were among the first of our requisitions. The quantity of the latter that we required must have been a matter of astonishment to our entertainers; for, though water was abundant in the fort, it was dealt out to us with a niggardly hand, as if purification of the person were a sin, instead of being strictly enjoined by the founder of the Mahommedan faith. It certainly is a luxury to which the Affghans are not much addicted, and probably in the cold weather, never; but our readers will understand the enjoyment it afforded us, who had not had an opportunity of so indulging for four long days. We had scarcely concluded our ablutions, when it was announced that Mahommed Ukbur Khan had arrived, and, if not contrary to our etiquette, would be glad to be introduced to the ladies of the party. He was, consequently, conducted from room to room, and addressed some few words of assurance to all. He begged that the ladies would not consider themselves prisoners, but his honoured guests; that he had merely invited them over, as he could partially save them from some of the inconveniences to which they would be exposed in camp, which we should follow at one day's interval; and that he trusted in a few days to restore us to our friends at Jalalabad. He appeared particularly anxious to convince the Andersons that their child was safe; said that a man had just arrived who had seen her, and that he would send off for her immediately, and that they might rely on having her restored to them in a couple or three days.

It is hard to read the human heart; but the Sirdar's behaviour to his prisoners disposes me to think that, whether or no Mahommed Ukbur Khan believed his own words, they were spoken in the hope of administering comfort; but many was the weary day before they were fulfilled. His address was particularly gentlemanly, with an air of extreme candour and good humour. Mahommed Ukbur called himself twenty-six years old. He appeared to be about that age, or a year or two older; of middle height; rather good features; eyes handsome, but restless, and perhaps ferocious in expression; forehead high, but receding; teeth good; complexion dark: the *tout-ensemble* pleasing, perhaps not so much from the goodness of nature, as from the air of frankness in which they were dressed. The impression left by his visit was certainly one of more security, and altogether of a more pleasurable nature than we anticipated when he was first announced.

It was getting dusk when Mahommed Ukbur (whom we almost always spoke of as "the Sirdar") left us; and we commenced our arrangements for passing the night. This was indeed a matter of no small difficulty; for as the few articles of warm clothing that had been saved was all that fathers, mothers, and children had to protect them from the bitterness of extreme cold, it was found impracticable to make that division of apartments which would have been otherwise desirable.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The escape of Johnson from the house on the canal.

An hour or two passed away, and then all was perfectly still in Stevens's Rents. It was a quiet place enough by day, disturbed by little except the passing of the barge-horses upon the towing-path, and even that was upon the other side of the water; but at night the traffic ceased, and left it in unbroken repose. The dissipated crew in the public-house had finished their drunken orgies, and sought their beds or benches, as the case might be, in various apartments and recesses of the building; and were now wrapt in a heavy sleep, indicated by their thickened and intoxicated respiration. No other sound was heard, except the occasional creaking produced by the barges in the canal as they grated against the edges of the wharfs; or the scuffling of the rats amongst the rafters, and behind the dilapidated wainscoting of the apartments. Now and then some remote bell told the progress of the quarters as the hours passed away; but its echoes were allowed to disperse in uninterrupted reverberations, and then all was hushed and noiseless as before—possibly appearing the more so from the fleeting sound of the monitor, which thus kept its continuous vigil, whilst all around was wrapped in silence and oblivion.

It was not until the night was considerably advanced that Johnson had recovered his senses sufficiently to be conscious of the situation in which he was placed. His first ideas upon reviving from the effects of the attack were confused and indistinct. He thought he was at home, in his own chamber. Then a vague recollection of something serious having occurred to him broke in upon his wandering reflections; and as his perception returned, a violent pain at the back of his head, a feeling of extreme debility from loss of blood, and the uneasiness and constraint from the handkerchief, which was knitted tightly round his swollen ankles, recalled all the circumstances of the late outrage, up to the period when he had received the blow. For beyond this he remembered nothing.

The moon was shining at intervals as the patches of black clouds, hurried by the night-wind, passed from before her face; and her light fell into the apartment through the open window, enabling Johnson to form some idea of the interior of the dismantled chamber, or rather loft, in which he had been left by the associates of his lawless cousin. It had been used at a former period as a warehouse or granary, and the fragment of a small wooden crane—all that had not been used for fire-wood by the inmates — was still fixed to the outer wall, at the side of the window overlooking the dull, half-stag-

nant water of the canal—the gable-end of the building, on the top-story of which the room was situated, coming down to the water's edge.

To free himself from the handkerchief which confined his legs was a very easy task; and then, assuring himself that all was quiet, he made a survey of the room, in the hope of discovering some chance of escape. But there was nothing that presented itself. The door was fast closed on the outer side, and even the chimney, through which he could have gained the roof, and which was but a few feet in height (as he discovered from the faint light that came down it,) had been rendered partly impracticable by some iron bars placed across it.

He looked through the unglazed aperture which had once contained the casement, in the hope of discovering signs that might denote the proximity of any life or vigilance. But all was still. The huge barges lay motionless upon the water, like gigantic coffins, with their coverings of heavy black tarpaulin. Even these were barely discernible beyond a short distance from the Rents, in the uncertain and fitful moonlight; in spite of a few glimmering lamps, which hung from the posts along the different wharfs, struggling against the gusts of wind that sported through their broken glass.

In spite of his natural courage, and heedlessness of danger, Johnson's heart sank within him as he perceived the small chance of escape that offered itself. He was as completely at the disposal of his assailants as if he had been a caged animal. It was true that his present situation overlooked a comparatively public way; but when daylight returned they would possibly secure him in some more secluded division of the building, without food, light, or the slightest hope of communicating with those outside. They were men who had long dwelt without the pale of honesty or amenability: they would murder him for aught he knew; and, by what traces could the deed be discovered! for he had entrusted the object of his mission to no one — not even to Ledbury. A sack—a word—a few large stones, and the black water of the canal would alone share the secret of the crime with its perpetrators. For an instant he gave way to the idea that his cousin would perhaps preserve him; but Morris had gone on from one evil doing to another, each step the more desperate to cover the preceding one, so that but small reliance could be placed upon his protection. It was evident that Morris was merely a link in the chain of guilt that bound together the interests of himself and his depraved associates; and as such he would be compelled to follow wherever the majority of them chose to lead. Nor was it probable, Johnson thought, upon reflection, that they would suffer him to go, when the next hour might deliver them up to the police, upon his single word of information. Once more he examined every portion of the room, and once more did he find the utter hopelessness of effecting his escape; until, worn out in mind and body, he at last threw himself, in despair, upon the rude floor of the chamber.

A few minutes had scarcely elapsed, when a sound, apparently coming from below, attracted his attention. He thought he heard the staircase creak — it was old and insecure, and the weight of an infant would have caused the alarm. In a few seconds or two the

noise was repeated, and then again, and again; but still with lengthened pauses between each sound, as if some one was ascending with cautious and subdued steps. It came nearer, until at last it was audible at the very door of the apartment; and then Johnson, breathless with anxiety, could plainly distinguish some person feeling about in the dark on the outside of the panels, for the bolt. Next he heard a chain very gently removed, and as quietly dropped at the side, and then the door slowly opened, as he started upon his feet, prepared against all odds to defend himself to the utmost.

"Who's there?" he cried, as the visitor entered the room.

"Hush! for God's sake, or you are lost," was the reply. "They are all asleep, and I have come to release you. Do you not recollect me?"

And then Johnson became aware that he was addressed by the unfortunate companion of his cousin — the girl at whose request he had visited Morris that evening.

"There is not a moment to be lost," continued the girl. "It will soon be morning, and then they will be moving again, for they go out early."

As she spoke she approached the window, and taking a coil of old rope, which she held on her arm, fastened one end of it to the old wood-work of the crane, whilst she allowed the other to drop down into the water.

"I do not think that will bear my weight," said Johnson, as he looked at the cord, which was made of several pieces knotted together, and in some parts fearfully insecure. "However, I can swim, if I fall into the canal."

"This is not for you to escape by," replied the girl in a whisper; "but they will find it here, and think you have done so. They would kill me if they knew I had let you go. Now, slip off your boots, and follow me; you can carry them in your hand."

"Letty," observed Johnson emphatically, as he hesitated at the door, "you are not playing me false? Remember, it has been through you that all this has occurred."

"False!" answered the girl, with energy; "no, on my soul you may trust me, even if I become the sufferer by it! Hark! is not that some one moving below?"

They both listened attentively for a few seconds in the keenest suspense; but the alarm was merely produced by the broken sleep of one of the party in the billiard-room, more restless than the others, and presently all was again still.

"Now, then," continued the girl, "wait on the landing whilst I fasten up the door. I must leave everything precisely as I found it, or they will be sure to suspect me."

Carefully drawing the bolt, and replacing the chain, Letty descended the staircase with extreme caution, followed by Johnson. In spite of all their care, however, the stairs creaked with every footfall, although their actual steps were inaudible; and it was with great satisfaction that Jack found himself at last upon the ground-floor, without having caused any alarm. But now the most hazardous part of the venture arrived; for they had to cross the billiard-room, and pass the bar, in the former of which several fellows were lying about upon the benches, floor, and even the table, and in the

latter the landlord had taken up his position for the night; as much from want of other accommodation as to guard his property, of which it was the chief depository.

A dull lamp, whose long smoking wick could barely draw up the coarse oil with which it was trimmed, was burning on the mantelpiece, and, as it threw its quivering shadows upon the forms and countenances of the inmates, it appeared to endow them with motion, albeit their deep, prolonged breathing gave evidence of the heavy slumbers in which they were plunged. But the expiring light was sufficient to keep Johnson and his conductor from disturbing any of the sleepers, by inadvertently coming in contact with them. Not a word passed between them, for it would have been imprudent to risk the lowest whisper; but Letty, impressing caution by signs, and pointing out the direction in which they were to go, moved towards the door, Johnson's every sense being rendered doubly acute by the excitement.

In the centre of the room a powerful fellow was lying, stretched at full length upon the boards, and it was absolutely necessary to step over him. The girl passed without the slightest noise; but, as Johnson prepared to follow, the man began to murmur in his sleep a few disjointed and scarcely intelligible words, as he shifted his position, and turned on one side. Fearful that he was about to awake, Johnson leaped forward at all hazards, and clearing his prostrate form, was again close to Letty; but, in the hurry of his movement, he knocked down a large cue that was lying against the billiard-table, and it fell upon the ground with a loud noise, striking the legs of the man who was asleep. They were close to the fireplace, and the same instant Letty extinguished the lamp, and, grasping Johnson's wrist with almost convulsive force, kept him from moving another step.

The noise had startled the sleepers, and caused one or two of them to awake from their repose, as they rubbed their eyes, and endeavoured to penetrate the darkness of the apartment, whilst they inquired the cause of the alarm. The man who had been struck lifted the cue from his legs, and, under the impression that he had kicked it down in his sleep, explained to his comrades that it was "all right," as he pushed it away from him under the table. A few muttered some oaths at the disturbance, or drowsily asked what was o'clock, and if it was daylight; and then, receiving no answer, turned round again to their repose.

It was a minute of painful suspense to Johnson and Letty, and they scarcely ventured to draw their breath during this short commotion. Nor did they make the slightest movement until they were assured that all was again quiet; and then it was in the greatest uncertainty, from the perfect darkness. But the girl was tolerably well acquainted with the position of the various things in the room, and, groping with one hand for the different articles of furniture to guide her, she led Johnson by the other until they arrived at the door. Mathews was snoring in the bar as they passed. The effect of the blows on the head he had received from Johnson, coupled with the quantity of brandy he had afterwards taken as a remedy, had plunged him into a stupor very little short of apoplexy, so that they were under no very great apprehension of arousing him, whilst

his loud stertorous breathing assisted to cover any sound from their own footsteps.

To open the street-door was the last thing to be accomplished, although not the least hazardous; for the bolts were corroded, and moved with difficulty, and the lock was also damaged, requiring the key to be held in a particular direction before it could be turned. However, this was at length accomplished, the door grated upon its hinges, and Johnson stood once more in the free open air, as the gray of morning was beginning to creep over the adjoining suburbs; but stealthily, and with timidity, as if the presence of the moon, which was still shining, rebuked it for encroaching too speedily upon the dominion of night and silence.

"You see I have not betrayed you," said the girl. "You are safe now, and at liberty to depart."

"I ought not to have mistrusted your intentions," replied Johnson; "but you must be aware that it was through compliance with your request I came here, and I could not tell what farther snare might have been set for me."

"I know—I know it all," returned Letty. "I felt this; and, from the moment I learnt what had taken place, I determined, at all hazards, to release you. I have kept my word."

"And what can I do in return for this?" asked Johnson. "Is there anything in which I can serve you, now or in future?"

He would have offered her money; but there was something in the demeanour of the girl which checked his intention, and he felt that it would have been immediately rejected, even by one so poor and friendless as herself. Society would have laughed with bitter irony at the idea of delicacy or virtue existing in one whom it had pronounced fallen and degraded; but it is possible that the holiest attributes of woman's nature may still exist, long after the one fatal error has, in the opinion of the heartless world, consigned her, without distinction, to the lowest abyss of guilt. An hundred contingent circumstances—in many instances inevitable, as they are, in the abstract, guileless—may conspire to bring about the first deviation from the paths of rectitude; but it is the silent taunt and cold desertion of the world that accomplishes the rest, and drives its victim to the last decadence from purity.

"You can oblige me, if you will grant one request," answered Letty; "it is the only one I shall ask. I scarcely know if you will think it right in me to do so, after what has happened; but I know that you are generous and forgiving."

"And what is it? If in my power to comply, you may depend upon me."

"Do not let any one know what has passed this night. I ask it for the sake of your cousin. I do not care for the others; but Morris must share any ill luck that may come upon them, and a word from you can now give them all up. May I beg this?"

"You may rely upon me," replied Johnson, "in the same manner as I trusted you: the secret is safe between us. Can I be useful to you otherwise?"

"No—no—not at present," returned the girl, hurriedly. "When you can, I will once more take the liberty of seeing you. But I must return to the house, for it will soon be morning. Good b'ye—and recollect—do not betray us."

Johnson bade her farewell, whilst Letty once more entered the building, silently closing the door after her. And then he traversed the waste ground that he had crossed the night before, and, following the same course as well as he could call the localities to mind, at last reached the populous districts of the Brill. At the end of one of the streets a solitary night-cab was standing, which he directly engaged; and in twenty minutes more was put down—faint, chilled, and dispirited—beneath the crimson lamp, that threw a mystic stain upon the pavement and the opposite shutters, in front of the abode of Mr. Rawkins.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How Mr. Ledbury appeared unexpectedly in a ballet at her Majesty's Theatre.

There is something amazingly amusing in unrehearsed stage effects; and for our own parts we always enjoy a play much more when the machinery goes wrong, or the actors do not come on when they ought (which usually provokes some diverting extempore dialogue from the characters who are before the audience, to carry on time), than if everything is in order and perfection; and we think ourselves especially favoured if any of the cats belonging to the dressers, or stage-door-keepers, make their first appearance in public, without being announced. In point of high drollery and excitement, this last occurrence only finds its parallel when a dog is chased from Tattenham Corner to the end of the line, amidst the cheers of the spectators, after the course has been cleared for the Derby,—a piece of sporting, in our own opinion, far more attractive than all the races that were ever run. A pantomimic trick, which only works half way, and then obstinately sticks where it is, is amazingly funny; possibly more so when it will not work at all; and we never express any disapprobation at finding a pair of flats put in different grooves, and representing a scene half palace half robber's hut, when they meet. Indeed, the last *contretemps* teaches a fine moral lesson to contemplative minds, by showing that the materials which compose the court and the cottage are formed of the same elements, the Dutch metal alone making the difference. But, although these mistakes are most entertaining to a great proportion of the audience, they do not appear so outrageously laughable to the prompter, stage-manager, or more particularly those who are to be fined on the following Saturday for their neglect, when they apply at the treasury, — a portion of the house gradually falling to decay, from long misuse, in the majority of our English theatres.

The unexpected apparition of Aimée had so bewildered Mr. Ledbury for the instant that he scarcely knew where he was. His first return of consciousness, however, was manifested by his rushing down to the prompter's-box at the first entrance, in order to catch another glimpse of the *danseuse* as she left her throne of canvass clouds, and bounded to the front of the stage. But from this position he was summarily ejected by a gentleman who ruled the storm, and directed the elements, — an Œolus in shirt-sleeves and a paper cap. And, moreover, the *entrée* of Aimée being the signal for various other sylphs to appear simultaneously up traps, and down cords,


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RAWKINS 9,058
KOOPS 3

and through rose-trees, and out of fountains, the whole mechanical appliances of the stage required to be put into action at once. Hence everybody became suddenly in the way of everybody else; and after Mr. Ledbury had been assaulted with considerable violence by a butterfly, and had narrowly escaped being knocked into a water-lily, and carried on to the stage therein, he contrived to take refuge behind the back scene, at the upper part of the theatre, where he was comparatively unmolested. And, moreover, feeling rather fatigued with standing so long upon his legs, and being pushed about in so many directions, he took his seat upon a piece of mechanism that was in the centre of the stage, having first ascertained its stability and sustaining power.

He remained here for some little time, listening to the music through the scene, and endeavouring to muster up some polite French salutation in which to address his old acquaintance, should he find an opportunity of speaking to her, when a loud burst of sound from the orchestra, of unusual force, accompanied by the beating of a gong, betokened the advent of some extraordinary situation in the progress of the ballet. At the same moment he felt the construction upon which he was seated vibrate beneath him; and immediately afterwards, to his intense horror, it gradually rose from the floor, bearing him upon the top of it, toward the flies. He had placed himself upon the summit of a fountain, which had projected through a trap a few feet above the stage, its lower portion being still in the inferior regions, from which the winches and crabs of the scene-shifters were rapidly elevating it!

But this was not all. The scene behind which he had taken refuge from the confusion, and which to the audience represented a conglomeration of clouds and stars, divided into two, and drew off on either side as far as the comparatively narrow *coulisses* of the theatre would admit. A blaze of light burst in upon Mr. Ledbury's bewildered gaze, and he perceived—"*giorno d'orrore!*"—that he was in sight of the audience. But whilst a slight burst of ironical welcome sounded from the gallery,—for the opera gallery occasionally indulges in pleasantries, like its fellows at other theatres, even to applauding the talented man who exhibits such habitual dexterity in waving the water-pot to lay the dust before the ballet, — before the majority of the audience had discovered the novel water-deity who rose before them, the fountain, by the happiest chance in the world, began to play. Jets of blue gauze, edged with silver-leaf, rose from the summit, and began to dance up and down, through the exertions of various unseen individuals on the mezzonine floor below, and these concealed Mr. Ledbury from the spectators in front, all save the top of his hat, which now and then appeared as the waters sank below their ordinary level. Yet was it to him a minute of fearful agony; one of those situations of extreme terror in which, authors tell us, the sensations of years become condensed in the conscious agony of the passing moment. He looked round, and could distinguish the lights of the vast theatre through the half-transparent screen that covered him. He saw the apparently interminable perspective of human heads; he heard the subdued murmur of applause that greeted some favourite *naïades* who emerged from the base of the fountain; and he trembled lest his weight should bring the whole concern down together upon their heads;

for as it rose higher it quivered in a frightful manner beneath its superincumbent burthen.

A few minutes thus passed away, which appeared to Mr. Ledbury so many hours, as nearly as his confounded ideas would allow him to take any account of time. Then the *naïades*, having executed a *pas de* ever-so-many, led by the *débutante* of the night, re-entered the fountain, and another vibration quivered through its framework as it began to sink down to its former level, creaking and shaking in a manner terrific to experience. As it neared the stage, Mr. Ledbury's imagination pictured everybody connected with the theatre waiting to tear him to pieces for his temerity,—for the instant, he endowed the water-nymphs with divine attributes, and expected little else than meeting with the fate of Orpheus from their hands, for daring to profane their sacred fountains. But a fresh attack of conflicting emotions was in store for him. As the mechanism neared the ground he perceived, to his great joy, that no one was waiting to receive him, and was congratulating himself upon the auspicious termination of his aërial flight, when, instead of stopping where he had first found it, the dancing water went lower and lower, until his head was level with the boards. Clinging convulsively to the woodwork, he had but time to cast a wild, imploring glance on either side, to perceive a few people standing behind the wings, in every-day dresses, by the side of various slim-legged gentlemen attired as satyrs, when, after a short stoppage, to dispose of some of the lower portions of the machinery, the summit of the tallest jet sank below the stage in company with his head, and immediately afterwards a sliding trap met over him, closing with a shock that entered his very soul.

Down—down he kept going, but now it was in comparative darkness—in a region of beams and pullies, of huge wheels and mighty ropes, all in motion around him, and threatening every instant to entangle him in their complicated movements, and tear him limb from limb. Had a high-pressure engine, on board a vast Atlantic steamer, become desirous of taking a little fresh air, and mounted for that purpose amidst the shrouds and blocks of the rigging whilst it continued to labour, the scene could not have been more astounding. Once he had a faint vision of some feminine creation in book-muslin and silk tights, who was preparing to ascend, and whom he perceived by the dim light of an oil-lamp as he went down, but his mind was in such a state of *bouleversement* that he was not certain whether he gazed at substance or the image of one of the beauties above, still left upon the bewildered *retina*, as he had seen motes in the sunbeams after he had shut his eyes,—small things that danced in insolent hilarity before his pupils, but flew off nowhere the instant he attempted to direct his gaze towards them.

At last, as he thought he was approaching the very centre of the earth, — a fearful dominion, which he had once seen portrayed in the opening scene of a pantomime, — the course of the mechanism was arrested, and came to a stand-still, for it could sink no further. The attention of the men who were accomplishing its descent was directed to the various windlasses which they had been turning, and Mr. Ledbury jumped off unperceived, and once more stood upon the ground, screened from observation by two enormous wooden supports. Here he remained some time, his knowledge of the way

out being as vague as that of Sindbad when immured in the funeral cave; but, in a manner similar to that celebrated navigator, he determined to follow the first living thing he encountered, who might guide him from the subterraneous locality.

At last the potboy of a neighbouring tavern in the Haymarket—who enjoyed that unreserved *entrée* to the stage which so many were anxious to possess, albeit he thought but little of the privilege—passed close to him with some empty pewters, from which the rulers of the spirits and water had been from time to time refreshing themselves. Following instantly upon his track, Mr. Ledbury threaded an infinity of tortuous passages, and ascended a variety of stairs and ladders, until he found himself once more in the passage which led to the hall of the stage-door. In another minute, to his infinite relief, he stood beneath the portico of the theatre; and, exhausted with fatigue and embarrassment, rushed to a contiguous oyster-shop to recruit his shattered energies, and, in furtherance of his homeward journey to Islington, to derive all the *stamina* from his supper that it was in the power of lobsters and bottled porter to bestow. But, independently of his fearful adventure, one feeling of discontent connected with the events of the evening was uppermost through all, which was, that he had not been able to speak to Aimée.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Mr. Rawkins contests an election for Surgeon to a Dispensary with Mr. Koops.

It may be recollected that, in an earlier part of these chronicles, we alluded to the medical man who resided in the next street to Mr. Rawkins's establishment, as having been upon a time instigated by jealousy and irritation, attendant upon losing the situation of surgeon to the police force, "spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas," (as Mr. Prodgers expressed it, when he was grinding up his old Latin to pass the Hall,) with the intent of lowering Mr. Rawkins's high professional character in the neighbourhood. But Mr. Rawkins, with the proper bearing of a truly great mind, had paid little attention to these calumnies, beyond occasionally expressing the great desire he felt to considerably derange the normal facial anatomy of the aforesaid practitioner; for, although that individual had been known to assert that his opponent retailed old brown Windsor soap and jujubes, with a suspicion of lucifers, the absence of those articles in the shop-window was a sufficient denial to the affirmation. But, for all that, the aspersion was not forgotten; and a hate arose between the two, of that undying nature peculiar to the quarrels of medical men. The other practitioner at all times refused to meet Mr. Rawkins in private or public consultation; and Mr. Rawkins, in return, looked down upon the other practitioner as a paltry fellow, who had neither strength to reduce a dislocation of the weakest joints in the human frame, nor common energy to pick up fifty stones placed a yard apart with his mouth, within a given time; both which performances Mr. Rawkins flattered himself he shone in, rather.

Mr. Koops, for so was the other practitioner called, was some

years younger than his adversary, and, consequently, had been but a short time in practice. He was one of that large class of medical men who are perpetually starting up in London, as soon as they have cleared their examination, without any particular prospects or connexions, believing they have merely to put a brass plate on their door, and envelope themselves, when at home, in a fierce dressing-gown, to get at once into extensive practice. Looking upon a wife as part of a medical man's stock in trade, to be established synchronously with his bottles, pill-rollers, and spatulas, Mr. Koops was married, and two infant Koopses completed his family circle; upon whom one maid-servant attended, in common with the lodgers, who had taken the first-floor unfurnished, of which state it was still a very good imitation. The son of the milkwoman came for two or three hours in the middle of the day, upon a consideration of what he could get, to perform the same feats of industry which Bob accomplished at Mr. Rawkins's, only his occupations were not quite so multifarious. He was the younger brother of Mrs. Grimley's boy in buttons,—the same who fell through the roof of the supper-room at Ledbury's,—and as the fraternal page's suit became worn and outgrown, it descended to him by right of gift, so that Mr. Koops, to all appearance, kept a servant in a species of livery, to his great pride and self-gratulation; although at an earlier period of his professional career, at the time he was attending a radical tinman at the corner, he had been known to indulge in long diatribes upon the great wrong of investing a fellow-creature with the buttoned badges of civilised slavery. But since then he had found it somewhat dangerous for medical men to interfere in political opinion; and, in consequence, gave in silently to the conventional prejudices of the world.

The *ménage* of Mr. Koops was, however, not well arranged upon the whole. It was a perfect specimen of that class of establishments where you are always kept at the door a long time after knocking; and during this interregnum of sound, before you ventured to pull the bell you heard whisperings in the passage, and distant scufflings up and down the stairs; with sideway glimpses of faces peeping through the blinds; or apparitions of heads, that popped out into the area, and then disappeared again. Despite its being a medical man's, it was just that sort of house at which you never firmly expected to find anybody at home that you asked for: or if you did, you had always to wait for their advent some little time, in a crumby room, redolent of *bouquet du mouton*, with all sorts of odd things hastily stowed away, and only half concealed behind the sofa-cushions, and under the squabs of the chairs. And then Mr. Koops generally made his appearance, all confusion and cordiality, with the ends of his fingers covered with magnesia, apologizing for the disorder, and stating that he was obliged to dispense his own medicines that day, as his assistant — an entirely imaginary personage — had gone into the country for a holiday. Where the surgery actually was nobody ever knew but Mr. Koops and the boy,—where the patients lived who were supposed to take the medicine from it was a secret in the possession of Mr. Koops alone; and how Mr. Koops himself lived was a deeper enigma than all. For Bob at Rawkins's, during some of his more lucid intervals, had lured the boy attached to the opposition establishment into a confession that he had been strictly

charged by his master never to go out without the oil-skin covered basket in his hand, which looked professional: although the said basket more frequently contained a pound of sausages than four draughts, as Bob had proved by ocular demonstration. And there was also an empty six-ounce bottle, tied up in paper, that he was compelled from time to time to carry through populated streets, wherein the people sat at their windows; and having paraded it thus before the eyes of the world, he was accustomed to put it in his pocket, and then return home empty-handed, as though he had left it with some invalid.

It was at the precise period of the latest events in our history that Mr. Stokes, the baker, privately informed Mr. Koops one evening, how the present medical man attached to the contiguous dispensary was about to resign, in consequence of a hospital appointment; begging him, however, at the same time, not to mention it, as it was at present quite a secret, and he would not have told it to any one else. And as Mr. Stokes, who was great in parochial and social diplomacy, went directly afterwards to Mr. Rawkins, and confided to him the same intelligence, in the same terms, with the additional hint, darkly thrown out, that he thought it not unlikely Mr. Koops would put up for it, Mr. Rawkins immediately determined to contest the point with his opponent,—the situation not being in itself particularly lucrative, but leading to many other benefits and introductions, as is the case with most public medical appointments,—which advantages, after charity, and the delights of administering to the wants of suffering poverty, are the chief inducements for the applicants to give up so much time and outlay in securing their election.

As soon as the resignation was publicly announced, Mr. Rawkins set to work. Jack Johnson had remained at home for several evenings after his adventure at the Brill, and, with his able assistance, he drew up an address to the governors, which was inserted in the morning papers, at an expense of ten shillings for each, and in which he affirmed his intention, should he be honoured with their support, of devoting his best energies to the welfare of their admirable institution, with other like phrases, which the printers would find convenient to have always stereotyped, as they are sure to be used. Mr. Koops was also well up in the field; and, in addition, put a lot of letters after his name, which, as nobody could understand them, were supposed to indicate high foreign honours. It would evidently be a close race; for although the position of Mr. Rawkins with the police and the parish generally was greatly in his favour, yet Mr. Koops had many influential supporters, not so much from regard for him as dislike to his opponent.

Having procured the list of the governors, and arranged them in localities, Mr. Rawkins hired a gig by the day, and dressing in extreme propriety, was driven from one abode to the other by Jack Johnson to solicit votes and interest; the establishment being left to the guidance of Mr. Prodgers, who took advantage of the occurrence to keep open house to half the students at the University, in the back-room, which assemblage he termed "the committee for conducting Mr. Rawkins's election, that sat every day," as indeed it did, and for a very long time.

The first visit Mr. Rawkins paid was to the landlady of the public-

house at the end of the street. As he was reported to be paying his addresses to her as well, he was pretty certain of her support; but he called for the sake of appearances, and to request her to sound his praises before the maid-servants of the district, when they came for beer, in company with their own jugs and the door-key. However, the landlady had a vote, for she subscribed to the Dispensary upon the strength of furnishing porter to the convalescents; and she had entertained no opinion of Mr. Koop's abilities since she found he had in his beer from the brewer, of harmless quality and requiring quick draught, from four-and-a-half-gallon tubs.

"Now, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Rawkins, as he jumped into the gig, "who 's next on the list?"

"Mr. Starling," answered Jack, looking at the pamphlet; "there is a mark of a promise against him."

"We need not call there," continued Rawkins. "I 've promised his boy one of my handsomest tumblers."

"Glasses?"

"No, no—pigeons. It will be sure to find its way back again after a few days, so that it will be no loss. Who comes after?"

"Mrs. Pim, next door; marked 'shy.'"

"Ah, yes: that 's all through Prodgers making love to her niece over the dust-bin, and painting her cat all manners of colours. Um! old girl—always thinks she 's ill: nothing of the kind—tough as a cheap turkey, and would talk the devil to death about her complaints."

"Do you mean to call?" asked Jack.

"Of course I do," replied Mr. Rawkins. "I 'm not afraid of any living old woman in the universe. Here we are—pull up!"

And although perfectly aware that his reception by Mrs. Pim would be doubtful, Mr. Rawkins descended, and knocked at the door with a violence intended to slightly paralyse her faculties, and convey a proper idea of his own importance. It was answered with singular celerity, and then he was forthwith shown by the servant into the little parlour where Mrs. Pim was sitting.

"How do you do, ma'am?" said Mr. Rawkins, with great courtesy as he entered. "I hope I see you well."

The old lady, who had drawn herself up in great state the instant she heard Mr. Rawkins's name announced, replied in a tragedy voice, which, as respected its liquidity might be termed weak Mrs. Siddons and water,

"I am ill, sir; I am never well. Sir, I have a pain, as if a black man was screwing a brass door-knob into my brain."

"Ah! very distressing indeed," said Mr. Rawkins, who did not exactly know at the moment under what category he should class the symptoms: "a little rheumatism, Mrs. Pim—eh?"

"No, sir," returned the old lady, as grandly as before,—"no, sir, no rheumatism; electricity of the nerves. I am one large living battery, sir."

Mr. Rawkins was about to suggest the propriety of coating herself with tin-foil, to collect the electric-fluid on the surface, when Mrs. Pim recommenced.

"My veins, sir, feel like lucifer matches in a chip-box, and all lie over one another. You never heard of spiders in the heart, I dare say?"

"Can't say I ever did, ma'am," said Mr. Rawkins.

"No—of course not—how should you, sir. I have them," continued the old lady, somewhat mysteriously; "you can do nothing for that, though, sir."

"There is a great deal of illness about," said Mr. Rawkins, trying to bring round the conversation to the object of his visit. "The dispensaries require the greatest experience and attention on the part of the medical officer."

"Ah, yes, I suppose so," replied Mrs. Pim. "But, sir, the poor people do not know what illness is: it is all fancy with them, and the want of proper education."

"They require a medical man who can distinguish between reality and imposition," observed Mr. Rawkins, getting a chance of speaking; "one whose muscular power and Herculean frame can stand perpetual fatigue, and exert proper authority,—one whose love of animals will teach him to regard the poor as such, and treat them accordingly."

"That is precisely my opinion, sir," returned Mrs. Pim.

"I respect you for it, madam," continued Mr. Rawkins, thinking he had gained a point; "and, in that idea, I have come to solicit your vote. The poor will always command my best energies, as well as those of my talented assistants, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Prodgers."

"Sir," exclaimed Mrs. Pim, with energy, as she heard the last name mentioned, "your young men painted my cat's face like a pantomime buffoon's—do you mean to say they would not do the same to their patients'?"

"I hope—I trust, ma'am, you labour under a delusion," observed Mr. Rawkins, somewhat discomposed by the charge brought against his "talented assistants."

"I never labour under delusion, sir," replied Mrs. Pim, with increasing excitement, as she called the bygone insult to mind. "If I had so, I should not have promised my vote where I have done so."

"May I venture to hope—"

"I have signed my proxy, sir, for Mr. Koops,—a deserving young man, with a family of children to feed, instead of guinea-pigs," interrupted the old lady, still firing up with the recollection, and wishing to say bitter things; "I was interested for him upon principle."

"Hang your principle, and your interest too, madam," exclaimed Mr. Rawkins, as suddenly changing his tones, "why did you not tell me so before?"

And, starting up from his chair, he threw himself in a classical attitude of such threatening import, that the old lady was struck dumb with terror, and seizing the ornamented bell-rope, pulled it down in mistake for the modest red cord which hung behind it.

"I shall recollect this, madam," continued Mr. Rawkins, "and you will repent it. Another time, do not occupy the precious moments of a medical man by your insane twaddle. Good morning, madam. When we again meet, may you be in Hanwell or Bedlam!"

Banging the door after him with a force that shook down all the fire-irons, producing that most pleasing of domestic clatters attend-

ant upon their collision, Mr. Rawkins gave vent to various oaths, better called up in the imagination than put down upon paper; kicked the cat, who chanced to be in his way, to the bottom of the kitchen stairs; and then assuming various positions on the door-step, peculiar to the part of the Monster in Frankenstein, got into his gig again, and drove away as he recounted the particulars of the interview to Johnson.

They called at several other houses with varying success. Some did not intend to interfere at all in the business: others intended to vote for Mr. Koops, because they thought Mr. Rawkins would not be able to attend to all his different appointments: and others, again, promised him their interest at once. Altogether, the chances were pretty well balanced, which at the same time made the contest a matter of the greatest uncertainty.

Nearly the last governor, or patron of the dispensary, upon whom they called was old Mr. Ledbury,—a visit which to Jack was almost painful. Titus was not at home, or he would have come out to have seen his friend; so Johnson sat alone in the gig at the door, lost in his reflections, some of which were anything but consolatory. He had not been in the neighbourhood since the night upon which Mr. Ledbury had requested him to discontinue his visits, and would not willingly have done so now, had it been left to his own choice.

He looked up towards the window of Emma's room, and called to mind his bitterness of spirit the last time he gazed at it, whilst he walked backwards and forwards so long in the cold street, watching the light until it was extinguished,—when the darkness fell with a double sense of dreariness upon his heart, as it appeared to break the only link that then existed between them. And then he recollected how wretched his home appeared that night,—how miserably the long cheerless hours wore away, as their monotonous chimes sounded one after the other with sluggish indifference to his sorrows, which even found no comfort in the anticipation of future and brighter times,—how he welcomed the first dull breaking of the morning twilight, although its gleam merely came as the herald of another day of trouble,—and how he greeted the first sound of traffic in the street as a break to his feeling of utter loneliness. For the thousand events of the day, even the most unimportant, will divert our thoughts, however occupied, into other channels, although perhaps only for the passing minute; but there is no relief to that long, depressing wakefulness of night, which throws the shade of its own obscurity around our imaginings, forcing us to look at every hope and prospect through its dispiriting and gloomy medium.

Titus had somewhat prepared the way for Mr. Rawkins, and, after a little conversation, the old gentleman promised him his vote; whereupon that celebrated practitioner once more took his place in the gig with a buoyant and elastic step, and they drove off, to Jack's infinite delight. For the Grimleys had been at the window the whole time, lost in speculation as to the cause of this visit, and thinking it so very strange that Mr. Johnson did not go into the house, considering his intimacy. Mrs. Hoddle, with her local omniscience, might possibly have solved the problem; but the old lady had gone upon a visit a little way into the country a few days previously. Miss Grimley had assisted to pack her up, and direct her properly, Mrs. Hoddle wearing her favourite calash, which in colour

resembled summer-cabbage on the outside, and pickled ditto in the interior; and now went in every day to see that the servant did not entertain a class of acquaintance, whom the old lady designated generally as "the fellows," in her absence, and at the same time paid every attention to the cats and canaries, which their social position in the household demanded.

But whilst Mr. Rawkins was thus carrying on an active canvass, his opponent, Mr. Koops, was also indefatigable. The appointment was to both of them an object of equal moment, for they were both equally in debt,—Rawkins from indolence, and Koops because he had literally nothing to do; and they each looked forward to the first year's salary as something to stop the more clamorous creditors. Hence Mr. Koops rushed into a reckless expenditure in prosecuting his canvass, that no other occasion would have justified. More than once he purchased the smallest legs of mutton Mrs. Koops could pick out in all Clerkenwell, and wrapping frizzled paper round the ends, sent them to doubtful voters, as "part of a small present he had just received from Wales, of Llangollyn mutton;" and every day for a week the servant had orders to put on her best cap, and dance the babies at the window for half an hour together, with the sleeves above their vaccinated arms, tied up with blue ribbon, and turned towards the populace, that they might learn Mr. Koops had a family, and was, moreover, experienced in the treatment of children. And during this display Mrs. Koops remained out of sight, cooking for the first-floor; and working out problems with coals in the kitchen fire-place, as to the largest quantity of superficial caloric to be obtained from the smallest possible consumption of material.

At length the important day arrived, and the two streets, containing the residences of the candidates, were in a tumult of excitement. Mr. Rawkins distributed beer to whoever chose to apply, at the "retail establishment" he was accustomed to patronise; and was, consequently, cheered vehemently by the little boys who followed him wherever he went; and Mr. Koops purchased a new red-check table-cover, and threw open the window of his front parlour, through which could be seen a lavish profusion of mixed biscuits, the walnuts predominating, upon deep-green desert-plates, and decanters of sparkling Marsala, at sixteen shillings per dozen; for the refection of the voters.

Jack Johnson and Prodgers, who entered fully into the excitement, and were ready for anything, invited Mr. Ledbury, Mr. Tweak, Mr. Simmons, and various other friends, to spend the day; and having made Bob drink success to Mr. Rawkins so many times, that his brains began to turn about all ways at once, they forced him to dance "Jim along Josey" on the top of a rabbit-hutch, and slap his knees in accompaniment, until he fell down from sheer fatigue. And when he had recovered, having routed out the gladiatorial white helmet and shield, which Mr. Rawkins was accustomed to use in his personification of the ancient statues, they invested Bob with them, and made him parade in front of the house, bearing the Herculean club, and covered with election-cards, which they sewed all over him, with anatomical needles and ligature silk, requesting the ruling powers of the Dispensary to "Vote for Rawkins, the real friend of the poor." And when by these means a multitude had

been collected, Mr. Prodgers, convinced that the governor was safely bottled at the Dispensary until the conclusion of the ballot, addressed the assemblage from the first-floor window, concluding by drinking their jolly good health, and much good might it do them. And every quarter of an hour they hung imaginary states of the poll from the window, chalked upon the back of a tea-board; in which, although the Dispensary did not number above two hundred subscribers, Mr. Rawkins was many thousand votes a-head of his opponent.

Nor at the Dispensary itself was the scene less exciting. Situated at the end of a court, it was accustomed to receive few visitors except the patients; but to-day there was such an influx of ladies and gentlemen, that every window looking into the alley was crowded with occupants; and the board-room—very properly so named from its appearance—presented an assemblage of the rank and fashion of Clerkenwell seldom before witnessed. Mr. Rawkins and Mr. Koops were both dressed *en grande tenue*, and they publicly shook hands with each other, and hoped they should be friends, whichever way the contest might terminate, and complimented each other upon the high and honourable feeling which pervaded the entire proceedings, in a manner delightful to witness. And then they separated, to pay their respects to their various friends, Mr. Rawkins quietly putting down Koops as the most contemptible fawning humbug he had ever met with; and Mr. Koops looking upon Rawkins as the lowest specimen of the profession it had ever been his lot to be in any manner associated with.

At last the ballot concluded. The vases were emptied on the table, and the votes carefully counted, amidst the unutterable suspense of the candidates. The last paper was at length reckoned; there was a moment of breathless anxiety, and then the secretary announced to the gasping multitude that by a majority of nine the election had fallen upon Mr. Koops!

In all the studies from the antique, which Mr. Rawkins had been in the habit of embodying, including even his favourite one of "Ajax defying the lightning," he never presented so terrific a *tableau* of the passions as at this instant. He had been so perpetually taking wine with everybody all day long, ever since breakfast, that his excitement had arrived at its highest pitch; and having simmered with rage for a minute or two, he at last fairly boiled over. Giving the table a bang with his fist, that made the inkstand jump six inches into the air, and upset as it descended, he rose from his seat, and thus addressed the chairman:—

"Mr. Kingcoins, ladies and gentlemen, —ha! ha!—who have favoured me with your votes; and persons of inferior life, who have supported Mr. Koops. I suppose you think you will now get the poor properly attended? I wish you may, and no mistake. You have done a great wrong in electing that untried man. Yes—you, sir,—Mr. Koops—it is to you I now allude, of No. 24, Merton Place, surgeon and accoucheur, with an unfurnished second-floor to let. I have lost the election, sir; but my very loss has been a triumph; for a scrutiny — yes, sir, a SCRUTINY— shall prove the contemptible trickery you have resorted to. I—you—I mean to say that—sir—I would wring your ignorant neck as I would a pigeon's before you should attend a guinea-pig of mine!"

"Order! order!" from the chairman, and great sensation amongst the company.

"You may knock that hammer upon the table, Mr. Kingcoins, and cry 'order' as long as you please," continued Mr. Rawkins; "but I shall speak my mind, and I will wring ALL your necks, if you interrupt me. The majority of you are shuffling humbugs — I repeat the expression, and will abide by the consequences,—shuffling humbugs! But the day will come when you will find out your error, and no mistake, again. Yah! I spurn you!"

And with a last look of mingled rage, and withering contempt, at the whole meeting, he condemned the profession, the dispensary, Mr. Koops, and the whole universe, collectively and individually, to the care of a personage who is never mentioned in refined society, but under the mask of some facetious *sobriquet*, and strode out of the room, kicking an indefinite number of boys in various directions as he hurried up the court, leaving the board aghast with astonishment at his extraordinary address and excited manner. On arriving at home, he announced his intention to Prodgers and Johnson of forthwith breaking up his establishment, and turning his attentions towards the landlady at the corner; for the defeat had totally disgusted him with medicine, and all that pertained unto it.

There was rejoicing that evening in the halls of Koops. The lodger gave up the drawing-room for the guests to revel in, and the servant never went to bed, but washed plates and glasses continually until a morning sunbeam, that had lost its way, fell down the area. It required much brandy-and-water, and more consolations on the part of the landlady at the corner, to soothe the troubled spirit of Mr. Rawkins; but at last this was accomplished. Mr. Prodgers, who was going up to the Hall in a very short time, looked upon the whole affair as an immense lark; and Bob, who perceived his labours would be somewhat diminished, retired to the knife-shed, and favoured his old friend, the leech in the pickle-bottle, with a comic song, standing upon his head for very joy. But Jack Johnson perceived, to his deep regret, that by the secession of Mr. Rawkins from the surgical profession, he was once more cast upon the world, and all his present hopes of advancement completely knocked upon the head.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Mr. Ledbury accompanies "The Tourniquets" to the races.

TAKING advantage of the first opportunity that offered, Mr. Ledbury called upon Jack to tell him all about his *rencontre* with Aimée, and its tantalizing termination. Johnson was much surprised to hear that his old sweetheart was in England; but, to the astonishment of his simple-hearted friend, did not break out into any great expressions of joy at the intelligence. On the contrary, he appeared little pleased at it. For it may be imagined that since he had known Emma Ledbury, he had thought very little about Aimée—if ever he thought particularly about her at all,—and as he did not see any creditable advantage that might result from renewing his acquaintance with the *grisette*, more especially in her present position, he

gave full permission to Titus to pay her what attentions he pleased, in the event of their again meeting.

They were talking over matters and prospects on the day subsequent to the dispensary election, when Mr. Prodgers came in from lecture — as he usually termed all species of amusement, — and immediately unfolded a plan, in the carrying out of which he requested the co-operation of the other two. The club of medical young genlemen who called themselves the "Tourniquets," and met once a week in Grafton Street, for harmonious outpourings, had been endeavouring to get together a sufficient number of their companions, that a van might be chartered to take them to Ascot, and Prodgers had named Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson as likely to be of the party. Titus immediately expressed his willingness to join them; but Jack was not so easily persuaded. And yet it was not like him, in general, to give up any sort of amusement; but the events of the last day or two had made him more than usually thoughtful. However, Mr. Ledbury, in his kindness of spirit, hinted that there might be a chance of seeing Emma on the course, and this at once decided the question; whilst the secession of Mr. Rawkins from practice allowed his two talented assistants to be out together, without putting the head of the establishment to any particular inconvenience.

As soon as they had agreed upon going, Mr. Prodgers commenced the necessary arrangements, in which Jack, with his usual good nature, assisted him to the full; and, like every amusement he engaged in, although he was occasionally some time making up his mind whether he ought to indulge in it or not, yet, this point once cleared, his flow of spirits always resumed their usual force. And so, by the united efforts of his fellow-labourer and himself, having plunged into various remote regions over the water, and surrounding the Victoria theatre, in search of vans and horses, the price was at length fixed, the party collected, and the trip determined upon.

As the Grand Stand at Ascot is distant some three or four miles over a score from Hyde Park Corner,—as one pair of horses were to perform the journey there and back,—and as the members to be conveyed in the van were not intended to pay the least courtesy to any peculiar license or act of Parliament,—it was suggested that they should start particularly early in the morning, and, stopping to breakfast on the road, allow the horses to bait and recruit their strength at the same time. The proprietor of the eating-house in Grafton Street, upon whose first floor the "Tourniquets" were accustomed to hold their weekly meetings, was appointed purveyor of everything to eat and drink in general to the expedition, with orders, upon the morning of the day, to be stirring with one lark, in order to supply the necessary auxiliaries to another. And the whole of the party being made acquainted with the expenses, the order of going, and the hour of rendezvous, went to bed on the Wednesday night at an earlier hour than could be called to mind in the memory of the most aged keeper of lodgings who existed in the neighbourhood of the London University, and subsisted upon the students thereof.

A fine summer morning in London is truly delicious. We do not mean that advanced stage of the day's journey usually defined as such by average metropolitan life, when traffic and industry are

stretching their arms after their repose, and the tide of preparation for the diurnal labour is beginning to flow, but the hour which accompanies sunrise: provided always, that it be not witnessed with blinking eyes and jaded disposition, on returning from an evening party; for then the very daylight comes to upbraid us, and we shrink from its silent reproach. There is a delightful elasticity in the atmosphere, as yet unpolluted by the smoke and noisome vapours inevitable in a great city. The perspective and outlines of the streets and houses stand out clear and sharp, and the spires of the churches elevate their well-defined tracery, in the blue morning air. The caged birds, too, at the windows of the different houses,—the poorer the neighbourhood, the fuller the concert,—despite their imprisonment, are answering one another merrily from corner to corner; even the plebeian sparrows strut about, and chirp as if, for the time, they felt that they were lords of the locality; and around the parks and squares there is a fresh and grateful odour from the foliage, that alone is worth getting up early to drink into the lungs.

The clock of the Middlesex Hospital struck four, giving the hint to its neighbour on Percy Chapel that it was time it did the same,—a warning obeyed some few minutes afterwards,—as Mr. Prodgers, accompanied by Titus and Jack Johnson, arrived at the trysting-place in Grafton Street. The van was already there, and the proprietor of the eating-house had taken down his shutters, so that our friends took a slight snack of cold bread and meat, with the smallest possible quantity of singularly mild ale, to lay a trifling foundation for the day's exertions, having refused various invitations to *al fresco* public breakfasts on their way thither.

The rest of the party, which included Mr. Tweak, Mr. Simmons, and ten or a dozen other embryo practitioners, were not long in joining them; and, whilst the arrangements were being made for stowing away the provisions under the seats of the van, the time was beguiled by interchanging sallies of playful insinuations with such policemen as chanced to be within hail.

Mr. Ledbury, who was ever anxious to be in the mode, had mounted one of the celebrated sporting wrappers at twelve and ninepence, of which he had read so much in the fashionable newspapers, and which common everyday people would have called a brown Holland blouse, if they had not been privately informed of the proper name by considerate friends; and under this he had a brown cut-away coat, with conservative buttons, two of which, detached from the rest, but Siamesed together with a bit of shoe-string, fastened it across his chest at one point only, after the manner of men-about-Regent Street in general. Besides this, he had a blue spotted handkerchief round his neck, white trowsers, and new Albert boots, of resplendent varnish, and undeniable toes; so that altogether he might be considered rather the thing than otherwise, and decidedly up to a move or two,—at least judging from his costume. The toilets of the other gentlemen were not particularly *soignées*, but still sufficiently appropriate to throw no discredit upon the expedition.

All the preparations being concluded, they entered the van, and commenced the journey. As long as they remained in the streets of London, they confined their jocularity to themselves, occasionally offering some facetious salutation to any early artificer who chanced

to pass; but it was not until they had left Hyde Park Corner behind them that their mirth got into full play, as soon as a little temporary inconvenience had subsided attendant upon every one wishing to drive.

Eventually, Jack and Ledbury crept through the front curtain, and got upon the box, by the side of the coachman, who was a slight wag in his way, leaving Mr. Prodgers to divert the rest within, which he did by leading the verses of an apparently endless song, and to which the others added a chorus of equal duration.

"You'll have a noisy party to-day, I'm thinking," observed Jack to the driver, as the melody burst upon his ear.

"Lord bless you, that's nothink," returned the man. "The Monday Hampton-Courters, they're the ones for racketing."

"What, the visitors?" asked Ledbury.

"Yes,—them as goes for tea and pictur's. They do sit in the sun when they gets down there, uncommon, to be sure."

Mr. Ledbury, not exactly comprehending this idiomatic reply, nor clearly seeing why the visitors should select such a situation to sit in, when there was plenty of shade, ventured to demand an explanation.

"Why, you see," replied the driver, "the greater part of 'em is Teetotallers, and so, in course, they finishes by being all mops and brooms. Their heads can't stand it—it's wonderful how moist sugar upsets them. How about that nosebag, Pluckey?"

The last sentence was thrown off at a tangent, towards an ostler standing before a public house at Knightsbridge, and was supposed to have reference to some transaction of a former period, with which they were both acquainted. Indeed, the driver seemed on terms of the most familiar intimacy with everybody who was stirring along the road.

Formal, steady-going Kensington, with its grave rows of houses, and graver inmates,— its clerk-retiring ovals, and petty-gentility squares,— less refined Hammersmith, and academical Turnham Green, were successively traversed; and when the van had rattled through the long straggling street of dirty Brentford, and cleared the canal, the party began to feel that they were getting into the country, delivering themselves up accordingly to the *abandon* of rural life. Not caring to hurry the horses, as they had plenty of time before them, they got out of the van, and ran by the side, giving way to all sorts of pleasantries, and exhibiting endless feats of gymnastics upon every gate, rail, or hedge-bank they passed, until they arrived at the entrance of Hounslow.

The tradesmen here were beginning to open their shops, and all the inn-yards bore tokens of preparation for the approaching business of the race-day, being filled with grooms, post-boys, and horses. There are legends extant going to prove that in the olden time, when railways were not, coaches and chariots were accustomed to pass through Hounslow many times in the day; and these derived some confirmation from the apparitions of various aged and decrepit post-chaises, drawn out before the doors, to whose dusty and mouldy forms water and blacking had united to give a temporary renovation, and fit them in some measure for the uses of the day. But beyond the town, all was again quiet.

It was a fine clear morning, and there was a light vapour floating

about the distant hills, that betokened the approach of a hot noon, whilst the hedges and turf at the side of the footpath were sparkling in the bright June sunshine; for the day's influx of travellers had not yet begun to powder them with dust, until they were all reduced to one uniform brown. Excited by the country air, and the anticipation of the holiday, Mr. Prodgers was exceedingly great. He sang the entire contents of a sixpenny song-book from beginning to end, composing *extempore* airs when he did not know the proper ones; played the thimble-rig upon the top of his hat with a pepper-corn and three brass thimbles, purchased for a penny in Gower Place, and explained the mysteries of that sport and pastime so popular amongst the fools of the nineteenth century; irritated the turnpike-man at Bedfort Gate, by wishing to know whether he would like the money then, or wait until he got it, inquiring the average number of wheelbarrows that went through in the course of a week, and if he charged for watches according to the number of wheels they went on; whether donkeys paid toll, and if so, whether he, the 'pike-man, did not fight very shy of going through the gate; together with many other pleasantries, poured out with a volubility most remarkable, which everybody is perfectly at liberty to indulge in, with respect to turnpike-keepers, at any time, but more especially during the races.

They had decided upon stopping at Staines to breakfast, and giving the horses an hour's rest; whereupon, as they were approaching that town, Jack Johnson, who was evidently keeping himself in reserve for the day's fun, proposed that, to enter with becoming importance, Mr. Ledbury should be requested to ride postilion. There was only one vote against this measure, and that was the driver's; but, upon being asked publicly whether he would prefer whatever he liked to order when they stopped, or the choice of trial by battle to prove his right of command with the whole party whilst they were going on, he immediately assented to the proposition. Titus was not, as we know, a first-rate equestrian; but they managed to elevate him upon one of the horses, steadying himself with his off-foot upon the pole; and then Mr. Prodgers gave him an old bugle, which had been hitherto concealed under the seat, with instructions to sound it perpetually as they went through the town; so that, upon the whole, he looked exceedingly chivalric and imposing, and was delighted with being thus distinguished, albeit the buckles of the harness were occasionally productive of inconvenience.

There are certainly places in Great Britain more frivolous and dissipated than Staines. The trivial occupations of slight minds,—evening parties, dramatic representations, public entertainments, and the like, are not there in vogue, but orderly *re-unions*, sedate meetings, and placid society, are in the ascendant. It always tempts lively visitors to reflect upon what a place it might be, if it were not what it is. There are noble inns, but few travellers; there is a fine bridge, but few things to go over it; a capacious institution, but few lecturers; or, rather, a fair complement of lecturers, but few auditors; a goodly river, but few boats; capabilities for all kinds of amusements, dispositions for none. As such, the novel *entrée* of the van containing our friends created no small astonishment, although they were looking forward to the usual turmoil of race company.

But, the more they appeared amazed, the louder Mr. Ledbury blew his horn, and the more vehemently his friends within sang "Rule Britannia." Indeed, it was only by literal compulsion that Mr. Prodgers could be restrained from climbing to the roof of the van, and thereon performing a dance, supposed by the frequenters of fairs to be peculiar to the North American Indians. But when it was palpably shewn that he would inevitably conclude by breaking through, and descending to the level of the rest, he abandoned the idea, and contented himself with haranguing the little boys who ran behind, and cheered the *cortège:* sometimes hooking off their caps with his stick, and causing the owners to run much farther than they intended.

At length they stopped to breakfast, which consisted chiefly of stout and skittles, at a roadside inn on Egham Causeway. Whilst they were thus occupied, a tramp-cart, containing sticks and snuff-boxes for the idlers behind the booths, with a small three-legged table slung up behind it, stopped at the door, and a man descended. Hearing the noise of the party, he advanced towards them, and made a slight reverence to Jack, who immediately recognised his old friend of the St. Giles's cellar, the professor of Misery for the Million.

"Halloo!" cried Johnson, as the man saluted him. "Who would have thought of seeing you here."

"Always comes to Ascot," replied the professor, touching his hat. "That 'ere cart's chuck-full of dodges, for the races. I shall be very happy to drink luck to your honour, while we 're a hacting."

"Oh! certainly," answered Jack; "call for what you like. What have you got moving inside the cart, there?" he continued, as the tilt was agitated by the restless motions of some one inside.

"That 's the hinfant Garrick," replied the man, "who acts Richard. I reckon he wants his breakfast."

Upon Jack's expressing a wish to see the Roscius, the professor lifted out a diminutive creature from the cart, bearing some resemblance to a monkey, in a costume of the middle ages of Richardson's show. The small performer, imagining he was called upon to exhibit his histrionic powers, immediately struck an attitude, and began to enact what he termed the quarrel scene between Romeo and Julius Cæsar; but upon receiving the intelligence that he was taken out for refreshment, he immediately desisted.

"You see, he should act the play, sir," said the professor, in an apologetical tone, "only I don't know the rest of the patter. His governor's got a book, though, as tells you all about it?"

"And where is his governor?" asked Jack.

"Coming after us, sir, along with Jerry, and Follow the Drum, and Tilly ung de rung; the doll-trick and the dulcimer has got a cast on a head."

"And what are you going to do, yourself?" asked Jack, not exactly comprehending, with all his experience, who were the individuals designated by these various names.

"Well, sir, now I 'll tell you," said the man, mysteriously. "My pardner's got a dimunt star, and hanker-table, and I 'm going to play with him when nobody else does, part of the day: and when I 've done there, I 'm going round amongst the carriages with little Tommy. Here he is, sir."

And, thus speaking, the man drew a battered little wooden figure of a sailor from his pocket, with whom he commenced a ventriloquial conversation in his coat tails, and underground, only cut short by the driver of the van coming to tell Johnson that he thought it was time to start again. Accordingly, the party were collected together; and, with the promise of seeing the professor and his various talented friends in full force upon the course, they once more set off; not wishing to get situated in the fifth rank, half a mile below the distance-post.

They had been so long at breakfast that the road was all bustle and excitement when they left the inn. All sorts of vehicles, from the dashing landau and four, or the private bang-up, to the light-cart with the covered top, so poetically denominated a "flying bedstead," licensed to carry no end, or the donkey dragging a small painted waggon, filled with ginger-beer at a penny a bottle; broad-wheeled and tilted waggons, filled with regular holiday-makers, bread, cheese, and pewter-cans; post-chaises, with three fat people inside, putting their elbows out at the windows, with a fourth on the bar, and two retail-dealers in flabby tarts and cow-pies upon the spikes behind; pedestrians strapping along, with stout sticks and bundles, at the rate of five miles an hour; and coaches, omnibuses, four-wheeled chaises, gigs, cabs, go-carts, flys, shutter-go-dans, in short, things upon wheels of every description, all driving on pell-mell, through the long principal street of Egham, half hidden by the clouds of dust which their predecessors were creating.

Mr. Ledbury was all excitement, and blew his horn so deliriously that he was at last restrained from splitting the ears of his companions by sheer force.

"This is glorious, Jack!" he said to his friend, rubbing his hands with sheer delight. "Egham races will be in two months from this. I vote we all go there, too."

Jack made some acquiescing reply. But prescience is not allowed as an attribute of mortality. That day two-months both Ledbury and Johnson were hundreds of miles away from England.

THE CONVICT'S DREAM.

BY W. L. GANE.

METHOUGHT I heard the soaring lark upraise
　His morning jubilate, and climbing far
In realms cerulean, trill his song of praise,
　Bidding a sweet adieu to night's last star.
Then down he sunk, and all again was hushed;
　The night-birds' strains had ceased; the thrush reposed—
His speckled breast the dewy violets brushed,
　And o'er his head my island primrose closed.
Soft scenes of peace, for ever are ye gone?
　Shall Britain's sun ne'er more upon me beam?
Oh! that one leaf from Memory's scroll were torn!
　Alas, the past! I turn to that sweet dream
That wafts my soul to Albion's glorious shore,
That bids me stray among her glades once more.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRUNKENNESS!

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Be wise and taste!"—*Comus.*

Not long after "the early cock-crowing of letters," as the epigrammatic doctor* expresses it, Francis Bacon, a shrewd reviewer, who was up and stirring many hours before either Jeffery or Gifford were dreamt of, took the book of human wisdom under his tender mercies, and so thoroughly turned it inside out, that it appeared at last little better than the more modern cheat of Psalmanazar himself; and one Sir Thomas Browne, who had also a great itch for picking holes in the tissue of traditionary lore, gave to the world so copious an *index expurgatorius* on the above text, that it is only to be wondered some spirit of his forefathers had not paid him a nocturnal visit, and whisked off with him at once to the penal settlements of the damned.

It is now chiefly only thieves who — take things for granted; and since the sharp-sighted "philosopher of Norwich" satisfactorily has convinced us that poor puss has not the faculty of changing her sex at pleasure,—that parsnips do not shriek out like bleeding creatures, when eradicated,—and that the sun dances not a hornpipe on Easter-day, people begin to suspect the verity of everything but their own accomplishments.

These adventurous philosophers, however, did not travel the whole world of doubt, but left a few acres of scepticism for the excursion of later generations. For instance, either from a sense of gallantry towards the sex, or some other motive, they did not interfere with the secrets of the ladies,—the "chancellor" and the "physician" having discovered witches in Lancashire, left them as they found them,—a piece of mistaken delicacy; for, had they only ledgered them in the same column of "Vulgar Errors," the poor creatures had not been hanged by Sir Matthew Hale.

Fallacies, therefore, there are, which, having escaped the sponge, remain on the slate to our present day. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, much of the science of matter turned out so thorough a pseudodoxia, that we recollect to have heard of a certain "Knight of the Burning Pestle," who, having thrown away so much valuable time on the old system of chemistry, threw away at last his own worthless self into the river Thames, which positively hissed with the heat of his despair.

But we will hasten to one particular piece of falsehood, the business of our present trip,—a right vulgar one, we can assure our readers, and a habit still so inveterate, alas! that we fear many will go to the grave shrouded in the same ignorance in which they had been swaddled, having had no other taste of existence than the dry husk of the fruit had been able to afford,—and this melancholy mistake is denominated—Sobriety!

Vindictive prejudice, pursuing still the Galileos of drunkenness, holds in gloomy bondage the generation of our vaunted day. Sobriety!

* Dr. Fuller.

—monstrous delusion! — 'tis at best but the vessel of the lamp, trimmed, indeed, but of no virtue or avail, till the match be applied which renders it the centre of illumination,—or it is but a chamber hung round with gems and precious minerals, cold and gloomy as an *oubliette*, till the candles of ebriation bring into existence its brilliant properties; and though it is true the wicks will presently burn to their sockets, yet that is a little incident we must consent to suffer.

Wine!—most potent potion!—to what elevation dost thou raise the clay-born sons of men! One thorough draught, and the White Conduit apprentice becomes an Aristides the Just, a Cimon the Generous, and a Flaminius the Beneficent! And does not Nature herself, like the interesting mother by Hogarth's* pencil, throw out to us some maternal hints? This planet, to which we cling so fondly, in beating her solar-watch rounds, is she not invested with a glorious roll, which aquapote star-gazers pronounce a third motion, but which we better understand to be the effect of drink; whilst her own saucy tire-woman, the moon, is by no means fit for service until she has filled her horn? The very sky sucks up what moisture it can find on earth; nor can it show its gratitude better than by repaying the debt in kind.

Certain sage men have told us that existence only seems to be,—that all our sense is nonsense,—this elevated orb, rolling along the highway of light, but a *veluti*, — that pleasure, pain, and all the family of sensation, are but "unreal mockery!"—only a dream! and that which we call "a dream" is but an involution of a still deeper mystification. Possibly these metaphysicians are right; and if so, how infinitely the dream of drunkenness transcends them all, let drunkards alone explain. There pain, not even as an illusion, exists,—whilst, unquestionably, the strength of delight is far above proof. The wheel of the drunkard's delusion offers nothing but prizes—no blanks—all twenty-thousands. The poor, jaundiced guinea, which the dupe Sobriety fancies it beholds, becomes at least double to the drunkard's vision, whilst in his empty pockets he feels the very bowels of Peru. He toils not, but he spins most merrily. His balance at his cashier's may be like that of his legs, but by a single draught he is flush as an heir; whilst grey-headed Sobriety must hob-and-knob it with the ghost of a shilling.

Courage, that twin-star with chastity in wives, is brighter than a new button on the drunkard's sleeve. The very name of fear is buried in the bowl. Like Deucalion, he is borne on the flood of strong waters, and perches on the eructic Ætna of pugnacious daring. He sees himself two Hectors! Dragged to no chariot-wheels but those of rosy Bacchus, he still retains old Priam's chair, and shouts a thousand triumphs. Steeped in the liquor, like Achilles, he is also invulnerable, unless, indeed, assailed on the heel-tap, which alone can reduce him to the state of man.

Wit grows but in a wet soil,—the driest jokes are, in sooth, grog-blossoms, and the fruit of fancy ripens only under the hot-house of the glass. Oh! the "*cos ingeniorum*" of drink! A very Crichton is the drunkard, who, in the keen encounter of words, makes his pass through the joints of logic, and punctures his adversary encased in the cumbrous armour of reason. Nor is the drunkard's alone illusion; for, in the half-lit world of sobriety, how many denizens have fancied them-

* Gin Lane.

selves inheritors of wit! Never was a rogue so soberly dull, but the playful imp Illusion whispered a bit of adulation in his ear, and never was a mistake more besotted than his own; but like those who, getting drowsy on Parnassus, become at once inspired, so is the ignition of fancy in the atmosphere of wine.

"Then the lover!"—love and sobriety!—sober sadness, in sooth,—a sylphide with the gout!—cold as the moon-beam, and uninterestingly as modest! But "love is like a dizziness," says the poet, and dizziness is a fast companion of the bottle. When a man has lost his heart, should he keep his head? or when the one is inflamed, should not the other be on fire? A sober lover!—license and settlements are the noxious hydrogen he breathes; but the drunkard's license is the license to import; and, as to settlements, he regards them as very dregs of the cask. Like the sun he is fervid, and like the sun impartial; for he loves the whole sex, and apportions amongst the mistresses of his neighbours that vintage of heart, which niggard Sobriety would stint to one alone. Love, like wine, becomes generous. "Love and a Bottle," cries the dramatist;—they mingle in one Anacreontic harmony, and the kiss and the song disport in the same ruby bath.

Let the minions of Sobriety learn under what special favour Providence is pleased to take the disciple of the rummer. Drunkenness appears to have the claims to tenderness as the prattle of children. Should, for instance, the unwieldy "Highflier," on its descent at Gunnerby Hill, take an unlucky roll, and swing over into a ditch, killed or maimed are the six insides, and the six-and-twenty out—all—all—but the drunken grazier, and the only affront he sustains, is being brought with so little ceremony to his senses; an evil which, of course, does no longer exist than the time occupied in reaching the nearest alehouse.

The dice! the rattling, reeling dice, abhor sobriety as nature a vacuum. The hydropathic calculation of the fish cold professor is overtaken by loss, while the suburban apprentice, overtaken only by drink, pockets the "douceur" of the goddess.

In these locomotive times—this truly volatile age—when the words "station" and "terminus" seem only used in derision—in these days, when "the great globe itself," like a butt of strong drink, is girt about with iron hoops, over which mortals roll, like balls on a roulette, what is the profit? Not the mere annihilation of time and space, but that our brief mortal span sees, acts, and acquires doubly that of our *pie poudre* ancestry; and the blessed age of three score and ten is multiplied by two; so that, let the good citizen die at seventy, he has reached the supreme goal of one hundred and forty years. This is the cellarage of gain,—this is "living two days in one,"—a stale reproach, which our torpid ancestors would use as a bugbear to scare the spirit of youth, but which we now discover to be the philosophy of life. Such is the drunkard's—*two days in one!*—whilst his rapid movement is gilded by a Midas-touch, and converted to the golden currency of joy. If his glass be quickly run, remember that whom the gods love die young; and, if being young inearthed be an evidence of divine favour, the drunkard must be the very pet animal on the *parterres* of Elysium, for we have known many a green toper drop off before he had carried the first crop of his chin, whilst his poor, dull, miserable parents, were struggling with the world's ingratitude in the very autumn of their age. But the drunkard's autumn, like the lover's, is in

the spring of his passion; his days of tilling and sowing are brief indeed, and in lieu of taking rewards for his labour, his labour and rewards are one.

Drunkenness and sobriety are verily the two points of the magnet —the one attracting, the other repelling. "Justice Silence," who says not a word when sober, is no sooner drunk than he is as full of brisk words as liquor; for drink is also an effectual purger of ill humours; he sees no longer a corrupt state, insolent nobles, or unequal laws; all is *couleur de claret;* the wine in his head becomes tears in his eyes; loyal to the backbone, he blesses the king, extols the excise; and, having drained his last glass, will do no less by his best blood for the name and glory of his country!

"The great man," says a popular essayist, "whose musical talents are noised in Westminster Abbey, was no less a votary of Bacchus than Apollo, and Mr. Abel, the celebrated performer, amidst the joys of wine, being little skilled in our language, and having drank until he was unable to speak any, caught up his *viol de Gamba,* and with incredible execution obliged the company with the story of Le Fevre! Such a story, and so told, must have been transcendently delightful."

Human wit, unaided by the draught, is but the cold, useless calibre of the gun, unimpregnated with saltpetre: sobriety, but a green fruit, fit only for a pickle; unnatural preservation its sole object, never in maturity, and always out of season. But the hot-house ripeness of the drunkard, melts, flows, animates, spiritualizes. He who partakes is verily "elevated." His end, like the last scene of a festive drama, is more brilliant than all preceding—a euthanasy reserved for him alone, into which he passes, to "die of a rose in aromatic pain."

The world should be wary how it receives tradition under the pernicious title of maxims, and the like. Doctrines for the most part are but a subscription of credulity—base-born falsehood, which having crept into the family of truth, descend as legitimate children. The age, eager to make new discoveries, is still slow in casting off old fallacies,—it warehouses the good with the bad; and, like the virtuoso, who, having been deceived a quarter of a century with a vile copy, having at last got possession of the original, had not courage to part with the imposture.

We have heard many short-sighted persons, or rather, persons not having the faculty of seeing double, talk a great deal of antiquated jargon about pains and penalties which await the back fare to sobriety —of ignoble heart-aches, still more despicable head-aches, poverty, and ruin. Surely this wisdom is weaker than the very water we deprecate. Such, indeed, may be the heart-burnings, and well-merited they are, of those, who having began well, should wilfully relapse into former hallucinations. But when once the adventurer is half-seas, he should make his voyage, and being landed on the other side, take example of those gallant warriors who then burnt their ships. Such, indeed, are the heart-burnings; but these are the penalty of sobriety, not drunkenness.

"Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini,
Horâ matutinâ rebibas, et erit medicina."

Let him,

"Like to the Pontic sea,
Ne'er feel retiring ebb, but keep due on;"

let him not, like the poor pitiful trader who has a little outrun, pull up, as it is termed, to examine his accounts; he becomes bankrupt at once. No! let him rather take the nobler example of his country's councils, go borrowing on, that the debt may outlive his time — drink, drink, and drink again! — then becomes he like the great Amazon, ever at flood, though never running straight — his great and final liquidation!

It is as curious as instructive to trace the early perceptions of what are called a rude people, and observe what Nature herself has implanted in the human mind; to compare the suggestions of instinct with the delusions of civilization. Most of these have voluptuous ideas on the final destiny of the brave; but our object here is to notice a peculiarly gifted race of South America, who anticipate that all good natives will be permitted to a perpetual state of drunkenness, and have their divinity accordingly, whom they denominate *Soucha* — a people who have undoubtedly great reason for pride, observing how widely their doctrine is honoured on the remote, barbaric shores of Britain, where there are more temples raised to this *Soucha*, than to the faith they possess.

Plutarch makes mention of a very elevated notion which animated the early Egyptians, namely, that the vine sprang from the ground, impregnated with the blood of giants, who had fallen in their battles with the gods! Now, the Egyptians were at this time amongst the wisest people of the world; and why they are no longer so is equally evident—they drink no wine.

But the cellars of antique lore overflow with the richest draughts of these invigorating truths. Those attic festivals, the "Dionysia," record the Greeks in their topping days. Recall the glory of Artaxerxes, and his carouse of one hundred and eighty days of royal drunkenness! the wisdom of Anacharsis, who, when drunk, at Corinth, before the rest of the company, magnanimously exclaimed, "When we run a race, he who arrives first at the goal is entitled to the reward"— of Dionysius himself, who was in a happy state of intoxication for eighty days.

The Romans, emulous of Greek example, record the riot of their "Bacchanalia." "Liber Pater," as the red deity was called, — "Bimater," for he was drunk when he was born, and beheld two mothers! Man, as if seized by madness, says the historian Livy, gave oracles! and matrons with dishevelled hair ran down the Tiber, plunging their flaming torches in the stream, but the sulphur was not extinguished! Noble Tiberius! illustrious emperor! raised he not one Torquatus to a proconsulship for that he could drink three portly gallons of wine, and leave no dregs behind. Was he not a knight? Trigonius the Three Gallons!

"I had rather be mad than merry," cries even the Cynic Antisthenes; "better be drunk than half sober."

"All quaff
The generous juice, by juggling priests denied,
Lest it should help to whet our understandings,
And ripen reason to see through their crafts."

Let us not live, then, only to extol such glorious scenes as these; but let us live to meet again those days, when our own vines, like

those of Mauritania, may equal the tallest forest, and we ourselves become worthy the Oxydracæ, the descendants of Bacchus!

The respectable Montaigne says, "Sylvius, a great physician, has pronounced that it is good once a month to invigorate by excess. Once a month! O mind but half resolved! but, hear the more enlightened Anacreontic reply:

"For the health of the body physicians allow
A man once a month may get drunk as a sow;
But as to the date, as the time they don't say,
For fear I should miss I get drunk ev'ry day!"

But few men in this world can be accounted wise; and as the greater part are necessarily fools, why, the sooner they forget both themselves and others, the better. The drunkard, in wandering through the coral grove, in the very depths of wine, is unconscious of the turbulence which tosses the world above, and fully appreciates the profound teaching,

"J'aime mieux un vice commode, qu'une fatigante vertu!"

We own we were not a little struck with the intelligent reply of a certain soldier, in the wars of the great Duke of Marlborough, who, overhearing his comrade wish for a twelve-pennyworth of gin for two days running, exclaimed, "What! you dog! would you be drunk every day? You'd be an angel at once, I reckon. That is scarcely for your betters."

The advice of Solomon that strong drink should be taken by him who is ready to perish, is most wise; but this orientalism of language is properly translated into drink at all times, for who can presume so far on the certainty of life as not to say he is ready to perish at all seasons? Thus, sobriety is but a tame and unmanly delusion, bearing about the same ignoble relation to drunkenness as truth to lying. In the just view of Drunkenness there are also some few sensible beings who contemplate roguery itself, regarding it as a step to preferment, and knowing they have hitherto been but of small account in this world of bustle, look forward to the day when they may claim the proud distinction of being accounted rogues.

THE FAIRIES' GLEE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

We fairies come from the spirits' home,
And, clad in the moonbeam's light,
Our path we thread, like the sleepy dead,
Through the gloomy folds of night!
We cast our spell on forest and dell,
And the earth our wills obey,
The flow'rs unclose, from their deep repose,
And yield to the fairies' sway!

How merry are we 'neath the haunted tree,
When the stars shine forth on high,
And all around is in rest profound,
But the night-wind's lonely sigh!
'Tis music sweet that we mirthful greet,
And dance to its jubilee,
While he who hears, through his trembling fears,
Doth say, 'tis the fairies' glee!

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

May 24th. We are sorry now to record a severance of that connection which had subsisted so long between Mr. Munden and Covent Garden theatre. So far back as 1803, Munden's dissatisfaction with Mr. Harris's new regulations, which he shared in common with seven of his brethren, appears to have been aggravated by the endeavour to press upon him the part of Sir Simon Rochdale, in Colman's comedy of "John Bull." This part, we find, by a copy of a letter from Mr. Harris, senior, dated March 7th, 1803, lying before us, he returned to that gentleman personally, it is said (we hope in anger only,) "in the rudest language of defiance;" stating his determination never to perform a second character in any piece whatever.

Mr. Harris's letter is so intemperately written that it would not be fair to publish it in the absence of Munden's, (to which it is a reply, and of which no copy has been preserved,) requesting that his engagement might be made void at the end of the season. This request Mr. Harris, in very strong language, refuses, and recapitulates various charges of ill-conduct, and even of insult towards the theatre that "fostered" him. We repeat, that we are neither in a condition to affirm or deny any of these charges; but on the one expression quoted, we venture to say that no man, or body of men, can "foster" a good actor. It is his talent alone that fosters him. Mr. Harris's liberality, which we have readily admitted, would not have been extended to Munden, had he not brought money to the treasury, nor would the public have tolerated him had he not pleased them. If the proprietors of Covent Garden theatre had not engaged Mr. Munden, the Drury Lane or Haymarket proprietors would have done so before long. An actor of reputation is never allowed to slumber in obscurity.

By Mr. Harris's letter it appears that our actor received, in 1803, fourteen pounds per week; and, by the subjoined documents, he received seventeen pounds in 1811. This was not a very large increase in the space of eight years, especially as he had brought much money to the theatre. Mrs. Siddons (far be it from us to hint any comparison) received fifty pounds per night for a stipulated number of nights.

That Munden was right in refusing the indifferent part of Sir Simon Rochdale is perfectly evident. When he came to Covent Garden theatre in 1790, and found Mr. Quick and Mr. Wilson in possession of the priority of parts, he acquiesced, as he did when at a period later than that of which we are now writing, he joined the Drury Lane company, and found Mr. Dowton in a similar position. On the secession of the two first-mentioned eminent performers, he became the principal comic actor at Covent Garden (Mr. Fawcett was a later importation), and entitled to the choice of characters, which usage had rendered sacred, and which had been enforced, as we have seen, in a manner disagreeable to Munden, when he had been required to surrender the part of Silky in "The Road to Ruin," after having studied

it. Neither Mr. Quick, Mr. Wilson, nor Mr. Dowton, so placed, would have consented to play the part of Sir Simon Rochdale.

Good feeling, however, seems to have been restored between the manager and the actor, by the following letter, which, though bearing no date, must, by its reference to the Young Roscius, have been written in 1804-5.

"DEAR MUNDEN, "Theatre, Sunday.

"I hear you have a large addition sent you for the new comedy; however, I depend on your good-nature and friendship that we shall not be disappointed of our play for Wednesday. Your benefit will be on Tuesday the 14th May. It is very late, to be sure; but the benefits are unavoidably deferred this year, on account of the Young Roscius, and the unlucky delay of Mr. Colman's tragedy; but I trust this will be of no injury to you, or any body.

"Ever truly yours, T. HARRIS."

"Jos. Munden, Esq."

The following correspondence will best explain the new grievances which arose. The draft of Munden's first letter is not to be found.

"Treasury Office, January 9th, 1811.

"The proprietors of Covent Garden theatre, having taken into consideration Mr. Munden's request of being allowed his salary from the commencement of the present season to the time when he was able to join the company, and to attend to his theatrical duties, they find that it would establish a most dangerous precedent to grant Mr. Munden's request, as it would break through a long-established regulation in the theatre, viz. 'That no performer can receive any salary until they had either acted, or given notice of their readiness to do so when called upon.' In fact, the interests of the proprietors have recently suffered most severely by the protracted illness of performers, too frequently occasioned, not by their professional exertions at Covent Garden theatre (which they should always think themselves bound to remunerate) but brought on by their *irregularities and over-exertions elsewhere*, which it would be very bad policy to encourage.

"The present situation of the concerns of the theatre precludes the probability of the proprietors indulging in any extraordinary act of liberality, for, without any reservation of emolument to themselves, they are compelled to divide among their numerous claimants the *whole receipts* of the theatre. The proprietors, therefore, can only express a hope that the *increased size of the new theatre, and the raised prices* (which the proprietors have effected entirely at their own risk, and which Mr. Munden thought proper so loudly and unadvisedly to condemn, during the distressing contest of last year) may now enable him at his benefit to retrieve the loss that he will sustain this season."

No date, probably July, 1811.

"In the apprehension that, after a cool and dispassionate review of Mr. Munden's appeal for salary, during his confinement in the earlier part of this season, the managers of Covent Garden theatre would, before its close, yield him some satisfaction, he has thus long abstained from further pressing upon their attention: but having been disappointed in his expectation, he now begs to offer the following remarks on such his appeal, and their reply.

"Mr. Munden's claim for salary *from the commencement of the current season*, was founded on the following circumstances; that, notwithstanding he was in a state of confirmed malady at that time (which the managers may assure themselves was not attributable to either of the causes alleged in their note, but to the mere visitation of Providence,) he hastened from Liverpool to town, with no other view or inclination than to perform his theatrical duties; his anxieties to effect which increased his complaint, and defeated the accomplishment of his wishes.

"Mr. Munden is avowed by the managers to be proscribed their indulgence, only because his affliction originated *before he could join the company*; but he is desirous to impress on their minds that he received numerous characters for study before he was capable of such a junction; and he apprehended himself *so employed*, as much in his professional duty, constructively, *as if he had given formal notice of his readiness to perform*; besides which, it must be in Mr. Kemble's recollection that he kindly dissuaded Mr. Munden, in more instances than one, from too early an attendance at the theatre. He therefore asks, and still confidently trusts to receive a more favourable answer from the managers than the one already communicated.

"The advantages hinted at by the managers' note as likely to result to Mr. Munden *from the increased size of the new theatre, and the raised prices*, he assures them have not been realized; as his benefit, owing to the advanced season at which it was announced, proved more unproductive than it has been for a series of preceding years, and Mr. Munden conceives it hardly fair that the managers should advert to raised prices, when for the chance of an advantage to result from them he was made an additional charge of forty pounds.

"His late detention in town he also feels to be an extreme evil, precluding, as it does, the power of making country engagements, which are ever most profitable, and the opportunity for which is yielded to some of his brother actors, but withheld from him; though it was stipulated in a private agreement between Mr. Harris and himself, that should any other actors be permitted to leave the theatre before the close of the theatrical season, Mr. Munden should enjoy the same privilege.

"On the whole, Mr. Munden's emoluments and advantages have been so reduced during the current season, that the income derived from his town engagement has proved insufficient for the liberal support of his family. He, therefore, should his appeal be conceived irregular, solicits that he may be relieved from his present articles, and possess the liberty to exercise his talent to better advantage."

The managers' reply ran as follows:—

"The causes assigned by Mr. Munden for his request to quit the theatre, are so frivolous, unfounded, and unreasonable, that the proprietors have no doubt that Mr. Munden has some more profitable pursuit in view; they, therefore, do not hesitate to comply with his desire.

"Mr. Munden's expectation of being paid for the length of time he was absent, being from the opening in September to the 15th December, before he set his foot in the theatre this season, is contrary to all justice, and to the unvarying rule of the theatre. Mr. Munden must be aware of the great loss and inconvenience sustained by the theatre, in consequence of his long absence, and that a new piece, as well as several attractive plays, were laid aside on that account.

"Does Mr. Munden expect (at a time, too, when the proprietors are so much pressed by their creditors,) that they should shut up their theatre, in the midst of successful and profitable business, in order to give Mr. Munden an opportunity of making a better engagement in the country? Has not Mr. Munden received his salary at this theatre, although engaged, and performing at the Haymarket theatre?* Notwithstanding Mr. Munden did not commence his acting this season until the 29th December, he was paid from the 15th December, a fortnight before he performed, and has cleared this season (including his benefit) between seven and eight hundred pounds, a sum much greater than has come to the share of the principal proprietors; but Mr. Munden appears to have no feeling for any one's family but his own. He says '*That his present emolument is not sufficient for the liberal support of his family, and desires to be relieved from his present articles, and to possess the liberty to exercise his talent to better advantage.*'

"In reply, the proprietors acquaint Mr. Munden that they inclose him his articles, cancelled, and, as they shall not expect Mr. Munden's assistance the next season, that they have made their arrangements accordingly.

"P.S.—Mr. Munden has made an unaccountable mistake in regard to the charge of his benefit; the truth being, that he has been charged no more this season, and the last, than he was in the old theatre, and ever since he entered into his last engagement, notwithstanding the late advance in the prices of admission to the boxes. It is true that some years ago the charge for benefits was forty pounds less; but Mr. Munden may recollect that his salary was then much lower, and that when he first came to the theatre he had but six pounds per week, and that since his salary has been gradually raised to seventeen pounds per week. Yet Mr. Munden is still dissatisfied with the reward of his talent, and thinks it *insufficient* '*for the liberal support of his family.*'

"Covent Garden Theatre,
July 25th, 1811."

Upon this correspondence we forbear making any remark; although, as Sir Roger de Coverley observes, "much might be said on both sides." From that time forth Munden never set his foot into Covent Garden theatre, except for a benefit. He engaged, as he had done before, for the summer season at the Haymarket.

Munden came out at the Haymarket (July 13th) in Old Dornton; Harry Dornton, Mr. Elliston; Sulky, Mr. Grove; Silky, Mr. Barnes; Goldfinch, Mr. Jones; Milford, Mr. R. Jones; the Widow Warren, Mrs. Grove; Sophia, Mrs. Barnes. Harry Dornton was one of the best parts that Elliston played, until he grew sententious. Mr. Jones' volatile spirits and lively manners were displayed to great advantage in Goldfinch; and Mrs. Barnes played Sophia with simplicity and animation. The "Road to Ruin" was repeated on the 17th. On the 18th, Munden played in "The School for Authors." The Haymarket partners continued to disagree. Mr. Morris had objected to the engagement of Mr. Elliston, at a salary of forty pounds per week, and two clear benefits. He published an appeal to the public, complaining that this engagement, as well as Messrs. Munden and Jones', had been concluded without his knowledge. He refused to pay the sala-

* This could only have been from 13th July, when he made his appearance at the Haymarket until the 23rd, when Covent Garden theatre closed.

ries; but offered Mr. Elliston twenty pounds per week, and one benefit; and Messrs. Munden and Jones "such salaries as they can reasonably be entitled to." These offers were refused. Mr. Colman appealed to the Court of Chancery; and, the difference being arranged, Messrs. Colman and Winston published the following advertisement on the 25th July:—

"Messrs. Colman and Winston, most grateful for past patronage, and solicitous to deserve its continuance by every effort in their power, are happy in announcing to the public, that they have surmounted the great difficulties opposed to them by their partner, and effected the return of Messrs. Elliston, Jones, and Munden,—in consequence of which, this evening will be performed 'The Road to Ruin.'"

July 26th was produced a tragico-comico-Anglo-Germanico-hippo-ono-dramatico romance, in two acts, called "The Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh; or, The Rovers of Weimar," which, it was announced, had been "long in preparation, and the public is respectfully informed that every effort has been strained to surpass nature!"

This piece was adapted, with alterations and additions, from a dramatic sketch, entitled "The Rovers," written by Mr. Canning, and published several years previously, in the "Anti-Jacobin." Mr. Canning's object was to ridicule the prevailing taste for German dramas, with their sickly sentiment and undisguised immorality. Colman added some introductory matter, and introduced some smart hits on the quadruped performers at Covent Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ OF "THE QUADRUPEDS OF QUEDLINBURGH."

Characters of a vehicular description, but on foot:—

Mr. Bartholomew Bathos (*an English dramatist on the German model, and student in the veterinary college,*) MR. ELLISTON.
Manager of the Haymarket Theatre (*a very "Poor Gentleman,"*) MR. EYRE.
Call-boy (*a go-between*), MR. MINTON.

Characters in the romance:—

Duke of Saxe-Weimar (*a sanguinary tyrant, with red hair, and an amorous complexion*), MR. NOBLE.
Rogero (*prisoner in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, in love with Matilda Pottingen*), MR. LISTON.
Casimere (*a Polish emigrant, in Dembrowski's legion, married to Cecilia, and having several children by Matilda*), MR. MUNDEN.
Beefington and Puddingfield (*English noblemen, exiled by the tyranny of King John, previously to the signature of Magna Charta*), MR. SHAW and MR. GROVE.
Doctor Pottingen (*LL.D.*), . . MR. MARTIN.
Waiter at Weimar (*a Knight Templar in disguise*), . MR. FINN.
Monk, with a fire-lock (*a military ecclesiastic*), MR. LEWIS.

Matilda Pottingen (*in love with Rogero, and mother to Casimere's children*), MRS. GLOVER.
Cecilia Muckenfield (*a passenger in the dilly, and wife to Casimere*), MRS. GIBBS.
Dame Schültenbrüch (*widow, and landlady of the inn at Weimar*), MRS. GROVE.

Dumbies:—

Neddy Crantz (*jackass to the wheel of the well in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh*), BY A NEW PERFORMER.
Female Captive (*a corpulent virgin*), MISS LESERVE.

Pantalowski and Britchinda (*children of Matilda by Casimere*); Joachim, Jabal, and Amarantha (*children of Matilda by Rogero*); children of Casimere and Cecilia, with their respective nurses. Several children, fathers and mothers unknown. Officers, soldiers of the light and heavy horse, grenadiers, troubadours, monks, donkeys, &c. &c.

*** Pedigrees of the horses, *when published*, will be distributed in the theatre.

The Trio and Chorus (*in a stunning whisper*), composed by Mr. Reeve, by MR. MUNDEN, MR. PAYNE, MR. SHAW, &c.

The first act went off exceedingly well. A scene, wherein Matilda Pottinger and Cecilia Muckenfield meet, called forth loud bursts of applause.

The following humorous song was written by Mr. Canning; and Liston, (the captive Rogero,) holding a tattered handkerchief to his eyes, sang it in so ludicrous a manner, that the audience were convulsed with laughter:—

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
  This dungeon, that I 'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
  Who studied with me at the U—
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue 'kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.*

Sweet 'kerchief, check'd with heav'nly blue,
  Which once my love sat knotting in!
Alas! Matilda *then* was true!
  At least I thought so at the U—
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

[*At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
  Her neat post-waggon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view.
  Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

This faded form! this pallid hue!
  This blood my veins is clotting in.
My years are many; they were few
  When first I entered at the U—
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

There first for thee my passion grew,
  Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-
  tor, law professor at the U—
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
  That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru-
  el, never shall I see the U—
    niversity of Gottingen—
    niversity of Gottingen!

The latter part of this romance was less successful. The force of the satire was not always felt by a mixed audience. That scene in "Pizarro," in which Rolla rescues Alonzo from prison, was ridiculed in a manner too plain to be misunderstood. Casimere (Munden) releases Rogero (Liston), by getting into the prison in the disguise of an apothecary, and giving the sentinel (a monk with a fire-lock) two seven-shilling pieces. The idea was instantly taken, and loudly applauded. The romance concluded with a grand battle, in which the last scene of "Timour the Tartar" was imitated and burlesqued in the first style of extravagance. Basket-horses were seen on the ramparts of a castle, and prancing about in all directions. A battering-ram was introduced as in "Timour," and with similar effect.

"The Quadrupeds of Quedlinburgh" had a successful run.

The Haymarket proprietors continued to play "The Road to Ruin," with "A Cure for the Heart-ache," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," "The Provoked Husband," "Speed the Plough," "The Birth-day," "The Poor Gentleman," &c.,—comedies in which Munden filled a principal part, and others in which Jones excelled. They performed also both comedy and tragedy, in order to display the varied talents of Elliston to advantage.

On the 23rd September was performed at the Haymarket a new farce, called "Darkness Visible," by Theodore Hook; principal characters by Elliston, Jones, Munden, and Russel. October 14th, Munden took for his benefit "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," with "The Agreeable Surprise," and "Bombastes Furioso." The Haymarket theatre closed its season on the 15th October.

In the course of this season, Mr. Munden felt himself called upon to exercise that discretion, with regard to the acceptance of a part, for which he had formerly contended, and declined acting in a piece written by the manager. It does not appear, by the following letter, that Mr. Colman, either as a proprietor of the Haymarket theatre, or as Mr. Colman, the author of this piece, as well as the comedy of "John Bull," took umbrage at the exercise of such a discretion.

"25th Sept. 1811.

"My dear Munden,

"I scarcely expected you to accept the part, which the *business* of the melo-drama would not afford me an opportunity of making better. I should not have offered it to you, but in consequence of the inclination you expressed to give the piece a helping hand.

"We must do without your powerful aid, which I do not in the least wonder at your withholding on the present occasion.

"I know you have the interests of the house at heart, and will do all that *reason* can ask: — to press Baptista upon your acceptance would be very *un*reasonable.

"Most truly yours,

"G. Colman."

"Joseph Munden, Esq."

After the close of the Haymarket theatre, Munden proceeded to fulfil several country engagements, principally at Shrewsbury, Chester, and Manchester. At Chester all ranks flocked to his benefit, induced by old recollections, and his present celebrity. His great success is alluded to in the following letter from Mr. Colman:—

"4, Medina Place, Westminster Road,
30th December, 1811.

"Many thanks, my dear Munden, for your letter. It gives me a sincere pleasure to hear of your late successes:—'So should desert in arms be crowned!'

"I shall be heartily glad to see you, as you propose, on Thursday next, at four o'clock; and I will order the seas and rivers to be thawed during this hard frost, that we may not be disappointed of a bit of fish. I have much to consult you upon.

"Ever truly yours, "G. Colman.

"Joseph Munden, Esq."

Munden did not long remain in town. He proceeded again into the country, to reap the golden harvest, which at this season of the year he had few rival "stars" to share with. He seems to have travelled from place to place with great celerity, to have laboured hard, and to have been then intent on acquiring that competency which rendered him independent of the frowns of managers, and enabled him to retire from the profession when he pleased. Previous to his secession from Covent Garden Theatre it does not appear that he had saved much money; the frequent orders in his letters of the present date, for investments in the funds, manifest that he was now rapidly accumulating it, and an evident tendency to economy appears in all his letters to his wife. The subjoined are extracts from these letters. He played at Newcastle; next at Rochdale, in February, 1812, eight successive nights, "greatly received in public as well as in private. My benefit greater by ten pounds than ever known, 134*l.* 10*s.*;" at Glasgow and at Edinburgh in March. From Edinburgh he writes (29th March), "I have been very unfortunate here in the weather from the first moment I came into the place to this hour, nothing but violent frost and snow. The roads impassable. This place would have been a great card to me, but the weather, and Mrs. Siddons's great drain, have much injured the receipts of the theatre. I am a very great favourite, and every box taken for my benefit on Wednesday next. I return for one night to Glasgow, to perform for a charity on Saturday next, and then for four nights to Greenock. I shall not be in London until the last moment before the Haymarket opens. As I am out, I'll get all I can."

April 16th. "I arrived here (Lancaster) on Monday, and shall leave for Preston on Tuesday next. The business here *very good,* for Lancaster. After Preston, I believe I shall either be at Derby or Worcester, but have not yet settled; and I perform at Birmingham on the 4th of May; shall stay there until the Monday following; and then for home, which I shall be glad of, for I have *fagg'd very hard.*"

While Munden was in Edinburgh Mr. James Ballantyne was desirous of making him acquainted with Walter Scott, as he had previously introduced the late Mr. Mathews. Scott's note is subjoined.

"My dear James,—I am on duty at the Register Office about the hour you mention; but I will be at home at *three* o'clock, and happy to see Mr. Munden. Yours truly, W. Scott."

"Mr. Ballantyne."

The great poet and novelist entertained Munden with his accustomed hospitality. For some time he conversed upon indifferent subjects; but at length, referring to the subject of the stage, he said,—

"Mr. Munden, there was one performance of yours which astonished me more than most which I have witnessed."

"Indeed!" replied his guest, who expected one of those compliments which are paid, as a matter of course, to public men, "pray what was that, Mr. Scott?"

Munden expected to be complimented upon the part of Old Dowton, Sir Robert Bramble, or Sir Peter Teazle, upon which the town had showered down its applause: he was mistaken.

"I cannot recollect the name of it," said Scott; "it was a piece of flimsy materials, and the part was nothing in itself; I think an old general, who was blind; and what struck me was, how you could produce such an effect, debarred the use of the most powerful feature of expression which the art demands."

Mr. Munden felt the critical acumen that dictated this remark, and always related the circumstance with pride and pleasure.

Munden opened at the Haymarket (May 15th) in "The Birthday." On the 18th he played Hardcastle to Mathews's Tony Lumpkin. May 20th, Mr. Terry, from Edinburgh, made his first appearance in Lord Ogleby. This gentleman was in great habits of intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, to whom his aptness in sketching designs for Abbotsford, then in progress of erection, had introduced him. Terry* had acquired this talent in his early studies under an architect. As an actor he was respectable, but not great; he attempted too much. Munden was unable to attend, from illness, for nearly a month, and during that time Mathews played his parts. July 6th, he again appeared in "The Road to Ruin," and played successively Peachum, Sir Luke Tremor ("Such things are"), Perriwinkle ("Bold Stroke for a Wife"), Old Mirabel, The Deaf Lover, Caustic ("Way to get married"), Sir Marmaduke (Doldrum), Torrent, Bonus, Cockletop, and Sir Christopher Curry ("Inkle and Yarico"). He passed the greater part of the next year, with the exception of occasional country engagements, in retirement, at his pretty villa at Kentish Town.

This, the third house he had inhabited in that village, had been erected from a design by one of the brothers—Adam, who constructed the pile of buildings in the Strand, the Adelphi; so termed from their conjoint efforts. The villa was a very neat elevation, but has been spoiled by its present possessor, who has added another building to it, totally at variance with the original design. Munden, having caught that ready infection, a fondness for dabbling in bricks and mortar, laid out a great deal of money in building stabling and out-houses, and in decorating and improving the grounds, wherein he was assisted by his only man-servant, who, like Scrub and Dozey, filled various capacities, being an occasional butler and footman, "a guardian all day, and a watchman all night." He was an eccentric being, and how he got his sleep no one knew; but, in waiting at table, if he heard anything stated from which he dissented, he would, from his place behind his master's chair, not only contradict him, but his guests also. Munden, who had a fondness for oddities, rather encouraged than repressed this freedom, and winked at his visitors to take no notice. Thus passed the time away, until he joined the Drury Lane company.

* Mr. Terry wrote the opera of Guy Mannering from Scott's novel; and Hazlitt's is no slight praise, when he states, and correctly too, that few unacquainted with the novel could detect the difference between the matters introduced by Terry, and the composition of the original author.



THE "CRUMBY."

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.

Mrs. Bundle was an extraordinary woman,—in Persia, where it is said they buy beauties by weight, she would have fetched an incalculable sum,—for she was very extensive!—indeed, a woman upon the largest scale! She was about forty, and not handsome, although her teeth and eyes were of the first order, and her voice as soft and clear as the bell at her shop-door; for she kept a chandler's shop, and was a retailer of spices, tobacco, red-herrings, bacon, cheese, and groceries, and the sundries which are usually sold at such stores. Her good humour was irrepressible, and her "gossip" so pleasant, that great and small delighted in her; but she was proud—proud of being thought a woman of business, and it was pride not without foundation; for she was a shrewd, clear-headed woman, who knew how to go to market, kept her own books, while her shop was a perfect pattern; for she could lay her hand upon anything in a moment.

She never went to law; for, if she was unfortunate in giving a week's credit to any of her numerous customers, and they failed to pay, she never wasted her time nor her money in summonses, or attending the petty courts, but invariably put a cross against the delinquents. The consequence was, that the parties, who really appreciated her forbearance, spent their ready money with her, and got "trust" at the inferior shops in the neighbourhood; and so, in the "long run," Mrs. Bundle found herself better off than her competitors in the chandlery line.

One day, while reading a double-columned edition of "Joseph Andrews," which she had rescued from a lot of waste paper she had lately purchased, a female entered the shop in a decent straw-bonnet, and enveloped in a tartan plaid cloak.

She was evidently superior to the usual class of Mrs. Bundle's customers, although her orders were peculiarly moderate, consisting of two rashers of bacon, one ounce of coffee, and a quarter of a pound of "moist."

Mrs. Bundle was executing the order, when the young woman said, "I am going to be very rude,—but will you allow me, ma'am, to take one of these figs?" pointing to a shallow basket, or punnet, on the counter, containing about a pound of the sweet fruit.

"Certainly, my dear," said the obliging Mrs. Bundle; and then glancing at the figure of her customer, she laughed good-humouredly, and continued, "eat them all if you please, my dear;" and the young woman incontinently attacked the basket, and ate voraciously.

The goods were weighed, and laid upon the counter, and half-a-crown tendered in payment. Change was given. "You have not taken for the figs," said she, counting the money. "I really cannot think of—"

"Don't mention it, my dear," said the considerate Mrs. Bundle; "you 're heartily welcome. I see how it is!" — and, emptying the remainder of the fruit in a paper, begged her acceptance of it. "I am very interested," (in one sense this was a "fib,") "and always try to secure a customer."

"You are very kind," said the female, while the blood mantled in her pallid countenance as she accepted the proffered gift. She departed, very much gratified by the kind consideration of Mrs. Bundle, who, on her part, was as much gratified as if she had made a great bargain.

She certainly secured her custom, such as it was; for she appeared as poor as she was evidently genteel.

About two months after this occurrence, Mother Davies, who was a regular customer at Mrs. Bundle's, came in for a trifle and a gossip.

"Well, Mother Davies," said Mrs. Bundle, "how does the world use you?"

"Can't get my rents," said Davies. "The two-pair hav'nt paid me a farden for a matter o' three weeks."

"Why don't you give 'em notice to quit?" said Mrs. Bundle. "If people can't pay one week, I al'ays think in course they can't pay two. Follow my plan."

"Wish I could," replied Mrs. Davies; "but the fact is, it 's a woman as is laid in,—and a upstart ma'am she is, too. She 's werry genteel —oh! werry genteel, to be sure!—but can't pay her rent. Gentility without ability, says I, is like mustard without the beef."

"But where 's her husband?" inquired Mrs. Bundle.

"God only knows," said Mother Davies; "for my part, I never set eyes on a man since the day she fust come in. The wurst on it is, she 's so werry unsociable like; for, while she did pay her rent, I was werry attentive, in course, you know, and thought as how the poor thing was moped to death, and so I offered to come and sit with her, for company's sake. 'Thank'ee, mem,' says she, as if butter would'nt melt in her mouth, 'I won't trouble you,'—which was as much as to say, you know, 'I 'm meat for your masters.' I do 'bominate pride!"

"What sort of woman is she?" demanded Mrs. Bundle.

"Oh! a thin, pale-looking body, as seems to have been nussed on

weal and chickens — rayther a dullicat creetur to look at, with more pride than pence."

"Does she wear a straw bonnet and a Scotch cloak?"

"Exactly," replied Mother Davies. "Do you know her?"

"She 's been a customer of mine," said Mrs. Bundle.

"I hope she 's not run up a score, that 's all; for I 'm thinking you 'll have a precious difficult job to get your money," remarked the lodging-house keeper.

"She owes me nothing," said Mrs. Bundle. "You know I never give trust for long."

"You 're right. I wish to goodness I could do the same. But I 've given her notice, and next week she turns out neck and crop; and I s'pose I may whistle for the rent. But my old man 's waiting for his eggs, and I must be off, or I shall catch it. Good b'ye." And away scuttled Mother Davies.

Mrs. Bundle resumed her occupation of weighing out quarterns of sugar; but she was unusually tardy in her operations, her mind being occupied with the intelligence of Mother Davies; for she had taken a "fancy" to the "upstart" lodger, and was cogitating in her own mind upon the prudence and propriety of "seeing after her,"—that is, she blindly imagined that Prudence and Propriety were summoned to the council of her thoughts, when, in point of fact, those two worldly-minded prudes were both represented by Goodnature.

No sooner was shop shut up than the widow threw on her "things," and trundled off to the lodging-house of Mother Davies.

The lodging-house keeper was not at home; but Mrs. Bundle, who, as she said, "never stood on any repairs," when she had "set her mind on anything," proceeded to the "two-pair," and, tapping at the door, her summons was answered by a miserable old woman who officiated as nurse.

"I hope you 'll excuse the liberty, ma'am," said she, entering the apartment, and proceeding at once to the bed; "but I want to see the babby."

The young woman, who was sitting up in the bed, did not recognise her visitor, but bowed her head.

"My name 's Bundle, ma'am; I keep the chandler's shop at the corner," said the good-natured woman, "and I 've come to look after my customer. Wondered I hadn't seen you so long;" and, approaching the bed, the invalid extended her hand.

"You 're very kind," said she, faintly; "I thank you, and feel obliged—"

"Don't talk," said Mrs. Bundle, as the young woman threw back the counterpane, and exhibited the infant fast asleep. "What a beautiful boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Bundle; "bless its little soul! how pretty it looks! D' ye know, ma'am, I 'm particular fond o' babbies! —they are so innocent and so helpless. Is not its father pleased?"

"He has never seen it," replied the young woman; "he is far away at sea. I expect he is in the East Indies by this time."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bundle; and then she whispered, "Tell nurse to leave the room."

The young woman obeyed her, and the nurse retreated.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said Mrs. Bundle, "but I have been a mother myself, and I knows from experience that such a fine boy as

this is wants a great deal to support it. You ought to live well, or you 'll injure your constitution."

"I know it, and I feel it," replied the mother; "but I have no means. I have received no remittance for the last three months, and I am already deeply indebted to my landlady for rent — what can I do?"

"Before I answer that question," said Mrs. Bundle, "I shall do as the Quakers do, ask you another,—what are you? Are you really married? I mean no offence; mine is not curiosity; but I wish to serve you,—and that 's the holus bolus of my coming here."

The young woman smiled, and replied, "In yonder box is my marriage certificate. I am the lawful wife of Andrew Wallace, mate on board the Princess Elizabeth, bound for India; and I am the daughter of a gentleman."

"Let me see it," said the woman of business; and the young mother presented her with the keys. After examining the document with due care, she returned it to its depositary.

"I am satisfied," said she; "and now, as I told you once afore, ma'am, I am interested, and, if I may be so bold, I would ask how much you owe?"

"Not more than thirty shillings," replied the mother.

"Umph!" said Mrs. Bundle, and, considering for a moment, she continued, "keep up your spirits, my dear, and I 'll see you again to-morrow. Meanwhile, if you should want anything in my way, send to the shop, and I 'll give you credit. Now, don't talk—keep yourself quiet. Come, nurse, look after your patient," said she, opening the door, outside of which the poor creature had placed herself, whether for curiosity or convenience we know not.

Mrs. Bundle bade good night to the mother, and slipped a shilling into the hand of the old crone, who "lit" her down stairs.

Mrs. Bundle, according to her promise, repaired to the lodging again at the appointed time.

"Mrs. Wallace," said she, "I don't think you 're altogether so comfortable in these lodgings as you ought to be. I 've bin a thinking I could make room for you in my bit of a place. What do you think of it?"

"I have no money," said Mrs. Wallace, "or I should be extremely happy to accept your offer."

"Money — nonsense. Your husband is liable, and I dare to say he 'll come home with a mint o' money. I tell you what I 'll do— I 'll pay all up, and, if so be the daddy don't come home, why, I 'll take the babby in payment of all demands;" and the old woman laughed so heartily at her own proposition that she inspired Mrs. Wallace with courage, and she consented at once to the "condition" of the bond.

The affair was soon arranged, and Mrs. Bundle paid so much attention to her lodger, that she was very speedily enabled to quit her room, and join her jolly hostess; and her good humour was so contagious, that Mrs. Wallace declared she felt stronger and happier than she had ever done during the whole course of her existence.

Mrs. Bundle not only liked the good things of this world, but had ample means of procuring them, and she took especial care that her new lodger should want for nothing.

Although there was a dash of vulgarity in her gossip, she exhibited so much heartiness, that it was enough to disperse a whole legion of blue devils; and whenever Mrs. Wallace mentioned her obligations, she, good creature, invariably declared that she thought she had made a very good bargain, and expected to receive an usurious interest for all she advanced, until Mrs. Wallace was at last almost convinced, from the repetition, that she was really conferring a favour upon her fat and facetious landlady. "She hoped," she said, "to have the pleasure of presenting her boy to its father in a few months."

"Providence is good," said Mrs. Bundle, "and hope is an excellent thing in its way; but I tell you what, my dear,—(those hands, anybody can see, were never made for hard work,)—but,—I 've been thinking, now the child is getting older, and you are stronger, that I can carve out something for you to do that will make you independent. I 've seen what you can do in the way of needle-work, and I 've a notion you can turn a pretty penny, if so be you 've a mind to it."

"I 'm willing to do anything in my power to make you a return for your kindness," said Mrs. Wallace.

"Don't mention that, my dear," replied Mrs. Bundle; "I only think now of your interest, not my own; and am sure of it you can make a lot of those fal-lals and things that will fetch a good price."

"But I know nothing of trading and dealing."

"So much the worse, and the sooner you learn the better. Lord bless you! if you knowed how I was left, a lone creature, without a soul to lend a hand; but I had a sperrit, and fought through it all,—and now look at me. I 'm my own missus, have got a shop well stocked,—all paid for, too,—and have got an old stocking in a corner with a few pounds in it. You make the things, and I 'll carry the goods to market for you. Lord bless your heart, there 's more ways of killing a cat than hanging of her."

Mrs. Wallace, who felt delighted at any opportunity of showing her gratitude, and repaying her landlady, set willingly to work, and, under the directions of Mrs. Bundle, who had ascertained at the various milliners the prices given for the choicest work, she filled up all her vacant time in finishing the first lot.

As she anticipated, Mrs. Bundle found not only no difficulty in disposing of the articles, but received orders for more than her lodger could execute; for the beauty and finish of the work were admirable.

The sales were more productive than their most sanguine hopes could have anticipated.

The woman of business, however, soon discovered that it would prove more advantageous if she divided the stock among several shops; she had more strings to her bow; and, the more sparingly she supplied them, the more eager they became for more; and when she found she had really established a trade, she began almost imperceptibly to raise her prices, until at last she succeeded in obtaining double the sum she received for the same goods two months before; and Mrs. Wallace became so prosperous that she was enabled to engage a nurse-girl for her boy, and repay Mrs. Bundle.

As for the old woman, she was perfectly delighted at the extraordinary success of her hint, and prided herself not a little upon her

management of the whole affair; she would not, however, receive any commission from her *protégée*, but, on the contrary, charged her a mere trifle for her board and lodging.

"No, no," replied she, to the solicitations of Mrs. Wallace, "make a purse, my dear (I 've plenty, and to spare); for, unfortunately, in this wicked world money 's our best friend. I 'm sorry to say it, but so it is; and I see the truth of it every day I live. If you 're poor, and want a dinner, the deuce a morsel will anybody offer you; but if you 're rich, and don't want one, everybody's inviting you out, and you may stuff and cram for a blue moon."

Mrs. Wallace smiled, and desisted from importuning her friend—her friend in need; she, however, did make her a cap—"a splendid affair," as Mrs. Bundle called it,—and insisted upon her wearing it.

Two or three months passed away, but the young mother received no intelligence of the arrival of the vessel in which her husband sailed.

Hope deferred began to make her heart sick; and she would sometimes fall into a melancholy musing, notwithstanding the good humour of her "Crumby" landlady, who frequently detected her weeping over her darling boy.

"Oh! dear me! but this will never do at all!" exclaimed Mrs. Bundle; "I can't allow this,—I can't, indeed! Why you 'll spoil your face, my dear. Come, cheer up, and I 'll go down to the docks to-morrow myself, and see what I can do."

Now Mrs. Bundle did not understand much about shipping affairs; but she was not to be daunted by difficulties, and pursued her inquiries so earnestly, that, although her singular figure created some mirth among the underlings, she pressed her point so good-humouredly, and joined with such good-will in their jibes and jests, that she won so far upon one of the gentlemen officials, that he promised to send her the earliest news of the ship's arrival.

"There 's a good gentleman, do now," said she, earnestly, "for it 's particular; and I don't care standing something handsome to any one that brings it."

"Very well; I have your address; and you may depend upon me," said he; and she departed.

* * * *

Mrs. Bundle was not of a prying disposition, and had therefore never inquired of her lodger the cause of the abject state from which she had so charitably rescued her; but Mrs. Wallace, of her own accord, imparted to her the particulars of her life, deeming it a duty to one who had, without any real prospect of reward, treated her in such a friendly manner.

She was, she informed her, the only daughter of a country-gentleman of independent property. That he had introduced her to Mr. Wallace, who was the son of an old schoolfellow; and although he was perfectly aware of the affection existing, neither opposed nor approved of the match, for he was an indolent, good, easy man, who sedulously avoided all trouble. Mr. Wallace had requested his permission to pay his addresses to her; but being a man of no decision, he had given no answer; although by allowing him to continue his visits, he tacitly consented to his proposal. The lover, consequently,

induced her to marry him privately; and after spending some months with his bride, secretly enjoying all the pleasures of "stolen sweets," he departed for India.

No sooner had he quitted her with the hope of bettering his fortunes, than Mrs. Wallace discovered, to her dismay, that her father had also contracted matrimony with the housekeeper—a low, artful, and designing woman, who had made herself so generally useful to the old man that she became almost necessary to his comfort, or at least, so he erroneously supposed; but she speedily ruled the roast, and made herself master of his establishment, discharging the old servants, and supplanting them with creatures of her own selection.

No sooner had she discovered the secret of the young bride, for she could no longer conceal it, than she insisted upon her removal, and the old man reluctantly parted with his daughter.

"Maria," said he, "you must go for the sake of peace; there is some money for you; take a lodging, and write to me. Your father will be rendered miserable if you remain, and by no means happy when you are gone. Write to me, and I will do what I can to assist you till Wallace's return."

Mrs. Wallace went to London, and wrote repeatedly to her father, but received no answer.

"How cruel, to be sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Bundle.

"I do not blame my dear father," said Mrs. Wallace, "for I have no doubt he is ignorant of my situation, and that my mother-in-law has intercepted all my letters."

* * * *

Mrs. Bundle was alone in her shop, for Mrs. Wallace had gone with the little nursery-maid and her boy to take a long walk, which, whenever the weather was fine, Mrs. Bundle insisted on, declaring that it was very well to earn money, but that health was better than wealth, and she would not stand by and see her work herself to death. She was alone, and not a soul in the house, when a porter from the docks came to apprise her of the arrival of the Princess Elizabeth.

The good creature was as delighted as if the vessel had brought her a husband of her own from the far East, and generously giving the man half-a-crown for his trouble, called in a neighbour to take care of her store, and departed, without waiting for the return of Mrs. Wallace, which she did not expect for an hour or two.

She soon found herself in the docks, and went directly to the "kind gentleman" who had taken so much interest in her inquiries."

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said she; "but, whereabouts is the Princess Elizabeth?"

"And what do you want with the Princess Elizabeth?" demanded a fine gentleman, who was talking with the official.

"I want to see one of the officers, sir," replied Mrs. Bundle.

"They 've all cut and run long since, my good woman," replied the gentleman.

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" replied the sanguine Mrs. Bundle.

The official smiled, and whispered to the gentleman.

"This is the captain of the Princess Elizabeth," said he; "and he will, perhaps, give you some information."

"Willingly," replied the captain; "do any of the rascals owe you a score?"

"No, sir," replied Mrs. Bundle, curtseying; "it 's not that. I wanted to see a Mr. Wallace very particular; a mate, I b'lieve they call him."

"Wallace?" said the captain; "and, pray, what 's your business with him?"

"Why, sir, I don't care telling of you, because you 're a gentleman, and I 'm sure you won't laugh at the old woman. I 've a message from his lady, that 's all."

"Why, you 're not from the country?"

"No, sir; I live hard by, in London."

"My good woman, you must be mistaken in the man," replied the captain.

"Not a bit. I mean Mr. Wallace, of the Princess Elizabeth, the lawful husband of Miss Maria Dormer, that was."

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the captain. "My good woman, my name is Wallace, and I am that lady's husband. Say, is she well? — where is she? — how is it she is in London? — is her father dead?"

"One question at a time, if you please, sir," said Mrs. Bundle. "Well, gracious goodness me! this is a Providence! Yes, sir, Mrs. Wallace is well. Only to think you should be a captain! Oh, sir! she is more beautifuller than ever; and there 's such a thumping boy!"

"Come along," said Captain Wallace. "Well, this is an unexpected pleasure. Come along, my good creature; come, take my arm, and we 'll talk as we go."

And away the handsome captain walked with the proprietor of the chandler's shop, who, although a very active woman, and almost as excited as the captain himself, wasted her breath so in answering all his eager queries, that when she arrived at the domicile she declared she was ready to drop.

The captain by her command esconced himself in her little back-parlour, and the old woman fidgetted about at the door.

"The ship 's come!" cried she, as Mrs. Wallace approached; "give me the child."

"Then let us go directly!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace. "Nay, do not stay a moment—minutes are hours."

"Tut! tut! come, rest yourself a few minutes."

"My dear Mrs. Bundle!" cried Mrs. Wallace, in a supplicating tone, "pray do consider!"

"Be cool, now; don't flurry yourself," said Mrs. Bundle. "Suppose, my dear, he should be in the house."

"Is he here?" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace.

"He is," replied the good soul, as the parlour-door opened, and Captain Wallace caught his little wife in his arms, and carried her in.

A few minutes elapsed, and Mrs. Wallace opened the door, tears of joy streaming down her flushed cheeks.

"Bring in the boy, my dear friend," said she.

* * * *

Happy hours were those passed in the back-room of the chandler's shop on that memorable day; and when the gallant and handsome captain was informed of the generous conduct of Mrs. Bundle, he actually rumpled her best cap (that memorable cap made by the delicate hands of his own wife, and expressly kept in "lavender" for high days and holidays), in embracing and kissing the laughter-loving dame.

* * * *

Captain Wallace had made a handsome independence by his long voyage, and resolved, like Will Watch, "to coil up his hopes, and to anchor on shore."

He had an account, however, to settle with his wife's father. He had written on every opportunity from India, and made several remittances, none of which his wife had received. This was a mystery that he was determined to unravel.

"We want nothing of your father," said he; "but I must have this explanation; for, had it not been for our jolly, kind-hearted friend, you might have perished."

He first repaired to his agents in London, and found, not only that his bills were duly paid, but apparently properly endorsed, and bearing the receipt of his wife. They were, of course, forgeries.

He immediately took post-horses, and in a few hours was in the presence of Mr. Dormer.

His wife was gone to a Methodist chapel in the neighbourhood, which she had lately patronised, to the delight of the preacher, who was a frequent guest at her husband's table, for he was afraid to say that he disliked the low and illiterate ranter, and had not the courage to kick him out.

Mr. Dormer was delighted to see him, and to learn news of his daughter, declaring that she had never written to him since her departure.

"My dear sir," said Captain Wallace, "I see it all; the letters have been intercepted."

"Pray say nothing to Mrs. Dormer about it," said the old man, "or she 'll make the house too hot to hold me. I am already a miserable man, and sufficiently punished for my folly."

"If I 'm not mistaken, sir, I shall be able to serve you materially. Depend on it, that in taking a just vengeance, I will spare you," replied Captain Wallace.

At his request the servants were summoned, and after much hesitation they confessed that they had received letters on several occasions, and invariably delivered them to Mrs. Dormer, who had threatened them with instant dismissal if they said anything about the matter to their master. What the letters were, or to whom directed, they knew not, for they could not read.

Captain Wallace next proceeded to the post-office, and ascertained that his letters from India had been duly delivered at the house.

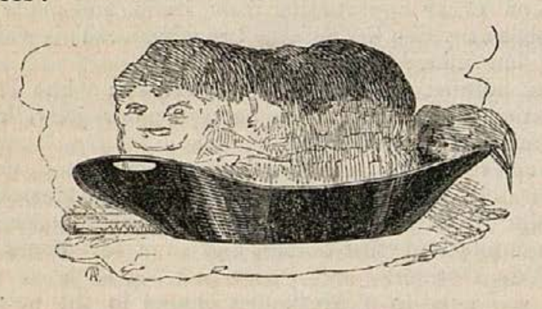
This was sufficient. He returned, and bade adieu to his father-in-law, and hastened back to London, where he applied to a magistrate, who recommended him to a first-rate solicitor, into whose hands he placed the conduct of this serious affair.

The worthless Mrs. Dormer was in a few days visited by a gentle-

man from Bow Street, armed with a warrant, who forthwith conveyed her to the nearest magistrate, and from thence to the county gaol, to take her trial for forgery!

Mr. Dormer, for form's sake, engaged counsel for the defence at the next assizes; but, fortunately for his repose, the evidence was too conclusive to admit of a doubt; and his "better" half was in a few weeks consigned to the salubrious air of Sydney, New South Wales, there to remain for the term of her natural life.

The young couple went to reside with the "bereaved" old gentleman; and the "Crumby," the dear Mrs. Bundle, sold up, and accepted the sinecure situation of housekeeper to the establishment, and in due course had the pleasure of nursing and fondling half-a-dozen little Wallaces!



THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

My feet still press the hallow'd ground
  My fathers trod of yore;
A beauty dwells in all around,
  I never knew before!
My spirit saddens as I view
  Each well-remember'd spot,
And lingers ere the last adieu
  Shall bear elsewhere my lot!

Home! that so long hast shelter'd me,
  My mother loved thee well,
With bitterness I turn to thee,
  And fondly breathe Farewell!
And thou, blest fane, that risest dim
  Amidst the eve's decline,
My heart soars with the parting hymn
  To those thou dost enshrine!

Land of my birthright! still thou art
  The heir-loom that I give
To those who with their sire depart,
  Who yet perchance may live
To welcome thee in happier times,
  When thou canst give them rest,
And prove to them, of all earth's climes,
  Dear land! thou art the best!

THE CITIES AND WILDS OF ANDALUCIA.

BY THE HON. R. DUNDAS MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

El Puerto.—The Road.—Brigand *vis-à-vis*.—Plundered Travellers.—San Lucar.

Port St. Mary's, or, as it is more commonly called, for brevity's sake, El Puerto, is, like many other towns in Spain, never seen to better advantage than when distance throws its veil over many accompaniments too matter-of-fact to be picturesque. In this way its best point of view is undoubtedly from the ramparts of Cadiz, and looking from the latter town across the bay, which is here some five or six miles wide, I satisfied myself that the "port," with its white walls dazzling the eye by their reflection in the sun, was by no means an unpleasing object in the opposite mainland. Between the towns a couple of small steamers are constantly plying throughout the day, and stepping on board one of these, in less than an hour I was at my journey's end. Before entering the mouth of the Guadalete, which forms the harbour of the town, we had to cross a bar of very ominous character, and this undertaking even in a steamer is looked upon as a hazardous operation in bad weather. To small craft, or boats, the dangers are much greater, especially at low-water, or when a heavy swell sets in from the Atlantic. Should the reader attempt to cross it, as I once did, under these circumstances, I venture to predict he will be in no haste to repeat the experiment.

Except the *bodegas*, or wine-vaults, little is to be seen in the town worthy of note. These *bodegas*, it must be observed, are very different from the subterranean and rheumatic labyrinths in which it is our pleasure to immure the rosy god. Here they court the light and the sunshine, displaying broad fronts and lofty walls, and really are edifices of such extent and completeness in their arrangements as to rival the foremost among our manufacturing establishments. Entering one of them, you feel as if some "banquet-hall deserted" was now put to humble uses, for much there is to remind one of a higher origin; the roof is high overhead, the walls ponderous, and lit by narrow apertures, and from end to end you have a clear view, interrupted only by the solid pillars which sustain the rafters. All this height and magnitude of proportion has for its meaning the same object for which we construct underground cellars; in both cases the purpose being to maintain a uniformly even temperature; with this difference, however, that in Spain a scorching sun must be excluded, while in our own rugged climate excess of cold is the enemy to be dreaded. The wine is stored in long ranges of casks piled upon each other, tier above tier, the uppermost invariably containing the fruits of recent vintages. As the contents of the lower casks are drawn off, more is added from the upper ones, so that a system of constant replenishing is at work, and on no account is a cask ever drained to the bottom. Hence the lower tier contains the produce of various seasons all blended together by this process of admixture. And up to this stage of its progress the wine is free from foreign ingredients. The next step is to add brandy to infuse strength, boiled much to give every shade of colour; richer and

older wines to furnish flavour; and when the taste of the market has been thus satisfied, the mixture is called sherry. As a wine-exporting town, the reputation of Port St. Mary's is but of yesterday. No long date ago it was merely the shipping port of Xeres, from which it is distant about ten miles, but now a great deal of business is transacted by the enterprising merchants who first saw the advantages of its situation. As far however as regards the finer kinds of wines, its older rival must still bear away the palm.

On the edge of the suburbs to the westward stands a large convent, in days of yore the property of St. Domingo; but, alas! a mightier than he in Spain has turned him out of house and home, and his patrimony is now the unholy spoil of the state.* Seeing the gate open as I passed by, I walked in to ascertain to what uses the place had come at last. It was one of those gloomy, prison-like edifices, with massive square towers at every angle, such as the old Italian painters loved to introduce into the background of their scriptural pieces. The place seemed quite deserted, so I wandered unquestioned through the courts below, and from thence up to the corridors that give access to each cell. On the basement-floor I passed into what had evidently been the refectory, a lofty, though rather narrow apartment, and as void of ornament as every other part of the building. But it was clear that the fathers no longer feasted there. At the furthest end a wooden stage rose above the floor, and was flanked by certain screens called wings, and something hung on high intended to represent a curtain; in short, the wicked world had helped itself to the room, and had converted it into a theatre, probably set up by some strolling players. Projecting from one of the sides of the apartment is a pulpit, to which you ascend by a dark stair in the wall. Here one of the holy fathers at meal-times was wont to read a homily, or passages from devout books, for the edification of the brotherhood as they devoured their commons in silence. As I squeezed myself with difficulty up the narrow staircase I could not help admiring the wisdom of the fraternity in making this the duty of the most recent member of the community. Common report gave them the credit of living on the fat of the land, and if so, it was pretty evident that none but the latest, and consequently the leanest among them, could thrust his person up that narrow flight of steps with any hopes of reaching the top.

When no more lions remained to be dispatched, C—— proposed visiting San Lucar de Barrameda. This is an ancient town, situated at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and in the brighter days of Spanish history was rather famous as a seaport. It was not far off, being some twelve or fifteen miles distant, and as the road was said to be tolerably good—at least, for Spain,—we resolved to make our way to it on foot. But in Andalucia, where such a thing as walking for pleasure is altogether unknown, our choice excited among our friends so much astonishment as to give us a very exalted notion of our powers of endurance. To speak the truth, however, I rather fancy our sanity suffered a little in their estimation, for once or twice I heard the exclamation, "*Que locos Ingleses!*"† but in this quarter of the world Englishmen

* Since the decree for the suppression of the monastic orders not a convent gives shelter to the ancient inmates, except perhaps to a few nuns: the majority are converted into hospitals, universities, jails, barracks, and what not, while such as are not thus disposed of are rapidly falling to decay.

† "What mad Englishmen!"

have the reputation of doing all sorts of odd things, some say *foolish* things, and if this was one, I consoled myself by thinking that I was keeping up the national character. Be this as it may; on a clear, bright morning, towards the end of January, we bade adieu to Port St. Mary's, and soon found ourselves beyond the odours of its narrow and ill-paved streets. We carried arms, as all must do who have no particular fancy for hearing "Stand and deliver!" —a kind of salutation not uncommon upon the roads in Spain, and most usually addressed to the defenceless. Against interruptions of such a nature we deemed our double-barreled guns a sufficient protection, though many of our friends strongly recommended the precaution of taking some armed attendants. At that period, indeed, so great was the insecurity of the road we were about to follow, that the common mode of traversing it was after the fashion of a caravan. At a certain hour assembled all the travellers bound in that direction: they then placed themselves under the protection of an escort more or less numerous according to the height of their fears or the number of the party. Thus fortified, the procession sallied forth, and wound its way in fear and trembling, and if it reached its destination unassailed, the event was a subject of congratulation to all concerned. For our own part we rejected all assistance, for many reasons; first and foremost, we had little to lose,

"Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator;"

and in the next place, whatever might be the bold bearing of an escort, too often its practice was to shew valour on every occasion but the one when it was most needed. Outside of the town we halted for a moment to load our guns. Looking back, the view that presented itself was of the highest order of beauty. Afar off to the right was Cadiz, rearing its glittering spires at the termination of a long, low promontory, which boldly stretches far out to sea. In the distance the sandy strip connecting it with the mainland was lost to view, and all alone stood the proud city, a broad sheet of dark blue severing it from the shore, and seeming to leave it at the mercy of the Atlantic. On the side nearest to us were gathered the waters of its noble bay, which lay at our feet calm and silent as a lake. A few sails sprinkled its surface, some seeking distant ports, but most of them hastening to mingle with a forest of masts, which, deep in the bosom of the bay, marked the anchorage for shipping. Inland the eye ranged over a level country, terminated by the picturesque sierras of Moron and Medina Sidonia, their rugged peaks clothed in that hue of dusky purple so peculiar to Andalucian scenery, and which the rays of a warm sun were unable to dispel.

For the prospect that invited us onwards so much could not be said. We soon lost sight of the ocean, and entered a wilderness of growing wheat stretching away on every side of us for many miles, and destitute of a single habitation, or tree, or shrub, to break its monotony. At the same time the road became a mere track, so that the vehicle which carried our luggage was compelled to make long and tedious detours in order to avoid impassable gulfs that yawned at every step. Halfway stands a *venta* or inn, said to bear but an indifferent character, being in fact the resort of such brigands as infest the road. For their purposes the situation is admirably chosen. It stands upon a slight eminence, commanding a view of the road on both approaches for a long way, thus giving them ample time to study the strength of parties travel-

ling, or to make off if danger is nigh. Seeing a peasant at the door, I walked up to him to inquire if any robberies had taken place during the morning. Guessing my purpose, the man came forward, and, without waiting to be questioned, informed me that there was "no novelty,"—such being the delicate phrase used in Spain to intimate there had been no robbery or murder. Had I, however, put the question a few hours later, he would have returned me a different answer, as the sequel will show.

Not far from the *venta* we encountered the convoy from San Lucar. It consisted of eight or nine *calesas* filled with passengers, the whole preceded by a couple of horsemen, armed to the teeth with carbines, pistols, and cigars, and looking the *beau ideal* of stern resolve. If the reader knows not what a *calesa* is, let his imagination picture a machine of a very antique cut. The wheels are high, supporting a body somewhat similar to that of a cabriolet, the sides and back, however, being daubed scarlet or yellow, and adorned besides with strange imitations of fruits and flowers; throw over this a veil of antiquity, cobwebs, blue mould, rust, mud-splashes of two or three years' growth, and a *calesa* is then in character. The turn-out, however, is not complete till you have placed between a couple of short straight shafts a lean and withered Rosinante, who steps along to the sound of hundreds of little bells which decorate its head and neck. The driver is scarcely less fantastic than his vehicle. He wears a short brown jacket, the back and arms of which are inlaid with cloth of various colours, blue, red, and white being predominant, so that his upper man has much the appearance of a harlequin; next come *calzones*, or untranslateables, usually of black velvet, and open at the knee; while gaily-embroidered leggings of calf-skin, lacing up the outside of the leg, and a conical hat with a spacious brim complete the costume. There is no seat provided for him, and he therefore sits on the board at your feet, singing, talking, and plying his whip, with a most sovereign contempt for everybody's comfort but his own.

As we proceeded, the road began to improve a little. A gang of galley-slaves was at work upon it,—squalid and ferocious-looking wretches,—some bearing on their heads baskets of sand from a pit close by, while others were spreading it out, not with spades or other instruments, but solely with their naked hands. As we passed them, one accosted us in French, begging a cigar or two to lighten his task. On inquiry, he proved to be a native of "*la belle France*."

"Why are you here?" was our next question.

"For nothing to speak of," said he, shrugging his shoulders most characteristically; "*pour avoir tué un douanier*."

Leaving these miserable outcasts a long way behind us, the country became as wild a solitude as ever. The only object to arrest the eye in the circumference of many miles was a straggling olive-grove, spreading its dusky foliage over the brow of a low ridge, about a mile to our left. As we were looking upon it with something of that interest which a strange sail inspires at sea, on a sudden a couple of horsemen started out of its shade, and crossing the country at a rapid gallop, made straight for the road in our front. Such a manœuvre was too strange not to excite our suspicions, and all the tales we had heard about banditti, and so forth, flashed across our minds as we coupled their sudden appearance with the route they were taking. In the hope of satisfying our doubts, we turned to the conductor of our lug-

gage; but Juanito, though extremely talkative, became wonderfully silent on this occasion. "They might or might not be brigands. How was he to know?" That they had, however, some evil object in view soon became a matter of no dispute; for, disappearing behind a slight acclivity over which the road wound, they were seen no more, though, from the pace at which they were going, they ought to have emerged the next minute into the open ground on our right. It was evident that on the opposite slope of the acclivity before us the suspicious strangers had halted, and that there they intended to await our approach.

In this dilemma we halted to call a council of war. C—— was for marching on. I was of the same opinion, for a couple of men did not give us much concern; but we were more apprehensive lest the men we had seen should be scouts stationed to give notice to a larger party concealed from our view. But at all hazards we determined to proceed, knowing that however outnumbered, yet with arms in our hands we might come to reasonable terms.

On reaching the summit of the ascent I have mentioned, our relief was great when, on looking down, we descried but two horsemen, and these the same we had seen before. About thirty yards to the right of the road they had come to a stand, with bridles in hand, and carbines resting on their saddle-bows, ready for instant use. As we descended towards the spot where they were posted, it was pretty evident that they watched most intensely every step that brought us nearer. Still not a sound or gesture broke from them to indicate a hostile purpose. Perhaps the cocking of our guns as we came opposite—a very disagreeable sound, when you know the bullet is destined for yourself — may have had its effect; but, at all events, they thought it better to let well alone as long as they were within range of a leaden messenger. To do them justice, they were as fine a pair of cut-throat vagabonds as you would wish to see; not well enough dressed to be heroes, — for I am sorry to spoil the romance of the thing by adding that they were rather out at the elbows,—but I am sure they must have been gentlemen; for they rode capital horses, and that the world says, and I presume correctly, is always the sign of a gentleman. Altogether, with their slouched hats and dark faces, they had the air of men equally well disposed to thrust a knife between your ribs or a hand into your pocket; but, thanks to the double-barrels, nothing of the kind occurred to ourselves. As long as we could catch a glimpse of them they were still motionless, and fixed to the same spot. An intervening ridge soon hid them from our sight as we plodded onwards, and we were left once more alone upon the road. In a short time the white houses and terraced roofs of San Lucar appeared in the distance to announce the termination of our journey; and in the course of an hour we found ourselves without molestation in the best inn it affords.

Fatigued as we were, we contrived, however, to spend a couple of hours in strolling through its streets, and very well satisfied returned to our dinner, which we had ordered to be placed in the coffee-room of the inn. We had scarcely sat down to it, when the door was hurriedly burst open, and a man with a countenance brimful of importance rushed into the middle of the room.

"Have you heard the news, Señores?" said he, addressing himself to the whole party, who stared aghast at the interruption. "Three *calesas* full of passengers have just been robbed on the road from Port St. Mary's. Here they come," he added, hearing the rumbling of

wheels outside, and instantly darted away as abruptly as he had entered.

We followed him with no less speed to the gate of the inn, where were drawn up the plundered vehicles, surrounded by crowds eagerly listening to the narrative of the disaster. Two or three of the despoiled travellers were also there, lamenting over empty pockets, and watches, and purses, departed to return no more. One of the party, a colonel in the army, in the grief of his heart immediately took to bed, and would not be comforted. It is true he was a sufferer to some extent, his loss consisting of a watch valued at fifty pounds and a new cloak,—an article of dress which in Spain is rather costly. From him we obtained next morning an account of the circumstances attending his robbery.

It appeared, from comparing notes, that they were stopped not far from the lonely spot selected for performing a similar operation on ourselves. The mode by which it was effected was rather curious. One of the escort having loitered a long way behind, there remained but another man to guard the convoy. On a sudden three men on horseback galloped up; nobody could imagine from whence they came; though I believe they had concealed themselves under a bridge which spans a shallow stream running across the road. Without pausing or testifying any sinister intentions, the new-comers merely interchanged the "*Vaya usted con Dios*," or "God be with you,"—the invariable salutation of travellers in Spain, and passed onwards at the same pace. The next moment, however, they returned, sending before them the ominous words "*Boca a bajo*."* At these dreaded sounds the affrighted travellers, colonel and all, threw themselves with their faces on the ground, knowing so well the consequences of disobeying that terrible mandate. In a trice they were relieved by unseen hands of everything of value, and, being sternly told not to stir as they respected their lives, remained in that helpless posture for some minutes.

In the meantime their man of valour showed the highest discretion. He put spurs to his horse, and rode off; but whether he retired to give way to his feelings, shocked as they were by such conduct, or whether he went to summon his companion, is a problem which he alone can solve. Certain it is, however, that the two worthies returned only when the mischief was done and pursuit fruitless. All that they did was to raise up their still prostrate charge, and point out to them in the distance the retreating figures of the robbers scouring over the country at the top of their horses' speed. From the description given, we did not entertain a doubt that the two men who a few hours previously had attempted to try our nerves were concerned in this attack. One of them we remarked wore a white hat, and such of our informants as dared to steal a glance observed the like on the head of one of their spoilers.

Subsequently the trio increased their numbers to eight or ten, and spread the greatest terror over this and the other roads in the neighbourhood; but, although on several occasions I had traversed them by night as well as by day, I was always fortunate enough to escape without interruption.

* "*Boca a bajo*," literally, "down with your mouth," is the unwelcome style in which Spanish brigands accost their prey. If those to whom these words are addressed do not instantly on hearing them cast themselves with their faces in the dust, and submit quietly to be shorn, the chances are in favour of their being murdered, or at least beaten to within an inch of their lives.

HUSH!

BY MRS. GORE.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

WHEATHAM is a pleasant village in the county of Herts,—a village of smock-frocks, straw-plaiting, and pleasant faces; having on its outskirts the usual Hertfordshire allowance of *parkettes*, lodges, and "genteel residences," with taking titles, so apt to figure in the windows of house-agents annexed to seductive sketches in water-colours of rural *otium cum dignitate*, every way worthy to figure in the Suffolk Street gallery. Of these country-seats,—nearly as shiftful of their proprietors as seats in parliament,—the grandest was decidedly Wheatham Priory; about as much of a priory, by the way, as the Freemason's Tavern; having been built, "from turret to foundation-stone," or rather from foundation-stone to turret, within the last ten years. Instead of pretending to the dim religious light accordant with the sacred title it arrogated to itself, it combined all orders of architecture with all varieties of style;—being constructed in poppy-coloured brick, after the fashion of Fortnum's Temple of sugar and spice in Piccadilly, and Hampton Court Palace; one of those hybrid monstrosities that annually disfigure the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy, among commemorations of other marvels of the year,—Dwarkanauth Tagore, the chimpanzee, or the giraffes.

New as it was, however, Wheatham Priory was the property of a master still newer than itself. The construction of this barbarous edifice had, as usual, ruined the retired cit for whom it had been originally designed; and instead of residing under the battlemented roof of his nondescript priory, the old pin-maker had been so fortunate as to escape the Queen's Bench by retreating into a more modest home, in Wheatham churchyard. The scarlet abomination had, in consequence, come to the hammer; which, though unable to do the kindness to the neighbourhood of knocking it down altogether, had knocked it down, for the time being, to the possession of that distinguished member of the Common Council, Mr. Gamaliel Cribbs, of Gracechurch Street.

The quiet neighbourhood of Wheatham heaved a deep sigh on hearing that, in addition to the eyesore of what the villagers familiarly called "the red house," it was about to be afflicted with the company of a man whom the newspapers, and his own litigious, fractious, and interfering officiousness, rendered so notorious in the annals of city legislation. For it was a sociable and tranquil district; free from the envyings and heart-burnings too often arising in English country neighbourhoods from pretension to the favour of some adjacent ducal castle, or lordly hall. There was not so much as the coronet of a viscount or viscountess within ten miles round, to furnish a golden apple of discord; and the arrival of the pompous Mr. Gamaliel Cribbs, in his lake-coloured family-coach, was accordingly hailed with sore misgivings and regrets.

Nevertheless, all the duties of country-neighbourship were discharged in a truly Christian spirit towards the new-comers. Cards

and visits,—visits and cards,—and, in process of time, dinner-parties and tea-parties, afforded occasion to Mr. and Mrs. Cribbs to exhibit their hospitalities in return; and, as had been anticipated, the exhibition was effected in a style intended to strike humiliation into the hearts of those whom the dignities of the castellated priory had heretofore failed to intimidate. Turtle and venison smoked upon the board of the Common-councilman; and, lest the new little succession houses of the new little country-seat should be put to the blush by the forcing-houses of Ashridge or Brocket, such pines and peaches arrived, per coach, from Covent Garden, as might have been supposed to arrive from the garden of the Hesperides.

By all this unneighbourly ostentation, poor little Wheatham felt considerably oppressed. It had no longer courage to invite the great man whose plate out-glittered the sunshine, to its homely tea-parties and family-dinners. Its sociable spirit sank rebuked. The bows and curtsies exchanged at church with Mr. and Mrs. Gamaliel Cribbs, instead of becoming more cordial on a closer acquaintance, grew colder or more reserved. One or two elderly spinsters, of small means, wondered at their own audacity in having attempted so august an acquaintance, and withdrew from the field; and it was only the good vicar, Doctor Monson, and his warm-hearted wife, who, regarding the Cribbses as absurd people, with whom, as parishioners, it was their duty to be indulgent, remained on the same terms as ever with Wheatham Priory. Associating familiarly with the old-established families of the county, the Monsons contented themselves with regretting the bad taste of their rich neighbours; hoping that the crumbs which fell from their table might prove at least a blessing to the poor.

In this, however, they were completely mistaken. Gamaliel, like most ostentatious people, was a bitter economist. He did not suffer crumbs to *exist* in his establishment. The loaves and fishes were weighed in the balance, and if found wanting by the fraction of a pennyweight, the quarter-sessions would have heard of it!

Scarcely was the city man established in his poppy-hall, when prodigious placards were exhibited at intervals on the outskirts of his estate of seven-and-thirty acres, warning off trespassers, and threatening man and beast with the utmost rigour of the law. But, to the surprise, almost to the disappointment, of the new landed proprietor, neither beast nor man defied his enactments! Either the morals of the parish were kept in too good repair by the worthy vicar, or the terrors attached to the name of the Common-councilman had penetrated even as far as the rural district of Wheatham; for not so much as a withered stick disappeared from his hedges. The snowy mushroom sprang untouched in his meadows, within half a foot of a public pathway; and even the chaffinches seemed to think twice of the matter before they took a peck at the hips, haws, or sloes of Wheatham Priory.

Such, in short, was the pacific character of the parish, that for three long years did Gamaliel divide his time between Gracechurch Street and his "genteel residence," without having been able to prosecute a single offender, or so much as to impound a stray donkey! His legal fangs might as well have been extracted, or his claws pared to the quick, for any use they proved to him in the county of Herts

No one chose to rob him; no one chose to quarrel with him. The mild vicar allowed him to say his say unanswered, when he talked nonsense; and as oil is said to be the most efficient antidote against the bite of a reptile, the quiet acquiescence of the neighbourhood rendered innocuous the arbitrary temper of the city *energumen*.

All this was becoming prodigiously provoking to Cribbs the cantankerous. He longed for a little opposition, a little bickering, to keep up his spirits. On the eve of retiring from active life, he could not look forward without uneasiness to spending the remainder of his days in a place where, as no one interfered with him, he was unprivileged to interfere with any. The spirit of contentiousness waxed hot within him. He would have given much to detect some idle lad of the neighbourhood fishing for minnows in his duckpond, or seeking birds'-nests in his hedges, in order to justify a lawyer's letter. But both high and low knew better; the Master Mertons, because they had duckponds and hedges of their own; the Master Sandfords, because an excellent village-school attested the wise providence of the vicar.

He was beginning to fear that he had chosen ill for his future happiness; that, further from town, a more lawless population might have called into action his legislative powers, enabling him to find fault and occupation; when lo! a happy source of discord presented itself, under a form most harmonious. The organ of Wheatham church, which was now a century old and had been half a century out of order, was arriving at so asthmatic a pitch of disablement, that at times it required all the good feeling prevalent in so well-regulated a parish, to preserve decorous gravity in the congregation during the psalmodial portions of divine service. Truth to tell, the organist had grown old with the organ; the musician and his instrument being so well assimilated in their infirmities, that it was difficult to separate old Blowpipe from the wheezing organ, in strictures upon its demerits; and as the old man had spent the whole of his respectable days in the parish, had tuned its pianos for the space of threescore years, and instructed the damsels of four succeeding generations in the art of fingering, he had so many kindly patronesses and champions among the fair Wheathamites, that the flats which ought to have been naturals, and the naturals which ought to have been sharps, were generously unheard.

Shortly, however, after the transfer of the priory to the hands of the arbitrary cit, the poor old man underwent a stroke of palsy; and it was only because ably represented in the organ-loft by young Alfred Blowpipe, one of his grandsons, that he escaped being removed from his functions, in favour of a more efficient performer.

But the modernized skill of the young artist served only to render still more disagreeably apparent the defects of the organ; half of which had been previously attributed to the tremulous hand of the superannuated organist. Poor Alfred strove hard to make the best of it. For the height of his ambition was to succeed the head of the family in his office; the stipend of which, added to his earnings, and the consequence of which tending to increase them, would, he flattered himself, enable him to fulfil the dearest wish of his heart, and claim the hand of pretty Mary Gray, the only daughte- of the village-schoolmistress. His prospects as regarded this preferr

ment were good; for the vicar, whose married daughters had been drilled through their Steibelt by old Blowpipe, favoured his pretensions; and on summer evenings, it was a pleasant recreation, to poor Alfred to saunter with Mary and her mother through the beautiful green lanes and outskirts of the luxuriant cornfields of Wheatham, indulging in delightful dreams of future domesticity.

Of late, these visions had received a charming acceleration from a hint let fall by Dr. Monson, that, if the harvest should prove so good as to afford the certainty of a prosperous winter to secure the parish from extraordinary appeals to its beneficence, he would propose a subscription for a new organ; in consequence of which contingent condition, Mary Gray became as careful an observer of the vicissitudes of the weather and state of the crops, as though she had possessed landed property rivalling the mighty estates of Gamaliel Cribbs, Esq. Whenever the sun shone, Mary smiled; whenever the rain fell over-abundantly, Mary wept;—till the poor girl's face became a perfect weather-glass!

Luckily, however, the skies were propitious! It rained only when rain was wanting, and shone only when sunshine was in request; and before the close of July, so plentifully were the garners of Wheatham filled with their golden store, that it was as much as Alfred Blowpipe could do *not* to convert his voluntaries at matins and even-song into jigs and strathspeys; for the heart of the young organist was glad within him.

The vicar was as good as his word, and his word was excellent. Early in the month of August, an extraordinary meeting of the vestry was called; and Mumps, the churchwarden, having contrived to whisper its purport in various directions, the parish was tolerably in the secret of the proposition about to be laid before its thrones and dominions. Unfortunately enough, as it happened; for the great Gamaliel Cripps was fated to receive the first hint of it from the officious and facetious stationer of Wheatham who had the honour of supplying the Priory with wafers and packthread (in order, as the great man frequently observed, to afford a little patronage to "the people on his estate"); whereas, had Dr. Monson made an express visit of communication on the subject to his wealthy parishioner, a new organ would have formed an especial and exclusive gift from the Priory; the benefaction being duly commemorated in letters of gold upon the front of the instrument.

But the Common-councilman had no notion of being less in Dr. Monson's confidence than Wirewove, the stationer. The Common-councilman felt that Wheatham Priory was entitled to the deference of Wheatham vicarage; and before he reached the scarlet lodge of his little domain on the sultry afternoon when the irritating communication was first conveyed, he had made up his mind to get up an opposition to Dr. Monson's project, or, as *he* phrased it, "to let the parson see he wasn't the man to be bamboozled."

Accordingly, when the vestry met, and, in his usual simple and friendly tone, the vicar communicated his intention to appeal to the liberality of the parish for the renewal of the organ and the permanent appointment of Alfred Blowpipe in place of his infirm grandfather, to whom he was to make an adequate allowance out of his stipend, Gamaliel up, and spoke — spoke loud and long,— and,

unhappily, in the tone of plausibility and authority, which a long habit of factious oratory enabled him readily to assume. "The wants of the people," "the necessities of the poor," "the disasters of the times," "the serious duty of those intrusted with the distribution of the parochial funds," were successively enlarged upon. "For *his* part," he said, "he fully agreed with his esteemed friend, Dr. Monson, that no point should be left unconsidered by thinking minds, which tended to enhance the attraction of divine worship to those lukewarm Christians less inclined than could be wished, to devotional practices. God forbid," he observed, "that any portion, however trivial, of the church service, should be neglected in the parish to which he belonged. But he would only ask the worthy friends and colleagues he had the pleasure of addressing, whether it was becoming, in times like the present, to take the children's bread, and give it unto the dogs? Whether there was any pretext or excuse for putting the parish to an enormous expense for the purchase of a musical instrument, when one of less cost, but abundantly sufficient for their purpose, might be had. Above all," he asked, "how were they to settle it with their consciences if they saddled a parish far from easy in its circumstances, with the gnawing worm of a permanent organist, at the high salary of forty or fifty pounds per annum; at a period when, thanks to the march of intellect and progress of civilization, the finest music extant was the result of machinery! What was the Apollonicon, he should like to know?—He would undertake to say that cylinder organs satisfied the parochial ambition of nine out of every ten parishes of the calibre of Wheatham! Cylinder organs neither ate, nor drank, nor slept. Cylinder organs were not subject to paralytic-strokes. The first cost was the sole cost. Any rational being (that worthy man, for instance, Jones, the sexton, who maintained a large family without the aid of parochial relief,) would be overjoyed to turn the organ of Wheatham for a sum of sixpence per hour,—say five pounds per annum; which would leave a bonus of five and forty pounds annually in favour of the parish, to say nothing of the hundred, or hundred and twenty pounds, economized in the prime cost of the instrument. This was a matter for their serious,—their *very* serious consideration. It was not a subject to be dealt with so lightly as *some* people seemed to imagine. All administrative duties, from the highest to the lowest, from the greatest to the least, were delegations from Providence to the consciences of responsible Christians. What would be their emotions, he wished to inquire, when the howling tempests of a severe winter shook their habitations about their ears, conveying the terrible certainty that hundreds of their fellow-parishioners were shivering with cold, — cold aggravated by misery and famine,—and they reflected that the money, which might have secured warmth and comfort to these afflicted creatures, had been squandered on the futile purpose of tickling the ears of certain persons, whose piety was of so equivocal a nature that they could not worship their Maker without the stimulus of an accessory which, to the truly pious, was as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal! *The deaths of these suffering Christians,—if death should ensue,—would lie at their door!*—He would say no more. He confessed himself to be overcome by the consciousness of his own moral and parochial responsibilities."

He said no more, but he had said more than enough. His big words and solemn utterance bewildered the wits of the half dozen farmers accustomed to the simple delivery of the vicar. Cylinders carried the day. Machinery *versus* labour had the verdict in its favour. The parish discovered that it could not possibly afford an outlay of more than fifty pounds for so trivial an acquisition; and Gamaliel Cribbs, Esq., was accordingly deputed to treat with Messrs. Grindwell and Co.

That evening, poor Alfred had not courage to propose to Mary and her mother their usual stroll along the green lanes! All three sat silent and sorrowful in the school-house, pretending to contemplate a beautiful nosegay of exotics which the young man had brought from the nurseryman's, to whose progeny he officiated as musical preceptor, to console his plighted wife for the loss of their accustomed rural pleasures. And lo! before the end of the week, their dreary prospects and bitter disappointments were confirmed by news that the squire of the Priory had added to the sum of money decreed for the purchase of an organ, a further sum of fifty pounds,—in order to secure the parish against the salary of even an organ-grinder, by the acquisition of a self-playing organ!—

A self-playing organ!—Such an invention had never before been heard of in that simple district; and the vestry had some difficulty in bringing itself to understand how the united efforts of the Blowpipes, old and young, could ever be sufficiently superseded by means of wheels and levers. All Wheatham was in a state of excitement; more especially when there arrived, in process of time, from town, a well-appointed van, containing a highly-varnished mahogany organ, no more resembling the old one than a showy captain of lancers resembles my Uncle Toby;—escorted by a young gentleman of dandified aspect, who was to superintend the setting up of the new instrument, officiate for the first Sunday or two as its master of the ceremonies, and, in the interim, instruct Jones, the gravedigger, in the art and mystery of the stops, and adaptation of tunes.

So tremendous a state of excitement had never before convulsed the peaceful bosom of Wheatham! When Sunday came, it seemed no longer the holy Sabbath in the observance of which the Wheathamites had been trained by the mild schooling of the vicar. It was a day to rush to church and listen — not to the exhortations of the pulpit, but the piping of the organ-loft!

On that memorable Sunday, Alfred Blowpipe took his seat, for the first time, in the midst of the congregation, as a private individual, with all the concealed heartburnings of an ex-minister appearing at court for the first time in presence of his successor in office; and lucky was it for the Christian responsibilities of the displaced organist, that his jealousies and resentments were expended only on a thing of wood and leather; for, had the gentleman in such well-varnished boots, and so excessively frilled a shirt as he who set the machine in motion, been a permanent infliction on the parish, Alfred would certainly have been moved to perform his weekly devotions in the adjoining parish, to avoid the grievance of beholding his rival ascend officially into the organ-loft. His sole consolation consisted in the fact that his poor old grandfather's infirmities of mind and body se-

cured *him* from the knowledge that his humble kingdom was taken from him.

Meanwhile, the service, though read with his accustomed severe gravity by Dr. Monson, failed to produce its usual influence on the congregation, which was restless and inquisitive as the audience of a London theatre on the night of a new play. It was evidently a relief to all present when the moment arrived for the exhibition of the miraculous powers of the showy novelty that figured in the gallery. Before the psalm-books of the public could be opened, everybody was on foot; and when the mellifluous tones of the really excellent organ were heard in the church, so long disgraced by the discordant wheezings of the old one, even Alfred was astonished! He could not have believed that so excellent a mechanical substitute could be provided for the taste and skill, on the exercise of which depended his daily bread; and while the hearts of all other persons present were elevated by the sound, his own became depressed to despair.—The organist's occupation was gone!—

Throughout the ensuing week, Wheatham was in ecstacies of gratitude towards the judicious munificence of the Priory; and Gamaliel Cribbs progressed from house to house, (that is, to every house saving the vicarage,) reaping a harvest of thanks and praise. Had the little town been a great borough, and its representation vacant, Gamaliel would, unquestionably, have been its man. Everybody was avowedly longing for Sunday. Everybody, while applauding the far-sighted wisdom which had saved a sum of sixty pounds per annum to the parish, expressed a degree of musical enthusiasm in favour of the self-playing organ, which they would never have expressed in favour of the finest instrument turned out by Flight and Robson, and played by human hands.—Such is the envious jealousy of our nature!—There was no reserve to their enthusiasm in honour of a mere piece of mechanism!—For even the London master of the ceremonies had returned to the place from whence he came; the organ being fixed and paid for;—the organ, with its twenty-four psalms and anthems,—to which the parish of Wheatham was to listen in content and quietness for the remainder of its days.

Tears were in the eyes of Mary Gray as she took her place in her pew, and knew that the young voices of her mother's scholars were to be no longer attuned by the masterly aid of her future husband. She was careful never once to glance towards the organ in the course of the service. She could not have borne to behold Jones, the sexton, attired in his Sunday-clothes, in the place of her beloved Alfred!

The first psalm was sung;—and no one present could believe that the youthful voices by which the new organ was accompanied, were the same which had appeared to utter "harsh discords and unpleasing sharps," when united with the mumbling, broken-down bellows of preceding Sundays; nor, to their shame be it spoken, could Alfred or Mary sufficiently restrict their attention to the Communion Service that ensued, to avoid perceiving that the Cribbs family had drawn aside the crimson curtains of their pew, to expose themselves to the approving and grateful glances of the congregation;—nay, that, during the performance of the anthem, Gamaliel had uplifted himself upon his hassock, the better to enjoy the sense of his growing popu-

larity. Poor Mary prayed heartily to be delivered from temptation, —even the temptation of loving her neighbour less than herself, or, rather, less than Alfred, whom she loved *as* herself.

The second psalm commenced,—" four verses *of* the morning hymn" being duly announced by the clerk, and duly taken up by the children, much to the approbation of all present. As usual, in the course of the third verse, Dr. Monson, attired in his gown, ascended the pulpit, where, in the solemn duties of the moment, he lost all thought of factious parishioners or harmonious organs;—and at the concluding line of the last verse opened his sermon, and awaited only the reclosing of the psalm-books of his flock, to commence his solemn adjuration.

But though the psalm-books closed as he expected, the strain of the organ did *not!*—Another verse, to which, of course, there was no vocal accompaniment, succeeded, after the congregation had reseated itself.

" A little over-zeal on the part of poor Jones!"—thought the vicar. " Before next Sunday, I will warn him to cease with the singing."

And once more, at the conclusion of the verse, he prepared himself to resume his duty. But, alas! the organ chose to resume also, —once, twice, and again; till, after it had performed no less than four gratuitous verses, the vicar beckoned to his clerk, desiring him to inform Jones that he had given them more than enough.

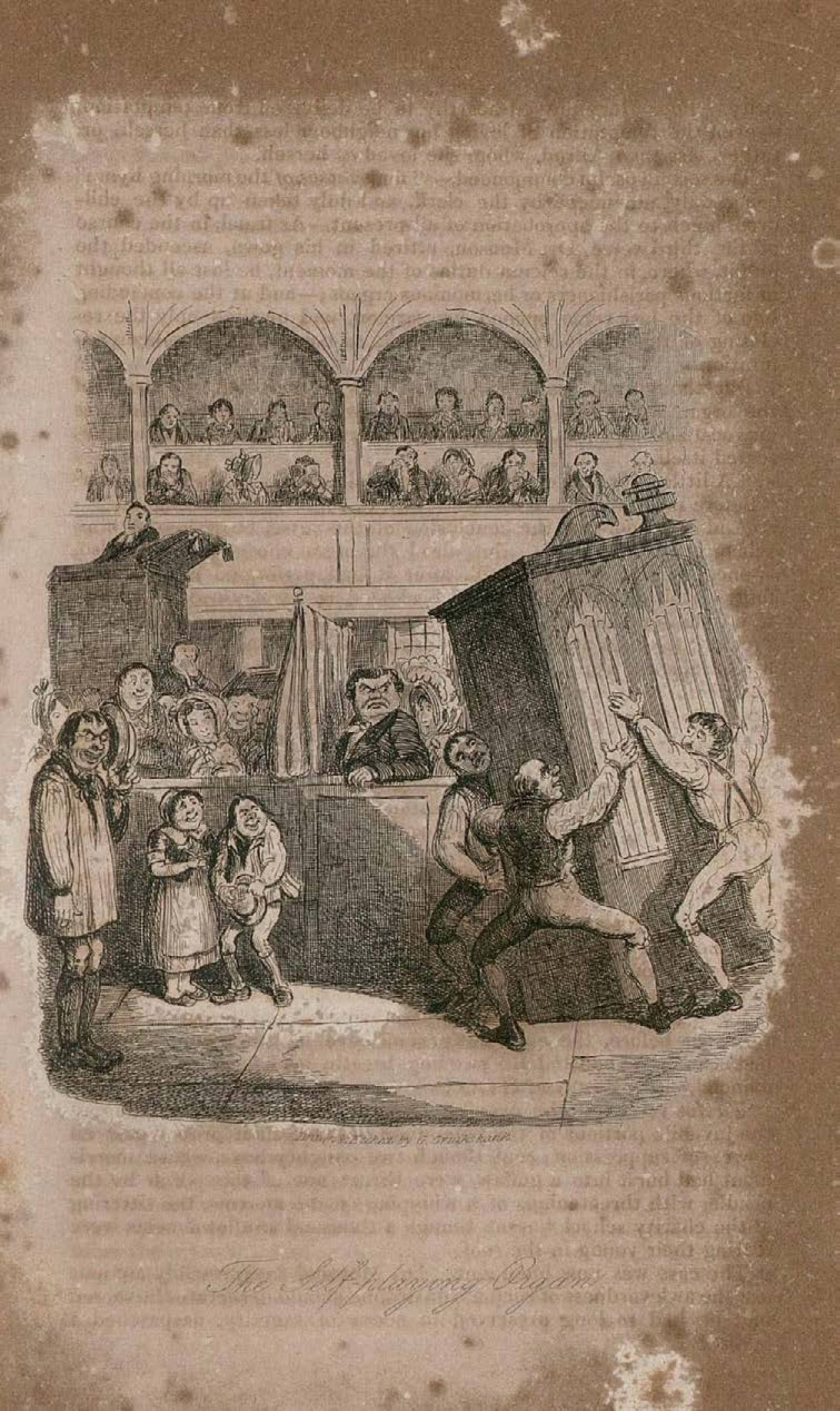
A few minutes afterwards, a message to Dr. Monson from his agonized delegate, apprized the poor vicar that the organ had got the best of it; that, owing to the mismanagement of the inexperienced sexton, the stops were embarrassed; and that there was no putting an end to the performance, till the unruly instrument had gone through its twelve repetitions of the hymn!

Inexpressibly vexed, (for the congregation was a more numerous one, and collected from greater distances, than it had ever been his fortune to behold within those walls,) Dr. Monson sat down and resigned himself.

But, though the gravity of his functions prevented *his* entering into the ludicrous side of the question, all present were not equally forbearing. At every renewal of the hymn, slight titterings were heard, and the vicar was beginning to count with anxious feelings the repetititions of the performance, when lo! just as, at the close of the twelfth verse, he began to breathe more freely and find himself once more at ease in his own pulpit, where his mind had never known disturbance before, the concluding semibreve of the rebellious organ had scarcely exhausted its swelling breath, when a *new* strain commenced,—the Evening Hymn!—

Twelve verses of the evening hymn!—This time, the giggling of the juvenile portions of the population of Wheatham proved past all power of suppression; and though two naughty boys, whose merriment had burst into a guffaw, were thrust out of the porch by the beadle, with threatenings of a whipping on the morrow, the tittering of the charity school was as though a thousand swallows' nests were rearing their young in the roof.

The case was now imminent. Dr. Monson, inexpressibly anxious lest the awkwardness of such a catastrophe should desecrate the sacred spot he had so long preserved in odour of sanctity, despatched a



Drawn & Etched by G. Cruikshank

The Self-playing Organ

message to Alfred Blowpipe, requesting him to lend his immediate aid in remedying the difficulty. But alas! the report of the ex-organist was fully as discouraging as that of the clerk. The handle of the stop-bolt had been wrested off by the untutored hand of Jones, the sexton; and there was no possibility of silencing the organ, till it had gone through its *twelve times twenty-four tunes*;—a performance which, on a moderate calculation, would last till dark!

One only remedy suggested itself. A slip of paper, forwarded by the dismayed Gamaliel Cribbs, reminded the vicar that, the four sturdy carpenters being present by whom the organ had been placed in the loft, nothing would be easier than for them to remove it, and carry it forth into the churchyard, till the conclusion of divine service!

After a moment's deliberation, the vicar, in the interests of his sermon, thought fit to comply; and by a group of stalwart Wheathamites, vying in proportions with Irish chairmen, was the hapless gift of the discomfited Gamaliel removed from its high estate, and carried out of church, like a crying child;—more than one grave old farmer finding it necessary to conceal his laughter behind his straw-hat during the operation, and more than one youngster exploding into ungovernable merriment. Mary Gray alone, with downcast eyes, and the corners of her mouth quivering between mirth and tears of joy, sat thanking Providence for the unlooked-for mischance.

No sooner was the gravity of the congregation decently restored, than the distressed vicar gave out his text. But even now, all was not as it should be. The churchyard was a small one; and from beneath the spreading yew at its extremest verge, under which the loquacious organ had been placed for shelter, it was heard at intervals babbling on, like Demosthenes declaiming in solitary eloquence on the sea shore. After every full stop of the sermon, as the voice of the vicar paused, that of the persevering organ became audible at a distance. And again the titterings were renewed, and again the preacher became perplexed, till he found it best to come to an abrupt conclusion, and dismiss his flock, as he had already dismissed the refractory instrument.

In short, St. Cecilia prospered her own; for it need hardly be added that, after a disaster which called forth the witticisms of the dullest of county chronicles, and finally reached the wags of the London journals, Wheatham and the Wheathamites were moved to get up a memorial in favour of a finger-organ and resident organist. Exchange, which was no robbery, enabled them to accomplish their purpose; and whenever any of my readers feel inclined for a quiet Sunday's devotions, they will find Dr. Monson still in the pulpit,—Alfred Blowpipe in the organ-loft,—and *Mrs. Alfred* presiding over the head of the village-school, in place of her infirm mother.—Gamaliel Cribbs has taken a house at Margate, where he usually passes his summers. And since "the royal feast for Persia, won by Philip's warlike son," never was the benignant protection of St. Cecilia more auspiciously manifested than in favour of the young organist of Wheatham!—

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

A YOUTH joined the rifles soon after I myself put on the green jacket, whose name was Medley. He was but a small chap, being under the standard one inch;* but our officers thought he promised fair to become a tall fellow, and he was, accordingly not rejected. Medley did not deceive them; for, on the day he first joined the rifles, he was five feet one inch in height, and on the day he was killed, at Barrossa, he was exactly six feet one. He was celebrated for being the greatest grumbler, the greatest eater, and the most quarrelsome fellow in the whole corps. I remember he cut a most desperate figure in the retreat to Corunna; for there he had enough to bear both of fatigue and hunger; and a very little of either of these disagreeables would make him extremely bad company at any time. It was dangerous, too, to bid him hold his tongue sometimes; for he had picked up so amongst us since he was only five feet one, and grown so bony as well as tall, that he would challenge and thrash any man in the corps. Corunna, however, though it could not stop his growling, took the desire of boxing quite out of him; and he sprawled, scrambled, and swore, till he somehow, got through that business. If General Crawfurd could have heard but the twentieth part of what I heard him utter about him on that retreat, I think he would have cut Medley in half. He was, as I said, a capital feeder; and his own allowance was not half enough to satisfy his cravings, so that he often got some of his comrades to help him out with a portion of theirs. He was my comrade for about two years; and, as I was a shoemaker, I often had food to give him; indeed, it was highly necessary either to give him what I had for my own allowance, or find some provision elsewhere, for he was the most cross-grained fellow, if his belly was not filled, that we ever had amongst us. He was killed at Barrossa, as I said, and he carried his ill-humour with him to the very last hour of his life; for, being knocked over by a musket-ball in the thigh, he was spoken to as he lay by some of his comrades, who, asking if they should assist him, and carry him to the rear, he told them to "*Go, and be d—d!*" and, bidding them mind their own business, abused them till they passed on and left him. I was told this last anecdote of him by the very men who had spoken to him, and got this blessing as he lay.

We had another tall fellow in the four companies of rifles who were in that retreat. His name was Thomas Higgins; he was six feet one and a half, and quite as lank and bony as Medley. He also was an ill-tempered fellow, but nothing to compare with him either in eating or grumbling. The tall men, I have often observed, bore fatigue much

* The standard at that time, when men were quickly used up, was five feet two with us.

worse than the short ones; and Higgins, amongst others of the big 'uns, was dreadfully put to it to keep on. We lost him entirely when about half through this business, I remember; for, during a short halt of about ten minutes he was reprimanded by one of our officers for the slovenly state of his clothing and accoutrements; his dress almost dropping from his lower limbs, and his knapsack hanging by a strap or two down about his waist. Higgins did not take it at all kind being quarreled with at such a time, and, uttering sundry impertinences, desired to know if they were ever to be allowed to halt any more, adding, that he did not see very well how he was to be very smart after what he had already gone through. The officer spoke to one of the sergeants upon this, and bid him remember, if they got to their journey's end, to give Higgins an extra guard for his behaviour. "Oh! then, d—n me," says Higgins, "if ever I take it!" and, turning about, as we all moved on at the word to march, he marched off in the contrary direction, and we never either saw or heard of him from that hour; and it was supposed afterwards, amongst us, that he had either perished alone in the night, or joined the French, who were at our heels. These were the two tallest men in the four companies of rifles; and both were in the company I belonged to. Higgins was the right hand, and Medley the left hand man.

The Yorkshire Farmer.— It was about the year 1807 or 8 that a man volunteered from the Nottingham militia into the rifles. After receiving the half of his bounty, he thought that was quite as much as would serve him, of the rifle regiment, and so he declined to serve them in return, and accordingly made off, without joining them at all at that time. Four years afterwards he was discovered by the very sergeant of the Nottingham militia who belonged to his own company when he volunteered from them into our corps. This same sergeant was then himself recruiting, and fell in with his former comrade in some town, of which I forget the name; but it was in Yorkshire. The man (whose name, also, I have forgotten now,) was then grown very fat, and was, likewise, as much altered in dress as in condition, being clad in the habiliments of a respectable and comfortable farmer of that delightful county. The sergeant, however, had a sharp eye, and penetrated both through the disguise of his then calling, and also even his portly belly failed in throwing him off the scent. In fact, he went warily to work, made his inquiries, compared his notes, allowed for the time and circumstances, and, notwithstanding the respectability and reputed worth of our farmer, arrested him forthwith as a deserter from the Ninety-fifth. From Yorkshire he was marched a prisoner to Hythe, in Kent; and I remember seeing him brought in, dressed as he was apprehended, and handcuffed, and guarded by a corporal and three or four men. He was, as I said, clad in his farmer's dress, and that it was which made myself and others (who happened to be out) more especially regard him; for, although it was no great sight at that time to see a deserter brought along, yet it was not often we beheld one so apparently well off and respectable looking in such a situation. In fact, the Yorkshire farmer made a great talk amongst us; and we pitied him much. No man in his present circumstances could, I should think, feel more acutely, and he dwindled perceptibly in bulk every day, till he was brought to trial. During his confinement he had written to the colonel of the regiment, offering him sixty

pounds to let him off; but I believe he never at that time got any reply to his offer, and, being tried, was sentenced to receive seven hundred lashes. When he was brought into the hollow square to receive his punishment, I remember the anxiety amongst us was twice as great as on an ordinary occasion of the sort. He did not seem a man who was afraid of the lash, as regarded the pain of its infliction, but the shame of it (considering the situation he had attained to) was apparently the thing that hurt him most. Even now, although fallen away, he was a jolly and portly-looking man, though his flesh seemed to hang about him from the quickness he had been reduced in bulk by long marches, and anxiety of mind. He addressed a few words to the colonel in a firm and manly tone, and begged him to consider his situation and circumstances, and that he was the husband of a respectable woman, and father of several children; but, however, it was not possible for the colonel to forgive him at that time, and he was ordered to be quick and prepare. The farmer, accordingly, stripped, and was tied up. I remember observing he was so much fallen away that the skin of his stomach quite hung down, like a pair of small-clothes too big for the wearer. The colonel addressed him, and referred to the offer he had made him when in confinement, which, he told him, had much aggravated his crime, as supposing him (the colonel) capable of selling his honour for sixty pounds. So the farmer received his seven hundred lashes that day, and never uttered a word of complaint during the infliction, except that, as he sometimes turned his head, and looked after the can of water, he would say, "Oh! poor Tom! poor Tom! I little thought ever to come to this!" I remember, after four hundred the colonel asked him if he would sign his banishment, telling him it was to send him to another regiment, which was in foreign parts; but the farmer refused to do so, and the punishment went on. I recollect, too, that the doctor desired the drummer to lay the lash on the other shoulder, and the farmer received the whole sentence, as he well deserved. In a week or more he was to be seen walking in the barrack-square; but he avoided the society of the men, and in about two or three days afterwards, he was missing altogether, having taken an opportunity to escape; and we never again either heard of, or saw the Yorkshire farmer.

There was another agriculturist who, I remember, was in the rifles with me. He was the eldest son of a gentleman farmer who resided in Yorkshire, and as handsome a youth as I think I ever beheld; but he was one of the wildest chaps, perhaps, in the whole county, and, although he was not above four or five-and-twenty, his parents had found it out to their cost. In one of his sprees, happening to fall in with Sergeant Sugden of our corps, nothing would content him but he must enlist. Sugden, you may easily conceive, was not averse to indulge such a "*prespiring*" hero, and very soon had him for a recruit. Although there must have been considerable difference in the style of life amongst us to what he had been used to, yet he appeared nowise displeased with the change. To be sure, he was rather too lively a bird at times, and, having plenty of money, occasionally got himself into trouble, but nothing particularly disagreeable happened, and altogether he was very much liked in the corps, in which he went by the name of "The Gentleman Farmer." Just before a detachment of the rifles started for Portugal, a gentleman

rode into the barrack-square, and inquired of some of the men for this young spark, whose name I cannot now remember. The meeting was not a very amicable one, for the new-comer was the gentleman-farmer's brother, who upbraided him with his conduct in enlisting, and told of the anxiety and sorrow this new freak had caused at home. After they had somewhat mollified their quarrel, they sought an interview with our commanding-officer; and the brother immediately, in the name of the parents, offered any sum the colonel chose to name, so he would but grant the gentleman-farmer a discharge. The colonel, however, was not willing to lose him, and refused at that time to grant the request.

"He is a wild and untamed spirit," he said; "and, as he is just now under orders for foreign service, he had better go; let him have a year of that fun; it will do his complaint good; and, if he lives, we shall see him, I hope, return an improved man."

The new-comer, therefore, was fain to put up with this answer, and next morning returned home to his parents, apparently much cut up and disappointed at his ill success. Accordingly the gentleman-farmer embarked for Portugal, and was soon after witness of a wilder scene of discord and horror than, I dare say, even his hair-brained ideas quite contemplated when he enlisted for a soldier; in short, he took his first lesson of actual warfare at the siege of Badajoz, and, entering with heart and soul into the breach, his head was dashed into a hundred pieces by a cannon-ball.

Thomas Mayberry was a man well known at that time in the rifles. He was a sergeant in my day, and was much thought of by our officers as a very active and useful non-commissioned officer, being considered, up to the time of his committing the slight mistake I shall have to tell of, one of the most honest men in the army. With the men he was not altogether so well liked, as he was considered rather too blusteracious and tyrannical. Whilst in the town of Hythe, he got the fingering of about two hundred pounds, for the purpose of paying for necessaries purchased for the men of his company, and which two hundred pounds he had, in a very short space of time, managed to make away with, and lose in the society of a party of gamblers, who at that time infested the town of Hythe. Captain Hart, who then commanded the company Mayberry belonged to, was not a little thunderstruck, some little time after, at finding that the several tradesmen who furnished the articles for the men had never been settled with, and, sending for Mayberry, discovered the delinquency. Mayberry was a prisoner in a moment; and Captain Hart was as much astonished as if his own father had committed a fraud, so well and so much was Mayberry thought of. He was brought to court-martial, together with two other men, whom he had seduced to become partners in his gambling transactions; and, on the inquiry, it was further discovered that he had been in the habit of cheating the men of his company out of a farthing a-week each for the last ten months. That was, perhaps, the worst thing against him. He was sentenced to receive seven hundred lashes. Corporal Morrisson and Patrick Dwine, his two participators in this roguery, got, I remember, the former three, and the latter one hundred, awarded to them.

When the square was formed for punishment, and the three were brought out, it was necessary to check the men of the regiment, or they

would have hooted and hissed them on the parade. I recollect, also, that there was a civilian, of the name of Gilbert, whom Mayberry had defrauded, and he had inquired the time of his punishment, and was present in rear during the infliction, having expressed to some of Mayberry's companions that he was content to lose the money, so that he saw the fellow well flogged: — a pretty good proof this that, when their own interests are nearly concerned, your civilian has no objection to even be an eye-witness of the infliction of the lash, about which there has lately been such an outcry. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to see a man who has committed crimes, which have caused him to receive the execrations of his sometime companions in arms, as he is being drummed out of his corps, received by a host of folks without the barrack-gates, and taken to their bosoms as an object of commiseration.

When Mayberry was tied up, he was offered, as was then customary, the option of banishment; but he refused it, notwithstanding considerable entreaty was made to him by his two comrades to accept it, as, by so doing, they thought they all would escape the lash. However, Mayberry decided to take the seven hundred, and bore the sentence without a murmur. Not so the two others: Morrisson screamed and struggled so much, that he capsized the triangle, and all came sprawling together, so that he was obliged to be held by a man at each side. Dwine came last. He was rather an effeminate-looking man; and the colonel rode round, and told him he lamented being obliged to break so fair a skin; but he must do his duty. However, as he had borne a good character, and was not so much to blame as the other two, he let him down after five-and-twenty.

Mayberry after this was much scouted by his fellow-soldiers, and also ill thought of by the officers; and, on a detachment being sent to Portugal, he volunteered for the expedition. Captain Hart, however, would fain have declined taking him, as he had so bad an opinion of him after this affair; but Mayberry showed himself so desirous of going, that at last he consented, and took him. At the siege of Badajoz Mayberry wiped off, in a measure, all his former ill conduct. He was seen by Captain Hart to behave so bravely in the breach, that he commended him on the spot.

"Well done, Mayberry!" said he; "you have this day done enough to obliterate your disgrace; and, if we live, I will endeavour to restore you to your former rank. Go now to the rear; you have done enough for one day." Mayberry, however, refused to retire, although covered with wounds; for he was known to have killed seven with his own hand, with his rifle-sword-bayonet.

"No going to the rear for me," he said. "I'll restore myself to my comrades' opinion, or make a finish of myself altogether."

He, accordingly, continued in the front of all, till at last he was seen to be cut down, in the clear light of the fire-balls, by a tremendous sword-cut, which cleft his skull almost in twain. Morrisson, I heard, also died at that siege. Dwine returned safe home, and died of fatigue at Fermoy.

It has been said, I have heard, by officers of high rank in the army of the Peninsula, that there never were such a set of devil-may-care fellows, and so completely up to their business, as the Ninety-fifth. It would be invidious to make a distinction, or talk of any one regi-

ment being better, or more serviceable, than another; but the rifles were generally in the mess before others began, and also the last to leave off. It was their business to be so; and if they did their work well, so did every other British corps engaged in that country, at least I never either heard of or saw to the contrary. There was, perhaps, as intelligent and talented a set of men amongst us as ever carried a weapon in any country. They seemed, at times, to need but a glance at what was going on to know all about its 'why and wherefore.' I remember seeing the Duke of Wellington during the battle of Vimiera; and in these days, when so much anxiety is displayed to catch even a glance of that great man's figure as he gallops along the streets of London, it seems gratifying to me to recollect seeing him in his proper element, "the raging and bloody field," and I have frequently taxed my mind to remember each action and look I caught of him at that time.

I remember seeing the great Duke take his hat off in the field of Vimiera, and methinks it is something to have seen that wonderful man even do so common-place a thing as lift his hat to another officer in the battle-field. We were generally enveloped in smoke and fire, and sometimes unable to distinguish or make remarks upon what was going on around, whilst we blazed away at our opponents; but occasionally we found time to make our comments upon the game we were playing. Two or three fellows near me were observing what was going on just in the rear, and I heard one man remark, "Here comes Sir Arthur and his staff;" upon which I also looked back, and caught sight of him just meeting with two other officers of high rank. They all uncovered as they met, and I saw the Duke, as I said, (then Sir Arthur Wellesley,) take off his hat and bow to the other two. The names of the new-comers, however they were learnt, whether from some of the men who had before seen them, or picked up on the instant from an officer, seemed to be well known, as well as the business they were engaged in talking of; for it ran along the line from one to the other that Sir Hugh Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard were about to take the command, instead of Sir Arthur Wellesley, a circumstance which, of course, could only be a random guess amongst these fellows at the moment.

The intelligence of these men was indeed very great, and I could relate instances of their recklessness and management which would amuse the hearer much. I remember a fellow, named Jackman, getting close up to the walls at Flushing, and working a hole in the earth with his sword, into which he laid himself, and remained there alone, spite of all the efforts of the enemy and their various missiles to dislodge him. He was known, thus earthed, to have killed, with the utmost coolness and deliberation, eleven of the French artillerymen, as they worked at their guns. As fast as they relieved each fallen comrade did Jackman pick them off; after which he took to his heels, and got safe back to his comrades.

There were three brothers in the rifles, named Hart,—John, Mike, and Peter,—and three more perfectly reckless fellows, perhaps, never existed. Nothing ever escaped their notice; and they would create the greatest fun and laughter, even when advancing under the hottest fire of the enemy, and their comrades being shot down beside them. I remember Lieutenant Molloy, who was himself as fine a "soldier as

ever stepped, and as full of life in the midst of death" as these Harts, being obliged to check them at Vimiera. "D—n you!" he said to them, "keep back, and get under cover. Do you think you are fighting here with your fists, that you are running into the teeth of the French?"

I never saw those three men, to appearance, the least worse for hard work during the time we remained in Portugal. They could run like deer, and were indeed formed by Nature and disposition for the hardships, difficulties, and privations of the sort of life we then led. They were, however, all three pretty well done up during the retreat to Corunna; though, even in that dreadful business, their light-heartedness and attempts at fun served to keep up the spirits of many a man, who would else have been broken-hearted before the English shipping appeared in sight. They even carried their pleasantry on that occasion so far as to make a jest of their own appearance, and the miserable plight of the whole turn-out, as we disembarked upon the beach at Portsmouth. One of them even went so far as to observe, "that we looked more like the rakings of h— than the fragments of an army!"

Nothing, indeed, but that grave of battalions, that unwholesome fen, Flushing, could have broken the spirits of three such soldiers as John, Mike, and Peter Hart. A few weeks, however, of that country sufficed to quiet them for evermore. One, I remember, died; and the other two, although they lived to return, were never worth a rush afterwards, but, like myself, remained living examples of what climate can bring even a constitution and body framed as if of iron to.

Nothing, I suppose, could exceed the dreadful appearance we cut on the occasion of the disembarkation from Corunna; and the inhabitants of Portsmouth, who had assembled in some number to see us land, were horror-struck with the sight of their countrymen and relatives returning to England in such a ghastly state; whilst the three Harts, with feet swathed in bloody rags, clothing that hardly covered their nakedness, accoutrements in shreds, beards covering their faces, eyes dimmed with toil, (for some were even blind,) arms nearly useless to those who had them left, the rifles being encrusted with rust, and the swords glued to the scabbard;—these three brothers, I say, (for I heard them myself,) as they hobbled up the beach, were making all sorts of remarks, and cracking their jokes upon the misery of our situation, and the appearance they themselves cut.

I recollect seeing at this time an affecting instance of female affection displayed. One of our officers, whose name I will not mention, and who was much beloved by us all, observed his wife waiting for him on the beach, as he disembarked from the boat. He met her as she rushed into the sea to embrace him, and they were locked in each others' arms before they touched the dry land.



Thos C Haliburton

London Richard Bentley, 1843

NOTIONS OF SAM SLICK.

[WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.]

About seven or eight years ago, a series of sketches illustrative of the peculiarities of homely Yankee character appeared from time to time in the columns of a weekly Nova Scotian journal. There was no name attached to them,—no effort made to attract public attention to their merits, — no studied claptrap contrivances of style or sentiment had recourse to, in order to win the favourable suffrages of the particular class of readers to whom they were addressed; to all appearance they were thrown off at a heat, and left to take their chance, sink or swim, as might happen. Their success was not long problematical. Within a few weeks from the period of their first publication they had become so popular with their readers, that the editor of the Nova Scotian newspaper applied to the author for permission to reprint them entire; and this being granted, he brought them out in one small, unpretending, duodecimo volume, whose popularity, at first confined to our American colonies, soon spread over the United States, by all classes of whose inhabitants it was welcomed with the approbation which was its due. At Boston,—at New York, —at Philadelphia,—at Baltimore,—in short, at all the leading cities and towns of the Union, this anonymous little volume was to be found on the drawing-room tables of the most influential and intelligent members of the social community, while, even in the emigrant's solitary farm-house, and the squatter's log-hut among the primeval forests of the "Far West," it was read with the deepest interest, cheering the spirits of the back-woodsman, when his day's toil was at an end, by the wholesome, vigorous, and lively pictures which it presented of actual life in many of its most familiar phases. A recent traveller, whose diary may be found in a New York monthly periodical, has spoken in animated terms of the surprise and pleasure he experienced at meeting with a "*well-thumbed*" copy of the little duodecimo in question, in a log-hut among the woods of the Mississippi. "*Well-thumbed!*" What a world of praise is comprised in this one expression!

The consequence of such transatlantic popularity may be anticipated. The first volume was placed in the hands of a London publisher, who, justly conceiving that the sketches, which were allowed to be faithful transcripts of human nature in America, would, as such, be favourably received in England, decided on the experiment of publication. With this view, he made a communication to Mr. Haliburton, who is a British subject, for the purchase of the copyright, which terminated in an arrangement. At the same time, however, being doubtful how far the work might succeed, — for there is a fashion in literature as in everything else, — he brought it out in the least-expensive form, with no flourish of trumpets to herald its publication, or to draw attention to its humour and originality. As on the former occasion, the work was left to make its own way with the reading community. The question of its success or otherwise was soon decided, for the critics were prompt to perceive its worth, and their opinions meeting with the concurrence of the public, its immediate

popularity followed as a matter of course. Four years and upwards have now elapsed since its first introduction to the literary world of England, and the high station that it then took by right, as one of the few really original productions of the age, it has maintained unimpaired to the present day. Its success has not been that of "the last new novel." It has not been read and admired one season, to be laid aside and forgotten the next. It has not blazed and died away like a meteor, but shone with a steady and continuous effulgence, year by year enlarging the sphere of its popularity, and confirming and strengthening the admiration which it called forth on its first appearance; and now, so completely established is its reputation as a work of sterling excellence, that not a few of its quaint, expressive provincialisms, have been naturalized among us; and the felicitous phrase "soft sawder," serves to point many a joke on the stage, and aid the effect of many a sarcasm in the public press.

The remarkable work that thus excited the admiration of the two greatest nations of the world, is "Sam Slick," and its author—for it was impossible he could long retain his anonymity—is Mr. Halliburton, one of the Judges of Nova Scotia. Perhaps there is not another instance in the annals of modern literature, of a book having so instantaneously, as it were, achieved such decided popularity solely by means of its own untrumpeted deserts. It must be acknowledged, however, that the time at which it appeared was peculiarly favourable to its chances of success. The historical romance, which Scott had carried to the highest point of excellence, was, in the hands of his feebler successors, beginning to exhibit all the symptoms of decay; the fashionable novel — that is to say, the novel of mere assumption and frivolity, which, dealing with nothing but conventional humanity, is scarcely intelligible beyond the pale of rank and fashion, —was declining even in the estimation of those to whose artificial tastes and sympathies it appealed; and a fresher, healthier, though homelier, school of fiction, had sprung up, which, drawing its materials and its inspiration from the busy, hard-working, every-day world about us, and impressing the public mind with a conviction of the truth and vividness of its pictures, had prepared it to receive favourably similar sketches of real life, no matter how rude the mould in which they might be cast. These circumstances, of course, contributed their due share to the success of "Sam Slick;" but of themselves they would never have sufficed to keep it so long afloat; it must have had some strongly-marked qualities of its own to recommend it; and what these were, we shall now proceed to determine.

The primary cause of the popularity of "Sam Slick" may, we conceive be found in its sound, sagacious, unexaggerated views of human nature—not of human nature as it is modified by artificial institutions, and subjected to the despotic caprices of fashion, which, like quicksands, are ever shifting, but as it exists in a free, and comparatively unsophisticated state, full of faith in its own impulses, and quick to sympathise with kindred humanity; industrious, self-relying, adventurous, untrammelled by the fetters of social etiquette, which check so many generous movements, and often make men little better than machines; giving full vent to the emotions that rise within its breast; regardless of the distinctions of caste, but ready to find friends and

brethren among all with whom it may come into contact. Such is the human nature delineated in Sam Slick; and when we call to mind the tame sketches of artificial life to which our novelists had so long habituated us, we cease to wonder at its success. Its rude, unlettered Yankee hero may be defined as the incarnation of common sense. Indeed, he possesses this quality in its highest perfection, and with it, as a necessary consequence, a vein of strong, healthy feeling—for sense and sensibility are rarely found otherwise than in close companionship; each adds to the force of the other, setting it off to the best advantage, and where the one is infirm, it is hardly possible for the other to be in vigorous condition. It is common sense that teaches man to sympathise with his fellow-men; to appreciate his good qualities, and to deal leniently with his bad ones; and misanthropy, which is, oftener than not, induced by a love of singularity and affectation, is, when really heartfelt, a proof either of disease, or of a weak, ill-regulated mind, as we may see in the instances of Swift, Rousseau, Byron, and many others, of the Cynic school of philosophy. It is not strong, but weak wine that turns soonest to vinegar.

When we say that "Sam Slick" abounds in common sense, we would be understood as giving it praise as high as can possibly be awarded to a work professedly drawing its materials from real life, for we imply that it possesses precisely that quality which is so conspicuous in Shakspeare, in Burns, in Scott, in Fielding, — indeed, in the productions of all our great original writers; and which Milton, devoted as he was to the reveries of the imagination, must have held in profound esteem, when he deliberately put on record his opinion that

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

We wish some of our poets and novelists would bear this wholesome truth in mind, and not take for granted that the absence of common-sense implies the presence of the more imaginative faculties. Never was there a greater mistake. Imagination, wild and lawless as it may seem to be in its essence, is still amenable to the rules of judgment. It must have proper tools to work with, legs to stand upon, as well as wings to fly with; and all its movements must be subject to the guidance and control of the sense of which we have been speaking.

The leading incidents of "Sam Slick" may be summed up in a few words. An English gentleman, holding a legal appointment in one of our North American colonies, is supposed to be travelling on horseback to Fort Lawrence, when he is overtaken by a stranger, who proves to be a Clockmaker, bound on a professional tour. As both are going in the same direction, they enter into conversation with each other, by way of beguiling the tedium of the journey; and the lawyer is so struck with the pith and sagacity of his companion's remarks, that he gladly renews his acquaintance with him, when some time afterwards they meet in another part of the country. Hence the origin of the work before us, the substance of which consists of the conversations of "Sam Slick"—for he is the Clockmaker—on an infinite variety of subjects, some of a serious, others of a hu-

morous tendency, but all alike exhibiting the strong practical common-sense of the speaker, and all recorded with such apparent fidelity and exquisite dramatic skill, as to bring out the lights and shades of his character as effectually as Johnson's was brought out by Boswell. We subjoin a few specimens of Sam's shrewdness and worldly sagacity, which will show that we have done him no more than justice. Here is his first interview with a Mrs. Flint, with whom he is negociating about a clock, which he is anxious to get off his hands. The lady, however, objects to the price; whereupon he stimulates her love of display by telling her that her next neighbour, Mrs. Steele, is eager to purchase it, as it is a handsome thing of the sort, and winds up the negociation as follows:—

"'Why, it arn't possible,' said the clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; 'why, as I'm alive, it's four o'clock: and if I haven't been two blessed hours here! I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States; I'll set it a-goin', and put it to the right time. As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to Deacon Flint with a serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which his wife said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it. 'Now,' said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, 'that's what I call human natur'! That clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me jist six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steele have the refusal, nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, that, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. *We can do without any article of luxury we have never had; but, when once obtained, it isn't in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily.* Of fifteen thousand clocks sold by myself and partner in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten were ever returned. We trust to soft sawder to get them into the house, and to human natur' that they never come out of it.'"

The worldly wisdom, and knowledge of the weak points of character exhibited by the Clockmaker in this brief negociation might do credit to a professed diplomatist. Here is another striking instance of that strong, practical, home-spun sense, which, as we have already observed, forms the ground-work of his intellect. He is speaking of railroads:—

"What is it that fetters the heels of a young country, and hangs like a poke round its neck? What retards the cultivation of its soil, and the improvement of its fisheries? The high price of labour, I guess. Well, what's a railroad? The substitution of mechanical for human and animal labour, on a scale as grand as our own great country. Labour is dear in America, and cheap in Europe. A railroad, therefore, is comparatively no manner of use to them to what it is to us. It does wonders there; but it works miracles here. There, it makes the old man younger; but here, it makes a child a giant. To us, it is river, bridge, road, and canal, all one. It saves what we arn't got to spare,—men, horses, carts, vessels, barges, and, what's all in all, time!"

Nothing is more remarkable than the perfect ease and indifference with which the Clockmaker throws off his shrewd opinions, many of

which have all the point and emphasis of Franklin's aphorisms, who, by the by, had he lived in the present day, would have been delighted to recognize a kindred spirit in "Sam Slick." We string together a few of these pearls, which are scattered lavishly throughout his conversations:—

"When I see a child, I always feel safe with the women folk, for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"There are some folks who think a good deal, and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others, agin, who blart out whatever comes uppermost; and I guess they are pretty considerable superfine darned fools."

"There is no way so good to larn French as to live among 'em; and, if you want to understand us, you must live among us, too; your Halls, Hamiltons, and such critturs, what can they know of us? Can a chap catch a likeness flying along a railroad? Can he even see the featurs?"

"It ain't them that stare the most, that see the best always, I guess."

"Scotchmen cut their eye-teeth afore ever they set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a bawbee they know what to do with it, that 's a fact. They open their pouch, and drop it in; and it 's got a spring like a fox-trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger."

"Power has a nateral tendency to slothful corpulency."

"The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never see'd a small man that didn't wear high-heel boots, and a high-crowned hat, and that warn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man every inch of him."

"An intemperate advocate is more dangerous than an open foe."

"Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect."

"Be rather the advocate of internal improvement than political change. Neither flatter the mob nor the government; what you think, speak; try to satisfy yourself, and not others; and if you are not popular, you will at least be respected. Popularity lasts but a day; but respect will descend as a heritage to your children."

"I don't like preaching to the narves instead of the judgment."

"Everything that gives power to numbers will carry numbers."

"I 'm a great fri'nd to decency, for decency is a manly vartue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a faminine vartue; but as for squeamishness, rat me! if it don't make me sick."

"Squeamishness and indelicacy are often found united; in short, in manners, as in other things, extremes meet."

"Humility is the dress-coat of pride."

"Book-l'arned men seldom know anything but books; and there is one, that never was printed yet, worth all they 've got on their shelves, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves of, for they don't onderstand the hand-writing, and that book is human natur'."

"Most men like to be thought knowing on the subject of woman."

"Patriotism is infernal hungry, and as savage as old Scratch if it

ain't fed. If you want to tame it, you must treat it as Van Amburg does his lions, keep its belly full."

Shrewd, aphoristical remarks like these, (some of which—especially that striking one, "Humility is the dress-coat of pride"—are worthy of Bacon,) could scarcely fail to make a deep impression on the public mind, especially when compared with the flimsy tone of thought so common in the present day. But it is not only the qualities of Sam Slick's head that are to be commended; those of his heart are equally estimable; and touches of tenderness every now and then escape him, that relieve the sterner points of his nature, and remind us of those soft, mellow gleams of light thrown in by Rembrandt among his deep shadows. But there is nothing maudlin, nothing effeminate in the "Clockmaker's" sensibility. There is no circulating-library taint about it,—no mere parade of feeling, in which the heart has no concern. His sentiment is fresh and healthy as the breeze of morning,—deep-toned and unaffected as the song of the nightingale. There are few men whose course through life has been along so dull, sterile, and beaten a road, that some pleasant resting-places in their journey do not at times occur to their recollection,—some companions who travelled a part of the way with them, but of whom they have long lost sight. There is a green, sunny spot in the wide desert of every one's existence, and our friend Sam's memory loves to linger fondly on these oases. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than to recount his meetings, after years of separation, with the school-friends of his childhood; and the unaffected feeling he evinces in these descriptions strikes an answering chord in the reader's heart.

Another reason for "Sam Slick's" popularity may be found in the humour with which the work is full to overflowing. Of its kind it is decidedly orginal; but, perhaps, we shall be able to come to a more exact estimate of its peculiar quality, if we just briefly glance at the three distinct sorts of national humour—English, Irish, and Scotch—of which our lighter literature is composed. Like the English character, the English humour is frank, hearty, and unaffected. Generally speaking, it is by no means remarkable for quaintness or eccentricity, but maintains a certain decent method, and adheres to nature, even when it verges on sheer extravagance, as we may see by reference to the Farces of Foote, the Odes of Wolcot, and the admirable Legends of Ingoldsby, where it appears in its broadest, sunniest, and most grotesque aspect. The Irish humour, on the contrary, sets all propriety at defiance, and is most characteristic when most extravagant. In all its phases it is tinged with the rich lights of fancy,—is buoyant and mercurial to excess,—owns no allegiance to the understanding, being prompted solely by the animal spirits,—delights by reckless and unexpected sallies,—but even in its wildest flights never loses sight of good-nature, which redeems its excesses, and is its essence and inspiration. The Scotch humour is sly, grave, caustic, —the humour rather of the understanding than the fancy. It has little of *bonhommie* or cordiality about it,—is eminently shrewd and practical in its character,—is founded on observation, and a nice, intuitive perception of the weaknesses of human nature,—and is seldom unmixed with something of sarcasm. Those who wish to see it in its highest perfection may consult the "Sir Andrew Wylie" and "Entail" of Galt, and the episodical sketch of Lismahago in Smollett's

"Humphry Clinker." Now, in describing the humour of "Sam Slick," we must borrow a phrase from architecture, and say that it is of a *Composite* order, by which we mean that it combines the qualities of English and Scotch humour, — the hearty, mellow spirit of the one, with the shrewd, caustic properties of the other,—inclining, however, for the most part, to the latter. It derives little help from the fancy, but has its ground-work in the understanding. It does not convulse us with laughter, like the broad, racy drollery of Hook, or convey a succession of pleasing shocks to our mind, like the airy, fanciful extravagances of O'Keefe; but affects us by its quiet truth and force, and the piquant satire with which it is flavoured. In a word, *it is the sunny side of common sense.* As such, we can imagine how old Johnson, who loved what he called the "vigorous humour of the understanding," would have relished it. With what delight would he not have chuckled over its minute, racy pictures of humble Yankee life, while rolling along in his favourite post-chaise to Ashbourne, or sitting alone in the summer-house at Streatham! We subjoin an instance or two of "Sam Slick's" truthful and caustic humour, which will illustrate our meaning better than whole pages of criticism, however analytical;—

"As far as my experience goes, said the Clockmaker, the female heart is jist like a new India-rubber shoe; you may pull and pull at it, till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to the old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there is a plaguy sight of wear in them. I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in the other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charleston river, and as strong as a tow-boat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law, and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur' of a man—so just made a crittur, that folks used to run to the window when he passed, and say, There goes Washington Banks, — be'ant he lovely? I do really believe there wasn't a girl in the Lowell factories that wasn't in love with him! Well, when I last see'd him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed—a mere walking skeleton. I am dreadful sorry, says I, to see you, Banks, looking so peeked; why, you look like a sick turkey-hen, all legs. What on airth ails you?—I am dying, says he, of a broken heart!—What! says I, have the gals been a jilting you?—No, no, says he; I be'ant such a fool as that neither.—Well, says I, have you made a bad spekilation?—No, says he, shaking his head; I hope I have too much sense in me to take on so bad for that.—What under the sun is it, then? said I.—Why, says he, I made a bet, the fore part of the summer, with Lieutenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet; but the anchor was so eternal heavy, *it broke my heart!*—Sure enough, he did die that very fall; and he was the only instance I ever heard tell of a broken heart."

"The difference between a wife and sweetheart, observed Sam Slick, is near about as great as there is between new and hard cider, —a man never tires of putting one to his lips, but he makes plaguy wry faces at t'other. I 'm afear'd to ventur' on matrimony at all. I

have seen some Canada folk most properly bit, you may depend. You 've seen a boy sliding on a most beautiful smooth bit of ice, laughing, and whooping, and hallowing like one possessed, when presently souse he goes in, over head and ears. How he cuts, and flops about, and blows like a porpus, properly frightened, don't he? And when he gets out, there he stands, all shivering and shaking, and the water a squish-squashing in his shoes, and his trowsers all sticking to his legs. Well, he sneaks off home, lookin' like a fool, and thinking everybody he meets is a laughing at him. Many folks here are like that 'ere boy, before they 've been six months married. They 'd be proper glad to get out of the scrape too, and sneak off if they could; that 's a fact. The marriage yoke is plaguy apt to gall the neck, as the ash bow does the ox in rainy weather, unless it be most particularly well fitted. You 've seen a yoke of cattle that wasn't properly mated; they spend more strength in pulling against each other than in pulling the load. Well, that 's apt to be the case with them as choose their wives in sledging-parties, quilting-frolics, and so on, instead of the dairies, looms, and cheese-houses."

" In the latter end of the year twenty-eight, I think it was, said my friend the " Clockmaker," I was in my little back studio at Slickville, bronzing and gilding of a clock-case, when the governor came in. That 's a beautiful case you 're doing of, says he; may I presume to catechise what it is?—Why, said I, governor, that landscape on the right, with the two-storey house in it, having a washing-tub full of apple-sarce on one side, and a cart full of pumpkin-pies on the other, with the gold letters A. P. over it, is intended to represent this great country, America; and the gold letters initialize it Airthly Paradise! —Well, says he, who is that *he* one on the left?—That tall, graceful figur', says I, with wings, carryin' a long bowie-knife in his right hand, and them small winged figures in the rear, with little rifles, *are angels emigrating from Heaven to this country*. The letters H. and E. mean Heavenly Emigrants.—Says the governor, Mr. Slick, the department of painting in our Atheneum, in this rising and flourishing town of Slickville, is placed under the direction of the general and myself, and we propose sending you to Italy to purchase some originals for our gallery, seeing that you are a native artist yourself. Your expenses will be paid, and eight dollars a-day, while you are absent on this diplomacy. One thing, however, do pray remember, don't bring any picturs that will evoke a blush on female cheeks, or cause vartue to stand afore them with averted eyes or indignant looks. The statues imported last year we had to clothe, both male and female, from head to foot; for they actually came stark-naked, and were right down ondecent. One of my factory ladies went into fits on seein' 'em, which lasted her a good hour. She took Jupiter for a real man, and said she thought she had got into a bathing-room among the men by mistake. Her narves received a heavy shock, poor crittur; she said she never would forget what she see'd there the longest day she lived. So none of your Potiphar's wives, or Susannahs, or sleeping Venuses; such picturs are repugnant to the high tone of moral feeling in this country.—Oh Lord! I thought I should have split! I dursn't look up, for fear I should burst out laughing in the governor's face, to hear him talk so spooney about that 'ere factory girl. Thinks I to myself, how delicate she is! If a common marble statue threw

her into fits, what would— ? And here the Clockmaker laughed so immoderately, it was some time before he resumed intelligibly his story. Well, says he at last, if there is one thing I hate more nor another, it is that cursed mock-modesty some gals have, pretending they don't know nothing. It always shows they know too much."

The reader will not fail to observe the dramatic skill with which, in the above passage, "Sam Slick" is made to develope his own character,—his manly contempt for the cant of delicacy, and his unbounded national vanity. These features in his idiosyncrasy are brought out quite unconsciously, as it were, which tends greatly to heighten their effect.

The descriptive powers of the "Clockmaker" are to the full as remarkable as his humour. They have all the literalness and graphic force which we admire in the homely pictures of Crabbe; are set off by no ideal embellishments, but evince as resolute an adherence to truth as if the author were speaking on oath. What can be finer in its way than this sketch of a tumble-down cottage and its half-starved tenants?—

"Poor thing, she looked half-starved and half-savage; hunger and temper had made proper strong lines in her face, like water-furrows in a ploughed field; she looked bony and thin, like a horse that has had more work than oats, and a wicked expression, as though it warn't safe to come too near her heels—an everlastin' kicker! Oh! to look round and see her poverty,—the half-naked children,—the old pine-stumps for chairs,—a small bin of poor watery yellow potatoes in the corner,—daylight through the sides and roof of the house, looking like the tarred seams of a ship, all black where the smoke got out,—no utensils for cookin' or eatin',—and starvation wrote *as plain as a handbill* on their hollow cheeks, skinny fingers, and sunk eyes, went right straight to the heart! I do declare I believe I should have cried, only they didn't seem to mind it themselves. They had been used to it, like a man that's married to a thundering ugly wife: he gets so accustomed to the look of her everlasting dismal mug, that he don't think her ugly at all.—Well, says I, how 's times with you, Mrs. Spry?—Dull, says she, very dull; there's no markets now; things don't fetch nothing. Thinks I, some folks hadn't ought to complain of markets, for they don't raise nothing to sell; but I didn't say so; for *poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by poking fun at it.* Potatoes, says I, will fetch a good price this fall, for it's a short crop in a general way: how 's your'n?—Grand, says she, as complete as ever you see'd; our tops were small, and didn't look well; but we have the handsomest bottoms, it's generally allowed, in all our place; you never see'd the beat of them; they are well worth looking at.—Now, there was human natur', said the Clockmaker; there was pride even in that hovel. It is found in rags as well as king's robes,—where butter is spread with the thumb as well as with the silver knife—natur' is natur' wherever you find it."

In the above sketch we are at a loss which most to admire, the vigour and truthfulness of its details, or the manly, unaffected vein of reflection and sentiment that runs through it. The cursory remark, that "poverty is keen enough, without sharpening its edge by poking fun at it," is quite Shaksperian in its tone. Mark, too, the rough energy of the following description of a sharkish American lawyer,

with whom Sam Slick came in contact, in the course of his travels:—

"I once travelled all through the State of Maine with one of them 'ere legal chaps. He was as thin as a whipping-post. His skin looked like a blown bladder arter some of the air had leaked out, wrinkled and rumpled like, and his eye was as dim as a lamp that 's living on a short allowance of oil. He put me in mind of a pair of kitchen-tongs, all legs, shaft, and head, and no belly; a real gander-gutted-looking crittur, as hollow as a bamboo walking-cane, and twice as yellow. He actually looked as if he had been picked off a rack at sea, and dragged through a gimlet-hole. Thinks I, the Lord have mercy on your clients, you hungry crittur; you 'll eat 'em up alive, as sure as the Lord made Moses! You are just the chap to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel,—lank, shank, and flank, all at a gulp!"

We subjoin one more specimen of the Clockmaker's descriptive powers, which, it will be observed, is full informed with thought and feeling of the purest and kindliest nature. Walter Scott might have penned it, in one of his most genial moods. It reads just like a page out of "Old Mortality:"—

"I like a Sabbath in the country; all natur' seems at rest. There 's a cheerfulness in the day here you don't find in towns. You have natur' before you here, and nothing but art there. The deathy stillness of a town, and the barred windows, and shut shops, and empty streets, and great long lines of brick buildings, look melancholy. It seems as if life had ceased ticking, but there hadn't been time for decay to take hold on there; as if day had broke, but man slept. Now in the country it 's jist what it ought to be,—a day of rest for man and beast from labour. When a man rises on the Sabbath, and looks out on the sunny fields and wavin' crops, his heart feels proper grateful, and he says, Come, this is a splendid day, ain't it? His first thought is to render thanks: and then, when he goes to worship, he meets all his neighbours, and knows 'em all; and they are glad to see each other; and if any two on 'em ain't exactly agreed together during the week, why, they meet on a kind of neutral ground, and the minister or neighbour makes peace between 'em. But it ain't so in towns. You don't know no one you meet there. It 's the worship of neighbours, but it 's the worship of strangers too; for neighbours don't know nor care about each other. Yes, I love a Sabbath in the country."

It will be seen, from the extracts which we have already made,—and the work abounds in passages of similar excellence,—that "Sam Slick" owes as little to the labours of preceding writers as any book that has been published within the century. All its pictures bear the strong impress of the author's own personal experience,—all its worldly-wise reflections seem directly suggested by his own personal observation. We never dream of pausing to consider the truth and propriety of this or that turn of thought; the conviction of its perfect justice flashes on us at once like lightning. It has been stated by one of Wordsworth's most reverent admirers, the late William Hazlitt, that had no other poet ever written, the author of the "Excursion" might still have produced that elaborate work, because he drew its materials from his own mental resources, and copied nothing from his predecessors. The same remark may be applied to "Sam Slick,"

whose homely sketches of American character and manners are all prompted by the Clockmaker's own vivid individual impressions of men and things.

We have spoken of the homeliness of "Sam Slick's" sketches. They are homely, certainly, with scarcely one exception; but, though dealing uniformly with humble, day-labouring life in America, their tone is anything but vulgar. There is no vulgarity in healthy, unaffected nature; it is only to affectation and assumption that this reproach is applicable. A man may be stamped a gentleman in the mint of fashion; his manners may be courtly; his costume unimpeachable; his bow perfection; yet, despite his external graces he may be as vulgar a dog as ever mistook his vocation. It is not the star on the breast, the coronet on the brow, or the full purse in the pocket, but the mind,—the heart,—the prevailing tone of thought and feeling,—these are the things that constitute the gentleman; and where these are debased by affectation, or corrupted by vice, no matter how fashionable, there may, indeed, be the show, but there can never be the substance of gentility. We will lay a wager that there is more unleavened vulgarity to be found in any one page of a novel, whose scene is laid in the West End, and whose heroes are noble lords, and whose heroines are noble ladies, than in all the three volumes that have yet been published of "Sam Slick."

In addition to what we have already said of this striking work, we may observe, that it gives us a far better insight into the domestic manners of the Americans than even the novels of Cooper, or the graphic diaries of Hamilton and Marryatt. It places the Yankees before us *en déshabille;* introduces us to them in their freest and most unguarded moments; seats us by their fire-sides; acquaints us with the minutest arrangements of their households; furnishes us with the heads of their conversations on religion, on politics, on law, on literature, &c.; exhibits them alike in their strength and in their weakness: in fact, fairly turns them *inside out,* for our edification and amusement. And all this is done in the most impartial spirit possible, with a view not merely to entertain, but to serve the cause of truth —a far nobler object of an author's ambition.

It is not among the least remarkable peculiarities of "Sam Slick," that though the work makes no appeal to that love of melodramatic mystery and exaggerated passions of which readers of fiction are so fond; though it has absolutely no plot, no startling surprizes, no high-wrought incidents, no clap-trap emotions of any sort; though it has none of these popular requisites, being chiefly made up of the homely conversations of one of the homeliest of men, who has not one single quality of a hero of romance in his composition;—it is not a little remarkable, we repeat, that though "Sam Slick" is thus notoriously destitute of all romantic and sentimental interest, it yet possesses a fascination which holds the reader in thrall from the first page to the last. He who once begins it, may make up his mind to be lured on step by step to the conclusion. There is no stopping half-way. Curiosity is roused, and must, and will be gratified. Viewed as a work of amusement, Sam Slick may take rank among the foremost of the day; viewed in a higher light, as a work of instruction, as one calculated to give us juster notions of America than any we have yet had—its equal is not to be found either in the New World or the

Old. Its author is evidently a man of a large grasp of mind, sharpened and disciplined by a long and intimate practical acquaintance with the every-day world about us. There is a sound philosophic tone in many of the reflections which he throws off quite carelessly, as if they were of no account; truth in his satire; wisdom in his humour; and a significant meaning, well worthy of attention, even in the lightest discourses of his "Clockmaker."

Since the above remarks were penned, we have been favoured with a sight of Mr. Halliburton's new work, now on the eve of publication, entitled "The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England." It possesses all the piquant peculiarities of the former volumes of the Clockmaker—their caustic wit—strong, rough good sense—healthy sentiment—and vigorous tone of reflection. Generally speaking, however, the author's manner is more earnest than it has hitherto been; and in his sketch of the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, an aged clergyman of the Church of England, who was educated at Cambridge College, Massachusetts, and for many years officiated as rector of a small parish in Connecticut;—in his full-length portrait of this gentleman, who is represented as "affable in his manners, and simple in his habits, with a mind well stored with human lore, and a heart full of kindness for his fellow-creatures,"—Mr. Halliburton has taken a higher flight than any he has yet attempted, and tasked his powers of thought to the utmost. Nothing can be loftier, more humane, or more replete with philosophic wisdom, just touched with that soft melancholy which years and experience seldom fail to bring in their train, and from which minds of an elevated cast are never wholly exempt, than the reflections put into the mouth of this clerical philanthropist. Take, for instance, the following observations:—

"Home has two significations, a restricted one and an enlarged one. In its restricted sense, it is the place of our abode; it includes our social circle, our parents, children, and friends, and contains the living and the dead; the past and the present generations of our race. By a very natural process, the scene of our affections soon becomes identified with them, and a portion of our regard is transferred from animate to inanimate objects. The streams on which we sported, the mountains on which we clambered, the fields in which we wandered, the school where we were instructed, the church where we worshipped, the very bell, whose pensive, melancholy music recalled our wandering steps in youth, awaken in after years many a tender thought, many a pleasing recollection, and appeal to the heart with the force and eloquence of love. The country, again, contains all these things; the sphere is widened, new objects are included, and this extension of the circle is love of country. It is thus that the nation is said, in an enlarged sense, to be our home also. This love of country is both natural and laudable: so natural, that to exclude a man from his country is the greatest punishment that country can inflict upon him; and so laudable, that, when it becomes a principle of action, it forms the hero and the patriot."

Viewed merely with reference to art, the character of Mr. Hopewell forms an admirable dramatic contrast to that of Sam Slick; the peculiarities of the one set off and relieve those of the other in the most effective manner possible; so that, when wearied with the "everlasting"—to use his own expressive phrase—uniformity of Sam's practical, worldly wisdom, we turn to drink of the pure living

wells of wisdom and sensibility which the venerable clergyman opens up for our refreshment. But, after all, the Clockmaker, as in the former instances, is the great charm of the present volume. He is now in England, an *Attaché* to the American legation; and nothing can be more striking than his remarks on all he hears and sees while travelling through the mother-country. His self-possession is never at fault, —his shrewdness never deserts him for an instant. He is still the old original Sam Slick,—sincere in his likes and dislikes,—hearty in his prejudices,—inveterate in his democratic predilections. Observe his characteristic sketch of a genteel London dinner-party, to which he is invited in his capacity of *Attaché* :—

"Well, there is dinner. One sarvice of plate is like another sarvice of plate, anyone dozen of sarvants are like another dozen of sarvants, hock is hock, and champagne is champagne—and one dinner is like another dinner. The only difference is in the thing itself that 's cooked. Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you mustn't know it when you see it, or it 's vulgar; mutton must be incog. too; beef must have a mask on; any thin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; any thin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems rael flesh, it 's only disguised, for it 's sure to be fish; nothin' must be nateral, natur' is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country; every thing is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say, the dinner machinery is parfect. Sarvants keep goin' round and round in a ring, slow, but sartain, and for ever, like the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dumb show, afore your nose, for you to see how you like the flavour; when your glass is empty, it 's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it 's off too, afore you can say Nick Biddle. Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a '*subdued tone*.' Poor tame things, they are subdued, that 's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary tyrannical fashion, that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't often speak across a table any more nor you do across a street, but p'raps Mr. Somebody of West Eend of town, will say to a Mr. Nobody from West Eend of America: 'Niagara is noble.' Mr. Nobody will say, 'Yes, it is; it got its patent afore the Norman *Conquest*, I reckon, and afore the *subdued* tone come in fashion.' Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle, and say, 'Great rivers and great trees in America! You speak good English.' And then he will seem surprised, but not say it, only you can read the words on his face, 'Upon my soul, you are a'most as white as us.'

"Dinner is over. It 's time for ladies to cut stick. Aunt Goosey looks at the next oldest goosey, and ducks her head, as if she was a goin' through a gate, and then they all come to their feet, and the goslins come to their feet, and they all toddle off to the drawin' room together. The decanters now take the 'grand tour' of the table, and, like most travellers, go out with full pockets, and return with empty ones. Talk has a pair of stays here, and is laced up tight and stiff. Larnin' is pedantic; politics is onsafe; religion ain't fashionable. You must tread on neutral ground. Well, neutral ground gets so trampled down by both sides, and so plundered by all, there ain't any thing fresh or good grows on it, and it has no cover for game nother. Housundever, the ground is tried, it 's well beat, but nothin' is put up, and you get back to where you started. Uncle Gander looks at next

oldest gander hard, bobs his head, and lifts one leg, all ready for a go, and says, 'Will you take any more wine?'—'No,' says he; 'but I take the hint, let's jine the ladies.'"

As a sayer of good things, Sam Slick will scarcely fail to remind the reader of Sam Weller, who obtained popularity by the same means. But how immeasurably superior are the wit and shrewdness of the Yankee to those of the Cockney! The one exhibits chiefly the wit of mere words; the other, that of subtle, though homely, thought. Take away the bad spelling, the flash language, the *outre* dialect, in which many of Sam Weller's jokes are embedded, and much of their force and pungency will evaporate; but the Clockmaker's wit is independent of such aids; it needs not the drapery of diction to set it off to advantage, but trusts for effect to its naked truth and simplicity. Then, the shrewdness of the Cockney is, at best, but the small cunning of a man, whose tastes are all conventional,—whose views are microscopic,—and who knows nothing of human nature beyond the sound of Bow-bells; whereas, the shrewdness of the Yankee is that of a keen, far-sighted man of the world, whose opinions, even when erroneous, bear the impress of power and originality, and who has been accustomed to regard character with an inquisitive and wary eye, in an infinite variety of conditions. Both are portraits nicely discriminated and individualized, but the Clockmaker is by far the most impressive of the two; and his "Sayings" will be remembered and quoted with approbation, when those of the other shall have been wholly consigned to oblivion.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR,

A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOOTED QUESTION.

"Oh! wretched condition of poor humanity! that all those demonstrations of love and attachment which the most ardent affection can prompt can be so perfectly imitated by creatures conscious only to the basest selfishness, and prompted by the most sordid motives that satire in all its bitterness could desire. Such is the condition of the rich. They scarcely ever know the real inward workings of soul of the people about them. They live in the midst of a stage-play, where every one that approaches them is a personated actor, and the lord himself, the only real character, performing his part in good earnest; while the rest are employed in a mummery, and laugh in their hearts at the gross delusion they are practising upon him."

GODWIN.

"I have found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people, than ever I expected."

INCREASE MATHER (a Nonconformist.)

AMONG the improvements which Sir Shafto designed and effected, during his nine years' absence from England, was the erection of a dozen alms-houses. It was a benevolent project, and could have been entertained only by a benevolent mind.

"I wish them," said he, in his letter to Brackenbury, "to be retreats for those who have known better days. I rear them not as asylums for the broken down pauper, but as retreats for those of the middle class,—a class too much neglected in England, — who, after a life of effort and exertion, find themselves surprised by old age, without a provision, and without a home. The clergyman's widow, —the clergyman's daughter,—the orphan of some professional man, —the relict of the once flourishing merchant,—those who have known prosperity, and whom the billows of life have left stranded on the shore of adversity, with the dark night of the grave setting in;—for these, and such as these, I build my almshouses,—'cities of refuge,'—where the care-worn and the sorrow-stricken may find shelter and repose."

This design the steward carried out right heartily; and the building of these almshouses, planting the little garden appropriated to each inmate, apportioning their respective orchards, giving "*a slight jobation*" here, and "a word of encouragement" there, afforded him many a bustling and, if truth be spoken, delightful hour. Poor man! he little foresaw in what these almshouses were to terminate! He little imagined the history with which they were hereafter to be associated! The last refuge was completed, and its inmate appointed; — a "very obstinate, crotchetty petticoat," Mr. Brackenbury prophesied she would prove. They disagreed at starting. The old lady, after having given Brackenbury infinite trouble in fitting up her dwelling, declined taking possession of it for three months, because "it was damp." The steward averred "it was dry." The widow said "the sleeping-room was like a well;" the steward, that "it was fit for the occupation of the Prince Regent," and, to prove it, slept there! He caught cold: it settled in his eyes. Of a kindred spirit with the old lady, no entreaty could prevail on him to have immediate medical advice. Violent inflammation came on, and terminated in incurable blindness. The news of this mishap seemed instantly to influence the baronet's movements. He announced his intention of returning forthwith to England, and that day month found him domiciled at Willersleigh.

Nine years had made a wonderful alteration in his person. He looked prematurely old. The gay and joyous air of youth was gone, and in its place had succeeded an expression anxious, sad, and careworn. His habits, too, had undergone marked change. He secluded himself from society, and seemed absorbed in reflection, — so absorbed, that some of the old servants about the hall remarked, that "the master had been so long in foreign parts as to have quite forgotten the shape and size of his own house!" But who shall describe the ennui of the restless Mr. Brackenbury? Confined, in consequence of his blindness, to a couple of rooms, he would sit lost in a reverie, and then start up, heave a heavy groan, and exclaim, as if pursued by some painful impression, "How will it end?—how will it end?" His manner, also, to the baronet was abrupt and unaccountable,—the more so, because nothing could be kinder than Sir Shafto's bearing towards him, or more considerate than the proposal that his nephew should be summoned to the hall, be assigned permanent apartments there, assist him in his accounts, and finally succeed him in the agency.

"How very kind and thoughtful!" said the bearer of this proposition to the party for whose relief it was intended.

"Ah! deep waters flow smoothly!" growled the steward.

Three months only had the absentee been resident on his property, when an event occurred which in an instant changed the entire aspect of affairs. He had required from Brackenbury the letters which the latter had received on matters of business from Mr. Lennard."

"Of him," the baronet added, "I have lost sight for many years, and believe him to be dead; but he rendered me no common services, and I wish to preserve his letters as memorials of our former intimacy."

"Would that, while Heaven preserved to me my sight, I had ever seen that young man, if it had been only for five minutes!" exclaimed the steward, musingly.

"He was an agreeable and conversable companion," said the baronet, carelessly.

"He was more than that, Sir Shafto. He had, as his letters prove, great natural talents; and I trust in Heaven he did not abuse them."

The baronet turned away with a sigh.

"He shall never have those letters," said the old man, *aside*. "The accounts he is welcome to at any hour; but that correspondence shall never be forthcoming till I am better satisfied—till, in fact—whew!"

And he whistled long and clearly, as was his wont when perplexed and mystified.

The vouchers—they were voluminous—were carried into the baronet's dressing-room, — the room in which, at night, he generally sat late, and where, not unfrequently, he wrote. Whether by a spark from a candle, or by coming accidentally in contact with its flame, cannot now be ascertained, but the papers became ignited, the flame communicated itself to the curtains, and in a few moments the dressing-room was in a blaze. Sir Shafto exerted himself to check the further progress of the fire, and eventually succeeded; but when found by his sleepy servants, whom his shouts had at length roused to his assistance, he was lying on the dressing-room floor, bruised, very much burned, and insensible.

The family-surgeon was sent for; he came, and, after examining his patient, and prescribing for him, added materially to the hubbub by calling Mr. Brackenbury aside, and saying,

"I have a very painful communication to make to you. Here is some dreadful mistake, or some extraordinary imposture. The party whose burns I have just dressed is *not Sir Shafto Poyntzbury!* He is a totally different person! Surprised and shocked you must be by the intelligence; but really—"

"Not at all," interrupted the steward, "not at all. It's what I have suspected these six weeks. I surmised we were duped. How have you ascertained it?"

"Thus: Sir Shafto, the *real* baronet, if he be still living, is without the top joint of the fourth finger of the right hand. He lost it by an accident."

"I remember it well," cried Brackenbury. "He injured it with a fowling-piece."

"To save his life, which was in jeopardy, I amputated the joint. He was then five years old, and his mother dreaded lock-jaw. However, he escaped with a mutilated finger, and a hand seamed with scars. Now Dame Nature does marvellous things, but a joint on this finger she would never supply; and therefore when, in dressing the burns, I had occasion to remove the finger-glove, and examine the hand, and saw no scars, and the full complement of joints, I felt convinced some vile deception was in progress. I repeat it—my present patient is not Sir Shafto Poyntzbury!"

"I believe you," said the other, sturdily. "And now, where is the *real* Simon Pure?—that 's the next question."

"Easily asked, but difficult to answer."

"It 's a magistrate's business," said Brackenbury, after a pause; "and I 'll consult our resident Justice before noon. No interloper will do at Willersleigh, and as an interloper I must treat him."

But the act of ejectment was not so easy a feat as the steward imagined. A question of identity arose, and brought with it conflicting evidence. The surgeon's assistant, who accompanied him to Willersleigh at the time the accident occurred, and bandaged the finger, averred that, "to the best of his knowledge and belief, no amputation of any joint took place, and that a very trifling scar remained: he was satisfied that the present occupier of Willersleigh was the real Sir Shafto Poyntzbury!" This was puzzling; and the next evidence appeared more extraordinary still. The old woman who had been the baronet's foster-nurse was brought to his bed-side at Willersleigh, and declared positively that the sufferer was the child she had for many months borne at her breast. She "could not be deceived: he was Sir Shafto." *Contra:*—the head gamekeeper, with whom the baronet had shot for many a season, and at whose cottage Sir Shafto had been a frequent visitor, declared that "the present holder of Willersleigh was not the rightful owner." He would "take fifty oaths to that effect." When asked if he recollected the accident of the fowling-piece, and the subsequent amputation of the finger, he declared he "recollected nothing about that, and had never heard Sir Shafto allude to it at all!" His wife, who had lived in the family ten years, and was under-nurse for four, stated it was her firm belief that "the present gentleman was the child she had so often played with, and the rightful baronet. The Bench consulted together: the testimony of the surgeon had evident weight with them. They declined receiving bail; and, as Sir Shafto had rallied surprisingly, and was pronounced out of danger, he was committed. Their decision took him by surprise; but his spirit rose with the exigencies of his position. The nerve he showed in facing the difficulties of his situation, and the tact and coolness with which he collected the materials for maintaining his position were admirable. At the end of ten days his recovery was checked by the appearance of some very unfavourable symptoms; and at the expiration of a fortnight both his medical men concurred in stating that his system had received a shock from which it would not recover; that the agitation of his mind did not allow his burns to heal; and that in their opinion he was sinking. It was painful to witness the eagerness with which the dying man applied the various remedies which his medical men suggested, and his anxiety, hourly expressed, for recovery. That was not to be. About sixteen hours before his

death, when his own feelings told him the judgment of his doctors was prophetic, he called me to his side, and said,

"I have much to repent of, and now—scarce the power to think! My battle with conscience has been a hard one, and I have tried to lull its reproaches with a series of kind and benevolent acts during my—my—during the later years of my life! Vain! vain! Ah! let no one do evil that good may come. How true it is that success is the blessing of God upon a good cause, and the curse of God on a bad one! Pray see me to-morrow. And now, nurse, move the light: I would doze a little."

He sank into a slumber, which proved the sleep of death.

Who he was,—whether the facile and intriguing Mr. Lennard, or a natural son of Sir Shafto, or Sir Shafto himself, altered somewhat in feature by a prolonged sojourn in a foreign clime, were points which formed the "nine days' wonder" of the neighbourhood. For myself, I never held but one opinion, and that his dying declaration confirmed. I believed him,—from the various facts I afterwards ascertained, and have here grouped together,—to be Mr. Lennard. There were those, however, who to their dying day maintained that old Brackenbury, having plundered the estate, rose against his young master, who had discovered his peculations, and took care he should be made away with. These affirmed, his nurse amongst the rest, that he was neither impostor nor adventurer, but Sir Shafto himself!

So much for identity!

But I, when I remember the restless expression of his eye, his unwillingness to die, his desire for recovery, the intensity with which he regarded this world as his all, think of Fuller's memorable saying:—

"Satan as a master is bad; his work much worse; his wages worst of all!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JUNIOR COUNSEL.

"Call him wise whose actions, words, and steps are a clear *because* to a clear *why*."

LAVATER.

A TOAST there is in vogue at the Bar-mess, and specially favoured by the juniors, "The glorious uncertainty of the law." None who have given their attention to the proceedings of our criminal courts will deny the claim for a cordial reception which this pithy sentence possesses on those to whom it is addressed. What knowledge of human nature, what nice discrimination of character does the successful conduct of a cause involve! What a trivial incident often determines the verdict of a jury! A fact injudiciously disclosed, a line of cross-examination indiscreetly pursued, the calling up of one blundering or unwilling witness, the dispensing with the testimony of another,—each of these, in turn, has led to unmerited defeat; while, on the other hand, a touching appeal to the feelings of a jury, or a bold and dextrous descent to, and adoption of, their coarser prejudices, an apt repartee, a happy retort, a humorous illustration, has crowned with undeserved triumph many a desperate case. A

higher intellectual treat than that afforded by the genius of an able and practised counsel can scarcely be presented to a thoughtful mind. Clear and consecutive in his reasoning, quick and subtle in the knowledge of what to present and what to withhold, carrying his audience along with him while he takes a full view of the whole bearings of a question, and the relation in which it may stand to general or special laws, lulling all suspicion, and inducing, by the common sense and practical experience he displays, a feeling of thorough security in his averments,—we forget that he is a paid advocate, and extend to his integrity that conviction which his facts and his arguments have forced us to yield to his judgment.

Nor, in dwelling on the "glorious uncertainty," must it be forgotten, that occasionally a counsel takes a view of the case totally opposed to that which his brief suggests to him. He not unfrequently dares to think for himself: if erroneously, frightful indeed is the penalty paid by those whom he represents!

Thus did I reason during the trial for murder of Reza Gray, a deeply-wronged and desperate woman, who for a short period came under my care. She was defended, in the absence from sudden illness of his leader, by a junior counsel, who aimed at the reputation of "an immensely clever young man," with "very original views," and who "had an opinion of his own" on most points. He chose to consider her guilty, and as such treated her. She asseverated her innocence. Repeatedly, and in solemn terms, did she protest that she had no knowledge, direct or indirect, of the crime laid to her charge; but her counsel, instead of crediting her, and subjecting to severe cross-examination the deponents against her, raised this point of law and that point of law, (which the judge successively overruled,) and showed an evident reluctance to cross-examine any witness for the prosecution, apparently from a dread of eliciting facts unfavourable to the prisoner. His defence was a series of quibbles, not a thorough sifting of facts. The result was—but I am anticipating.

The case was enveloped in mystery. On a small farm, about ten miles from the county town, resided a wealthy yeoman, of the name of Ampthill. His family consisted of his wife, a dressy, volatile person, many years younger than himself; a son by a former marriage, who assisted him in the farm; and a housekeeper, or companion, Reza Gray, a superior kind of servant, whose conduct became subsequently the subject of such a lengthened and painful inquiry. For the last seven months of his life the old yeoman's health had gradually declined; and, yielding to the reiterated representations of his wife and son, he reluctantly made his will. Eleven weeks afterwards he expired, under circumstances which became matter of judicial investigation. Ampthill was particularly fond of Suffolk dumplings; and on the morning of his death begged that his favourite dish might form part of that day's dinner. Of these dumplings he ate freely; his son moderately; the wife extremely sparingly; while by Reza, the servant girl, they were declined altogether. Soon after the meal the old yeoman was seized with very alarming symptoms. These were speedily shared by his son. The wife was taken ill; and the whole household became panic-stricken. A medical man was sent for, who at once pronounced the case of Mr. Ampthill to be beyond all human aid, and the son to be in immi-

nent danger. "For the wife's recovery," he added, "he thought he could answer; and affirm safely, from present appearances, that the *whole family had been* POISONED!"

The amazement this announcement created in a retired and quiet hamlet may be imagined. The surgeon's prognosis proved correct. Old Ampthill died a few minutes before midnight. A coroner's inquest was held; the body was examined; and the presence of arsenic detected in the contents of the stomach. Further investigation was deemed necessary. The remains of the Suffolk dumplings were analysed, and similar results obtained. It was clear the old farmer had perished by poison; but, whether accidentally or wilfully administered was the mooted question. To that a painful answer seemed given, when a packet containing arsenic was found in the maid-servant's room. She was immediately taken up on suspicion; a train of circumstances all tending to criminate her was submitted to the consideration of the coroner's jury; and they, after a lengthened and patient investigation, returned a verdict of "*Wilful Murder.*"

The coroner at once issued his warrant, and she became the following morning the inmate of a prison.

The nerve she possessed was remarkable. Rapid as had been the transition from a home of quiet and comfort to the restraint and wretchedness of a gaol, no murmurs, no tears, no womanish regrets escaped her. She affirmed — and from this statement she never varied—that she was guiltless of the crime alleged against her; and that she could explain, on her trial, easily and satisfactorily, every circumstance on which her accusers relied. Of the favourable issue of that trial she seemed certain. She was, in fact, perfectly fearless. When I ventured to tell her that her life hung on the breath of twelve men; and that it was wisdom by prayer and penitence to prepare for that final reckoning, which could not be far off, and might be *very near*, she replied quickly, but calmly,

"No British jury will hang an innocent woman! I know my countrymen better."

A warning was then hazarded against presumption; and the weight of the circumstantial evidence against her was, in detail, recalled to her memory. With a cheerful smile she replied,

"What will circumstantial evidence avail against innocence? I tell you that I am NOT guilty. I would not have hurt a hair of that old man's head. Murder him! No! Murder, sir,—murder is not committed without *some foul and constraining motive.*" She became ashy pale as she said this. "But *here*—what had I to gain by my poor master's death? His will contained no bequest to me! You cannot frighten me. I have much to repent of—much—but not in this case. Here I am fearless. I am innocent; and so it will appear. Ere long a verdict of 'Not guilty' will unlock my prison-doors."

But in that opinion she stood alone. Her attorney did not place implicit faith in her declarations; and her counsel was convinced she was a guilty woman. To the former this appeared unusual and suspicious: she would give no account of the previous portion of her life; would say nothing as to her connections; and call no witnesses as to character.

"It is the present you have to deal with," was her reply when

pressed upon this point—"not the past. There is one, and but one question for consideration — am I, or am I not, my master's murderer?"

"She 's been in troubled waters before," was her law-man's conclusion; "and if she floats this time—it 's well!"

The trial took place. Serjeant Lens held the brief for the prosecution. Those who recollect that equable, gentlemanly, and benevolent man, will readily imagine the delicacy and forbearance with which he discharged a disagreeable duty. In terms simple and well-chosen he detailed the case against the prisoner. No tone of exaggeration or of acrimony, no vehement gesture, no affected phraseology, no sentiment uttered for the sake of embellishment or effect, marred his manly and candid address. It was the dispassionate statement of a conscientious man.

As the trial proceeded there was a gradual disclosure of circumstances which seemed more or less to make against the prisoner. The paper of arsenic, *partly used*, found in her room, was produced; and the party who had had the misfortune to detect it was placed in the witness-box, and on oath compelled to state when, where, and how it was discovered. This arsenic, it was shown, Reza had purchased about a month previously, of a chemist in a neighbouring town. The dumplings which had proved so noxious had been made by herself; nor had she quitted the kitchen during the entire morning preceding the fatal meal. The contents of the barrel, whence she had taken the flour used in making the dumplings, had been examined, and pronounced perfectly good and wholesome? What, however, seemed most to impress the jury, was the appearance in the witness-box of her late master's son; pale, feeble, and emaciated, from the effects of poison; and the tale which he there, in low and trembling accents, told.

He deposed to two quarrels, on two different occasions, between his late father and the prisoner; and he swore that on each occasion, Reza, who was "short-tempered, *naggy*, and very irascible," said, "Ah! well! a day will come, and soon, old man, when you will repent this!" This witness, whose evidence told so much against his client, Mr. Harkaway, her counsel, declined to cross-examine!

The medical evidence was then given; and with it the case for the prosecution closed.

The judge, the late humane and excellent Baron Bayley, then called upon the prisoner for her defence. She read it from a written paper. It was not lengthy, but somewhat probable; and delivered in a clear, sustained, and impressive tone. All the circumstances unfavourable to her she admitted; and one by one explained. The arsenic found in her box she declared was purchased by her late master's express direction, and with his own money, and for the purpose of being mixed with the seed-wheat; a practice common in that part of the country; and which he had adopted for years. Some of the arsenic *had* been so used, as her master's son well knew; and to prevent mischief she had taken the remainder out of the kitchen-drawer, and placed it under lock and key in a box in her own room.

"As to the fact," she proceeded, "of her not partaking at all on that well-remembered day of the yeast dumplings, — on which circumstance much remark had been made — the jury, she was sure,

would agree that that must go for nothing when they were told that *she* NEVER *ate them; they disagreed with her.*" To make this statement good, she begged the judge would again call and question her late mistress. The charge of having threatened her master she met by observing that he had more than once employed towards her very gross and immoral language; and that, with reference to his age, his state of health, and his apparent nearness to the grave, she had told him that a day was coming—his last day she meant—when he would repent of having used such expressions.

With a solemn, forcible, and earnest asseveration of her innocence, her defence closed. To it the judge paid marked attention; and on its termination replaced young Ampthill and the widow in the witness-box. Their testimony unquestionably corroborated a considerable portion of the defence. The former admitted that it *was* his father's practice to mingle arsenic with his SEED-WHEAT; and that he "recollected Reza on two occasions to have received money from her late master to purchase arsenic for that special purpose." The widow stated, reluctantly enough, that "on no previous occasion had she ever known the prisoner to eat yeast-dumpling:" she "invariably refused." The threat was then adverted to; and the step-son, on being hard pressed by the judge, admitted that his father had "very worrying ways; and was not over-nice in his language—particularly towards women!"

The summing-up was beautiful. It abounded with humanity, precision, and caution. Those who were at all conversant with Judge Bayley's character, or cognizant of his aversion to capital punishments, or aware of the reluctance with which he approached cases where the penalty was death, the share they occupied of his thoughts, and the painful and absorbing attention with which, when compelled to try capital offences, he perused each deposition previous to ascending the judgment-seat, were prepared for no common display of humanity and discrimination on this occasion. Nor were they disappointed. He dwelt on every circumstance favourable to the prisoner. He enlarged on the absence of all motive. He drew the jury's attention to the fact of the deceased being accustomed to mix arsenic with his seed-wheat; and the probability there was of some of this wheat finding its way into the flour-barrel, and thus that this fatal occurrence might have been altogether accidental. The language used by the prisoner to her late master did not, in his opinion, amount to a threat; and the explanation she gave of it was natural and reasonable. He expressed surprize that no witnesses had been called to character; the more because the jury would see that the prisoner had received an education far, very far superior to that usually bestowed on persons in her rank of life. On the whole, it was clear that this was the interpretation which Judge Bayley wished the jury to adopt in evidence—*viz.* that Ampthill's death was accidental. The conclusion of his address was dignified and solemn. He reminded the jury of their fearful responsibilities. He warned them of the effect of their decision upon the unhappy woman now before them. It was not sufficient that the case against the prisoner was one of strong suspicion. Her life was in their hands; and before they took it away they must be satisfied that she was, with malice aforethought, wantonly and wilfully the murderess of her master, as charged in the indictment.

The jury retired to consider their verdict. Five, ten, twenty minutes elapsed; the next case was called, and a fresh jury sworn, and still the fate of Reza Gray hung in the balance. Forty minutes passed; and the anxiety of a crowded court was becoming momentarily more marked and visible, when the jury returned into court. Every eye was fixed on the foreman; who, instead of delivering the expected verdict, asked the judge for some explanation on that part of the evidence which related to the discovery of arsenic in the prisoner's box.

"You must take that fact," was his lordship's reply, "as you find it stated in the evidence. I can give you no explanation. The prisoner accounts for it by saying, that she placed it there by way of precaution. Her aim was, she asserts, to prevent mischief."

"But IN *her box*," said the foreman inquiringly, "arsenic was found; that box was locked; and she held the key?"

"That is in evidence; *and* ALSO," added the judge, with emphasis, "that the moment she found that suspicion had attached to her, she voluntarily delivered up the key of that box, and desired that *it* might be searched, and every article she had. The WHOLE of that portion of the evidence must be considered; *not a part.*"

The jury retired.

It was an *agricultural* jury! God help the poor prisoner! Such juries, and such jurors, as I have known leave my own country parish! Jurors to whom I would not entrust the fate of a favourite dog. Obstinate, prejudiced, narrow-minded, cruel, deaf to reason, and inaccessible to remonstrance; men, as Lord John Russell aptly described them, "whose intellects are as muddy as their roads, and their wills far more obstinate than those of the brutes they drive." Such beings had their representatives in the jury-box that morning. The foreman sat with lips firmly screwed together, knitted brows, and a lowering, resolute eye, which said as plainly as lips and eyes could say, "My mind is made up: this is a hanging matter!" Once this expression varied when the judge, in his charge, dwelt on the points favourable to the prisoner. The foreman then rolled his eyes in the most extraordinary manner round the court, and fixed them finally on the ceiling. It was tantamount to "*Tell that to the marines!*" Within two of him was an aged, sharp-visaged man, who sat bolt upright, the very prototype of honour! He held his hands closely clasped together; and as the evidence proceeded, seemed to say, "What! poison A FARMER!!! on his own homestead, with his "missis" by his side, surrounded by his grunting pigs, and cackling hens, encircled by all that makes life dear; the kine lowing in their stalls, and the geese hissing on the green. Tear him from existence, and thus! Death by flame would be too mild a punishment."

On the same row was another agriculturist, a broad-faced, wide-mouthed, drowsy-looking being, who yawned at times fearfully, and seemed much inclined to snore. But he had manner! Whenever the judge spoke, he roused himself. And when Baron Bayley commented, as he could scarcely avoid doing, on the enormity of the crime, our somnolent friend shook his head slowly but zealously, much in the spirit of the candidate on the Bristol hustings, who cried, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke: I say ditto to Mr. Burke."

Marked and visible was the effect which the uncertainty of the

jury produced upon the court. An air of deepened gravity stole over the features of the judge. It seemed as if then, and for the first time, his mind had admitted the conviction that the verdict of the jury would be unfavourable. He stopped the cause he was trying, and again referred to his notes. While so engaged a bustle was heard without, and the jury in a body returned into court. The solemn question was put in the twanging, nasal accents of a hardened and careless official:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict? How say you? Is the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

"GUILTY."

"You say she is *guilty*; that is your verdict, and so you say all?"

The judge slowly put on the black cap, and proceeded to pass sentence. His address was short, but impressive, and full of feeling. Nothing in the shape of reproach was to be found in it. He dwelt upon the awful features of her position; and entreated her wholly to abstract her thoughts from that world which was so soon to close upon her for ever. The wretched woman gazed wildly around her when Baron Bayley began his address, as if wholly unprepared for the verdict, and utterly unable to realize it. She grasped the dock convulsively with her hands; her face became perfectly livid; and her bosom heaved with a vehemence and rapidity frightful to witness. But as his lordship proceeded, the extraordinary nerve, which she had hitherto displayed, returned; and she listened calmly and submissively to her sentence. At its close she curtsied most respectfully to the court, and uttered in tones low, but distinctly audible in the stillness that prevailed, "*I am innocent, my lord; and so it will one day appear.*"

A very few moments sufficed to disperse the dense assemblage collected within the county hall. Suspense had given place to certainty; and the curiosity of the idler was appeased. In squeezing through the portal, I passed into a group of counsel, who were discussing the evidence.

"Was there ever," said one, "a line of defence so promising and so marred? Why not have called the deceased's widow? Where was she on the morning of old Ampthill's death? Risk there could have been none in subjecting her to a raking cross-examination!"

"The prisoner herself suggested it," remarked another. "Through her attorney she handed a slip of paper to her counsel. Its purport was, 'Call my late mistress as to my character and conduct while her servant. Cross-examine her. She cannot speak ill of me.' The genius replied, 'It is useless: the case is complete!'"

"Ha! ha! ha!—a remark worthy of 'an original thinker,'—truly descriptive of the man who has 'an opinion of his own,' on all points."

"I remember Sir Vicary Gibbs telling me," resumed the first speaker, "that he had more than once '*known a prisoner hung by his own counsel!*' I set it down as one of Sir Vicary's vinegar speeches, and never could man say a bitter thing with greater *gusto*; but to-day have I seen it exemplified. The party who has actually tied the noose round the neck of that unhappy woman is——"

"Her own counsel," said Serjeant Pell, coming up, and finishing the sentence.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XL.

What befel Mr. Ledbury and Jack upon Ascot Race-course.

The halt to breakfast at Staines Bridge had somewhat refreshed the horses, and the van containing the "Tourniquets" rattled merrily through Egham, even passing several of the host of vehicles that were all crowding and pressing on in the same direction. When they came to the "Running Horse" at the foot of the hill, Jack Johnson proposed that they should get out and walk, the ascent being somewhat steep; and, tumbling from the van in various fashions, over the sides and tail-board, according to where they were seated, the company fell into rank and file, like policemen going to duty, upon the footpath; to the great bewilderment of lookers-on, who put them down for constables in private clothes. Possibly Mr. Ledbury would not have been very pleased at this supposition; for, having taken off his Derby zephyr, and allowed his Conservative buttons to sparkle in the sunlight, he walked onwards with a proud consciousness of his distinguished appearance, and had not the least idea in the world but that he was generally taken for some leading member of the turf. And so he now and then mildly repressed the exuberant mirth of Mr. Prodgers, who would keep striking out pantomimic attitudes, expressive of deep attachment towards various old ladies, in fine caps, who were seated at the windows of the houses to see the company, or kissing his hand to the different housemaids, who took advantage of making the beds to lean out from the upper casements for half an hour, and receive the compliments of the "gents" on the one-pound-there-and-back vehicles.

The names of Henry the Fifth and Wellington are not, respectively, more intimately connected with the fields of Agincourt and Waterloo, than are those of certain provincial typographers with the various heaths, downs, hursts, or meads, upon which the races are held. It would not appear like Epsom unless the name of Dorling rang in our ears the whole way thither: it is absolutely necessary to the true enjoyment of Ascot and Egham that we should be continually reminded there are such enlightened printers as Oxley and Wetton still in existence; and if any vendor of cards at Hampton dared to insinuate that others than Lindsey had furnished the lists of the horses, we should counsel his instant annihilation on the spot. There were plenty of these retail pasteboard merchants already on the road: and one of them — a gentleman without shoes, who had adorned his head with a red cotton handkerchief tied tightly over it, now thrust a card, that was wedged into a split stick, right into Mr. Ledbury's face, exclaiming,

"Oxley's c'rect list, my noble sportsman!"

"I am not deceived, then," thought Titus; "he takes me not only for a sportsman, but a noble one."

Whereupon Mr. Ledbury assumed a knowing air, and invested sixpence in the purchase of a card, from which he commenced studying the latest state of the odds with singular attention.

"Halloo! let me see the list," cried Mr. Prodgers, who, to the great horror of Titus, was stamping up the hill in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat hung upon a stick over his shoulder. "Why, this is one of yesterday's!"

"Bless me!" said Mr. Ledbury; "impossible!"

"But very true," returned Prodgers. "Look here—Wednesday: to-day is Thursday, you know."

"The man must have made a mistake," said Titus, turning round to upbraid him.

But the vendor was already at the bottom of the hill, attacking a four-in-hand.

"Never mind, Leddy," exclaimed Johnson, coming up to their side; "the colours of the riders will be just the same to-day as they were yesterday, and you can fancy the horses are the same too. It will do quite as well."

Perhaps Mr. Ledbury, as a noble sportsman, did not exactly see this; for the transaction had somewhat wounded his dignity. However, when the van stopped at the top of the hill, and they resumed their places, all his good-humour returned with his Derby zephyr, which he once more put on to keep off the dust; and, knowing that the aristocracy were not in the habit of going to races in long vans, he did not care to be taken for one of them any longer, but became as hilarious and benevolent as heretofore.

The throng of pedestrians and vehicles increased, and at the Wheatsheaf at Virginia Water there was a perfect mob of carriages, many of whose intended occupiers were at breakfast in the best parlour, with such intentive appetites, that they took no notice of the courteous salute with which Mr. Prodgers greeted them upon the horn as they passed. So he turned his abilities from the instrumental to the vocal line, and, re-producing his song-book, volunteered an entertainment, which he called "Half an hour in the middle of the day with Fairburn," and which, with *encores*, choruses, and incidental interruptions, lasted until they had passed the turnpike at Blacknest,—a pretty village, embosomed in trees, at the foot of one of the forest-hills,—and arrived at Sunninghill Wells: this establishment bearing witness to a singular geological phenomenon, equally curious with land-slips and the progression of glaciers. For there is an ancient board affixed to the premises, stating that they are "one quarter of a mile from the course:" which those skilled in distances affirm goes to prove that some internal convulsion of nature has either moved the course, grand-stand, posts and all, a great deal farther off than it used to be; or that Sunninghill Wells have altered their position, by a gradual, yet imperceptible, shifting of the earth, which may, in all probability, finally leave them at Bagshot. We furnish the hint for the benefit of any gentleman anxious to read some exciting paper to the Geological Society, since we believe that learned body have not yet turned their attention to it.

"Here you are, sir," bawled a man, who rushed from an ambush at the side of the road, and clung to the head-bits of the horses drawing

the van, in a most violent paroxysm of desperate agony. "Look there—the 'Great St. Leger Stables!' I know'd you 'd go along of me."

Mr. Ledbury's first idea had impinged upon brigands; but he now perceived that the man was a horse-keeper, as he looked at the "Great St. Leger Stables," which were simply constructed of turf and clothes-props, and roofed with heath and hurdles.

"Now, you 'll just leave them horses alone," cried the driver, as he witnessed the attack, holding up his whip in an attitude of infliction.

"Don't you hear him say you 're to leave 'em alone?" cried another touter, in a white linen surcoat, pulling the heads of the animals in a contrary direction, with equal energy. "This is the way, noble captains," he continued. "No mouldy oats here—all the reg'lar cocktail corn, and no mistake!"

"Who bought the burnt hay at Oaking?" ejaculated a third stableman, separating the other two by dint of great exertion, and getting right in front of the pole. And by this time every available strap and buckle of the harness had been seized by the touters, at which they tugged and pulled with such unflinching vigour, that the horses became quite secondary affairs in the progression of the van.

"Now we 've got our own corn, and ain't going to put up nowhere,—leastways, not with any of you," said the driver.

Whether this intimation alone would have been sufficient to get rid of the stable-keepers is a matter of doubt, had not a private coach come up, and drawn them all away in an instant, except one more frantic than the rest, who remained until he was whipped away, expressing his opinion that the van and its occupants was only a cockney hutch of tailors, he know'd from the beginning.

This preliminary danger being passed, after much jostling and entanglement, coupled with the playful vagaries of jibbing-horses, who impaled the back-pannels of their carriages upon the poles of those behind, for which those behind were directly abused in the most unmeasured terms,—after a great deal of whipping, and lashing, and swearing, and running up banks on one side, and sinking deep into ruts of sand upon the other, the van arrived at a comparatively clear spot beyond the Swinley corner, at the end of the course. Here they determined to stop, in preference to being in the tenth rank a quarter of a mile below the distance-post, which was the only place that there now appeared a chance of getting to. Upon coming to this decision, the horses were taken out, and fastened to the side of the vehicle, whilst the party slightly refreshed themselves from the hampers, which being, in common with other race-course hampers, always too tall for the seats they are meant to go under, were soon opened and investigated.

This proceeding over, Johnson, who was all impatience to look after the Wilmers, proposed that they should go upon the course, adding, it was not necessary that they should be tied to one another, so long as they found their way back to the van after the last race. And having been stopped by two highwaymen armed with clothes-brushes, who angrily insisted upon removing every atom of dust from their hats and coats, they were at last permitted to go whichever way they chose,—Ledbury and his friend selecting the first opportunity to slip quietly away from the others, who, under the guidance of Mr. Prodgers,

plunged into the regions of the dancing-tents and gambling-booths outside the ropes.

"There they are!" suddenly ejaculated Mr. Ledbury, who had been investigating the rows of carriages with great care as they passed down the course. "There's Fanny Wilmer's bonnet, and I can see Miss Seymour and Em! Hurrah, Jack! come along."

But Johnson needed no persuasion; and, after a delay of two seconds, consequent upon his anxiety in trying to get over the ropes, whilst Titus crept under them, and then each of them courteously changing their method at the same instant to accommodate the other, and producing the same confusion, they cleared the intervening promenade, and were close to the Wilmers' carriage.

They were all there—old Mr. Wilmer upon the box, with Miss Seymour, and Mr. John Wilmer standing upon the wheel at her side, and talking to her a great deal more than Mr. Ledbury saw the necessity for. Mrs. Wilmer, too, and her daughter were conversing with some friends who had just come up; and opposite to them was Emma Ledbury,—the *belle* of the party, after all,—looking as pretty and animated as ever, and little thinking who was so near her, or she would not have coloured so deeply and so suddenly when she found out. But when Johnson, having been hurriedly introduced to the rest of the party, turned towards Emma, and their trembling hands met, although, to casual observers, it was only a common greeting of acquaintanceship, yet there was a magnetic sympathy in that quivering pressure, which silently conveyed to each of them, far better than words could have done, and as plainly as their fingers could express ideas, that although it was some time since they had met, yet their sentiments were still the same towards each other,—that they would continue to be so,—and that there were no other hands in the world whose touch could give such thrilling happiness. Johnson had never told Emma in plain literal words that he loved her, nor had she, in return, given him to understand, *vivâ voce*, that his addresses were acceptable; but they both knew these things very well. It is not the deaf and dumb people alone who can talk with their fingers.

One of those popular delusions, supposed to be a trial of natural speed between different horses, termed a race, now took place; and when this was over, and the ladies had been assisted down from the carriage-seats, upon which they had stood during the struggle, Mr. Wilmer proposed a walk upon the course. Johnson directly offered his arm to Emma Ledbury, and Mr. John Wilmer, who did not see any great excitement in playing cavalier to his sister, took Miss Seymour under his care; so that Mr. Ledbury was obliged to accompany Fanny Wilmer, who was a very nice girl in her way, but not the one Titus wished to walk with. Mrs. Wilmer also followed with a friend, and the old gentleman was left with a bottle of sherry to take care of the carriage, and telegraph to any acquaintances he saw upon the course how happy he should be to have a glass of wine with them,—which signal he expressed by holding up the bottle, and winking his eye.

After a little pretty confusion in crossing the ropes, the whole party got upon the course, which was now covered with company, mountebanks, thimble-rigs, and Punch's shows. The immortal Jerry was there in an old Windsor uniform and cocked hat, regretting he could not dine with various individuals, on account of a prior engagement at

the Castle; and also, the man in the red coat, with his travelling doll, and mysterious pack of cards. The infant Garrick, too, had come out in great force, accompanied by his tutor, who carried the crown, tunic, and sword, necessary for his change from Hamlet to Richard the Third. But the humours of the race-course have been described so often, and so well, that the subject is now as devoid of freshness as Ascot Heath itself after a month of hot dry weather.

There were so many people, that it was no wonder Johnson and Emma soon lost sight of their party; for they were both deeply engaged in a very interesting conversation, which lasted so long, that they had wandered a considerable distance from the carriage down the course. And, although bells had rung at different intervals, and horses had pranced about the course, and people had run half across, and been put back again by policemen, they still kept walking on, until an outrider somewhat startled them by riding up, and begging they would go outside the ropes, as another race was about to commence. Whereupon, as they were at least a quarter of a mile from their friends' situation, they hastened to get what places they could, merely until the race was over, when they could rejoin the Wilmers.

"Let the poor gipsy-woman tell your fortune, my pretty gentleman," said a handsome dark-eyed girl, who approached them.

"It is not worth knowing," said Jack, in a half-melancholy tone. "I am afraid it is settled."

"Let me cross the pretty lady's hand with a piece of silver," continued the gitana, glancing at his fair companion.

"I have no change, my good woman," said Emma.

"Perhaps the gentleman can find a small sixpence," resumed the gipsy; "and perhaps some day you will keep his money for him, my pretty lady."

"There—go along!" said Johnson, smiling as he gave the woman the sixpence, and pressing Emma's arm somewhat closely within his own.

"You are born to great fortune, my pretty lady," observed the gipsy, "and one that loves you is not far off, who is to share it with you. He has told you so a great many times to-day, and you were very happy to hear it. Is it not true what the poor gipsy-woman tells you, sweet gentleman?"

"Do you think it is true?" said Johnson in a low voice to Emma, as the woman, seeing she was close to a carriage full of ladies, hurried off to arrive before another prophetess, who was approaching.

But Emma returned no answer; her parasol had never before been so very difficult to open as it was just at that instant.

"Do say if it is true," continued Johnson in the same tone; "and then I will tell you something in return, Emma — I may call you Emma, may I not?"

"I cannot help what you choose to call me," replied the pretty girl, in a tremor of mingled agitation and happiness. "What were you going to tell me?"

"That I love you dearly; that all I have gone through lately has been for your sake alone; and that I have been conceited enough to think you also felt some little interest in my welfare. Was I right in so doing?"

Poor Emma! she ought not to have been astonished at hearing what she knew so very well before, and yet her surprise prevented her

from returning any answer. But she looked round towards Johnson, leaving the refractory parasol entirely to fate, and then he saw that her eyes were glistening with tears.

"Do not be angry with me, Emma, for saying what I have done," continued Jack, gaining fresh confidence with every word, now that the rubicon was passed. "I know I ought not to have mentioned this subject: perhaps more especially at the present time, when my prospects appear more uncertain than ever. But that was the reason which partly drove me to speak. You are not displeased with me? May I hope that you will not altogether look upon me as a mere friend?"

Still Emma made no reply; but as Johnson took her hand in his own, the slightest pressure in the world assured him that his suit was not discarded; and that his future attempts at establishing himself might be undertaken with greater confidence than ever. The races, the mob of pedestrians by whom they were surrounded, their own friends, were all entirely forgotten for some minutes, for their hearts were too full to think of anything else but themselves; and Jack felt that he would not have exchanged places or possessions with the most envied amongst all the high and wealthy company upon the course that day. Nor was it until Emma gently suggested that their absence might appear strange to the Wilmers, that he was recalled from his day-dream to the circumstance of the race being finished, and the company once more assembling on the course.

They had to encounter a little of the usual bantering from their friends when they got back to the carriage; and when Emma was once more restored to her party, Jack took a temporary leave of them, and withdrew; as much for the purpose of strolling along the course by himself, and collecting his ideas, which for the last twenty minutes had been perfectly bewildered, as to avoid the appearance of paying too much attention to Emma before the Wilmers, who were in charming ignorance of the real circumstances of the case. And feeling happier than he had done for many months, he threaded his way amongst the throng of promenaders towards the upper end of the course, entirely lost in a very intricate labyrinth of pleasant reflections, until a well-known voice called him by his name, and caused him to look towards the point from which it proceeded.

Upon the box-seat of an elegant britska, which was drawn up to the ropes in one of the best situations on the course, was Mr. Ledbury, in a state of extreme hilarity, holding a tinfoil-capped bottle in one hand, and a tall pink glass in the other, from which he was continually taking wine with nobody; and apparently being on terms of the most convivial familiarity with a very stout man, in mustachios, at his side; whom he occasionally punched in the ribs with the neck of the bottle, or winked at him as he drank his champagne. Two handsome young women, elegantly dressed, were in the carriage, which was surrounded by more stylish-looking men; and upon the opposite seat was spread such a display of lobsters, fowls, raised pies, and tall bottles, that people stopped to gaze at the collation, and partake of it in imagination, in company with the throng of beggars, conjurors, fortune-tellers, and pilferers, by which the party was surrounded.

"Halloo, Jack!" cried Titus, as his friend approached; "here we are again! How d'ye do? Here's a lark! Have some champagne —no gooseberry—I'm all right!—ha! ha! ha! jolly!"

Before Jack accepted the proffered libation, he glanced towards the ladies, as in politeness bound, and in hopes that some one would favour him with an introduction. But this was apparently not needed, for the one nearest to him, as she looked round, cried out in accents of agreeable surprise,

"Mon Dieu! mon ami—c'est toi! c'est toi! que je suis contente de te voir encore!"

"Aimée!" exclaimed Johnson, in return, as he recognised his old flame of the Rue St. Jacques. And, before he had recovered from his surprise, the lady leant over the side of the carriage, and drawing Jack towards her, kissed him on both cheeks, *en plain jour*, to the great horror of two old dowagers in an adjoining chariot, who thought they had got near a very odd lot, and the immense gratification of Mr. Ledbury, who directly drank both their healths in a fresh glass of champagne.

"Jack!" cried Titus, as soon as he recovered his breath, "let me introduce you to Signor Pizzicato—Mr. Johnson —Jack Johnson, you know; you have heard me talk of him."

"How are you do, Monsieur Shonson?" said the good-tempered signor.

Jack acknowledged the courtesy, and was then presented to the other lady, Mademoiselle Pauline Rosière, also of her Majesty's theatre, and one or two other Italians, as well as the Honourable Floss Pageant, and his faithful follower, the Baron Devoidoff Wits, a distinguished foreigner. These two last appeared to be in reality the owners of the carriage, and heads of the party, although nobody seemed to pay them much attention. But the great aim of Pageant's life was, to be considered a "fast man." And, as he thought, the fact of his having brought the present party down to Ascot, as well as having entered a horse for the cup, went a great way towards establishing his claim to that title, he did not care to look any further. Possibly he would not have seen anything if he had, for, in spite of the dictionary of synonyms, there is a great deal of difference between being "fast" and "quick." The attributes usually exist in an inverse ratio.

Mr. Pageant and his *umbra* now went off to see their horse saddled, leaving the rest of the party to themselves, when Aimée began to laugh, and shew her teeth, and talk so fast, that there was not much occasion for the others to exert themselves in keeping up the conversation. And perhaps Jack did not feel any great inclination to do so; indeed, his old friend remarked that he had become "*triste comme un vrai Anglais.*" In Aimée, however, there was not much difference. Her features were somewhat more delicate, and her cheeks had lost the freshness that eight or ten months back characterised the rosy *grisette*, but she had gained much in manner and *tournure*. It appeared that she had entered the Académie shortly after Jack and Ledbury left Paris—the ballet being the El Dorado of her class; and had made such rapid progress therein that she was pronounced sufficiently effective to undergo the ordeal of our own opera audience.

"And, how came you to leave the Wilmers, Titus?" asked Jack, as soon as he found an opportunity of speaking."

"Better fun here, Jack," said Mr. Ledbury, adding, moreover, that he was as right as the sum of ninepence is occasionally supposed to be under undefined circumstances. "What amusement was it for me, hopping about after John Wilmer and Miss Seymour? I thought she

was going to walk with me. Never mind — have some wine — hurrah !"

"I think you are getting on, Titus," observed Jack, smiling at his friend's hilarity.

"This is life, Jack," replied Mr. Ledbury. "The life that I was born to lead—isn't it, Aimée?"

"Je m'appelle Mademoiselle l'Etoilé," returned the *danseuse*, with a smile, and an expression of mock gravity.

"Three cheers for Mademoiselle l'Etoilé," continued Mr. Ledbury. "I shall call you Aimée—eh?—you recollect,

'Messieurs les étudians,
Montez à la chaumière.'"

"Oh! hé! hé!—oh! hé! hé!—hi donc! pas si fort! point du télégraph!"

And, in extreme excitement, Mr. Ledbury stood upon the box of carriage, and indulged in various anti-garde-municipale dances, whilst Signor Pizzicato emptied a fresh bottle of champagne into a tankard, and handed it to Johnson, and the others of the party.

"I shan't go home with the 'Tourniquets,'" said Mr. Ledbury;—"a van is low, and home is slow. I wish Miss Seymour could see me here."

Had Mr. Ledbury's *chapeau Français* been the cap of Fortunatus, his desire could not have been more speedily gratified; for at this instant all the Wilmer detachment had sauntered once more along the course, and now stood at the ropes, attracted by the noise of the party.

"Halloo!" cried Titus, stopping short in his exertions as he recognised them, "here you all are, then—come along!"

"Hush, Ledbury! for goodness' sake, what are you about?" said Jack earnestly. "I will go to them."

And, crimson with confusion, Jack hurried away from the carriage, to make what excuses he best might to Emma Ledbury for being with such an apparently uproarious company. For special reasons, he did not leave her side again until the conclusion of the day's sport, when he returned to the van, and gradually contrived to get the rest of his companions together. All of them were in amazingly good spirits; and, as Johnson was not behind hand in hilarity, the journey home was perhaps the most amusing part of the excursion, the fun being fast and furious until they were once more put down in Grafton Street, in a state of wonderful preservation, considering all things, at half an hour before midnight.

CHAPTER XLI.

Mr. Ledbury ventures once more to the Opera for Signor Pizzicato's concert.

TITUS returned to town with his distinguished friends, as he had expressed his intention of doing. The Honourable Floss and the Baron proceeded to Windsor at the end of the race, so that the inmates of the carriage were comparatively one party; and very merry indeed they were, especially after they had stopped to take tea at the "Wheatsheaf," and seen the pile of dry rocks humorously called "the cas-



Last appearance of Mr [illegible]

cade," at Virginia Water. And when they parted, upon arriving in London, which they did with many interchanges of civilities and courteous speeches, Signor Pizzicato hoped Mr. Ledbury would come to his concert the next morning, for which purpose he would leave his name at the stage-door of the Opera. Titus winced a little at the recollection of his late disasters at the same place; but as he discovered that nobody seemed to know much about them, from the conversation of the Signor, he determined to go.

Accordingly, the next day, one hour after noon, Mr. Ledbury presented himself at the door of Her Majesty's Theatre, having paid, as usual, great attention to his toilet, and looking very blithe and sprightly; albeit the champagne of the previous day had induced the consumption of two separate bottles of soda-water that very morning. He was slightly nervous as he walked up to the person who was keeping the desk in the hall, and inquired if his name had been left; nor was his trepidation diminished as he regarded the blunderbusses over the chimney-piece, which he imagined must be kept in readiness for the purpose of shooting all persons trespassing behind the scenes who had no business there,—the spring-guns, as it were, of the Opera-preserves, the man-traps being principally found amongst the ballet.

Signor Pizzicato had not forgotten his invitation, and Titus passed on until, after various mistakes, he once more found himself on the stage. And very curious did the house look in the morning. The whole front of the audience part of the theatre was entirely covered in with canvass, which diminished its size to a singular degree; whilst the daylight fell with dreary coldness through the windows above the flies and over the gallery. Men were rolling down heavy drop-scenes from the top, the *coulisses* not being able to afford accommodation to flats in more senses than one; women were at work upon clouds and fountains, that were placed about the stage; carpenters were sawing out the borders of some cut forest or statue; and in the midst of it all, one of the ruling powers of the ballet, with a violin in his hand, was giving a lesson to a Terpsichorean divinity in very short petticoats, and a morning promenade-cape over her shoulders, who looked something like one of the antithetical combinations produced by those dissected cards, whereby all sorts of heads and bodies can be made to fit together.

Wending his way amidst a labyrinth of side-scenes on the opposite prompt-side of the house, Mr. Ledbury followed a large fiddle, which he presumed was going to the scene of harmony, and at length got safely to the apartment behind the orchestra in the opera concert-room. The *camera*, (we will call it by an Italian name,) which, from its one window at the end, may almost be termed *obscura* as well, appropriated as the green-room to the singers, is an apartment in which plain utility has certainly been considered more than ornament. The walls are adorned with slight extempore cartoons by occasional idlers; the furniture consists of four chairs and some side-scenes, put there to be out of the way; and a general air of simplicity reigns throughout, consistent with all really great enterprises.

But there was a goodly company collected in this unambitious room. First of all was Signor Pizzicato himself, with a programme in his hand, looking very hot, and arranging the order of the *morçeaux*. Then there was the amiable Benedict, with a smile and good-tempered word for everybody; and near him the industrious Salabert,

who, in point of long service and undying utility, may be termed the Widdecomb of the opera, talking to Giovanni Walker, the "librarian in attendance." And the mighty Lablache was making the room shake again with a few random Cs and Ds, such as Jupiter's thunder would produce under the management of Apollo, now and then stopping to address some lively *badinage* to Grisi or Persiani, whom Titus hardly recognised in their unassuming morning dresses. At the end of the room was seated the pretty Moltini, with our own pale beauty, Albertazzi; and nearer the door our talented countrywoman, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, was conversing with her droll and original compatriot, John Parry, who, in spite of his "mamma" being so "very particular," appeared perfectly happy and contented. Besides all these, Fornasari, Mario, and a host of other stars, were standing about the room, not as Elvinos, Arthuros, and the like, but in common everyday frock-coats and trowsers, quite pleasant and affable, and very like ordinary gentlemen. And the distinguished foreigner who had played the sky-rocket rondo upon the piano at Mrs. De Robinson's was also there, with his hair in want of the scissors more badly than ever, looking very volcanic, and evidently preparing for some extra-arduous skrimmage over the keys, in which contest he was to be joined by another foreign gentleman in the same line, who was to make his *début* that morning,—one of those countless professors of musical sleight-of-hand, who rise up during the season as thick as blackberries, and deserve almost as much credit for the long practice required to give them such rapid and certain execution, as the other clever individuals who toss up knives and rings at the races, or dance hornpipes amongst eggs.

Mr. Ledbury was greatly amused when he first entered the room, and put himself in several distinguished attitudes, that he might appear perfectly unembarrassed, and quite accustomed to excellent society. But, after a time, not perfectly understanding the Babel of languages which sounded on every side, he thought he should like to hear a little of what was going on in front, and therefore applied to Signor Pizzicato to put him in the right way of so doing. That good-tempered gentleman immediately introduced Titus to the entrance of a long dark passage, at the end of which, and close to the door leading on to the orchestra there was a nook, in which, if he stood, he could command a view of both the audience and the singers. And very pretty indeed did the room appear from this position; for, being a morning-concert, the bonnets of the ladies, of every shade and tint, gave it the appearance of an elegant *parterre*, as Titus looked down upon them; and almost compensated for the want of excitement and enthusiasm which candle-light and after-dinner gave rise to at evening performances. For the audience at a *matinée* is generally cold and severe, approaching nearer in its character to that of the Ancient Concerts; at which meetings, should a change of fashion ever induce a falling-off of company, we recommend the directors to contract immediately with Madame Tussaud for a fresh set in wax-work, who might be made, by the simplest mechanism, to turn over the leaves of their programmes all at once; and who would have the advantage of possessing great powers of endurance, as well as inspiriting the singers quite as much by their solemn attention as the present supporters of those musical exhumations.

Several songs, duets, and instrumental solos took place, to the great gratification of Mr. Ledbury; and then the period arrived for the

piano-skirmish between the two foreign gentlemen, which was to be the *cheval de bataille* of the morning. To accomplish this performance, it was necessary that another piano should be carried into the orchestra, and Titus therefore left his nook in the passage, to make room for some of the music-stands to be brought out, before the new grand instrument was placed there. But, as the duet appeared to excite much curiosity, and several were waiting round the door to follow the musician to the platform, Mr. Ledbury thought he would slip in to his station before the piano, instead of going after it. He therefore walked along the passage before the men who were carrying the body of the instrument, like a chief undertaker, chuckling at his sly tact; until, upon arriving at the niche in the wall, he found, to his great discomfiture, that it was entirely filled up with stools and music-stands. To go back was impossible, for the passage was entirely filled up, and he had no alternative but to be driven onwards to the orchestra, upon the platform of which he was now forcibly impelled, by the decree of those malicious fates, who appeared to have decided that Mr. Ledbury's appearance at the opera, under any circumstances, should always be attended by a corresponding appearance, against his will, in public.

A burst of applause greeted him as he advanced, the greater part of the audience taking him for the foreign musical gentleman—which idea his spectacles, and turned-up wristbands, somewhat justified; nor did this cease until the real *artiste* advanced, and drawing Mr. Ledbury from his place somewhat unceremoniously, made a grand bow, whilst Titus retired to the back in great confusion, where he was compelled to wait throughout the performance, as the door was quite blocked up; but, as soon as it had come to an end, which at one time appeared very doubtful, he hurried back to the waiting-room, making an inward vow, without mental reservation of any kind, never to set foot within the opera again: and he kept it.

On his return, Signor Pizzicato began to banter him upon his successful *début*, which, whilst it convinced Titus that his previous adventure was not known, made him somewhat uneasy, especially when the others joined in the laugh. He therefore went back to the stage of the theatre, where the rehearsal of a ballet was still going on; and was not long in discovering Aimée amongst the *coryphées*. Some of the company, who had orchestra-seats, overcome by the heat of the room, were leaving the concert at this moment, and, attracted by the novel sight, loitered a few minutes at the wings, to watch the dancers. Aimée, who had just finished a *pas*, soon perceived Titus at the side-scene, and, bounding towards him, to inquire how he was after the hilarity of yesterday, greeted him with her usual salute—a French one, be it understood, upon both cheeks, and in all propriety.

And when Titus, overcome with ecstacy at being thus distinguished, turned round to see who were the witnesses of this gratifying occurrence, his eyes encountered those of Mrs., Miss, and Mr. Horatio Grimley, who were now quitting the concert-room, on their way back to Islington, to take a tea *à la fourchette aux crevettes*, with Mrs. Hoddle, lately returned from the country, and, of course, tell her all they had seen; in which, we may safely anticipate, was included the sad career which young Ledbury was heedlessly following, and the disreputable connexions he had formed, in all probability through his acquaintance with that Mr. Johnson.

CHAPTER XLII.

The break-up of Mr. Rawkins's medical establishment.

From the very day of the Dispensary election, the results of the contest were made visible to public eyes in the abode of Mr. Koops. Within a fortnight the rails in front of the house were painted a most lively Islington green; and a small conservatory was established on the sills of the parlour-window, comprising three geraniums, two verbenas, and a fine specimen of the plant that smells like cherry-pie, all of which had been received from a travelling floriculturist in exchange for a bygone coat of Mr. Koops's. A gay drugget, of the real theatrical third-act-of-a-comedy drawing-room pattern was also laid down in the parlour, to hide the carpet; and the gentleman who had taken the first-floor unfurnished, was prevailed upon to hang up some muslin curtains, which certainly looked better from the street than the former ones of faded moreen, bound with black velvet, and always awakening associations connected with the outside of Richardson's show.

Bright rays were evidently breaking upon the previous twilight of Mr. Koops's professional career. He had already been sent for to attend the servants of one of the Dispensary electors, who went away, and never paid, which was, however, of no great consequence, the introduction into the family being the chief point gained; and his ambitious dreams began to take so high a flight, that he anticipated some day even attending the Grimleys; to bring about which coveted event, he made Mrs. Koops call upon Mrs. Hoddle very frequently, and sing his praises in an indirect manner, well knowing that it would all go back to the Grimleys, according to custom.

But, like the little people in the Dutch weather-houses—those small meteorologists, whose race is so rapidly departing from the face of the earth,—the more the coming sunshine of prosperity brought Mr. Koops from his modest mansion, to bask in its beams, the more did Mr. Rawkins retire to the recesses of his establishment, and prepare for taking his final leave of the stage upon which he had so long supported the character of a medical man, although that character had ungratefully refused to support him in return. Johnson and Prodgers were still with him; but, as there was nothing to do, their services might easily have been dispensed with. Mr. Rawkins divided his time between walking in many great coats, up high hills, upon sultry days, in company with Mr. Dags, the trainer; shutting himself up upon some mysterious transaction, on the second floor; paying undivided attention to the landlady at the corner; or studying new ancient statues in the back-parlour of his house. As for Bob, who was still retained, he mechanically took down the shutters, and put them up again, swept out the surgery, and dusted the shelves as formerly; but his labour was perfectly unnecessary, for nobody came, his master having already resigned his police and parish appointments. A bill upon the outside of the house also advised the passers-by that it was to let; and an advertisement occasionally inserted in "The Times," and on the cover of "The Lancet," gave hints to the world in general of a snug practice to be disposed of in a populous neighbourhood, with a retail attached, capable of great improvement. And so things ran to disorder. The flies wandered at their will over the blue and white packets of soda-

powders, like alien guests in the deserted halls of former greatness; the ready-made pitch-plasters curled up with the sun, until they assumed the shape of wafer-cakes; the leeches gradually drooped and died in their crockery sarcophagus; and Mr. Prodgers, removing the brass tube of the gas-light, fitted on to it the ivory end of a stethoscope, and turned it into a "puff-and-dart," to whose missiles the plaster-of-paris horse from the centre pane of the window, ultimately fell a martyr. The only things in the house which remained as usual were the pigeons, rabbits, and guinea-pigs; and they fluttered, scratched, and fed just the same as ever, awaiting the time when Hoppy should agree with Mr. Rawkins for the transfer of a part of them to his zoological bazaar at Cow Cross.

"What do you mean to do now, Jack?" inquired Mr. Prodgers of Johnson, as they sat upon the housetop one fine afternoon, towards the close of Mr. Rawkins's medical career.

"Heaven only knows; I should be very glad to tell you," was the reply. "Every plan I had formed is entirely knocked on the head; and at a time, too, when I most wanted to see my way a little clearly. I wish I was in your place. There appears to be a fate against my ever getting on in life, with every exertion that I can make in the attempt."

"I wonder you don't look out for some girl with lots of tin," observed Mr. Prodgers, in his innocence of Johnson's attachment to Emma Ledbury. "You 're such a jolly fellow, you know, you ought to find heaps of money."

"Look out for some girl with lots of tin!" Possibly Mr. Prodgers might have turned the advice in this phrase more elegantly, and adapted a more refined style of expression; but the meaning would have remained the same. The counsel was, however, thrown away upon Johnson; and would have been equally so had his feelings towards Emma never risen above the natural flirtation of a young man of six-and-twenty with a pretty girl of eighteen. For he had noticed in society —whether from looking through the false medium of a distempered observation, or actually from some merciful dispensation of the Fates, we really cannot very well say,—that those young ladies whose appearance was the strangest, whose manners were the least pleasing, and whose *tournure* altogether partook of the old-fashioned and unromantic to a very great degree, were usually pointed out to him as excellent catches, and worth making up to; whilst the pretty, interesting girls, who boasted of very few diamonds and rubies, beyond their own eyes and lips, were universally without a penny. But, perhaps, after all, this balance of attractions was very right and proper, although Jack was always certain to which class he should incline, did he ever feel a desire to commit what, at that time, he deemed the very great impropriety of matrimony.

"I cannot make out what Rawkins is about," continued Prodgers, as he did not receive any particular reply from Johnson to his last observations.

"Writing away, as if for his life," replied Jack: "I cannot think myself what he is after; he has been all the week in that back-room, as hard at work as a bank-clerk."

And this was true. For several days past Mr. Rawkins had been indefatigably employed with his pen, in company with a very small man, who had a very large head, and wore spectacles, and a black

gambroon surtout. The first impression of his assistants led to the belief that he was engaged in writing a "Complete Pigeon Fancier, and Rabbit-keepers' Manual;" but this idea was dispelled when, at the end of ten days, Mr. Rawkins brought down three enormous ledgers, and put them on the desk in the surgery, and disclosed their object to Johnson and Prodgers, of his own accord.

"These books," said Mr. Rawkins, "are not deceptions; they are merely the accounts of what my practice ought to have been. How do you think this page sounds?"

And, opening one of the tomes, labelled "DAY-BOOK," he commenced as follows:—

"*Die Martis*, May nine.—Mrs. Rosamond Pond, *Rep: Haust:* six, visit *nocte maneque* (half-a-crown each); total, fourteen shillings.

"Sir Bagnigge Wells's butler, *Extractio Dentis*, two and six; paid at the time.

"Amwell Hill, Esq., *Pulv: Ipecac: Comp:* six. *Mist:* saline, six ounce: that makes six shillings.

"Mrs. Peerless Poole. Attending—one guinea: taken out in poultry, new laid eggs, and potatoes.

"Extra visit to Sir Hugh Myddleton's head. *Hirudines*—is that spelt right, Mr. Prodgers? leeches, you know,—*hirudines*, eight: four shillings; and two and six—six and six.

"Total of day's receipts—um!—two, thirteen, thirteen and six, and five is—ah!—altogether two pounds ten. That will do, I think, pretty well. Don't you think so?"

"Very well, indeed, sir; what is it?" asked Jack, all in a breath.

"Why, you see," said Mr. Rawkins, "my book-keeping has been very much neglected: but, as people taking a business like to know something about it, we have prepared these accounts very carefully and impartially, against any one should come. You know it is no deception, because I might have attended all these people, if I had chosen."

And the advertisements, after several nibbles, at last got a bite; for, in a few mornings from this conversation a hack-cab drove up to the door, from which emerged a gentleman with a very hooky nose, having the air of a cockatoo in a suit of mourning, who, after a lively argument with the cabman, upon the subject of distance as compared to sixteen-pence, entered the surgery.

Mr. Rawkins chanced to be in the shop at the moment, and somewhat suspecting his mission, received him with great courtesy.

"Mr. Rawkins, I presume?" said the visitor.

The head of the establishment bowed in acquiescence.

"I believe you have a practice to dispose of. What may be the reason of your giving it up?"

"Principally ill health," returned Mr. Rawkins. The other looked at his muscular chest and florid face, and said nothing. "And a lucrative appointment to a county hospital," continued Mr. Rawkins. "I can assure you this is an eligible opportunity seldom to be met with. Look at these books, sir."

And giving the gentleman a chair, Mr. Rawkins placed the ledgers before him, upon the counter.

"And, for what consideration do you propose parting with the practice?" asked the visitor.

"Two years' purchase," replied Mr. Rawkins. "The annual re-

ceipts are five hundred pounds. I will sell it for a thousand, and give you a fortnight's introduction to the principal patients.

"That is a very short time, is it not?"

"Quite sufficient," replied Mr. Rawkins, "upon my honour." And his honour was not at all deteriorated by the affirmation.

"I can insure you the whole of my present patients. They would employ anybody upon my recommendation."

"What other outlay would there be?" asked the stranger.

"The stock and fixtures to be taken at a valuation. I have the finest rabbits in London, as well as pigeons. I suppose you have heard of my lops and pouters?"

But, singular to say, the visitor had not, nor did he appear to comprehend very well what connexion lops and pouters had with the normal pursuits of a general practitioner. However, he looked over the books, whilst Mr. Rawkins left the surgery for a few minutes, and going down into the kitchen, told Bob to creep up the area stairs, and come hurriedly into the shop from the street, stating that he—his master—was wanted at Lady Bunhill's immediately. This *ruse* Bob accomplished with much credit to himself; and the visitor, who gave his name as Mr. Pattle, late house-surgeon to the —— hospital, thinking Mr. Rawkins was hurried, took his leave, promising to consult with his solicitor, and let the other gentleman know his determination at the earliest opportunity.

In the mean time Johnson and Prodgers took their departure, — the latter gentleman to share the abode of a brother student, wherein he was accommodated every night with a sofa and two great-coats, for the remaining period of his pupilage; and Jack returned to his old lodgings, which he found just the same as when he quitted them, with the same fly-temples in the windows, the same dilapidated screens, and stone-fruit upon the mantelpiece, and the identical rusty keys and scrooping locks that he had left there. Yet he involuntarily hummed "As I view these scenes so charming" when he entered the old rooms, and surveyed the various humble attempts at second-floor ornamental furniture with intense satisfaction; albeit he had not made any great advances in furthering his prospects since he had last dwelt amongst them. But when Titus came to see him again in his ancient quarters, and they had a pipe together as formerly, with some of the celebrated "commingled," that was still to be obtained "round the corner," as well as talked over their intentions, and unburthened themselves of all their secrets to each other, Jack found, after all, there was nothing like being master of your own time, although he had not certainly much to complain of restraint during his abode with Mr. Rawkins.

A fortnight passed away. And one bright sunny afternoon the Grimleys were taking a walk in the pleasant locality that lies between Islington and Hornsey, when their attention was excited by the sudden appearance of a mob of people at the end of one of the roads, shouting, cheering, and evidently approaching them at a swift pace. Somewhat alarmed at the tumult, which reached them plainly even from a distance, they opened the gate of one of the fields, and took their position behind it until the crowd had passed, their first ideas of the assemblage being connected with some great political riot. On came the mass, screaming, jostling, and running as if a regiment of cavalry was at their heels, and then, to their speechless astonishment, the Grimleys perceived Mr. Rawkins in the centre of the great body, and its accom-

panying cloud of dust, bounding like an antelope along the turnpike road, attired in a linen jacket and drawers, with a handkerchief tied round his head, and a short stick in his hand, with which he appeared to be propelling himself against the air. He shot past them like an arrow, and in another minute was concealed, together with his followers, by a turn in the road.

This was the last appearance of that remarkable gentleman in Islington or its vicinity. Like the Irish chieftain O'Donoghue, who one fine morning galloped across the lake of Killarney, and then faded from the view of the wondering beholders in the mists that enveloped him, he was never seen again. That he lost his match was subsequently known by popular report; that he parted with his practice for a tithe of what he asked for it, was promulgated by Mrs. Hoddle, who knew some friends of Mr. Pattle; and that his pigeons and rabbits found an ultimate home in Cow Cross, Hoppy was enabled to affirm. Within a few weeks the retail establishment at the corner also changed hands, and the landlady disappeared as well; but in what direction was not ascertained until long afterwards. And then Jack Johnson was the medium of communicating the intelligence to the public: it will be given forth in due season, before we quite close this eventful history. Bob remained with Mr. Pattle, together with his old friend the leech; but when Mr. Pattle retired from practice, which he did in the course of a few months, from having nothing to do beside, the small assistant paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater*, the Union Workhouse, and finally found a permanent situation in the establishment of — somebody we could name, but it is not yet time.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The unexpected journey.

For some weeks after the events of the last chapter little occurred to diversify the ordinary routine of everyday life with any of the personages connected with our chronicles. Emma Ledbury still remained at Clumpley; but she had communicated all her secrets to Fanny Wilmer, after the usual manner of young ladies when they first get engaged; and now ventured to correspond with Johnson, who was never tired of receiving the delicate *billets*,—so small and fairy-like, that it was a wonder they were not lost amidst the million commonplace despatches they travelled with, — but used to peruse and reperuse them long after he knew their contents by heart. Titus was tolerably employed in making himself generally useful to his father, or passing his evenings with Johnson; and Jack himself still kept his head full of schemes for future advancement. Mrs. Ledbury, according to custom at this time of the year, began to throw out masked hints of the benefit her health would receive from a visit to some seaside watering-place, casting forth Herne Bay as a pilot-balloon, to see which way the wind blew, and when she had ascertained that the current was tolerably favourable, launching out to Brighton, (which would be so pleasant and convenient for Mr. Ledbury, senior, in consequence of the railway,) and even aspiring to a voyage across the Channel, which might terminate at Boulogne or Havre. And the Grimleys, with the assistance of Mrs. Hoddle, employed themselves principally in can-

vassing the probable results of Mr. Titus Ledbury's ill-judged attachment to an opera-dancer,—they had always said no good would come from his Parisian trip with that Mr. Johnson,—and publicly thanking Providence that their Horace had no similar propensities or acquaintances. But they were just as overwhelming as ever, when they met the Ledburys, in their courtesies, and inquiries after their "dear little Walter," and the other branches of the family.

One evening old Mr. Ledbury returned from his house of business in the city in a state of great perplexity. A document, of large pecuniary importance, as connected with his mercantile transactions, required the attested signature of a former partner in his establishment,—a Mr. Howard, who had been for three or four years past residing at Milan, whilst he conducted some extensive manufacturing works between that city and Verona, on the line of a contemplated railway to Venice. His embarrassment arose from the difficulty of finding any one whom he could entrust with this mission. His solicitor, it is true, offered to undertake it, but this plan was altogether too expensive; and there was not one of his clerks who was at all acquainted with continental usages or methods of travelling. At last it struck him that he might make Titus serviceable in this respect, telling him, at the same time, that he did not wish him to go alone,—for his good-natured simplicity was not unlikely to involve him in some calamity,—but that he would pay the expenses of any experienced person he chose to take with him, provided, of course, that they kept within the bounds of prudence. And, as may be imagined, Titus was not long in acquiescing in the suggestion, or making choice of a companion. The instant he became acquainted with his father's proposition he rushed off to Jack Johnson, who did not appear to throw any difficulties in the way; but by the next morning had calculated the expense, laid out the time, and arranged the route that they should take, by which they might see most with very little extra delay. For Jack sat up nearly all night, and with an ancient map, and two or three old guide-books, dotted and pencilled off the whole journey against Titus called upon him. Old Mr. Ledbury himself made no objections. He had been pleased with Johnson's candour at their interview respecting his attentions to Emma, and knew that, with all his hilarity, he had no lack of honour or common sense.

"This is a happiness I never expected," said Jack, when Titus called the next day. "To think, after all, Leddy, that you and I should be going abroad again!"

"Capital," answered Ledbury; "and nothing to pay! I suppose we shall do it in style this time, Jack. Post-carriages, you know, and the best part of the steamers—not like shabbroons."

"You leave it all to me," replied Johnson, smiling. "Only recollect, in travelling, the more you pay, the less you always see or enjoy yourself. I 've marked out such a trip!"

"Where are we going, then?"

"Oh! the Rhine, Switzerland, the Alps, and I don't know where all,—with, perhaps, a passing glimpse of Paris as we return, to see if any of our old friends are in existence. What do you say to that?"

"I leave everything to you, Jack," returned Ledbury. "My head is beginning to get into such a whirl, that I shall not be able to think about anything else until we start. But I say, Jack, we shall post sometimes, shan't we?"

"I have told you I will make every proper arrangement," said Johnson, still amused at the evident desire of Titus to travel in a distinguished manner. "I am not quite sure whether we shall ride at all."

"Why, Jack, we can't walk from London to Milan!" said Mr. Ledbury, aghast with terror.

"Don't distress yourself, Leddy," replied Johnson. "I am going out now to buy some things, and you had better come with me."

And, acting under his advice, Mr. Ledbury set off to make purchases for the voyage—the most important being some very serviceable shoes, and two old soldiers' knapsacks, which were procured after diving into some of the incomprehensible thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of Tower Hill. They also bought two candleboxes, and these, in an envelope of ticking, looked very military when placed on the top of the knapsacks; besides being serviceable, as Johnson affirmed, to carry minor articles of the toilet, which could be got at easily, without unstrapping the entire package. And, finally, two stout blouses were ordered, with breast-pockets inside, to contain their passports, and, in Mr. Ledbury's case, the document as well, which was the chief object of their journey. As the outfit was not very extensive, it did not take a great deal of time to get it in readiness; and, after a short, flying visit to Clumpley, made upon the sly, they fixed the day for starting. Previously to this, however, Jack dined with Titus at his father's house; and considerably raised himself in the old gentleman's estimation by the attention he paid to his instructions respecting the business they were going upon, as well as the intelligence he exhibited about all matters connected with their intended route. So that things, upon the whole, looked tolerably cheering; and Jack's spirits rose in proportion, until Titus affirmed that he had never seen him so perfectly like what he used to be since they left Paris.

The sun was shining brightly the next morning, and the Thames quivered and sparkled in the beams as it caught a tint of unwonted blue from the cloudless sky above, when, about noon, Mr. Ledbury and his friend, fully equipped for their intended pilgrimage, climbed up the sides, and stood upon the deck, of the good steam-ship, the *Earl of Liverpool*, bound for Ostend. The wind was fair, the tide serviceable, the weather fine, and everything looked lively and animated. Even the old Tower, off which the packet lay, appeared to have become quite juvenile again; and lifted up its numerous turrets amongst the modern warehouses and edifices by which it was surrounded, with an air half supercilious, half companionable; as if it knew its importance and position in architectural society, but wished to appear upon friendly and visiting terms with the adjacent structures of the present day, like some old bachelor, who, whilst he does not think himself at all too *passé* to associate with young cavaliers, still cannot help looking down upon them as giddy and inexperienced youths, quite unworthy of his patronage.

In ten minutes the word was given to "go ahead," and the packet moved on. Ledbury and Jack had deposited their knapsacks in an artful corner of the fore-cabin, and took up their positions at the head of the boat as she progressed down the Pool, where they were soon joined by other passengers, some bound upon a tour like themselves, with whom they compared intentions, and proposed lines of journey. To those who had determined ultimately to arrive at Paris, Mr. Ledbury was particularly communicative, speaking with an air of great authori-

ty upon everything connected with that capital. But, whilst he was doing this, he could not help thinking how much his mind had expanded, and what a man of the world he had become since that time twelvemonth, when he first started to France with Jack Johnson; how that tour had invested him with those distinguished manners which he always assumed in polite society; and what a close relationship the casual voyage with his friend was likely to lead to. There were some very pleasant people on board, and the time passed cheerfully enough; for the sea was tolerably well-behaved, except for the last few hours of the voyage, when, as it got dark, and somewhat chilly, the majority of the company went below, and plunged into tea, and brandy-and-water, for very distraction.

And then came that monotonous part of the voyage, which all accustomed to long steam-boat travelling can so readily call to mind. The close, confined atmosphere of the cabin, dimly lighted by the lamp in the centre, quivering together with the entire vessel, from every vibration of the engine and paddle-wheel; the silence of the company, after the previous excitement of the early portion of the voyage, as they lounged about in various uneasy fashions upon the seats, luggage, and even the tables,—a silence continuously broken by the restless tramp of the passengers overhead; the rush of water along the sides of the boat; the creaking of every separate piece of wainscoat and timber with her laborious oscillation through the lashing sea, to which the jingling of tea-things and tumblers, in cupboards and lockers, kept up an undying accompaniment; all this, coupled with the feeling, which could never be entirely dispelled, that the huge ark, crowded with life,—her vast glowing furnaces blazing and roaring, from which a train of bright scintillations flew whirling off in infernal gambols upon the screeching wind,—was but a speck upon the leaping wilderness of dark and boiling waters,—that her comparative strength was as nothing against the power of the mighty elements with whom she was at strife.

But, in spite of all discomfort, the night wore away. About two in the morning Johnson and Ledbury went upon deck, when the lights of Ostend were plainly visible a-head, and in another half hour they came alongside the port, where they were received in great form by a deputation of *douaniers*, according to the customary politeness of foreign landing-places. Having merely their knapsacks with them, upon Jack's advice, these were unstrapped and exhibited to the officers, who, perceiving that there was nothing very important in them, allowed them to go at once on shore. This was a great accommodation; for all the rest of the luggage had to remain in the vessel until it was carted up to the custom-house, guarded by patrols with loaded guns, as if the authorities feared the carpet-bags would rise in rebellion, and run away of their own accord without being examined. Their passports were, however, demanded of them; and they were directed to apply for them again at the *bureau* as soon after six in the morning as they liked.

"Come along, Mr. F.; Susan, look after the children—come along!" exclaimed a very bustling lady, one of the saloon-passengers, as she collected her party, and made a sally along the plank, carrying an enormous bandbox.

"On ne passe pas avec les cartons, madame," growled a gendarme, who was watching the egress of passengers; "on ne passe pas."

"Oui, monssou, oui," returned the lady, with great amiability, "c'est tout droit—j'ai ma passe port—je compron. Now, Mr. F., pray do not leave everything to me; shew the man the passport." And the lady moved on again.

"Non, madame!" thundered the gendarme again, charging the band-box with the butt-end of his firelock; "non, madame; on ne passe pas—pas passeport."

This final alliteration was beyond all power of comprehension, and the lady remained for an instant in great wrath.

"I believe, ma'am," said Johnson, "he will not allow you to leave the boat with that luggage."

"I am perfectly aware of what he means, sir," replied the lady haughtily. "Edward! why don't you lay hold of Susan? Take her hand directly, sir. Monssou," she continued, turning once more to the officer, "ici sont mes choses du soir, et il me faut besoin beaucoup."

"Pouvez-pas sortir avec ces effets," was all the answer made to this confession, by the guard.

"Now, ma'am," cried one of the steamboat's company, "I must trouble you to go one way or the other; you are blocking up the gang."

"Did you ever hear of such an imposition?" exclaimed the lady, in extreme anger, turning round and addressing the passengers generally, and no one in particular. "To think the many times that I have gone ashore at Ramsgate, and never was I so treated. Never again—no, never any more, Mr. Frazer, will I come to foreign parts."

"I never wished you to, now, my dear," said Mr. Frazer, quietly.

"Ugh!" replied the lady; and, forcing her way back to the deck, was soon lost, together with her train, amidst the throng of passengers and luggage.

"Montez, messieurs—à la Grand Hôtel!" cried the driver of a very curious omnibus surmounted by a tin chanticleer, who turned about in all directions, after he had performed a violent concerto upon a bugle.

"Hôtel Bellevue!"

"Bath Hotel, gentlemen and ladies," cried an English voice, which there was no mistaking.

"Which shall we go to, Jack?" asked Titus.

"Devil a one," replied Johnson; "we shall be off to Brussels by the first train. If you think it worth while going to bed at three, to get up again at five, you can choose which hotel you like."

"Ah, I see," replied Mr. Ledbury. "But I am very hungry."

"Well, come in here, then, and we will get something to eat," answered Jack.

Whereupon they turned into the *Maison Blanche*, a public house situated immediately upon the port, where all the people spoke the English language, and did not particularly object to take English money, after a little persuasion. A shilling covered the expense of some brandy-cherries and the never-failing omelette; and when they had finished, as day was breaking, and their appetites were somewhat appeased, they agreed to walk about and see what they could of the town.

If all the docks, locks, canals, and basins in and about London were collected together; and upon the banks of these some ingenious architect, who had closely studied the style of the houses contained in the

Dutch toy-boxes, were to build various rows and streets of dwellings in the same fashion; if other industrious people were to paint the aforesaid houses blue, green, and yellow, and employ their leisure time in sowing grass-seed between the paving-stones, and mooring squabby Dutch-built boats against the quays, there to remain perpetually,—when all these things had been accomplished, they would have produced a very good imitation of Ostend. The surrounding land is swampy, and the adjacent water treacherous, particularly when the wind blows off shore; whilst the town itself, at the best of times dreary enough to suit the most moping of its inhabitants, did not look over lively to Jack Johnson and his companion at that time in the morning, when nobody was about except the sentinels, and all the white venetian blinds were closely shut. But the mere idea that it was a foreign place, invested it with a certain degree of interest.

"I wonder what that means," said Mr. Ledbury, as he read over a door the inscription, "VERKOOPT MEN DRUNKEN."

"The Ostenders are addicted to strong liquors," replied Jack, "and frequent restraint is necessary. That means, 'men are cooped up here when they are drunk.'"

"Law!" exclaimed Titus, who for the time took it all in as most veracious information.

"They must be a very tipsy people, for I have seen twenty houses with the same notice."

"They are," returned Jack; and then, smiling, he added, "no, no, Leddy,—it's a shame to sell you now,—it's only the Flemish for 'allowed to be drunk on the premises."

They wandered about the town, seeing all that was to be seen, which was nothing, until the time arrived for them to go and look after their passports. A crowd of people were waiting at the doors of the office, as if they had belonged to a theatre on a benefit night; and when the gate opened, the rush was very great, insomuch that the fierce-looking patrol in attendance was wedged behind the door, against the wall, by the pressure, from which he was quite unable to extricate himself. And so he waxed exceedingly spiteful, and swore many incomprehensible foreign oaths, in which thunder and hackney-coaches appeared to play principal parts; nor was his humour lessened by a request, or rather an order, from Jack Johnson, that he would assume a state of rapidly-ascending flame, and keep his powder dry; by which proceedings, and putting his trust in pipe-clay and fireworks, he might eventually prosper; all which advice, being exceedingly figurative, and partaking largely of British idiomatic impertinence, greatly diverted the rest of the travellers, who are ever keenly susceptible of such fun as depends upon putting alien custom-house-officers to any species of discomfort. And when the passports had been delivered, the majority of the passengers went to look after their luggage at the custom-house, and go through another ordeal of wrangling, misunderstanding, and grumbling. But Ledbury and Jack, having literally all they had with them upon their backs, sauntered once more along the quays, and finally sat down upon their knapsacks in front of the post-office, and conversed upon things in general, until the gates of the railway were thrown open for the departure of the earliest train, and they took their places in the cheap "*wagon*," that was to convey them to Brussels.

Their third class-carriage was soon filled; and then, upon a signal

from one of the conductors, who blew a horn, instead of ringing a bell, the train moved on. They were entirely amongst strangers—peasants in blue blouses, and chubby, fresh-looking Flemish girls, in white caps, who talked unceasingly in some strange language, which even Jack Johnson could make nothing of, leaving Mr. Ledbury entirely out of the question. They did not even see any of their fellow-passengers on board the steamer, although they knew many of them were going on by the train; but the English seldom patronize what is cheap when they travel; and, therefore, all the rest had taken their places in the most expensive carriages, wherein, by associating one with another, and not seeing much of the country they were passing, one of their great pleasures of travelling was obtained. Finding that he could not understand the *patois* of his fellow-travellers any more than they could make out his French, Jack thought the best plan he could go upon was to talk English with a Dutch accent; by which means he occasionally made himself slightly comprehensible, in endeavouring to find out the names of various places which they passed. As for Mr. Ledbury, he made important political observations without talking, the chief point of gratification up to the present time being, that he had seen the name, "COCKERELL, MAKER, LIEGE," upon one of the engines, to which he immediately called Jack Johnson's attention, as an evidence of British enterprise in distant lands.

The morning was very fine, and the whole journey remarkably exhilarating; nor had Mr. Ledbury any idea of what a corn country meant, until the train flew by the vast fields of ripening grain, for miles and miles, which sometimes came close to the edge of the line. Here and there the landscape was remarkably English in its appearance; but this was soon dispelled by the proximity of some old Flemish town, with its fortifications and quaint gables; especially at Bruges, where the railway ran through the very centre of the city. They travelled very rapidly, sometimes even quicker than in England; and although Mr. Ledbury, from want of proper rest the night before, occasionally dozed for a few minutes, until his head reclined upon the shoulder of a good-looking *paysanne* who sat next to him, from which it was usually heaved off in a very unceremonious manner, yet he contrived to see a great deal. As for Jack Johnson, he was as lively as ever, want of sleep not appearing to produce the slightest effect upon him; but having found out that the conductor was a Belgian, they immediately had a pipe together and a glass of *schnaps*, which people brought up to the carriages whenever the train stopped; as well as cakes, fruit, and various unknown drinks.

They arrived at Brussels some time before noon, having accomplished the journey from the Tower-stairs considerably under four-and-twenty hours, and, once more shouldering their knapsacks, marched into the city in search of an hotel. The very feeling of being abroad again sufficed to put Jack in the highest spirits, and he addressed all sorts of gallant compliments to the *grisettes* who were standing at the doors of the various shops, and who, if they had not altogether the *tournure* of their Parisian sisterhood, were, in most instances, amazingly pretty. And nothing could exceed the placid benignancy of Mr. Ledbury's smile, as, in his blue Macintosh cap, and spectacles, he marched on with a military air and disembarrassed bearing, as if his knapsack had been a mere nothing, now and then turning a look of mild reproof upon the little boys, who, invariably attracted by his appearance, huz-

zaed him as he went by, or ran after him in quest of small coin, which he distributed from the pocket of his blouse in the form of English halfpence,—the remnants of the last change he had taken in London.

After wandering about many streets without finding an establishment likely to suit their purpose, they at last pitched upon the Hôtel de l'Union, in the Grand Place, where they took possession of a large cheerful room, overlooking the market, and forthwith ordered a very becoming breakfast. And very delighted were they both when the meal appeared in the old style,—the pure white plates and cups and saucers which we cannot get in England, the clinking beet-root sugar, the black bottle of the *ordinaire*, the capital coffee, the undeniable *côtelettes*, and the *p'tite verre* of fine old Cognac to *chasser* the rest down with,—all this, laid out by the fair hands of Mademoiselle Vandercammer herself, the host's pretty daughter, well-nigh drove Mr. Ledbury distracted. Besides, too, it was the period of the *Kermasse;* and, from certain announcements Jack had seen upon the walls, he intended to go that night to a ball outside the barrier,—how natural it sounded!—and once more have a taste of his old life. Indeed, when they had made their toilets, and turned out for a walk in the town, it required a very little stretch of the imagination to fancy themselves once more in Paris, with Jules, Henri, Aimée, and all their other former acquaintances of the Quartier Latin, ready to meet them at every turn of the streets.

FADING FLOWERS.

I gather'd once some fair bright flowers,
And placed them on my breast,
In ev'ry gay and brilliant hue
Their velvet leaves were drest.

But when I look'd at close of day,
My flowers had faded fast,
And all their gay and various tints,
And loveliness had past!

Yet still I kept my flowers by me,
And cherish'd them, though dead,
Alas! that such sweet gems as these
Should have so soon decay'd!

And thus it is with childhood's hopes,
Which radiant are and bright,
And youth in happy dreams beholds
Life teeming with delight:

But brightest hopes, alas! grow dim,
And fade too soon they must;
Till, like my flowers, the hand of Time
Crumbles them all to dust!

May, 1843. P. M. A.

A SIGH FOR THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY W. G. J. BARKER.

A SIGH for the days of old,
  For the merry ancient time,
When British hearts were stout and bold
  As the tough oak of their clime.
When the Holy Faith was kept,
  Before yet men's minds had changed,
And from the way their fathers trod,
  Through error's pastures ranged.

A sigh for the years gone by,
  When every warrior's sword
At the glance of Beauty's eye
  Flash'd obedient to her word:
When the highborn noble knelt,
  In the light of maiden's smile,
And maintain'd more fair than foreign dames
  The ladies of our isle.

When oft in the castle hall
  Was the banquet freely spread,
Till the massive table groan'd withal,
  While the baron graced its head!
And the vassals sat below,
  And the poor men at the gate,
Each feasting on the plenteous cheer
  According to his state.

A sigh for the days gone by,
  For the kindly ancient time,
When the wanderer heard with joy
  The convent's evening chime.
And the doors were open thrown,
  And the weary welcomed in,
Where the broken-hearted shelter found
  From life's tempestuous din.

Then the aged had no fear,
  In the sunset of their day,
That a ruthless hand would tear the wife
  From her husband's breast away;
But the labourer, worn with toil,
  As at length asleep he fell,
Was soothed by her whom from lusty youth
  He chose, and cherish'd well.

Then the cottage-maidens sung
  At eve round the old elm tree,
Till all the village echoes rung
  With the sound of guiltless glee;
And they form'd the rustic dance,
  And their mirth was heard afar,
Till home they wended, twos and threes,
  Beneath the twilight star.

A sigh for the days of old,
  For the merry ancient time,
When British hearts were stout and bold
  As the tough oak of their clime.
A sigh for the simple joys
  To our sleeping fathers known.
O! who shall blame if, in dreamy hour,
  I mourn that they are flown?

Banks of the Yore.

DESULTORY DOTTINGS ON DRINK.

BY PAUL WHISTLECRAFT.

In one of the admirable little Swiss tales of Zchokke, and on a certain Valpurgisnacht, the author makes a man, who had throughout the day laboured under excessive feverish excitement, fall asleep, and dream that he was a criminal beyond example, a faithless husband, a murderer, an incendiary, a robber, a fatricide: and "nevertheless," he exclaims, "I swear by everything that is holy that my heart is innocent of all those dreadful horrors." These words were spoken to his tempter; who, of course, turns out to be the devil incarnate. The devil gives a very broad grin, and caustically replies,—"This is always the way with you men: you are eternally anxious to purify yourselves, even when you are plunged chin-deep in blood."

The meaning of this last observation of his satanic majesty is, that, no matter how deep the crimes of any man may be, he is ever ready to lay the flattering unction to his soul that in *his* especial case there are many circumstances of extenuation. This reminds us (to compare great things with small) of the story of a certain gentleman, who was very much addicted to the bottle. The habit very shortly induced a serious illness. The doctor came, and prescribed, and among other matters persuaded him gradually to diminish his daily potations. For this purpose, he was to drink his usual quantity, minus what might be spared by a large strawberry, which was to be dropped into his glass. The doctor's physic gave a certain tone to the patient's stomach; and, though he observed due caution as to the strawberry, he drank until he got, in the end, more drunk than ever. The doctor upbraided him for his want of resolution. "It was not my fault," said the patient, "nor the fault of the wine; but it was all owing to that confounded strawberry at the bottom of the glass!"

It is the same thing with nations as with individuals in matters of drink. We are all ready to confess that we have no objection to a moderate potation; but we repudiate with a look of horror the sin of excess, which we are ready to cast upon our neighbour. Thus, the French throw the sin of drunkenness upon the English, and the English upon the Germans. But compliments of this description are not only bandied between different nations, but between different classes and individuals. Thus one will exclaim that his neighbour "is as drunk as a fiddler;" another, that he is "as drunk as a piper;" another, that he is "as drunk as a sweep;" another, that he is "as drunk as a lord;" another, that he is "as drunk as a prince;" and another, that he is "as drunk as Chloe," though who this most bibacious lady may be it is difficult to find out.

We shrewdly suspect that the grape has had enticing qualities for the human palate from the days of Noah downwards; and this not only for the weak family of man, but for the gods themselves. Olympus was a scene of constant revelry. The Ethiopians of all nations seem to have been a regular set of revellers: at their tables they constantly invited one or other of their godships from the alti-

tude of Olympus, to partake of the abundance of their "genial feasts," as old Homer phrases it. Blind Mæonides himself must have been a rare lover of wine, from his unctuous descriptions of the feasts of gods and of heroes; of the enormous riot and misrule of the suitors of Penelope before the palace-gates of her absent lord; and of the abundant vineyards attached to the glowing gardens of King Alcinoüs, where

> "The groaning presses foam'd with floods of wine."

Every poet of Greece and Rome followed the example of the heaven-inspired bard with regard to love for wine. The ancients deified the individual who first taught mankind the manufacture of wine. This apotheosis of Bacchus is finely alluded to by Byron in his Sardanapalus.

The Danes, Dutch, and Germans, were celebrated for their convivial habits and powers in drinking. The type of all the inhabitants of the north of Europe was the celebrated and jovial Mynheer van Dunk, whose motto was

> "Oh! that a Dutchman's draught could be
> As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee!"

To the Germans Alessandro Tassoni alludes in his "*Secchia Rapita.*" They were especial favourites with Bacchus, and they continue his apt and obedient disciples to the present day.

Gregory of Tours relates, that once, at the season of the vintage, St. Martin was supplicated to increase the quantity of grapes; to which supplication the miracle-dealing saint gave a ready assent. To perpetuate the fact of this saintly condescension, a day was set apart for the holy purposes of intoxication. And wine, even in comparatively late times, was not only used on the occasion of common ceremonies, but was not forgotten during the most solemn ceremonies of the Church. When the fair dames of Mayence carried their favourite Minnesanger Frauenlob to the cathedral for interment, they poured such an immense quantity of wine over his tomb, that not only was the Great Church inundated, but the rich and glowing stream flowed round in ample tide, and insulated the holy edifice.

While the gods of Olympus were spending the live-long year in roaring revelry, the Valhalla of Odin was a scene of glorious drunkenness. Thus beset from the south, and from the north, no wonder that the inhabitants of Europe should have from earliest times become somewhat addicted to the cup and the bottle.

In the old city of Augsburg, there is to be found the ancient palace of the princely Count Füyger, the weaver-merchant, in which he entertained the Emperor Charles V.; and after the entertainment threw into a fire of cinnamon-wood the emperor's bond for a million of florins. This old palace is now converted into the inn of the DREI MOHREN; without doubt, the very best, as it is the most celebrated inn in Europe. Ask for whatever cookery you please; demand whatever *petite friandise* your fancy may desire, for your prurient palate, and in a trice, with the trick as it were of a nimble harlequin's wand, it is brought before you. But what is the cookery to the cellar? Ye gods! absolutely nothing! Here you have the veritable produce of the Chiari, Cyprian, and Shiraz grape! your lips may smack the juice of true Falernian and the

choicest Est Est Est. Here repose, in their shroud of cobwebs, bottles of the purest Valdepeñas. Here, weary, lip-parched English wanderer, mayest thou be refreshed with the light, generous wines of the Italian Tyrol, and (saying nothing of Germany itself) of the vintage produce of Sicily, and Hungary, and the Bordelais, each, and all of the most celebrated years, and with aroma outshaming the fume of heavenly nectar itself. Art thou curious in such matters?—go without loss of time to the DREI MOHREN; observe closely the admonition of the Assyrian monarch, Sardanapalus—EAT AND DRINK; so shalt thou not only be satisfied, but in thy ecstasy of delight thou, too, shalt consider all other sublunary joys "not worth a fillip."

In Germany, even at the present day, a rueful face is not made at the hilarity consequent on a generous use of wine, even as connected with religious ceremonies. "Everywhere, on saint-days," says Howitt, "you see the people streaming from various dorfs, to some one central point, in showy and many-coloured processions. They are bound to that church or chapel in their particular neighbourhood which possesses the highest celebrity. There are boys in white gowns, bearing crosses; there are little figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saint of the day, carried at different intervals in the procession, on frames of wood, all dressed, and made gaudy with ribbons. There are banners borne, with holy pictures, and emblems on them. A man goes before with his book, reading out the hymns for the occasion, and all the people follow in the train, singing."

These festivals also prevail to some degree in the Protestant parts of Germany, and everywhere they have a picturesque and pleasing appearance, especially when emerging from green, deeply-wooded, and secluded valley, or winding up slowly along the sinuosities of some steep ascent, which leads to some small chapel snugly situated in the recesses of the mountains; but in the immediate neighbourhood of the place of sanctity is always to be seen the place of diversion, in the shape of wine-houses or booths, temporarily erected for the purposes of eating and drinking and joviality.

Man is a bibacious animal, and, when he cannot get at the wine-barrel with facility, he has recourse to other exhilarating liquids, though of less generous impulse than vinous fluid. With the Flemish, White Beer, Faro, and Alembique are found to be sufficient sources of jollity and riot; and all those who have attended any of the Kermesses, so common in Flanders, will be of my opinion in this matter. At carnival time, this kind of beer, though confessedly heavy drink, is sufficiently exciting to the, in appearance, impassable Flemish, to drive them to caper about like so many frolicsome goats. And at Antwerp, at Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Liège, you may see all manner of fun, as the people carry away in wheelbarrows the bodies of their drunken friends to their respective domiciles. To my own mind, nothing in this wide world in the shape of malt liquor, not even all the boasted porter and ales of England, Scotland, and Ireland to boot, can compare in excellence with Bavarian beer. At Brussels, at some of the beer-houses, you will see high and low drinking and smoking away in pell-mell confusion. In the numerous beautiful gardens in the vicinity of Munich you will see the highest and the lowest of Bavarian society enjoying the luxury of a cool measure of sparkling, amber-coloured beer, fresh drawn from a mighty cask;

while the clear air rings again with the loud shouts and the merry laughter of the throng of happy couples tripping away "like mad" on the light fantastic toe, to the irresistible music of Strauss, Lanner, and Labitsky.

I have myself sat in a beer-house, with one of the most celebrated professors of Germany, who shall be nameless, and I have, between the hours of three P.M. and nine o'clock in the evening, seen him pour down his throat TWENTY POTS of the superlative liquid. I confess to five quarts myself; but there, being quite a novice, I stuck fast.

Leipsig is justly proud of its Auerback's cellar; though, in these dull prosaic days, the tap for Mephistophiles' *table*-wine is become dry. Munich is equally proud of its existing Bock Keller. The cellar is the property of the king; the beer is brewed at his expense, and retailed by his own officers. High and low eagerly flock, morning, noon, and night, to the scene of merriment, and during the six weeks, in and about the cellar a species of saturnalia prevails. Of old, cities contested with one another the honour of having given birth to poets, heroes, and philosophers; and in these latter days, so proud are the Bavarians of their beer, that city will contend with city as to the excellence of their respective taps. The grand opponents on this mighty and national question are Augsburg and Munich.

The most prudish individuals in Europe, in all matters connected with drink, are the French. To hear them talk, one would suppose they were very angels of sobriety. And has the race of Frenchmen — ay, and Frenchwomen too — altered a single jot since the times when Louis the Twelfth, and Francis the First, and Maximilian Sforza, and Henry the Second, and Anne of Brittany, and the Cardinal de Lorraine, were brought forward for the general laughter of mankind by the immortal pen of the Doctor Rabelais, who was himself the son of the most celebrated wine-grower near Chinon, and from his earliest infancy must have been intimately acquainted with the full smack of the genuine grape? I think not.

The poetical productions of Auguste Barlieu have attracted, and very deservedly, the universal attention of his countrymen. He is a man of strong feeling, vigorous thought, and a healthy, manly eloquence. His "Idol," a poem in which the Frenchman has dared to hurl a curse on the memory of Napoleon, is an irrefragable proof of his honesty, fearlessness, and general worth. But Homer sometimes indulges in a nap,—and why should not Auguste Barlieu be excused if he sometimes writes a little twaddle? He has published a poem called "Lazare," (the name being, it seems, typical of London,) and in that poem is an address to GIN, which he has thought fit to apotheosise. Here is a short specimen:—*

Sombre génie, ô dieu de la misère!
Fils du genièvre, et frère de la bière,
Bacchus du Nord, obscur empoisonneur,
Ecoute, ô Gin! un hymne en ton honneur.

But we English are a beer-imbibing, and not a gin-drinking nation.

* The remainder may be found in the February No., 1837, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

I speak of the working classes. The middling classes of the west of England drink beer or cyder, those of the north beer or punch. The gentlemen of the city of London quaff the oddest stuff, under the names of the choicest vintages of Germany, Burgundy, and Bourdeaux, to say nothing of hogsheads of thick doctored Port, and butts of well-drugged Sherry. It is the most difficult thing to get a glass of pure wine, go where you will over the surface of merry England. The only exception to this are a few private houses of noblemen and gentlemen, and some of the club-houses. Of this opinion was my poor dear departed friend, Sir Morgan O'Doherty; so that I have good authority for my assertion.

When the English troops were, during the late continental war, ordered off to Sicily, they rubbed their hands in glee, and each man congratulated his comrade at the prospect of going to the finest country in the world, *where a man could get drunk for sixpence!* Measured by this rule, London of old must have been a very paradise for topers; for Stow, in his "Survey," records, that in the city wine was sold for a penny a pint, and bread to eat with it was given free in every tavern. In the reign of the heroic Third Edward, "Gascoyne wines were to be sold at London not above fourpence, nor Rhenish wine above sixpence the gallon;" and in the middle of the sixteenth century malmsey was only three halfpence the pint. The worthy citizens of London had clean tongues in those days, and knew in a trice the genuine smack and flavour of the various grapes. "I read," says the fine old chronicler, "that in the 6th of Henry the Sixth the Lombards corrupted their sweet wines; when knowledge thereof came to John Rainwell, mayor of London, he in divers places of the city commanded the heads of the butts and other vessels in the open streets, to be broken, to the number of one hundred and fifty, so that the liquor running forth, passed through the city like a stream of rainwater, in the sight of all the people."

But let me once more turn to France, whence Barlieu's apostrophe to Gin has driven us away in such a hurry. The high and the fashionable in France enjoy immensely the pleasures of the table,—in this they far outstrip their English neighbours,—and they give abundant evidence of the internal gratification which they experience. In England, a set dinner-party consists of individuals very like a congregation of so many waxen figures, stiff, dull, motionless, and silent; in France, the chatter begins with the soup, and increases as the different dishes are handed round, and the wines of the various growths successively circulate. Every one eats of every dish, and drinks of every wine. The blood begins more freely to bound along the veins, the fancy to warm up, and the tongue to run on more glibly; the conversation becomes more and more animated; the gentlemen endeavour to outvie each other in narration, jest, wit, and brilliant repartee; the universal din and clatter would become deafening to any one not immediately concerned; while the women are sitting back in their chairs, and laughing aloud with full strength of lungs, and *à gorge déployée.*

All persons experienced in matters touching Turkey, Persia, China, and the East, seem to agree that the dreadful effects of opium-smoking are gross exaggerations, and the usual effects are not half so pernicious as gin-drinking.

I have known many a clergyman of the Church of England enjoy

his wine as becomes a man, and many a worthy minister of the Kirk of Scotland take his toddy like a rational being, and many a Methodist preacher, after throwing aside all austerity from his aspect, grow glib in tongue, and merry as a worthy toper. I have seen many a physician laugh heartily as he broke the rule laid down for his patients. But they are all beaten hollow out of the field by the lawyers of England. Young lawyers, in all countries, and at all periods, have been celebrated as roystering blades; and to many old lawyers the bottle has proved not only a source of delight, but of inspiration and eloquence.

Enough of my remarks for the present occasion. I will not, however, my excellent reader, part with thee without this little piece of advice:—Do not, ere we meet again, become on any account a—Temperance Society Man.

FRENCH AUCTIONS, HOUSES, AND TITLES.

Hôtel Victoria, Rue Chaveau le Garde.

DEAR ALEXANDER,

Since I came here I have, according to promise, attended several sales; and though I have not hitherto ventured to make any purchase on your account, my letter will, I hope, bear witness to the assiduity with which I have followed your instructions. For my own part, I do not think that at the present moment you will reap all the advantages you anticipate from investments in house property in Paris. There are now few, if any, speculations in building going on here, as in London: — there is not, in fact, the same field for it. The present walls of Paris were erected some sixty years since; but the metropolis is still far from pressing beyond the walls. Streets are laid out on plans that may be inspected at the Hôtel de Ville, and, like those of Washington, exhibit but

"Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees."

No, my dear sir, London is doubling in size and population, whilst Paris increases only one-fourth;—at least, such appears to me the proportionate increase of the French capital. Lay out your money within the London Bills of Mortality, say I. Out of a long list of private sales, valuations, and "adjudications," as auctions are here termed, I send you a few in various parts of Paris; such as will afford a pretty fair average for the value of the houses in the districts named. In the Rue Saint Honoré, the Hôtel d'Aligne, No. 123, sold recently for 340,000 francs; the *produit bruit*, or net rental, either from the inhabitant of the whole tenement, or, if there be more than one, from the rest, is 23,589 francs. The house, worth 14,000*l.* sterling, produces a rental of about 1,000*l.* — a rental much more than equivalent to what a house of the same value would bear in Oxford Street, to which, in some respects, the Rue Saint Honoré may be compared; though the comparison, by the way, is no compliment to the former.

The house is called an *hôtel*, as are all the large houses in Paris; so that, if deceived by the word "hôtel," you were to enter, expecting to find good cheer for your money, you would experience the

same disappointment as a country friend of mine did, who, seeing Serjeants' Inn written on the posterns of that legal colony in Fleet Street, entered the court, and opening the glazed doors of the Amicable Life Office, asked for a supper and bed. Neither a French hôtel nor a French château is exactly what most of us English are disposed to imagine them. The Tuileries is called "*The Château*" in general conversation, as we should say of St. James's—"*The Palace:*" but I have seen châteaux (as all the country-houses are indiscriminately termed by their owners), which resembled the Tuileries about as much as Mr. Oldwinkle's one-storied, slate-roofed little dwelling at Clapham Rise, dubbed by him Victoria Villa, resembles the *Tusculum* of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, or Lord Mansfield's at Caen Wood. An Englishman who has visited (*if it be possible* that an Englishman could be seduced to visit) one or two of those furnished houses called Hôtels Meublées, in the Traversière Saint Honoré, or the Palais Royale end of the Rue Richelieu, must not return home with an impression that the Hôtel Talleyrand (Baron de Rothschild's), Hôtel d'Uzes (Baron Delessert's), or the Hôtel d'Orsay (M. Leguin's), are analogous to these Paphian colonies. I have said this much to prevent future misunderstanding when I use the words *hôtel* and *château*.

I saw a house in Rue Fleurus sold by adjudication for 62,000 francs; another, No. 22, Rue de la Paix, was offered to me for 620,000 francs, and the pier-glasses with which the house is adorned were to be taken too (as is the custom here) by the purchaser, at 7,500 francs; the rental being 45,400 francs. It has since been sold for a higher price. The house, No. 28, in the Rue Rivoli, in which I once passed a week, at the corner of the Rue 29 Juliette, sold yesterday for 640,000 francs; the pier-glasses and mirrors being taken at 12,160 francs; the net rental of the house being at this time 50,000 francs. In the Rue Sainte Marguerite, Saint Germains, a house, with ground, covering about 42,000 metres, or 120,000 square yards, with a rental of 9,500 francs, produced 140,000 francs at public adjudication. The Rue Sainte Marguerite is, however, a narrow street, and the houses are old and crazy. At the same time was sold an estate at Boos, on the high-road from Paris to Rouen, with about forty acres of land, and timber, for 60,000 francs. I attended, agreeably to your wish, the sale of the Terre de Fontenelle at Lagny, in the department of Seine and Marne, which consists of a good country-house and straggling paddock, called here "Château et Parc;" but, as there is not a hedge or visible landmark, save broad furrows on the estate, where the park ends, and the grounds sacred to the pigs, and arable land, begin, I must be pardoned if I speak somewhat disrespectfully of "Parcs and Châteaux."

There is not a park in all France, which in timber, or neatness of its fences, or any of those features denoting care and taste in its owner, that comes up in these points even to the second and third-rate scale of parks in England: Lord Littleton's at Hagley; Mr. Attwood's at the Heylands; Mr. Byng's at Wrotham; Lord Middleton's at Wollarton; the Duke of Rutland's at Belvoir, must be thought of whilst forming an idea of a French nobleman's park. This park and Château de Fontenelle, with four hundred acres, sold for 800,000 francs.

Seeing advertised for sale a something which, up to this time, in

my untravelled simplicity, I thought had been unpurchasable — at an auction-mart, at least, — *i. e.* hereditary honours, I attended, out of sheer curiosity. The right, privileges, and dignity of a marquisate were actually put up, and knocked down; a marquisate attached, like that of the earldom of Arundel, to the soil, and transferable always with its owner. The rental of this estate is but 3,000 francs per annum. It was at last knocked down for 100,000 francs. I felt exceedingly disposed to buy it for you on speculation. Do you not think that Mr. Dobson, of Size Lane, Mr. Deputy Tibbetts, of Aldgate Ward, and a score or two other aspirants for city honours, from Sir Pummel Saddletree to Alderman Hammer, would have called for "particulars," had you advertised it in the "Times" for resale by private contract; with the assurance that "all communications will be received with inviolable confidence?" A marquisate of hereditary tenure, with the territory bestowing the high signorial rights! What a crowd of title-hunting bidders such a sale would attract to the Auction Mart, or Garraway's! and what a price would it not fetch, if offered to "a discerning public" with all the eloquent commendations of that monarch of the rostrum, George Robins!

Colonel Séves bought his pachalic from the Old Lion of Egypt with his long tongue and his long sword,—commodities essentially French; and, with equal right, why should not a Threadneedle-Street or Throgmorton-Street Stock or Assurance broker, or even one of the gentle crafts indigenous to Mark or Mincing Lanes, with his long purse, place the coronet of a French noble of the *ancien régime* on his cockney brows? Your friend Ducour has lately purchased an estate in the department of Yonne, timber included, and the land in tolerable condition, consisting of 263 hectares, for 180,000 francs,—about 9000*l.* sterling. This is nearly 24*l.* per acre. He purchased a house at Batignolles Monceaux, in the Rue Leraine, for 65,000 francs, a few months previous. A house in the Faubourg St. Denis was sold last week for 190,000 francs, and a hotel in the Rue Barbes de Jouy, Faubourg Saint Germain, for 120,000 francs. This hotel pays 8000 francs per annum; yet the street is narrow. A house in the adjoining street, the Rue Fouchet, sold for 250,000 francs last week, or 10,000*l.* Mr. A——, an Englishman, has purchased a house lately in the Rue Ville Evêque, for an investment,—a hotel, covering 1600 *mètres carrés* of ground, for 400,000 francs, or 16,000*l.*; and a friend purchased lately an estate, called the Ferme de la Tessonnerie, in the Canton des Rosay (Seine et Marne), consisting of about 300 acres, for 120,000 francs, or 4,800*l.*

In Paris ground is quite as dear as in London,—more so, in comparison with the wants and habits of the population of the latter metropolis. Ground is not compromised, as in the towns of France and Germany. We spread laterally, and each occupies individually a portion of the valuable soil; here, the same number of square yards of ground which a shop, warehouse, or office occupies in the Strand, Piccadilly, Cheapside, &c., serves, by perpendicular locations, to accommodate twenty families carrying on different branches of commerce.

It is a wonder to me that the same economy of space does not induce the adoption of this perpendicular arrangement, especially where ground is sold, as it often has been, at five and six pounds the square yard, and in some instances double that price, in the city

part of London. The rents here given for houses in a *beau quartier* are enormous.

To reside in a fashionable or desirable neighbourhood in Paris, persons will cheerfully doom themselves to ascend and descend flights of stairs to a seventh floor every time they go out and in. In the Rue Chaveau le Garde, a small narrow street, the house No. 6, recently built, pays a rental of 1,400*l.* a-year; and the houses in the adjacent streets, the Rue Frouchet, the Place de la Madelaine, and Rue Royale, are higher rented than this, even though 3,000 francs a-year is a common rent for a fourth floor in this quarter. Houses in the Rue Rivoli, Rue de la Paix, Rue Castiglione, and the southern end of the Italian Boulevards, are a fourth higher than those above mentioned. For the same sized rooms in the Temple, Lincoln's-inn-fields, on the third floor, for which not more than 40*l.* or 50*l.*—or in Regent Street and Pall Mall, for which not more than 60*l.* would be asked,—a rental equal to 150*l.* is actually given in the French streets I have named. Harrowgate and Brighton, in the season, are dear enough in all conscience, but reasonable compared to Paris, all the year round. The terms of all the boarding-houses, or *pensions*, on flats,—for there is no house exclusively occupied by one proprietor of such establishments, even when they are located up three and four pairs of stairs,—are *always* a third more, and *generally double* the terms of the most agreeable and respectable London establishments in Russell and Tavistock Squares, Foley Place, Grosvenor Street, &c., though few, I think, are aware of it. One of the great charms of Paris, as a metropolitan residence, consists in the peculiarly rural character of its environs. Up to the very gates of the city, the country is really country; and within view of the exterior Boulevards small farms are carrying on their agricultural operations with all the rude simplicity of our remote counties. Instead of ten miles of villas and Londonised hamlets surrounding the metropolis,—"macadamised" roads, "gas-lights," "paragons," "terraces," and "circuses," which stud the highways for more than that distance from the heart of our great Babel, woods, thickets, gardens, and vineyards, are reached in a few minutes after passing through the Barriers. Small capitalists, who form the majority of our building speculators, cannot invest their money in running up a score of Victoria Crescents, Lansdown Places, here; for building a house is a serious undertaking, seldom costing in the new parts of Paris less than from two and three to five thousand pounds sterling. Persons are therefore more cautious here than in England; added to which, the land must be bought too, for no one builds on ground-leases. A more substantial style of house is the consequence; and the considerations that govern the builder of a house in London, preventing him from erecting any building likely to last more than the time of his ground-lease, have no existence with the owners of Paris dwellings. The house is his and his heirs for ever. No leviathan proprietor of the soil, no Duke of Bedford, or Marquis of Westminster, seizes and appropriates to himself, at the end of sixty or ninety-nine years, the abode he has built expressly for his family, or has inherited from his father, who reared it for himself and his children.

The absence of coal-smoke renders Paris, too, far preferable to London as a town-residence. Though a metropolis containing more than half a million of inhabitants, it has purer air than any of our

larger towns with not a tenth of their population. The yellow rose, which will never bloom within fifteen miles of London, noisettes, and other choice sorts, adorn the little gardens at the back of the houses in the most populous parts of Paris; and miniature acacia groves, and orange-trees cheer the eye within the walls of court-yards in the most dismal, forbidding streets.

To return to money matters. As there is at present little speculation in building, there are few empty houses,—none, I may almost say, save those recently-finished adjoining the railway station in the Rue St. Lazare. For the above reasons, I would not advise an investment as a profitable speculation in Paris. As a *safe* investment, however, of capital, yielding a moderate yet sure return, there cannot probably be many better.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Across the ocean's troubled breast
The base-born Norman came,
To win for his helm a kingly crest,
For his sons a kingly name;
And in his warlike band,
Came flashing fair and free,
The brightest swords of his father's land,
With the pomp of its chivalry.

What doth the foe on England's field?
Why seeks he England's throne?
Has she no chiefs her arms to wield,
No warrior of her own?
But lo! in regal pride
Stern Harold comes again,
With the waving folds of his banner dyed
In the blood of the hostile Dane.

The song—the pray'r—the feast were o'er,
The stars in Heav'n were pale,
And many a brow was bared once more
To meet the morning gale.
At length the sun's bright ray
Tinged the wide east with gold,
And the misty veil of the morning grey
Away from his forehead roll'd.

And all along each crowded track
His burning glance was thrown,
Till the polish'd armour sent him back
A lustre like his own.
Still flash'd his silver sheen
Along the serried lines,
Where the deadly wood of spears was seen
To rise like forest-PINES.

In either host was silence deep,
Save the falchion's casual ring,
When a sound arose like the first dread sweep
Of the distant tempest's wing;
Then burst the clamour out,
Still madd'ning more and more,
Till the air grew troubled with the shout,
As it is at the thunder's roar.

And the war was roused by that fearful cry,
And the hosts rush'd wildly on,
Like clouds that sweep o'er the gloomy sky
When summer days are gone.
Swift as the lightning's flame
The furious horseman pass'd,
And the rattling show'rs of arrows came
Like hailstones on the blast.

The island phalanx firmly trod
On paths all red with gore;
For the blood of their bravest stain'd the sod
They proudly spurn'd before.
But close and closer still
They plied them blow for blow,
Till the deadly stroke of the Saxon bill
Cut loose the Norman bow.

And the stubborn foemen turn'd to flee,
With the Saxons on their rear,
Like hounds when they lightly cross the lea
To spring on the fallow-deer.
Each war-axe gleaming bright
Made havoc in its sway;
But, in the mingled chase and flight
They lost their firm array.

From a mounted band of the Norman's best
A vengeful cry arose,
Their lances long were in the rest,
And they dash'd upon their foes
On, on, in wild career;
Alas! for England, then,
When the furious thrust of the horsemen's spear
Bore back the Kentish men.

They bore them back, that desp'rate band,
Despite of helm or shield;
And the corslet bright and the gory brand,
Lay strew'd on the battle-field.
Fierce flash'd the Norman's steel,
Though soil'd by many a stain,
And the iron-tread of his courser's heel
Crush'd down the prostrate slain.

But still for life the Saxons ply,
In hope, or in despair;
And their frantic leader's rallying-cry
Rings in the noontide air.
He toils; but toils in vain!
The fatal arrow flies,
The iron point has pierc'd his brain,
The island-monarch dies.

The fight is o'er, and wide are spread
The sounds of the dismal tale;
And many a heart has quail'd with dread,
And many a cheek is pale.
The victor's fears are past,
The golden spoil is won,
And England's tears are flowing fast,
In grief for England's son.

Alexander McDougall.

THE ENGLISH CAPTIVES AT CABUL.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

BY ONE OF THE FEMALE PRISONERS.

Our arrangements for passing the night at the fort of Koord Cabul did not enable us to make that division of apartments which would have been otherwise so desirable: however, this was not of so much importance as if we had had any *toilette à faire*. The garments we wore by day could not be dispensed with at night; and a little half-frozen water (or, perhaps it should be, half-thawed snow), by way of ablution, afforded our sole preparation for the coming day. To return, — we made our arrangements for the night. These arrangements consisted simply in apportioning our small apartments so that all should have an equal share, clearing them of such little accumulations of dirt, &c. as our limited means admitted of. (The Affghans, we found to our cost, are not more particular in the cleanliness of their dwellings than of their persons.) Each family then spread some of their lighter clothes on the bare ground, reserving the warmest as a covering. That our couches were free from snow, and that we had a roof and walls to protect us from the night-blast, was considered a comparative luxury: so much do our notions of luxury depend on comparison! It was surprising with what readiness all parties, in the absence of servants lent their assistance to these little works of necessity. Assigning the warmest places to the children, we now, with many most anxious thoughts of our friends with the force, prepared ourselves for sleep. Many of the party, worn out by the fatigue and excitement of the last few days, were already wrapt in slumber, when we were all aroused by the not unwelcome tidings that our dinner— unwonted sound! — was coming. Most of us were in darkness. The smoke from our wood-fires had been found so unpleasant, that, grateful as their warmth would have proved, we had allowed them to go out; but now we blew up the smouldering embers to a blaze, and sat on the ground in eager anticipation of our meal. An Affghan brought to each party a large flaring tallow-candle, of about the dimensions of a stout man's arm; he was followed by a second, bearing a load of the bread of the country,—raised wheaten cakes, flat, and somewhat of an oval form, about half an inch thick, and from eight to ten inches in diameter. These were first distributed. Then two more men appeared, bearing between them a smoking caldron of "pillau," consisting of about a bushel, or more, of boiled rice, in which a small sheep had been stewed to a consistency that admitted of its being easily pulled to pieces with the fingers. A few metal dishes were brought; and this mess was portioned off with that most primitive of all instruments, the hand, to the different parties. Salt is not always an ingredient in Affghan repasts; but, when we asked for it, a large lump of rock-salt was brought, which, after bruising between two stones, we sprinkled over our food. We now clustered round our several messes, and took our first lesson in dispensing with the use of knives and forks. Under other circumstances I doubt not that we should have been greatly amused at our own awkward attempts to convey our food to our mouths without spilling; and truly our gipsy-like appearance must have been

altogether ludicrous to unconcerned spectators. Although dipping our fingers in the dish became afterwards a sufficiently familiar operation, still there were very few among us who could ever attain to any degree of proficiency in this Eastern practice.

The night must have been well advanced before we again composed ourselves to sleep. Soundly as some of us may have slept, we all awoke with the earliest dawn. None but the truly wretched can know fully how to appreciate that most merciful of blessings, sleep; or with what sorrowing hearts we poor prisoners were again roused to the full consciousness of our situation, our helpless dependence on the pleasure of a race of semi-barbarians, whose will was almost their only law, and in whose creed mercy finds no place. We again found difficulty in persuading our jailors to provide us with water wherewith to wash, or to convince them that cleanliness was at all necessary to comfort. The remains of our last night's repast served us for breakfast; which meal we despatched rather hastily, not knowing how soon we might be called upon to move. This, we were told, depended on the Sirdar's orders, and that a messenger had been sent to learn his pleasure regarding us. About ten o'clock we were informed that we were to remain where we were till to-morrow. A follower of the Sirdar, named Moossa, was established as our master of the ceremonies. Although he certainly rendered us many services, he proved, as indeed are all his race, a most "salt-butter knave." This man Moossa, or Moossa Khan, as he was by courtesy styled, was believed to be the son of a Cabul butcher. He had, by his unscrupulous performance of all kinds of service, and acting as a too ready tool in furthering his employer's wishes, whether good or evil, worked himself into a certain degree of the Sirdar's confidence. When negotiations were first opened by Sir William Macnaghten, Moossa had been sent into cantonments as a sort of hostage for the good faith of the Cabul chiefs, and had been treated during his stay, as Sir William's guest, with a certain degree of courtesy and consideration. He had, consequently, become acquainted with some of the gentlemen who were now prisoners; and had still, it is to be hoped, as far as his uneducated nature would permit, a proper remembrance of the kindness he had experienced at their hands. Certain it is that he was useful to us, and particularly desirous to render Lady Macnaghten's situation as comfortable as possible.

Some of our party had begun to feel the effect of the glare from the snow upon their eyes: this exhibited itself in the form of a severe smarting sensation, and partial blindness. Moossa Khan's servant applied the universal Eastern remedy of soorma, (black antimony,) introduced under the eyelids. The relief was almost immediate.

We were informed that, when we moved, we should have to march nearly the whole day; and it was considered expedient to make ourselves as little remarkable as possible, that we might be less likely to attract the notice of any stray parties of Affghans. With this intent, turbans and "chogas" (Affghan cloaks) were put in requisition, and all who could obtain these articles did so. It was considered more than likely, that, when Lady Sale was wounded, she had been mistaken for one of the opposite sex, from the circumstance of her wearing an officer's foraging-cap, as the Affghans have a superstitious prejudice against killing a woman; and

no other lady was touched, although, from the circumstance of several travelling in panniers, their progress through the enemy's fire was considerably slower than her ladyship's. We were, of course, anxious in our inquiries whether General Elphinstone's force had been supplied with provisions, according to agreement on our going over, and also whether it had marched. On these points we could get no satisfactory replies; but we were led to believe that the force had marched. Some fancied they heard firing; but, if so, it was too indistinct to be certain about. We saw nothing of the Sirdar, or his cousin, Sooltan Jan, to-day; indeed, with the exception of the occasional presence of Moossa, and two or three menials, we were left entirely to our own meditations at that period,—probably one of the least agreeable occupations we could have found. In the evening we had our mess of pillau served out to us as before; and, although some have since grumbled at the plainness of our fare, I believe at the time all partook of it with tolerable zest. In truth, a few days' starvation and the biting frost had whetted our appetites to an exceeding keenness, and it was evident that this national dish was the best fare the little fort afforded; and it was no fault of our entertainers, if their less polished customs did not enable them to supply our artificial wants, such as clean table-cloths, knives, forks, &c. Our arrangements for the night were much the same as on the day previous.

As our fatigue wore off, we naturally became more sensible of the hardness of our couch, and the scantiness of our covering. The children accommodated themselves to their new situation in every respect more easily than their parents. This was but natural: but, from beginning to end of our trials, it was a demonstrated fact, that throughout the whole party patience was exemplified in an inverse ratio to years; and the young and the delicate set an example of meek resignation and Christian fortitude that some of the seniors would have done well to imitate.

On the 11th, we had scarcely finished our morning meal when Moossa hinted to us to get ready for an immediate move. Our preparations occupied only a few minutes; but it was between 10 and 11 A.M. before we left the fort. Lady Macnaghten, and Mrs. Anderson with her infant, were in panniers on the same camel; Mrs. Trevor and her servant (a soldier's wife, Mrs. Smith) were on another; the rest of the party rode on horseback, the children mostly mounted before and behind Affghan horsemen. The situation of several of our party claimed peculiar sympathy. Most had suffered in some way from the fortune of war. Lady Macnaghten, Mrs. Trevor, and Mrs. Sturt had all, within a few days, been made widows; Lady Sale was still suffering from the wound in her arm; Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Mainwaring both had young babies; the former, weak and ill, was compelled to endure the rough motion of a camel and a badly-adjusted pannier. Her conveyance, however, rough as it was, to a certain extent afforded means of privacy, and thus enabled her to make some return for Mrs. Mainwaring's generosity in having taken charge of one of her children on a former occasion, by allowing Mrs. Mainwaring's infant to share with her own in that endearing office which none but mothers can perform. It is a pleasing retrospect to reflect, that adversity on this occasion did not prove that grave of finer feelings for which it so often has

the credit. If there were any of our small party who, during their misfortunes, did not rise in general estimation, it must be borne in mind that their ordeal was of no ordinary nature. During our captivity, patience, generosity, forbearance, courage,—all the Christian virtues,—were daily put to the severest test; and most gratifying is it to record, that, if any were found wanting, they were but the exceptions to the general rule. Mrs. Mainwaring was very badly off for a conveyance; another camel was not to be had, and a side-saddle out of the question. In this difficulty it was suggested that the seat which would the least incommode her would be on the top of the load of a baggage-pony. This she eventually adopted, and, under Providence, without serious inconvenience or accident. Major Pottinger and Captain Troup were both sufferers from wounds, and ill capable of riding. There was, however, no alternative. The former had a ball in the leg, which to this day (eighteen months since he received it) causes him much trouble and annoyance. Captain Troup was wounded in the elbow. His wound, though at the time most painful, has since healed, and the arm is as well as ever.

Just as we were about to start, Sooltan Jan made his appearance among us. He was very reserved in his replies to our questions; but told us our destination for to-day was Teyzeen (about sixteen miles on the road to Jalalabad). We scarcely believed this, as we expected to be taken back to Cabul. I should mention that Sooltan Jan and Moossa were very urgent for the ladies to conceal their faces, giving their silk handkerchiefs to some of them for that purpose. Our order of march was simple enough; about two scores of horsemen in the van, a similar number in the rear, and our unhappy selves in the centre. On quitting the fort, all were most anxious to see which road we were to take; and it was with something like hope that we found our direction was really towards Teyzeen. It may be easily supposed that all were too much occupied with their own thoughts to enter much into conversation. Our progress was very slow, and it was past mid-day before we reached the spot where we had parted from the force. It would have been impossible for the most unpractised eye not to recognise it: it was literally strewed with the dead and the dying, of all colours, age, and sex. Most were stripped naked; none but the poorest of the poor had been allowed to retain their clothes. Not a particle of baggage or camp-equipage of the most trifling description was to be seen; even the shoes from the dead horses' feet had all contributed to the plunder of the insatiable Affghans. This was an awful sight!—so many of those who a few hours before were marching with us, now stiff and cold. But this was to have been expected. We had experienced the murderous fire through which our troops had passed two days previously; and that numbers should have died of their wounds, fatigue, hunger, and cold, was no matter of surprise.

We continued our sad journey. On reaching the main road leading to Teyzeen we indulged a hope that we were clear of these sad proofs of man's mortality; and, indeed, we proceeded for about three miles from the encamping ground to the spot whence we had been recalled two days before, without seeing more than three or four corpses. But at this spot the road suddenly narrows, and leads through a pass called the Tungee Tareekee, between high hills. We had no sooner entered this pass than all our hopes were fear-

fully crushed. In every direction, on both sides of the road, lay in clusters the corpses of Europeans and natives,—officers, soldiers, and camp-followers. It was impossible to avert the eyes from these dreadful sights; and, sickening and fearful as they were, we had to endure them for many a weary mile. Most of the bodies were stripped of their clothes, and all the Europeans gashed with ghastly wounds,—from their regularity, evidently inflicted after death.

As we proceeded on our way, after getting some distance beyond this pass, the road again became comparatively clear of such scenes, and we were again visited with something like a hope that these acts of slaughter had been confined to the narrow passes. We reached the Huft Kotul (a name given to seven exceedingly steep descents). Here we found the snow had undergone a partial thaw, and, having been again frozen, the surface was dangerously slippery. Even the Affghans, whose horses are the surest-footed in the world, were obliged to ride with caution. How the camels descended with safety has always been to me a wonder. The ladies who were on horseback, and some of the gentlemen, dismounted to walk; but not before some accidents had happened. Mrs. Boyd had a fall, fortunately not a severe one; and Major Pottinger, whose wounded leg made riding a torture to him, also got a fall, which hurt him considerably.

We reached the bottom of these descents without further accident; but now again we were doomed to witness similar frightful sights to those of the morning. For three miles the road leads along the bed of a stream between hills, and at every twenty yards of this distance lay the bodies of our slaughtered soldiers. Many a well-known face did we pass this day!—many a friend, whose pulses lately beat as freely as our own, now sleeping in the icy arms of Death! It is not intended to dwell upon horrors, or the sights of this day's march would furnish matter for lengthy pages. As the sun was setting, our party reached the fort at Teyzeen, into which we were ushered with every show of kindness. It was amusing to see the Affghan chief, Sooltan Jan, assisting in carrying into the inner fort (the door was too small for a camel) the camel-panniers of Lady Macnaghten and Mrs. Anderson. This was a matter of surprise to many, knowing the estimation in which females are held by Affghans; but the act was voluntary, and was repeated several times afterwards on similar occasions. Nor was it only a pretence, in compliment to Lady Macnaghten; for Sooltan Jan, though handsome, was sturdy, and carried at least his own share of the load, calling lustily to his assistants to follow his example, and exert themselves.

At Teyzeen we found Lieutenant Melville. He mentioned that, being wounded, he had asked and obtained General Elphinstone's permission to go over and remain with Mahommed Ukbur Khan. He also gave us many particulars respecting the army after we had been separated from it; but those details are not suited to the present narrative. We may, however, observe, that the army having been dreadfully harassed on the 10th, on its march from Khoord Cabul to Teyzeen, General Elphinstone had made two endeavours, by communicating with the Sirdar, to save the small remnant of his force. The Sirdar's proposals were, however, such as the general could not accept; so, after halting for a few hours

at Teyzeen, he had pushed on at nightfall. The Sirdar had received intelligence of his march, and moved off also, it was supposed in pursuit, at about midnight.

This night our quarters were rather scanty. The families were divided into two rooms, the bachelors contenting themselves with a sort of open corridor, or verandah. This, however, had become of less consequence, as we had descended from the region of snow; and, though the air was still piercing cold, it was not so bitterly intense as it had been on the higher level of Cabul. Our evening meal was late before it arrived; but come it did, and, as before, we did full justice to it. We were, however, put to sad shifts for light. The Cabul tallow-candles were here not procurable; and it was only by the greatest ingenuity that we manufactured a light to eat by. The fatigue of the day—we had been upwards of seven hours marching—made us regardless of the hardness of our couch; and most of us were glad to rest both mind and body, harassed and wearied as we were by the scenes and labours of the day. In the morning it again appeared to be a matter of doubt whether we were to pass the day at Teyzeen or to move forward. To be in readiness for the latter possibility, we made our breakfast without delay. By this time we had ascertained fully what our means were: they were limited enough. One had saved a candle, another a needle and some thread, a third could muster a bottle or two of wine, and a fourth some tea! The happy individual who boasted the last-named beverage deserves not only well of his country, (a good and gallant officer was Captain G. St. P. Lawrence,) but particularly so of us; for his activity in preparing hot water, and dispensing to each a share of his prize, was beyond all commendation.—And here let me remark on our good-fortune in having Captain Lawrence with us. He understood sufficient of the language to make known all our wants; and, as the late Sir William Macnaghten's secretary, had become well known among the Affghans, among whom his high spirits and good-humour under difficulties had gained him some slight influence. Many of our party were also deeply indebted to him for clothes. He had, through the means of good servants, saved all his baggage, and dispensed with a liberal hand the contents of his trunks. More than one of our children were dressed in a Guernsey from Lawrence's stores, the elastic web reaching from their shoulders to their heels. His shirts, socks, trowsers, handkerchiefs, and towels became honoured by fairer wearers than ever was dreamt of in the philosophy of their manufacturers. Oh! a truly motley group were we!

We were again on the move by 9 A. M.; our destination Surroobee, a small fort, distant eighteen miles; our order of march the same as before. Mr. Melville was added to our party. We had scarcely proceeded a mile when we were joined by Dr. Magrath of the 37th N. I. He had been made prisoner while attempting to rally part of our force, and was sent as another addition to our party. We were rejoiced to see him, for a report had reached us of his death. We passed a few dead bodies, and fancied we could distinguish small groups of Hindoostanees in nooks in the hills. We wearied ourselves in conjecture as to the fate of the force. If the Sirdar had really gone in pursuit of them, he had not come up with them for the first twelve miles; beyond this, our road lay in a different direction from that taken by the troops. Nothing of interest occurred

to us during the march. We moved very slowly, halting every now and then, as if our conductors were expecting some one. In fact, several of the Teyzeen chiefs did join us before we reached Surroobee. It was dusk before we dismounted from our steeds. The same activity was again shown by the Affghans in carrying the ladies into the fort.

Our accommodation at Surroobee consisted of only one room, which was given up to the families; the bachelors, as before, betaking themselves to the verandahs. We had no sooner got into the fort than rain and sleet began to fall, and most thankful were we that we were sheltered; for how, in such a climate, could any one have existed in wet clothes? In a shed close to the room where we were lodged was a young woman baking bread. She had a fine crackling fire in her oven, and was willing to accommodate us with a few loaves for a handsome remuneration. Our party was hungry, the warm bread tempting, and, in consequence, some found more fault than usual with our pillau, which arrived in due course. —Some of our servants joined us at this fort. Poor wretches! they were more than half starved both by cold and hunger. They said they had given us up for lost from the moment we left the camp, but God had ordained it otherwise; and that, for the future, they would link their fate to ours, if we would allow them. They were too glad to receive from us the morsels of bread and pillau we could spare; and both Hindoos and Mahommedans seemed to forget the prevailing prejudice of Hindoostan. We were much confined for room, and badly off for light: we were, however, tired, and "innocent sleep soon knitted up the ravelled sleeve of care."

This morning, the 13th, we were moved off earlier than usual. Indeed, we had scarcely time to discuss a mug of tea; for, with no milk to cool it, and in a metal mug without a handle, it required some time to drink it. We were to march to-day by a route which none of our party had ever travelled: our destination was Jugdulluk. At starting, we struck immediately into the hills to the eastward. The march of the preceding day had been almost free from snow; but, as soon as we again approached the hills, we found them covered with one sheet of snow, some eighteen inches deep. No trace of a road was left; but the Affghans seemed well acquainted with the way. It was very slow travelling for the camels; but these beasts, under the guidance of Affghans, seem capable of double the exertion, and to be endowed with twice the instinct they display when led by Hindoostanees. We had frequent occasion to remark this fact before our journey ended. It took us till near mid-day to complete our toilsome ascent; after which the road sloped gradually, with occasional strong undulations, down to Jugdulluk. About five miles from the latter place we fell into the track the army had taken; and about this spot we fell in with a few returning Affghan horsemen. From them we learned the woful tidings, that, with the exception of four officers, the Cabul force had been annihilated! Disbelief was the most prominent of our feelings; but this gave way to serious misgivings as we advanced. Dead bodies began to dot the road-side; for the last two miles the corpses of the fated band, Europeans and natives, lay promiscuously side by side; scores of wretched men, sepoys and camp-followers, were seen in groups on the sides of the hills. They seemed to have been left by

the Affghans to their fate, which would most probably prove a lingering death from cold and hunger. Most of them appeared unable to move, having their limbs badly frost-bitten. We reached Jugdulluk a little after sunset. Here we again met the Sirdar; his reception of us was, as before, urbane and courteous. We had scarcely dismounted, when we saw Captain Johnson, commissariat officer of the late Shah's force. From him we learnt that General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and himself were the last of the Cabul army. On the evening that they marched from Teyzeen their progress was unopposed, or nearly so, till within a short distance of Jugdulluk. Here, however, the Sirdar, by a short cut across the hills, had contrived to place himself in advance of them. The hills were crowded with the enemy, whose terrible juzzails wrought sad havoc amongst our men, who, worn out by cold, and hunger, and incessant toil, could offer no resistance. A communication was again made to Mahommed Ukbur Khan, who, under some pretext of treaty, enticed the three above-named officers to a conference, from which they were not allowed to return. The little remnant of the army attempted to recruit exhausted nature by a meal on horse-flesh. They halted the next day; but, towards evening, finding that their officers did not return, they became impatient, and moved off without orders towards Jalalabad. Their fate is too well known.

The only preparation for our reception consisted of the outer fly of a single-pole tent, raised on only half a pole, so that the sides nearly touched the ground. The impossibility of so large a party finding shelter in such a confined space was brought to the notice of the Sirdar, who, consequently, sent a small Affghan tent, about twelve feet by six. Into this Lady Macnaghten, and Major Boyd's and Captain Anderson's families crept. The bachelors shifted for themselves, and contrived to procure another tent. At the usual time—about two hours after dark—our pillau was brought; but we were all too much distressed in mind to care for food. When the arrangement was originally made for separating us from the force, it was with heavy hearts that we found ourselves compelled to acquiesce, and we were borne up with the hope that our trials would be short; but many there were among us on this sad night who deeply grieved that they had not been allowed to share the fate of the army. We knew not for what we were reserved; and may God pardon us if we felt not thankful for the life He had preserved! This was certainly the most wretched night we had passed. It is true that many of us had had our individual misfortunes to contend with; but hope for the future had been our support. Now hope seemed crushed; and so deeply were all affected by the general disaster, that, had any one at the time thought of a happier future, it may be doubted if his anticipations would have found even a welcome among us. The army was annihilated, our friends were numbered with the dead; and that we too might be allowed speedily to share their fate appeared the greatest blessing that could await us.

On the morning of the 14th we started early; General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, and Captain Johnson being with us. The Sirdar himself, accompanied by several Ghilgie chiefs, and some two hundred followers, formed our escort. We expected to follow the road to Jalalabad; but our conductors, choosing a different direction, entered one of the several passes which lead from Jugdulluk,

and pursued a north-eastern course. For the first two miles we passed great numbers of Hindoostanees perishing by the road-side. Our route was a very wild one. The first few miles may be said to have been a defile, at the end of which we entered upon an open and good road. This, however, was not to continue. We reached a second defile, ascending over broken fragments of rock for several miles. At length we approached a ghat, to ascend which appeared to our unsophisticated sense a feat that none but a wild goat would attempt. However, we had much to learn; for not only did the Affghan horsemen ride over it with apparent ease, but even our camels surmounted the toilsome and dangerous ascent without accident. From the summit of this ghat the view was most magnificent: in the distance, mountains that touch the sky, covered with their perpetual snow; ranges of smaller hills and valleys, stretching away from us as far as the eye could reach; while around us, on every peak that commanded the road we travelled, were perched Affghan horsemen, in the picturesque garb of the nation. How they had gained their perilous positions seemed to us a wonder. We passed on unmolested; but the Sirdar had thought it necessary to take every precaution for our safety. Under other circumstances, how much this journey might have been enjoyed! overwhelmed as nearly all our senses were by our melancholy situation, it was yet impossible not to be struck with admiration at scenery so truly grand. The descent from the ghat, though much less difficult than the ascent, was tedious; and night was closing in before we reached our halting-place, near a small fort, situated in a valley called Kutzi-Mohammed Ali Khan. The owner of the fort objected rather coarsely to admitting the Caffres (infidels) within his walls; we were, therefore, compelled to take up our abode near a small grove of trees outside. The weather had been threatening during the latter part of the day, and it now began to blow almost a gale, with appearance of an approaching fall of rain. Not a tent was provided, and the gentlemen had to set their invention to work to make arrangements for the night. Some were too weary to waste much time in the selection of a spot whereon to sleep; but, making the most of cloaks and "poshteens,"* threw themselves down, and were soon insensible to all the troubles of this world; others contrived to form a shelter from the blast, by putting together the camel-panniers, pack-saddles, &c. However, our fears about the weather proved ungrounded. About ten o'clock the wind went down, and the night remained calm and clear. Our pillau was later than usual to-night, and but few remained awake to partake of it.

We were on the move again a little after sunrise. At starting, we had to cross two branches of a stream, called the Punjsheir. The first of these was shallow; the second deep, and at the ford very rapid, indeed a perfect torrent. The Sirdar again accompanied our party, and set the example to his followers in giving assistance to cross the stream. The Sirdar placed his horse by the side of Lady Macnaghten's camel, and, with his hand steadying the pannier, spoke in broken Hindoostanee words of assurance. One lady, who wanted confidence in her steed, was carried across the stream behind an Affghan. Several horsemen were placed in the stream below the

* A sheep-skin tanned with the wool on, making a very warm cloak.

ford, to assist servants and others, who, crossing on foot, might have been carried away by the torrent. Indeed, this last arrangement saved more than one poor wretch from a watery grave. In labours of this sort, the contrast between the Affghan and Hindoostanee is most striking. Instead of the apathy with which the latter would have witnessed such a scene, the Affghan was all energy and activity; and, though the stream was deep and icy-cold, was urging his horse whenever he could be useful. The rest of the road to-day, a distance of some sixteen miles, was good and level. At about 2 P. M. we entered the valley of Loghman: a most beautiful valley it is, well watered, and dotted through its whole extent by orchards and thriving villages. As we passed through some of the latter, the inhabitants clustered around us. The women in some of them were anxious to see the ladies' faces,—a curiosity that was readily gratified; but some of these groups were less quiet in their demeanour, using most insulting and threatening language, and by their whole demeanour proving the expediency of our passing quickly by them. There was some delay in the selection of a fort for us to halt in, and it was about three o'clock before we found ourselves within the walls of Teergurhee. It was perhaps well for us that the delay was no greater; for there was an evident commotion in the valley, and our conductors hurried us in as fast as they could. Teergurhee is a small mud-fort, attached to a considerable village. It was supposed that we should have had to remain some days here, and we were, consequently, much annoyed to find our quarters very confined. We had more room, certainly, than we had had at any previous halting-place; but still it was much too limited for either health or comfort. We got our pillau earlier than usual; and Moossa treated Lady Macnaghten to a curry!

On the morrow (16th) we halted. This was Sunday; nor were we unmindful of the duties of Christians on such a day. Several had been fortunate enough to save prayer-books; nor was the Bible wanting among us; and some, at least, with thankful hearts and chastened spirits acknowledged at the throne of Grace the mercy so lately vouchsafed us. This halt was most grateful to us all: it gave us the much-desired opportunity of a luxurious wash. None know the extent of such an enjoyment but those who have been for days deprived of the indulgence. At this place a few more of our servants joined us; most of them were frost-bitten. How they had survived the general massacre, or how crawled on to this spot, appeared wonderful. Some scores of our late camp-followers had found their way to this village, where were settled a number of Hindoo bungahs, (originally from Shikarpore,) who gave them daily distributions of bread in charity. How these unfortunates had escaped the general massacre, or who had directed their steps to this spot, some twenty miles off the direct road to Jalalabad, we never could ascertain.

During the day we heard several shots fired; we could not exactly learn the cause, but were told that it was the Sirdar's followers quelling some riot that had occurred in the village on our account. Several men were said to have been killed—*pour encourager les autres;* but we could see nothing of what was going on. We got our pillau, as usual, in the evening; and Moossa supplied another curry to Lady Macnaghten.

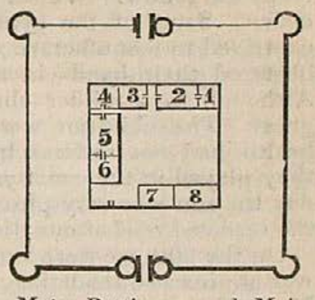
On the 17th it was rumoured that the people of the valley were

very ill-disposed towards us; and, fearing their clamour might end in open violence, the Sirdar deemed it advisable to remove us to a place of greater security. We were, consequently, warned to prepare ourselves for another move. We were soon ready: but numbers of the Affghans had assembled for the purpose of plundering us as we left the fort; and it was, consequently, considered necessary to detain us until the Sirdar had collected some matchlock-men for our protection. This he did, to the number of about three hundred. In the course of an hour (about twelve o'clock) we moved out. The Sirdar Sooltan Jan and Mahommed Shah Khan (father-in-law to Mahommed Ukbur), and a very powerful chief of the Ghilgies, were at the gate waiting for us. They and their followers were most liberal in the application of sticks and whips to keep off the crowd, which, however, they did effectually; and we commenced our march, without any annoyance beyond a volley of maledictions from the *canaille.*

Such scenes as these naturally caused great anxiety and excitement among our party; but we were helpless in the hands of the Philistines, and our only course was to eat quietly as much dirt as our tormentors chose to set before us. We had only five or six miles to travel. The country around us was very beautiful. The Sirdar's party seemed in high spirits. Several chiefs of less note joined in the cavalcade. They seemed well disposed to converse with those of the gentlemen who understood their language. They scarcely touched upon the late occurrences, but seemed surprised that we were downcast. They expected that, like true predestinarians, we should consider the events that had passed to have stood conspicuous in the book of fate, and, therefore, not to have been averted by the endeavours of man; as to ourselves, that we should consider our *kismut** truly happy,—that we had been born under a happy star. From the tenor of their remarks we tried to gather comfort; for why should they congratulate us if they still intended us injury? But our way was dark before us; and I believe there were few amongst us who possessed sufficient philosophy to gaze calmly on the dim futurity.

Between two and three o'clock we reached a new-looking fort, called Budecobad, the property of the above-mentioned Mahommed Shah Khan; by guess I should say it was situated about thirty miles north-west of Jalalabad, and divided from it by the Cabul river. On entering, we were pleased to find the fort very clean. It was about one hundred yards square, with a smaller fort in the centre; leaving between the two a surrounding space of some twenty-five yards, where the chief's retainers lived. The inner fort was for the accommodation of his family: it was very clean; the rooms well raised, six in number; two of them about twenty-four feet by fourteen, the others about fourteen feet square. The whole of this inner fort, with its court-yard about twenty yards square, was given up to our use; and we were told that we should remain here some days, until the road to Jalalabad was safe for travellers! In the centre of some of the rooms were blazing fires; and the whole appearance gave us hope of less discomfort than we had hitherto experienced.

* Kismut—fate.



No. 1. Lady Macnaghten,—Mrs. Boyd and two children,—Mrs. Anderson and two children,—Mrs. Mainwaring and child,—Mrs. Eyre and child.

No. 2. Major Boyd, Captain Lawrence, Captain Anderson, and Mr. Eyre at one end; a number of servants and baggage at the other. Here also the rations were served out.

No. 3. Lady Sale, Mrs. Sturt, Captain and Mrs. Waller and child, Mrs. Trevor and seven children, and Mr. Mein.

No. 4. Mr. and Mrs. Ryley, Captain Mackenzie, and Mr. Fallon.*

No. 5. Capt. Troup, Capt. Johnson, Dr. Magrath, Lieut. Melville, Capt. Souter.

No. 6. General Elphinstone, Brigadier Shelton, Major Pottinger, and Major Griffiths.

Nos. 7 and 8. Sheds to cook in.

The Sirdar remained in the inner fort for an hour, receiving some of the chiefs, who had come to pay their respects to him. He made one or two of the gentlemen sit by him, and behaved to them as if on a perfect equality. While talking to the chiefs, he amused himself with eating sugar-cane, at the same time sharing it with the gentlemen near him. This sugar-cane feasting appears a favourite pastime with the Affghans. We got our pillau as usual, and lay down for the night with the prospect of being a little less uncomfortable than had lately been our lot.

On the 18th we were up betimes; and, some of us having contrived to buy some eggs, we made a slight variety in our morning repast. The Sirdar and Sooltan Jan, who had passed the night in the outer court, came to take their leave of us. Their behaviour was, as usual, perfectly courteous and kind. Lady Macnaghten, understanding that a fine horse belonging to her late husband, and which she had saved, had attracted the notice of some of the chiefs, begged the Sirdar's acceptance of the animal; knowing very well that with the Affghans to admire and to covet are synonymous, and that their ideas of appropriation are on a sliding-scale easily adapted to suit their convenience. The Sirdar had a little "political talk" with Major Pottinger; then, assuring us that we should go to Jalalabad "as soon as the road was safe," he took his departure. Moossa was established our master of the ceremonies. He was a cross-grained, grumpy wretch; but we were now in a fine school for practising the Frenchman's philosophy, "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a." If we could not love the Affghans, it was our policy to conceal from them how cordially we hated them. Hitherto occurrences have been detailed daily as they took place; but henceforward days, weeks, and months passed in such cheerless monotony that this narrative may as well assume a less regular form, and advert only occasionally to dates.

We now began to speculate among ourselves on our prospects of liberation. We calculated to the greatest nicety the weeks, days, and hours, that it would take for the news of our disaster to reach Calcutta. We settled the line of conduct the Government *must* pursue, &c. None, I think, ever dreamed of the course of events that

* Mr. Fallon, Captain Souter, and Major Griffiths joined us afterwards.

really did follow. We set to work, and parched barley for imitation coffee. Some of the gentlemen, with reeds, and pieces of tin-box, contrived to manufacture what they called "hookahs;" while others blistered their hands in attempts to fashion wooden "dudeens." Although in a milder climate than Cabul, the cold was still very great. The children were as happy as the day was long; their health had not suffered by the hard living and long marches, and they played in the court-yard from morning till night. During the day the sun was very pleasant; and the ladies made a promenade on the terraced roof of our dwellings.

On the 20th we were much rejoiced at the removal of Moossa. He was an unaccommodating monster; and, though he did give Lady Macnaghten a curry every night, he made her pay for it by giving him an excellent camel as a parting present. He stole, also, several trifles from others of the party. It was little enough that we had, and to be robbed of that little was hard indeed. Moossa was succeeded by a stout little fellow, who was always called by us "Mirza;" his name was, I believe, "Bahoodeen." Mirza was a Bokhara merchant, but had been a great deal at Cabul, and had become acquainted with several of the officers; among others, with Captain Troup, who had rendered him some little service, and, I believe, got medicine for some of his family who were sick. At all events, we congratulated ourselves on his advent; and I believe that the little fellow did all he could for us. The first thing he did was to get some little stools made, the only substitute he could provide for chairs. Shortly *charpoys** succeeded to the bare ground. Brass dishes and drinking-cups found their way among us; and, in short, we began to assume less of the appearance and habits of savages than hitherto we had done. It must not be supposed that this was the work of a day, or even of weeks; it was, probably, upwards of a month before we could be said to have emerged from our state of barbarism.

After a week's absence, we were honoured by a visit from the Sirdar and his cousin. The object of their visit was supposed to be an interview with Major Pottinger, for the purpose of getting him to write to General Sale to give up Jalalabad. If such were really the case, they had got hold of the wrong man in Major Pottinger; for, though he would have made any personal sacrifice for the general benefit, I do not think he would have swerved ever so little from the strict line of his duty to the State, to have saved us all from slavery or death. The Sirdar then paid us all a visit, and begged to be informed if there were anything wanting to our comfort (!). Little did he know of our customs, or he never would have insulted us by asking such a question. He again spoke to Mrs. Anderson of her child, and assured her of her being safe in the zenana of Mahommed Zuman Khan (the Barakzye chief, who had charge of the hostages left at Cabul.) We mentioned to the Sirdar our wish to be supplied with the "raw materials," and to prepare our own meals. This was instantly complied with, and thenceforth we ordered our own meals. It was also hinted to the Sirdar that we had expended the few rupees that we happened to have about our persons when we accepted his invitation; he consequently promised to send us money;

* Charpoys,—small light bedsteads used in the East.

which pledge he, much to our surprise, redeemed the next day by sending one thousand rupees to be divided amongst us. Our daily rations consisted of rice, flour, mutton, salt, and ghee, with a little milk in the morning. The Sirdar promised us tea, sugar, &c.; but we looked upon this as only a promise.

One of the greatest annoyances that we experienced I have not yet alluded to. It consisted in an attachment to our persons formed by a diminutive insect, which shall be nameless; but which, from sleeping on the floor of rooms lately inhabited by Affghans, and having no change of clothes, had become a serious nuisance. The Sirdar had taken charge of a note or two from us, and promised to send them to Jalalabad; which he did. A few days afterwards we received letters, newspapers, and clothes from our friends there. This was on the 29th; when we also heard of Brigadier Wild's failure in the Khybur Pass, and of Dr. Brydon's having reached Jalalabad. We were more than happy, as may be supposed, to hear from our friends; nor were we less pleased by the method they adopted to assist us in our distress. They had all contributed a something, and furnished forth two goodly trunks of wearing-apparel, soap, towels, &c. In short, we were now likely to have nothing to grumble for. It was the employment of several hours to distribute our riches. Unfortunately, the clothes sent for public distribution were all for the gentlemen. Lady Sale was more fortunate; as Sir Robert had saved all his baggage on his march to Jalalabad, among which was her ladyship's wardrobe, he was able to send her an ample supply. The other ladies were obliged to content themselves with some coarse cloths and chintzes furnished by the Sirdar. He had also sent needles and thread; thus giving occupation to all the sempstresses of the party, who were most industrious in cutting out and sewing together their several lots. Fashion and ornament gave place to utility; and, though our garments were still of the plainest, all could now rejoice in a change of dress.

At the time that we received the above-mentioned investment from Jalalabad, we heard also further accounts regarding Brigadier Wild's attempt to force the Khybur. We could not learn the particulars; but the Affghans took great care to exaggerate their own successes, and of course our spirits were depressed in proportion. Whenever any of the Sirdar's people came to see us, they took special care to propagate scores of falsehood about their doings at Jalalabad. Sometimes they would tell us that the garrison was starving, and must surrender in a day or two; sometimes, that they had surprised a large detachment when out foraging, and cut them off to a man. In short, none but Affghans could have told the lies they did, or could have made such boasts so unblushingly.

On Sunday, the 13th, Sooltan Jan paid us a visit. He appeared to come here merely for his own amusement; he brought pocketsful of sweetmeats for the children, and invited the gentlemen to a stroll outside the fort, where they sat down by the side of a stream, and were regaled with sugar-cane. During the above period we had several falls of snow, sleet, and rain; but these showers were not of long duration. When it was fine, the children, and the more youthful of the gentlemen, found exercise and amusement in pitching large stones, or in playing the schoolboy's game of hopscotch; cross-touch and puss-in-the-corner also helped to while away the tedious hours,

and keep their blood from stagnating. Dost Mahommed Khan, a brother of the owner of the fort, and others of his relations, would sometimes join in these sports; and truly ludicrous it was to see these grave and bearded Affghans entering into these frolics with as much apparent gusto as any child of the party. Well was it for us that the elasticity of the human mind renders it capable of so readily accommodating itself to all circumstances. Our prospects were indeed gloomy; and but for some such relaxations as those described, some diversion in which we could for a moment forget our sorrows, we must have fallen a prey to all sorts of melancholy forebodings. As it was, the ladies looked on, and laughed at the sports of men turned boys; and all were the better for these occasional relaxations.

On the 6th of February (Sunday), as we were going to prayers, we heard with unfeigned joy that Major Griffiths, of the 37th, was alive, and with Mahommed Ukbur Khan. His daughter, Mrs. Waller, had from the first a presentiment that he had escaped; and, though we all thought it unwise that she should entertain such a hope, how wondrously had it been fulfilled! We also heard that the sergeant-major of the 37th regiment had reached Jalalabad. On the 12th we heard that Mr. Barress, a merchant, who had carried his speculations as far as Cabul, where he was when the rebellion broke out, had also contrived to get to Jalalabad. Poor man! he had endured incredible hardships, had been badly wounded, and only reached Jalalabad to die. About this time we learned that the Sirdar had himself gone to superintend the beleaguerment of Jalalabad. We feared not for what he could do by his attacks; but doubted how long the little garrison could endure against starvation, and the many hardships of a close blockade. We had ourselves felt the miseries of such a situation, and feared for the result of circumstances to our friends.

On the 15th we received another contribution of sundries from Jalalabad. These little presents brought with them a value far above the addition afforded to our comforts; they proved how much we were thought of and sympathized with even by those whose situation was scarcely less desperate than our own. It must be confessed that, though their communications were a source of great gratification to us, still they did not tend to make us less anxious for our ultimate fate. It was easy to trace in the tone of the notes we received that our case was considered almost hopeless, and that, in the event of a British army forcing the Khybur, the worst consequences were apprehended for us. These fears exhibited themselves in the form of the advice given to endeavour to buy over some who might befriend us when the British arms should once more triumph, and the tide turn against the Affghans. For the first few weeks it cannot be denied that our anxiety was intense, and, as different rumours reached us, our excitement and suspense were most painful; but, long before we were free, custom had rendered us insensible to alarm, and callous to the worst which could happen.

We had almost given up the hope of hearing that any more of the officers had escaped, when on the 15th of February we were told that the paymaster, Captain Bygrave, was alive; that he had been saved by some petty chief. At first we were disposed to think this was some mistake, originating in Captain Johnson's (the paymaster of

Shah Soojah's force) being with us; but in a few days our doubts were dissipated, and we ascertained that Captain Bygrave was not only alive, but that the Sirdar had contrived to get him into his power. About this time we received a visit from three or four of the chiefs. They appeared to have come in a very angry mood. We afterwards learned that they had been sent by the Sirdar, in consequence of a *cossid** having been seized who had been intrusted with a letter from some of our party, containing some information which we considered it expedient that the Jalalabad garrison should be possessed of. It was useless to dispute the point; and we were threatened with closer restraint in the event of being again detected in similar attempts. Major Griffiths and Mr. Blewitt, a writer in Captain Johnson's office, were brought in to us by these chiefs. The major was suffering acutely from a bullet-wound in the arm. Both had been treated tolerably well, though their fare had been of the coarsest.

On the 16th we were summoned by the same chiefs to give up all our arms; which, strange to say, we had hitherto been allowed to retain. A remonstrance was offered, based on the disgrace of officers giving up their arms. This was overruled; and, by way of sweetening the unpalatable measure, a list was taken of the different weapons and their owners, and a promise given that they should all be restored to us when we were liberated. In short, we were helpless, and obliged to yield; though, to do the Affghans justice, they offered every excuse they could devise to show that they were guided by necessity, and regretted giving us any annoyance. Thus was another frail hope blasted. The officers had hitherto flattered themselves that, in the event of any demonstration being made in our favour, they might second it by a little diversion within the fort; or, if circumstances proved favourable, that they might resist being carried beyond the reach of our friends. However we might at the time deplore the above circumstance, we may probably attribute our ultimate safety to it: for, some weeks afterwards, events occurred which would have induced us to strike a blow in our own defence; and, had we done so, we should have insured our destruction, as, when we thought help was near us, time has proved to us that we reckoned without our host.

I have said that frequent alarms had rendered us heedless of whatever might happen. We certainly thought so. But our nerves were to be put to a severer trial; our courage proved by an ordeal more trying than we had hitherto experienced or dreamed of. On the 19th of February, after two or three days of unusually sultry weather, at about eleven in the forenoon, a low, rumbling noise, was heard in the far distance: it advanced slowly towards us, and the earth began slightly to tremble. As earthquakes in that part of the world are far from uncommon, and we had all at different periods experienced slight ones, we at first thought nothing of this; but after a few seconds the woodwork of the fort began to crack and rattle, and the earth to undulate with a short to-and-fro motion. Those who at first had laughed now looked serious. The motion increased until it was with difficulty we could walk; the earth seemed from its agitation as if broken into lumps, and we all expected every instant to see it open. The bastions of the fort, and

* Cossid,—a messenger.

the tops of all the walls, came toppling down; the walls opened in wide fissures; and it seemed to all that our last hour was come,—that we should be either swallowed by the gaping earth, or crushed to death in the falling masses of the surrounding walls. Those who were in the rooms had remained quiet until the shock had become fearful; when all, as it were with a simultaneous rush, made for the stairs. Ladies, children, servants, mothers with their infants, all running together to the same outlet, increased the confusion, and rendered futile their own efforts to escape from the impending danger. The gentlemen had most of them been lying about in the shade in the court-yard. Lady Sale and Brigadier Shelton were walking on the roofs of the rooms; perhaps fortunately for the former that it was so, as the room in which she lived fell in almost in one mass. General Elphinstone and Major Pottinger were, from their wounds and ill-health, incapable of making their escape into the court-yard. And now it is most gratifying to record the devotion of a private of the 44th, William Moore, who was acting in the capacity of servant to the general. He resisted the persuasions of the general to save himself, and stayed by his bedside until the shock had ceased, and assistance could be brought to carry the general's charpoy (bedstead) downstairs. When all had met in the yard below, consternation was painted on all faces. The earth continued rumbling and shaking at intervals; and it appeared to us that we were the doomed victims of Almighty wrath. The Affghans seemed in as great trepidation as ourselves.

Mirza's first care, after the shock had subsided, was to look to the gates, and prevent any one from without gaining admittance; for, among a race so bigoted and superstitious, it was to be feared that the Affghans might consider this calamity a visitation on them for allowing "infidels" to find protection in their valley,—as a signal of divine vengeance for not having extirpated all of the hated race who had fallen within their power. However, fortunately for us, no such feeling was openly manifested, though we afterwards learned that it really had existed to a very dangerous extent. In the afternoon a son of Mahommed Shah Khan visited us, and from him we learned, that of all the forts in the valley (some forty or fifty) the one we were in had suffered the least; that indeed there was not another one left habitable, and that there had been a very great loss of life. This proved to be correct, and no one living had ever experienced an earthquake at all equal in violence to that we had just witnessed. Slight tremblings at intervals during the remainder of the day rendered it advisable not to sleep in the rooms, and we were consequently compelled to make arrangements for passing the night in the open air. Mirza had shewn a very proper feeling in getting a small tent pitched in the outer court for the General and Major Pottinger, as their wounds rendered them incapable of shifting for themselves in the event of another shock. During the following night we had shocks at almost every hour; two of them sufficiently alarming to make us all spring from our lowly couches. It is not to be supposed that we slept very soundly; and I believe all were glad when the day broke on the 20th. This was Sunday, and all assembled in the open air to render thanks for the great mercies hitherto vouchsafed us, and to pray for their continuance. Captains Lawrence and Mackenzie were kind enough to officiate on these

occasions; and, if we have not become better Christians after the many instances of God's special providence extended towards us, I can only say we ought to be, for never had human beings more to be truly thankful for. In the afternoon Dost Mahommed Khan came to see us, or rather to inspect what damage had been done to the fort. He was much out of humour, and said that his family had been very great sufferers by the earthquake, which had only been caused by their having protected the Caffres.

On the 21st General Elphinstone and Brigadier Shelton had their swords sent back to them by the Sirdar. The former was bedridden, and the latter had lost his right arm, so that our generous enemy had not much to fear from his magnanimity: still, the compliment was felt by all the officers. On the 23rd Captain Bygrave was sent in to join our party. He was dreadfully emaciated from the sufferings he had undergone, and gave a dismal account of his having passed some six days wandering about in the snow without food; at last he gave himself up in a village, and was humanely treated. He had lost the end-joints of all the toes of one foot, and part of the heel of the other, from frost. He was the only one of the officers of our party who had been seriously frost-bitten. Lieutenant Mein had lost the end of one of his toes; but he made very light of the matter. While on this subject, it may be as well to mention that most of the servants who had joined us were more or less frost-bitten. The sufferings of these poor wretches were dreadful. We had no means of rendering them assistance, and the only remedies that could be procured were poultices. Many of these poor creatures died of lock-jaw, after some days of excruciating agony. Those who survived recovered very slowly; and it was many weeks before most of them could use their injured limbs.

Towards the end of this month a report reached us that the "Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan" had escaped from his confinement in Hindoostan, and might be daily expected back in his own country. The report received general credit, but proved eventually to be only a finesse of the Sirdar's, to draw, through the influence of his father's name, more followers around himself. The shocks of earthquakes still continued; and, as we considered the rooms we had inhabited very unsafe since they first commenced, we had most of us, in spite of the many inconveniences, preferred passing the night in the court-yard. Every little rumbling sound acted as an alarum to the more timid; and those who had children felt uneasy if they were out of their sight for an instant. By way of palliating these annoyances, some of the gentlemen set to work erecting a range of small huts in the court-yard. It was hoped that, by making them of light and flexible materials, they would bend to the storm, and be less dangerous than the larger buildings. Mirza was very obliging in supplying materials. Captain Lawrence had some servants, who were *au fait* to the work; and in a few days we could boast two or three little tenements, in which we could sleep without the constant dread of being crushed to death. These earthquakes never entirely ceased while we were prisoners; latterly we became less alarmed at them; but the one terrible shock we had witnessed had quite unnerved us, and the least rumbling sound always put us on the *qui vive* for a start.

On the 4th of March we were subjected to a must humiliating and

galling insult. Mirza had been sent for on one or two occasions by the Sirdar, and returned on the evening of the 3rd from one of these jaunts; he appeared much vexed at something which had occurred, and told the gentleman that he had no agreeable tidings for us. On the morning of the 4th he told us that the Sirdar had been given to understand that some of us had arms concealed. As Lady Macnaghten and Captain Lawrence were the only two of our party who had brought any baggage into the fort with them, we were not long in divining that her ladyship's jewels, plate, and shawls were the real objects of the search; in fact, that it was only an excuse to ascertain what valuables her ladyship had contrived to save. It was evident that Mirza was ashamed of the office imposed on him, and he contrived to let Lady Macnaghten have sufficient notice, in order that she might conceal about her person whatever she considered most valuable. However, this was a precaution that she had taken before leaving Cabul, and had constantly worn fastened round her waist jewels to the supposed amount of sixty thousand rupees. It was thought, however, prudent to secure Mirza's good report by a present, and he consequently received a shawl of five hundred rupees' value.

This insulting search was no sooner completed than we were informed that all our sick and maimed servants were to be turned out of the fort. We were all most indignant at such cold-blooded cruelty, for every man would have been murdered as soon as he had set his foot outside the fort. We remonstrated; but were assured that the orders were most positive, and could not be set aside. It was heart-rending to see the many helpless wretches congregated, as it were, for sacrifice; to hear their supplications, to which we were forced to turn a deaf ear. This cruelty was, however, averted; and I believe Captain Lawrence induced Mirza to delay its execution until a reply could be received to a note he was writing to the Sirdar on the subject. The result was, that the measure was allowed to be forgotten; and we have since had much reason to believe that Mahommed Ukbur was totally innocent of this barbarous order, as well as ignorant of the search by which Lady Macnaghten and Captain Lawrence had been insulted. The originator of these acts was Mahommed Shah Khan, a demon incarnate, whose god was avarice, and whose behaviour to us at a later period shewed how little we had to be thankful to him for.

About this time reports became rife that Shah Soojah was sending a force from Cabul to co-operate with the Sirdar against Jalalabad. It was constantly rumoured that thousands of men were assembled in the valley; and every day we were told that the morrow was fixed on for the grand attack on Jalalabad. On the 5th of March, however, we received some communications from our friends at Jalalabad. They spoke with confidence of being able to hold out till reinforced. They told us of General Pollock's arrival at Peshewar, but that he had received orders not to enter the Khybur until all his force should have assembled: in fact, it appeared evident that the Government had begun to see the mistake of pushing on small detachments unsupported, and had at length determined to do what everybody felt they should have done at once,—to send a well-equipped and overwhelming force, which should leave success beyond a doubt. It was through the Sirdar himself that we were enabled to communicate thus with our friends. He had, however, those about

him who could read English; and we were, consequently, obliged to be on our guard as to the contents of our letters.

It was about this period that our party were seized with a scribbling mania. Every one seemed occupied in composing "the only true and particular account" of the Cabul insurrection. Diaries were ante-dated, and made to assume the tone and character of memoranda written at the period. Those who had the most retentive memories, or fertile inventions, were likely to prove the most successful in this employment. This *cacoethes* may be attributed chiefly to the newspapers sent us from Jalalabad; they were all teeming with extracts from certain letters written from Cabul, and pretending to detail facts. I say pretending, because these so-called facts were many of them much of the Baron-Munchausen strain, and only had place in the writers' imaginations. I have seen nearly all these narratives; that of Captain Eyre is by far the best. He has been assisted in his relation of facts by those who had been actors in them. He had more ample means of collecting information than the writers of any publication that has yet appeared; and, instead of writing a fictitious journal, he wrote a good, honest, and correct "narrative."

On the 11th of March we had a visit from Dost Mahommed Khan and Imam Verdee. They came for the purpose of having an interview with Major Pottinger and Captain Lawrence, with whom they were a long time closeted. Of course we were most curious to learn the result; but the meeting broke up, and we were left in our ignorance. Both these chiefs appeared much depressed in spirits: however, like true Affghans, they were determined that we should not rejoice while they were sad; and consequently, before they left the fort, they gave us to understand that Ghuznee had fallen, and that all the garrison had been put to the sword. This they did not tell us themselves; but their followers told our servants, and ill-news is proverbial for its speed.

On the 14th we had an increase to our party: Mrs. Boyd presented her husband with a little daughter. Mirza put us all on the alert by sending for a farrier to shoe our horses and ponies. He would, however, answer no questions further than by saying that affairs must soon come to a crisis, and that it is well to be prepared. This evening we also heard of an attempt to assassinate Mahommed Ukbur Khan: he escaped with a severe wound in the arm, and the would-be murderer was said to have been burnt alive. The English were supposed to be the abettors in this attempt; and there were not wanting those among the Affghans to urge the Sirdar to retaliate on us. Indeed, we had few friends among these people; and have since learned, beyond doubt, that the Sirdar had on several occasions resisted the advice, not only of individuals, but of his "council," if he can be said to have had one, to put us to death. However, he turned a deaf ear to their persuasions, and often took occasion to assure us that not a hair of our heads should be injured. The Sirdar, on more occasions than one, spoke with great apparent feeling and regret of the death of Sir William Macnaghten. He used to say that, much as his measures were disliked, he had never heard a word said to his disparagement as a man; that he was a good man; and that, if all the Feringees (Franks, or English) had been like him, there never would have been a rebellion at Cabul. I have never heard that he exactly confessed to having shot the envoy with

his own hand, although I believe there is no doubt of the fact; but he was frequently heard to regret the part he had taken in the event, and this long before affairs were turning against him at Jalalabad. Mahommed Ukbur Khan appears to be a man of violent and uncontrollable impulses; but in his cooler moments, and when he has time to reflect, it may be doubted whether his disposition is not more inclined to kindness and humanity than to cold-blooded cruelty.

On the night of the 14th we had a very smart earthquake; but at breakfast-time we were much diverted with a story we heard. A man of Anderson's horse, a Synd, or descendant of the Prophet, had managed to worm himself into Mahommed Shah Khan's confidence, and had been left in one of the Khan's forts with only a few Affghans. He had contrived to steal the key of the strong-box, from which he purloined a large bag of rupees, seized a firelock, sprung upon the back of a horse that stood ready saddled, and got safe away. We afterwards heard that he managed to get unscathed within the walls of Jalalabad. It was in consequence of getting no milk for our breakfast that we heard the story, — the man who milked the cows having gone off with the rest in pursuit of the thief! We heard about this time that Moossa had been sent to tamper with the Seikhs, — a proper office for such a villanous wretch. What became of this man we never could learn.

Our time now hung very heavily upon our hands. We had no books, and scarcely any means of amusement. Lady Macnaghten, taking warning from the search her trunks had been subjected to, found occupation for several days in making a bed-covering of the most valuable of her shawls, quilting them in between common chintz, and making it look as much worn and worthless as possible. As usual on such occasions, chess was thought of, and offered some few days' employment in making men and boards. Soft wood, and dough and clay, were put in request for the former; while pieces of red and blue cloth, sewed in cheques, formed the latter. A pack or two of cards, sent from Jalalabad, were well thumbed by the picquet-players; and some strong reeds furnished hoops and sticks for *la grace*. Still, with all our invention, time moved but slowly along, and we tortured every report we heard into every possible shape, as affording more food for our minds, more range for speculation.

On the 19th March we were informed that Mirza was to be relieved from his charge of us. Many of us regretted this; as, altogether, he had behaved well to us, and had assisted us in procuring a number of little things that were necessary to our health and comfort; and I have heard it asserted that he had promised our party his assistance in gaining possession of the fort, in the event of any detachment being sent from Jalalabad for the purpose of liberating us.

On the 25th August, news having previously been received of General Pollock's forward movement, Mahommed Ukbur sent a messenger to prepare us for an immediate march. Ukbur had sworn that General Pollock's advance should be the signal for our removal to Turkistan, where he would distribute us as slaves to the different chiefs. At night a regiment arrived, about four hundred strong, the men composing it being all armed with English muskets, and (having nearly all formerly belonged to different Affghan corps) observing many of the outward forms of

discipline. They were commanded by Sala Mahommed Khan, once a Soobadar in Hopkins' regiment, and who had deserted to Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan, previous to Colonel Dennie's action with that chief at Bameean in 1840. For some time previous to our receiving this abrupt summons, sickness had by turns prostrated the strength of almost every individual of our party; and, although the majority were convalescent, two of the ladies (Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Trevor) were in a state that rendered their removal impracticable. This having been represented to Ukbur Khan, he reluctantly permitted them to remain; and Dr. Campbell was likewise suffered to stay in attendance upon them. At about 10 P.M. the bugles and drums of our new escort summoned us to mount, and we soon found ourselves on the high road to Bameean. At Killa Kazee we were joined by Lieutenants Haughton and Evans, with about forty European soldiers, who had been left at Cabul in hospital under the charge of the latter officer. Wretched and disconsolate, we journeyed on; and, after crossing four steep mountain passes, we arrived on the 3rd September in the valley of Bameean, beyond the Indian Caucasus. Here the European soldiers were lodged in a small dirty fort, about a mile beyond the celebrated Boodist images; whilst the ladies and officers were permitted to remain in their tents outside until the 9th September, when Sala Mahommed obliged us to remove into another fort, about one hundred yards from that containing the soldiers. The change was greatly for the worse; for the wretched hovels into which we were crammed, having been recently inhabited by cows, goats, and sheep, teemed with vermin, and retained the unswept remains of filth. A few rays of light penetrated through small holes in the roof, which just sufficed to rescue the apartments from the stigma of absolute darkness.

On Sunday, September 11th, Sala Mahommed having received a positive order from Ukbur Khan for our instant march to Kooloom, the desperate state of our condition induced Major Pottinger to sound him with the offer of a bribe for our release. Captain Johnson volunteered to be agent in the matter, and found our keeper more accessible than was expected. This man had hitherto kept aloof from every attempt at friendly intercourse with the prisoners; towards whom his manner had been invariably haughty, and his language harsh. Great was our astonishment, therefore, to learn, as we did in the course of the day, that he had been seduced from his allegiance to Ukbur, and bought over to our side. Meanwhile the rapid advance of the two English armies upon Cabul, and the probable defeat of Ukbur, led us to expect that chief's arrival amongst us as likely to happen at any moment. It was, therefore, necessary to be prepared against any sudden surprise. The Huzareh chiefs in the neighbourhood were sounded, and found favourable to our scheme. The men composing our guard were gained over by a promise of four months' pay. A new governor was set up over the provinces by Major Pottinger, the existing governor, Zoolficar Khan, being too much in Ukbur's interest to be trusted. Presents and promises were distributed in all directions; and with so much success, that on the 13th of September we had assurances of aid from all the chiefs between the Sir Chushm and Lygham, bodies of whose armed followers were said to have been posted along the road to keep the passes.

On the 16th of September the country was considered sufficiently safe to admit of our setting out on our return towards Cabul. We had only proceeded a few miles, when a messenger met us with news of General Pollock's victory over Ukbur; which cheering intelligence was shortly afterwards confirmed by a note from Sir Richmond Shakespear, who was hastening to our assistance with six hundred Kuzzilbash horsemen.

On the 17th we re-crossed the Kaloo Ghat, and encamped about three miles from its base. We had been here about two hours, when horsemen were descried descending the pass of Hajeeguk. Instantly Sala Mahommed's men were on the alert, and formed up in line. Judge of our joy when the banner of the Kuzzilbash was distinguished streaming in the air; and imagine, if you can, with what emotions of delight and gratitude we eagerly pressed forward to greet our gallant countryman, Sir Richmond Shakespear, who soon came galloping up to where we stood. For the first time after nine months of miserable thraldom, in the clutches of an unprincipled savage, we felt the blessedness of freedom. A heavy load of care had been removed from our breasts, and from that moment we were altered beings. To God be all the glory, for He alone could bring it to pass!

But there was danger still around us. Ukbur, and other powerful chiefs, were still at large, and might have followers and influence sufficient to intercept our flight. Sir Richmond, therefore, having written to General Pollock for a brigade to meet us, hurried us on by forced marches of twenty-five and thirty miles a-day. Re-crossing the Hajeeguk and Oonai passes, we entered the beautiful valley of Maidan on the 20th of September; and, as we approached the town of Kot-Ashroo, a body of English dragoons and native cavalry came suddenly upon our view, picketed in some adjoining field.

All doubt was now at an end; we were once more under the safeguard of British troops. General Sale was there in person; and his happiness at regaining his long-lost wife and daughter can readily be imagined. The gallant veteran's countenance was an index to his feelings; and apathetic indeed must have been the heart that failed to sympathise with his holy joy. The camp was still a few miles further on; and we formed a procession of glad spirits as we moved along towards the pass of Suffet Khak, whose heights we could discern crowned with British bayonets. These we found to be a part of the brave 13th light infantry, who, as the ladies successively ascended the hill, raised three hearty cheers of welcome to each of them, — sounds never to be forgotten, producing a thrill of ecstasy through the whole frame. The mountain-guns under Captain Backhouse wound up the scene with a royal salute.

On the following evening we reached General Pollock's camp at Cabul, where the horse-artillery guns uttered similar sounds of public exultation. Such was the history of our wonderful deliverance. Had Sala Mahommed Khan proved incorruptible, no effort of our army could have saved us; and, in gaining over him and the Huzareh chiefs, Major Pottinger was mainly instrumental. To him and Sir R. Shakespear the highest praise is due. General Pollock also, I verily believe, did his best; and our efforts would have been of small avail but for his victorious march on Cabul. To him, likewise, we ought therefore to be grateful; but above all to Heaven.

A BRIEF TRACTATE ABOUT LOVE.

BY JEREMIAH SINGLETON, BACHELOR OF PHYSIC.

Albeit many have heretofore taken in hand to treat of that passion of the soul which is called Love, and have shown in their discourses thereon no lack either of wit or of learning; yet, inasmuch as the world hath but little profited by their travail, it seemeth meet to me also to propound somewhat touching this matter. For even an unwise person may peradventure make a lucky hit. Nor is it a hinderance that I have not in mine own proper person had experience of that of the which I shall speak; for it needeth not that the physician who writeth of the dyspepsy, or of the falling sickness, should first have ailed in like fashion himself.

That this passion of love is in truth a disease, is more manifest than that it should need here to be proved. For, not to speak of the vehement fever which it produceth in the mind, and the attenuation and consumption of the wit, which, if it long endure, it seldom faileth to effect, it doth greatly tend to enfeeble and wear down the animal body; and some, indeed, it hath even slain. Now, concerning the seat of this disease the learned have judged differently, some placing it in the heart, some in the liver, and others in the brain. Nor are there wanting those who have referred it to the belly; of whom I shall say no more, than that they have considered of the disorder in none but serving-men and cooks. The true den or habitation of love is in that part which anatomisers do call the cerebellum, or little brain; whence, however, as from a sort of encampment, or head-quarters, it doth continually sally forth and ravage the rest of the encephalon. It also maketh frequent excursions, by way of the nerves, to the region of the heart, which it doth grievously harass and vex, and indeed forcibly occupy; insomuch that, as hath been before said, there be many who esteem that part to be its chief stronghold. But even as black bile, or melancholia, though engendered in the liver, doth, by consent of parts, affect the brain, so love, though presiding in the head, causeth, in like manner, a perturbation of the heart. Which, that it is exceeding sore, the writings of the poets, and a world of women's wailing, do testify.

Now, forasmuch as all diseases are of the nature of effects, every singular disease hath its proper cause. And the cause of each disease is two-fold. First, there is that which doth as it were prepare and make ready the body to receive the mischief, and to which physicians do give the name of the *predisposing* or *remote* cause; secondly, that which doth immediately bring it about, whereunto the title of *proximate* or *exciting* cause hath been applied. And both of these causes appertain to love. As to the former of them, it is, truly, neither more nor less than that corrupt essence of vanity which infecteth all human things: not the vanity only which seeketh after admiration and praise (though it partaketh in no small measure of that,) but vanity in the wider meaning of the word, whereby emptiness and lack of wisdom in general are intended. They which be so minded do more affect shows, stage-plays, gaudy attire, novel-books, and un-

profitable rhymes, than the mathematical and logical discipline, or the pursuit of polite letters; they love maskings and mummings, and had liefer listen to the jingle-jangle of strings and wires, than to a grave discourse or a dispute of learning; they leave the sober gait of a man for the unseemly capering of a jackanapes, or even of a Frenchman; and do more care for the adorning of the outward body than the garnishing of the inward mind. Now, from the following after such things proceedeth a certain softness of the brain, which, coming at length to be of a cereous or waxy nature, is made apt, as it were, for the receiving of impressions; or, as some will have it, the heart becometh adust, and is converted into a sort of tinder (not to speak jestingly), marvellously tender, which is speedily enkindled of the smallest spark. Which may, indeed, be true of women, if, as grave writers do report, the heart in them dischargeth the office of the brain. But in this place I have to speak only of men.

Now, therefore, of the exciting or proximate cause of love; thereof truly there can be little doubt. It is in every case, without question, that fountain and origin of disaster, that "*teterrima belli causa*," as the polite Horatius hath it—a woman; on which point philosophers do generally agree; nor is the testimony of the poets by any means wanting; to which may be added, the common opinion of mankind. Nor needeth it that she, I mean the woman, should be of surpassing comeliness; for the least share thereof, nay, one so small that to the indifferent it may seem as none, doth oftentimes suffice. Thus hath many an one owed his undoing to so light a matter as a foot little of size; a lip of colour like unto a currant or cherry; a cheek rubicundulous, or which hath in it what is idly called a dimple; a lock or curl of hair, and the like. But chiefly (as I am told) doth the infection (if I may so speak) reside in the eye, whence it sometimes darteth forth with such power as to strike even afar off. And I am credibly informed that there is in this ancient and famous town of London a large species of a play-house, or theatre, in the which singers from foreign parts are wont at a great price to strain their throats, where from the one side to the other bullets of love are, as it were, shot across through a telescope: and this not seldom with deadly effect. All the poets who have at any time sung concerning love, and of these, truly, there are not a few, have abundantly prated of the eyes of their mistresses. They have likened them to drops of dew, to diamonds, and to divers other glittering and shining objects, but more especially to stars; albeit in my judgment their similitude is in verity greater to the moon, which, without doubt, doth rule the minds of lovers.

Further, among the causes which excite love, may also be reckoned the measured movement of saltation, or dancing, the singing of profane songs, and the like unprofitable arts: but right seldom the possession of any useful gift or commendable quality. One only man do I know, who, being asked wherefore it was that he was first taken with his wife, replied, "Truly in that she was skilled in the making of onion sauce;" whom I esteem to have been a man of sound understanding.

The nature of the disease, love, is beyond all peradventure, that of a madness or phrenesie. But it behoveth that I should expound the course of the malady. Your juvenile, who was wont to be of hilari-

ous and cheerful demeanour, of a pleasant countenance, and a pertinent and ready wit, quick in sally, and apt in repartee, more prone to wag his beard at a merry quip or a quaint conceit, than to turn up his eyes at a doleful dump or a dismal ditty, shall all at once become so sad and solemn, that, but for his gay apparel, you might think that he was mourning for his grandmother. Seldom doth he laugh, and when, as it were by mistake, he chanceth so to do, he cometh in the midst of his merriment to a sudden check, as though he had been seized with a locked jaw; and then he sigheth; and being asked what aileth him, faintly answereth, "Nothing." Used he, encountering you in the street, to accost you some ten yards off with, "Give you good day, sir," "Welcome, sweet bully," or, "Well met, sir, i' faith"?—he now passeth you with arms folded, eyes downcast, and such a laggard pace as villain stage-players are wont to use when they feign to go to the gallows; or else he stareth into the clouds in such sort, that, but that it was broad daylight, you might believe him to be star-gazing. Was he heretofore a boon companion? — now you must jog him by the elbow if you would not have him stop the flagon till curfew. Liked he to uplift on occasion a merry stave?—now shall you hear no more of "Green sleeves," or "Old Sir Simon the King;" nought serveth him but to drone forth, in the voice of a dying swan, "Come away, death!" "Ding dong bell!" or "Cruel Barbara Allen!" Delighted he in hawks and hounds?—his steed now standeth still in the stable like a stalled ox, and his falcon mopeth in her mew like a buzzard or a barn-owl. All that he doeth is to gape and stare at the moon, and that most chiefly when she is at the full, which, it may be well thought, but little benefiteth his distemper. Nay, he now clean forsaketh the walks of learning, and leaveth even his own particular business undone. Is he a student of divinity?—he quitteth celestial things for things terrestrial. Of law?—he abandoneth his quiddits and quillets. Of physic? — incontinently he casteth away his pills and his potions, his unguents and his boluses. Oh, wretched wight, whom thine own art profiteth not! Oh, physician unable to heal thyself!

Now as it hath chanced unto some who have been taken with a fever, that whereas they were before persons of a mean wit, they did approve themselves during their seizure to be of brighter parts; so is it sometimes seen in this brain-fever of love. There be who all at once go for the first time in their lives clean shaven, and array themselves, to the amazement of their neighbours, in decent apparel,—who forsake on a sudden their piping and potting, their snuffing and quidding. Flowers wear they in their button-holes, and rings on their fingers; and so redolent are they of spiceries and perfumes, that one of them might out-scent a whole Bucklersbury; you shall nose them across the street. French soaps buy they, and their substance they waste on gloves. And, in brief, they do altogether abandon and give themselves up to such softness and delicateness, that he that beholdeth laugheth them to scorn.

As the vehemence of the distemper increaseth, the patient falleth away in flesh, and becometh pale and hollow-eyed, his pulse quickeneth, his appetite faileth, he escheweth his victuals, and seemeth to live, as some have reported of the cameleon, on air. And so by degrees he groweth worse and worse, until at last delirium superveneth,

and he loseth that divine faculty, the use of reason, which, as philosophers declare, doth distinguish man from the brute. Many lovers there be, having come unto this pass, who, when the fit grievously urgeth, will grind and gnash their teeth together, roll their eyeballs in a ghastly sort, their visages transform, and fall to tearing of their hair, and rending of their garments, like unto one possessed. Nor is their opinion to be hastily rejected who will have love to be of the nature of possession, according to that vernacular proverb, namely, that woman is the devil. Which, whether she be or no, let those who are so minded inquire.

Sometimes these madmen (for so I needs must call them) rage as it were, inwardly, and keep their folly unto themselves. But even then, how fiercely they are tormented doth plainly appear; now they wax red, then pale; at one time they are burning-hot, at another ice-cold, and these by turns; and shiver do they and shake like unto him that hath an ague. And now, the disease being at its height, great is the need to remove out of their way the means of all annoyance; such as knives, petronels, and the like.

"Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!" quoth the Poet Ovidius,—Woe is me that love is curable by no herbs! Which authority some have alleged, to prove thereby that love is by no means to be remedied. From whom, truly, I make bold to differ. For this disease, if attacked at its first onset, doth yield as readily as any other, though it may in truth, by reason of the physician's sloth, or lack of skill, go on to an incurable pitch. Wherefore it much behoveth that on the first outbreak thereof the fitting remedies should be applied. In the first place, let the head be shorn of its hair, whereby the more cool shall the brain (the part which travaileth) become. Let blood be taken in a full stream from the arm, even unto swooning, and let the sick man drink plentifully every fourth hour of a potion of camphor julep, with Epsom salt and nitre, whereunto so much of the wine of antimony as may suffice to provoke nausea may likewise conveniently be added. Hawk-weed, purslane, lettuce, willow-bark, and the like, do also admirably prevail against this enemy. It shall, perchance, much have profited to put cupping-glasses, after scarification, to the nape of the neck; nor may it be amiss to do after the manner of the Scythians, who, as Hippocrates relateth, were wont, for the cure of this distemper, to cut a certain vein behind the ears. Let the diet be thin and meagre, and let all fermented liquors be removed out of the way. The sick-room should be cool, and not over light; and, for fear lest the patient should too vehemently rave, a strait-waistcoat should be kept ready at hand.

When the person seized hath been of tender age, the mischief hath not seldom been stopped at the very first by the virtues of the ash or the oak: not by the bark, indeed, or the leaves, but truly by the wood itself, and that in the shape of a good staff, soundly applied to the region of the shoulders. And there be some who would essay to cure them of riper years by the blows of raillery and wit; whose opinion I by no means commend. For nothing doth your lover so vex and aggravate as a jest; at the which he more starteth than doth a Barbary steed at a scarecrow, or a foul fiend at a reverend friar. And if you gibe him on his distemper, and escape throttling, your good luck shall be marvelled at. Nor are the discourses of wisdom

much to be trusted to; for the unfortunates are, for the most part, in no plight to listen to them.

But far better is it that a disease should be prevented than cured. Wherefore let him that readeth flee henceforward those allurements of vanity whereby his mind, becoming corrupted, may be made liable unto this evil; and let him straightway betake himself unto the studies of learning, that he may thereby fortify and strengthen his understanding. He shall do well, moreover, to beware of high-feeding, from the which cause so many bad humours do arise, which, ascending in the shape of fumes into the brain, fill out and distend the ventricles thereof, whence it cometh that the mind and soul, which do in a wonderful manner sympathize, as it were, with this their habitation, are in like manner blown and puffed up. From which cause vain and unprofitable imaginations do naturally proceed. Let him not be over careful as touching his apparel, nor affect a soft and pleasing carriage; let his aspect be rough and hirsute; and much imbrowned by the sun and air: whereby he may the less attract unto himself eyliads and oglings. When he payeth a visit, if so be that he is like to meet with a damsel thereat, let him pay it of a morning, before she shall have had time to deck and trick herself out in gauds and finery. Some there be who would have him altogether fly the society of the sex; whom I conceive greatly to err. For use breedeth indifference, else whence cometh it that he who shall have been but one month married maketh usually such small account of his wife? Nay, let him rather frequent their assemblies, and thoroughly learn their ways, which indeed he will find far other than to him, while as yet unskilful, they did at first appear.

Thus have I proposed such muniments and fortifications against love as in my judgment are like to be of most avail. Wherefrom he who useth them shall derive much help; yet let him not on that account ever esteem himself free from danger. For nothing is more fatal than the pride of security. And if he shall at any time think lightly of his peril, let him call to mind the examples of the many illustrious men who in times past have been subdued by this conqueror. Nor let him forget that diseases were by certain of the ancients, as Celsus informeth us, referred to the anger of the immortal gods. Which thing bearing in mind, let him take all heed unto his ways, that thus, as little as may be, he may deserve so great a penalty. And now, from this pest of love, together with all other plagues and evils, as wars, famines, seditions, heresies, and murders, let us hope now and henceforth to be delivered.

JOY AND HOPE.

Joy 's a sweet, yet fragile, flower;
It loves bright lands and sunny skies;
When days are dark, when tempests lour,
It droops to earth, and fades, and dies.

Hope brightest blooms amidst the storm!
Its verdure owns not Fate's control:
Joy comes array'd in mortal form,—
Hope dwells a portion of the soul.

W. L. G.

MAJOR MARVEL'S YARN.

"A CASE OF MONOMANIA."

BY HENRY CURLING.

"In the winter of that year in which William the Fourth came to the throne," said Major Marvel, "one night, as we sipped our whiskey-toddy in the castle of Braemar, I obtained my lieutenancy. I found myself, as I said, gazetted one fine morning, and elevated from the rank of ancient, or ensign, in the 101st, to that of lieutenant in the 151st, and left Scotland to join my new corps, lying then, at pleasure, in the fertile county of Warwickshire.

"The midland counties just at this period were in considerable commotion. The lean and unwashed—the artificers of the manufacturing towns being in a state of strike; so that the 151st was cut up into companies, sections, and subdivisions, and scoured to death almost with infinite motion,—ordered off, through by-ways and foul roads, to this village in the morning, countermarched back again to another in the evening, resting upon their arms to-night, and beat up in their shirts the next, — a state, sir, of neither peace nor war, but something between both, one of the most unhappy mediums the trade is heir to.

"It was whilst we were thus, like the gallant Major Sturgeon's trainbands, marching and countermarching from Acton to Ealing, and from Ealing to Brentford, that we were joined by an officer who was brought into the 151st from a West India corps, and appointed to the company I myself was attached to. His name was Captain Forcible Ferox, and he was altogether one of the most eccentric soldiers it ever was my fortune to fall in with.

"In person he was as odd-looking, as in behaviour he was singular; six-feet four in height; his dimensions in any thick sight (as Falstaff has it) were invisible. He 'd a face like a hawk, and one restless eye, that did the work of half a dozen, and seemed both anxious and capable of piercing into the brain of every person he darted it upon. In temper he was so irascible, that even the most trivial order was delivered in a style so imperious, when on duty, that it seemed more like a reiterated rebuke for what had been oftimes before neglected to be executed, than that which he then found it necessary to direct; whilst even in common conversation any difference of opinion, or opposition to his wishes, would almost make him frantic.

"Captain Dugald Dalgetty, of Drumthwacket, describes himself to have taken offence, (whilst with Wallenstein, and serving in Walter Butler's Irish regiment,) and even fastened a quarrel upon Major O'Quilligan, in consequence of that officer's delivering his orders on parade with the point of his batoon advanced and held aloof, instead of declining and trailing the same, as was the general fashion from a courteous commanding officer towards his equal in rank, although it might be his inferior in military grade. Heaven help the worthy disciple of the invincible Lion of the North! Had he served in my time, in the 151st, and been subaltern in No. 6 company, the chances are he would have been fain either to fight after every drill-parade, or abandoned the service altogether.

"In fact, Captain Ferox, although he somehow always contrived to keep on the windy side of a regular quarrel, was universally disliked by the whole regiment,—officers and non-commissioned officers, men, women, and children,—every soul disliked him, 'pioneers and all,' not even excepting the division of the band and drums.

"As Captain Ferox was by no means a young man, being on the wrong side of fifty, nor a handsome man, being, as I said, rather 'of the hawk's-bill kind,' grey, and Jewish-looking, with hair nearly white, and tremendous iron-grey whiskers, stooping, and halting in his gait too, and so thin withal, that, although a man of tremendous personal strength, his great height gave him a most forlorn and threadpaperish appearance; and, when fully equipped in his blue frock, which it was his pleasure to wear as long as a morning-gown, with the red sash tied round his hips in place of his waist, he looked exactly like old Isaac of York put into regimentals. As, I say, he cut such a figure on parade, we none of us felt very much interested or curious upon the matter, when he volunteered the information, one morning after parade, that he was involved in matrimony, had been married some time, and expected, now the regiment was (for the time being) settled and stationary, that his wife would join him from Devonshire, where he had deposited her on joining the 151st.

"All that we felt upon the subject, I remember, was the rather pleasurable feeling that, such being the case, we should most likely have less of his dictatorship at mess. Judge, then, of our surprise, on his wife's joining, when we beheld, in place of a vulgar barrack dowdy, who had, like himself, grown grey in the service, and felt the fierce extremes of heat and cold in the north, east, west, and south,—in fact, wherever the unwearied and indefatigable British infantry are sent to, —judge of our surprise when we beheld, in place of such a wife, (the common accompaniment of your 'old soldier,') a remarkably beautiful little creature, not more than a quarter of a century old, extremely retiring and lady-like in manner, and one who had evidently been used to mingle amongst the genteelest society of this fair island.

"*How* Captain Ferox had managed to achieve this fair creature, and storm her into admiration of his ungainly person, was matter of reflection and wonder amongst us every day, for at least a week after her arrival.

"Captain Ferox, indeed, rather gained caste upon his wife's arrival. Perhaps those of the officers who were conversant with Shakspeare might have remembered the complimentary recommendation consequent upon Imogen's preferment of Leonatus Posthumous,

> 'By her election may be truly seen
> What kind of man he is.'

In this case, however, the lady's judgment had been evidently warped, and the feeling towards Captain Ferox, from the circumstance of his being the possessor of so great a prize as a really amiable and handsome wife, quickly vanished, when it was discovered that he was in sooth a 'brother Bruin,' treated her with the same harsh and overbearing manner that he used towards the rest of the world, and apparently, by constantly worrying about 'trifles light as air,' poisoned all her delight, and rendered her miserable. One thing curious was, that he evidently doted upon his better half all the time his extraordinary violence was terrifying her to death. He was the only living specimen I ever saw of a man acting the part in real life of Sir Bashful Constant.

A man devotedly attached to his own wife, endearingly hectoring her before strangers, to make the world believe he cared so little about her, that it was his pleasure to vent all his ill temper whenever she was at hand to bear its infliction. The greater marvel, however, was, that the fair lady, in return, actually doted upon this 'Hyrcanian bear,' bore all his fury with a meekness it was quite edifying to witness, and soothed his rage as the harp of Annot Lyle quieted the perturbed spirit of Allan MacAulay, hanging about his neck, and coming between him and his wrath, 'like the sun-beam on a sullen sea.'

"'Tis indeed passing strange, and no less pitiful, but still not the less true, that the loveliest of the sex have oftentimes displayed a taste as extraordinary in selection, as in endurance of the husbands of their choice.

"I remember a fancy-ball being given by the inhabitants of the town we were then quartered in, and during the discussion on the subject of what costume or character Mrs. Ferox should adopt on the occasion, I thought once or twice she would have fallen a sacrifice to his fury. At length Lieutenant O'Brien Boro', who was present with Mrs. Boro' in consultation, suggested, 'By the powers, they had better go as Bluebbeard and Fatima;' and Captain Ferox adopted the suggestion on the instant, because he saw his pretty wife blush the moment it was proposed.

"Mrs. Ferox, therefore, *nolens volens*, was fain to enrobe herself in loose spangled inexpressibles, and eastern shawl, for the nonce; and I question if a prettier Fatima ever graced the harem of the Grand Seigneur himself. As for the representative of the Eastern tyrant, he acted his character to the full, albeit that, with his long beard, hook-nose, Eastern head-dress, and lank figure, he looked more like a smoke-dried and withered alchemist than a 'three-tailed bashaw.'

"Some trifle light as air had unfortunately made Ferox jealous of his Fatima a few days before this unlucky ball; and it so happened that the suspected friend (an officer of the same corps), had been innocently asked by her to take a seat in the fly which was to convey us to the assembly rooms. I made up the *quartette;* and in full costume we set sail for 'the gay and festive scene.'

Ferox was cloudy in spirit even from our first start, and fell foul of his wife ere we had well cleared the barrack-gates. I will not say she was altogether blameless on this night, as she rather coquetted, and seemed inclined to flirt with the very handsome youth, who, struck with her pretty face, seemed to commiserate her situation, and pay her those little attentions, which, offered towards a single lady, might have been construed into serious intentions, but conferred upon a married dame, would be sure to make a jealous-pated spouse unhappy.

"Accordingly, Bluebeard and his Fatima had a rencontre, as I said, ere we alighted from the fly. The worm, they say, will turn; and she was irritated, and answered him sharply. He seized, in his fury, upon the costly and elaborate necklace she wore around her alabaster throat, and the fragile ornament being demolished, the bottom of the fly was enriched with seed-pearl, and jewels of price. This begot some high words between himself and Lieutenant Valentine Face, which it took me no little diplomacy to prevent growing into a duel. However, the halls of dazzling light were gained without any important mishap. Fatima danced too much with Selim, and Bluebeard stalked about, watching all that was going on with a scowling brow, and taking no

part in the happiness he saw around him. To his usual evil mood, the fiend Jealousy was now superadded, and the two together made him unbearable to himself, and extremely disagreeable to those around him.

"Two or three times he endeavoured to persuade Fatima to retire; but she begged hard for another dance or two, and managed to waltz herself out of his influence. At length, in high dudgeon, after observing her and her partner seated in the refreshment-room, he girded up his loins, left the ball, returned to the barracks, and retired to bed.

"Mrs. Ferox was a good deal annoyed when she found her lord and master had retired without her, and being impatient to follow, Lieutenant Valentine Face (who had happened to dance the last quadrille with her), volunteered his services to procure the first fly at hand, and escort her immediately back to barracks.

"From this time there was evidently an alteration in the captain's manner towards his lady. He no longer paid her the compliment of bullying her, and getting enraged at her little attentions towards himself, as of yore; but he treated her with a settled and studiously-assumed neglect, secretly watching her like a serpent, by seldom troubling himself openly to notice her. Sometimes he mounted guard over her for whole days, reading sulkily in his room; at other times he took long country-walks, he stalking first, and she tripping after, duck and drake fashion.

"As I was his lieutenant, I saw more of these little peculiarities than the other officers of the corps. He had a way of his own in almost everything he did, something out of the general routine; consequently, the men of his company were, like himself, usually in a state of grumble and discontent. He was a tormentor, too, about trifles, loved extra-drill and dress-parades; and would hector, bully, and domineer over the company upon their private parade, till each individual felt ready to bayonet him as he stood.

"In fact, Captain Ferox was evidently unfit for command (even of a company), and he got a hint to that effect from the colonel, who quietly suggested to him the propriety of selling out, or he should be necessitated to report some of his eccentricities to head-quarters.

"The alternative, however, was spared him by the commission of a cruel act. I have said that jealousy had sprung up, and poisoned his good feeling towards his pretty wife, from the time of her accompanying him to the *bal costume;* in fact, he had never been quite himself since that business. Whether or not he saw, or fancied he saw, that his suspicions were well-founded, I cannot take upon me to say; indeed, I should rather think 'the green-eyed monster,' (in this instance,) made the food it fed on; for, although to appearance he had 'blown all his love' for his wife, as Othello words it, to heaven, she, Desdemona-like, evidently continued to dote upon her ill-tempered and morose bargain the same as before.

"At length, one night, just about 'the witching-hour,' the barrack was frighted from its propriety by piercing shrieks, which rung through the building in rapid succession, accompanied by cries of murder. They evidently proceeded from a female, and came from that part of the barracks occupied by Captain Ferox.

"Lieutenant Face and Ensign Sash had been perpetrating a little chicken-hazard that night, and were just settling their accounts, when they were alarmed by a 'dire yell' in the apartments on the ground-floor. Presently another shriek struck their ears, then three or four smashing-blows, and a heavy fall.

"They threw open the door, dashed down the stairs, and, guided by the outcries, rushed upon Captain Ferox's barrack-room door, clamoured loudly for admittance, and attempted to burst it open. It, however, resisted their efforts, the furniture of the room being piled against it on the inside. Meanwhile the cries had subsided, and a low moaning was now heard. Again they renewed their efforts to burst open the door, without success.

"'Who disturbs the privacy of my room?' called out Ferox, in a hoarse voice; 'begone, lest I fire through the door upon ye!'

"'Call the guard to break in,' said Face. 'I fear me something dreadful will happen else.'

"Again they heard the sounds of heavy blows, and a deep groan. Whilst Sash ran for the guard, Lieutenant Face, recollecting that the window of Captain Ferox's bed-room looked to the rear, darted along the passage, opened the back-door, and rushed out. A sentinel, in his grey great-coat, and supported musket, stood upon his post not a dozen yards from the window Face was in search of.

"'How now, sentry?' said the officer. 'What's the matter here? Have you heard cries from these apartments?'

"'It's the captain ill-using his wife, sir.'

"'Why have you not tried to assist her, sir, or summoned assistance?'

"'I can't leave my post, sir,' said the soldier; 'but I've called to the next sentry to pass the word round to the guard-house.'

"''T will be too late,' said Face, seizing the firelock from the man's hand, rushing upon the window, and with half-a-dozen blows breaking frame and glass to shivers.

"'Here comes the guard!' said the sentinel, 'as the heavy tramp of a party of men were just at that moment heard rapidly approaching.

"Face, however, sprang through the opening he had made, gained the room, and received the contents of a pistol full in his face as he did so. Luckily, although for the moment blinded by the discharge, the ball had only knocked out two of his side-teeth, and passed out through his cheek. Recovering himself, he dealt Ferox a heavy blow with the butt of the firelock he still held in his hand, felled him, and made for the inner apartment.

"The guard, with Ensign Sash at their head, next minute burst into the room, as Face, with cheeks gory, and looks of horror, rushing back from the room he had entered, bade them seize upon Ferox for the murder of his wife.

"'Twas too true; he had surprised her, apparently, in her sleep, 'her innocent sleep,' 'in her secure hour.' He who ought to have been her guard, and 'against her murderer shut the door,' had 'borne the knife himself.'

"She had evidently struggled hard to avert his dreadful purpose, more than once seized upon the weapon in his hand, and even escaped wounded from the bed, where he had first assailed her, and reached the sitting-room; but the powerful ruffian had quickly followed, and effectually committed the deed. With savage fury he had cut her almost to pieces with his regulation-sword.

"'Twas a cruel case, and made no small sensation at the time. For my part I most devoutly hoped Ferox would swing. He, however, got off, in consequence of his eccentricity. The jury considered him a monomaniac."



THE "OVERDONE."

It was a fine morning in May,—the avenues leading to the London Bridge Wharf were thronged with vehicles of all descriptions, and the pavement on both sides crowded with gaily-dressed parties, carrying umbrellas, cloaks, and parasols, and sundry baskets and bundles, stored with well-replenished bottles and sandwiches, preparatory to a day's pleasure at Gravesend.

A lumbering hackney-coach came rattling and rumbling down the remnant of Fish-street Hill. When within a few yards of the gates which lead to the wharf, a sugar-waggon, laden with hogsheads, drew across the road, followed by an alarming tail of brewers' drays. Jarvey pulled up, and sat unconcernedly on his box to await the passing of the formidable train,—at the same moment the bell ceased.

A man, about forty, with a reddish face, and scanty whiskers, with his hair in stiff curl, a white neckerchief tied stranglingly about his neck, a Marseilles waistcoat, and blue coat and yellow buttons, thrust half his body out of the window, exclaiming,

"Dear me! how very vexatious!—we shall certainly lose the boat!"

The speaker then opened the coach-door, and proceeded to hand out his wife and two children. Having paid the fare, he managed, with some difficulty, to thread his way through the phalanx of unwieldy carriages. When they arrived, almost out of breath, at the stairs, the accommodation-steps had been craned up, the boat was unmoored, and, by the nearest chance in the world, the little party were enabled to scramble over the fore-part of the vessel, and gain the deck. After settling themselves in a comfortable seat, and making sundry curious observations upon all the animate and inanimate things about them, and trying to make the children sit still, they were "steamed" on to Blackwall, without anything particular occurring to mar the pleasure of the aquatic excursion.

John Binns was a man of business. For five-and-twenty years he had been in the service of Messrs. Thwaites, Jenks, and Thwaites. He had commenced his career in their counting-house when a mere boy, and, by his assiduity and attention, had attained to the respon-

sible situation of confidential clerk. His salary was ample, his wife good-humoured and thrifty, and few could really boast of more mundane happiness and contentment than John Binns and his wife.

Mrs. Binns having gone below, or, as she expressed it, "down stairs," with the children, to procure them some biscuits and milk and water, and arrange her bonnet, &c., in the ladies' cabin, John in the mean time lolled over the side of the vessel, "whistling for want of thought," and watching the bubbling wake of the rapid steamer as it ploughed the water. Every object was one of novelty to the untravelled clerk; and it was not until they cleared the Pool that the chaos and tumult of his brain settled into a placid calm and dreaminess.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Binns, involuntarily, "what 's that?"

"That 's a porpoise, sir," replied a young man, who was smoking a cigar at his elbow.

"A porpoise—dear me!—what, so near home? How curious!" remarked Binns, in astonishment. "Well, I never thought to see a porpoise."

"I dare say they appear strange to you, sir," continued the young man, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "I remember how surprised I was when I first saw a shark in the West Indies, when I was a younker. There was a sailor lying dead on board, and there was a whole shoal of the hungry monsters swimming about the ship, like so many mutes at a funeral, waiting for the body."

"How horrible!"

"Will you take a cigar, sir?" continued the speaker, handing his case, without noticing the horror of Binns.

"No, thank'ye," said Binns; "I never smoke till after dinner, and then I prefer a cool pipe."

Binns, however, notwithstanding his rejection of the other's polite offer, was not insensible to his politeness, and he was really possessed of so much information concerning the different places they passed, and all other topics on which Binns was totally ignorant, that he soon succeeded in ingratiating himself in his favour. Having learned, too, that he was, as well as himself, a "clerk in London gay," and in the service of large shipping agents in the city, Binns soon became quite friendly and confidential. There was only one thing which rather militated against strict propriety and decorum in the estimation of the old-fashioned clerk: — when he mentioned the name of the firm in whose service he had the honour to be retained, the young man appeared quite familiar with the names of the partners, and spoke of *old* Thwaites, and his nephew, *Sam* Thwaites, and *Jemmy* Jinks, as if he were personally acquainted with them, and like one on an equal and intimate footing, which sounded somewhat harshly upon the ear of the unsophisticated Binns, who habitually looked upon his staunch and respectable governors as the greatest men, at least in the mercantile world. The *nonchalance* and off-hand manner of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr,—for such, he informed Binns, was his designation,—soon obliterated every idea of any intended rudeness on his part.

"The manners of the young men of the present age," thought Binns, "are very different from those which were considered gentlemanly in my youth,"—and drew the charitable conclusion that he must rather blame the fashion of the times than the man for any discrepancy.

Mrs. Binns now joined her husband, and an introduction took place.

Mr. Burr bowed very politely, and linked himself in with the family-party with all the ease and assurance of an old friend. The children, too, were delighted with him; for he ran up and down the deck, and danced with them to the sound of the music. Mrs. Binn *began* to like him; for it must be confessed that, at first sight, she was a "little" surprised at the uncouth companion her husband had "picked up" so suddenly. For women are naturally very cautious, and much less approachable than men in this respect.

Neither the garb nor natural endowments of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr were prepossessing. He was tall and straight, it is true; but his habits were shabby-genteel, and his appearance slovenly. But, so true it is that manners make the man, that his personal appearance was speedily lost sight of; for his assiduity and attention, his information, and, we must confess, his impudence, so effectually insinuated themselves, that it was no easy thing to shake him off, when he had once established an acquaintance.

"Where do you dine?" said he, abruptly.

"I have been recommended by Timms to the Pier Hotel," replied Binns.

"The Tivoli for my money," rejoined Burr. "A delightful garden for the lady and children to run about in,—a fine saloon, and music during dinner. Take my advice, and go there."

"Very well," said the acquiescent Binns; "I have no choice; and, being a perfect stranger, shall be glad to put myself under your guidance. What do you say, my dear?" addressing his rib. "Shall we go to the Tivoli?"

"With all my heart," answered Mrs. Binns; and so the point was decided.

The handsome new pier now hove in sight, crowded with loungers and visitors. The vessel "wheeled" about, and they were very soon alongside the landing-barges.

"Get your tickets ready," cried the man on the paddle-box; and there was a general grasping of band-boxes, umbrellas, and carpet-bags, and all the passengers rushed from below, and huddled in a dense mass to the gangway.

"Binns!" said Mr. Burr, "will you take my bag, and I'll escort Mrs. Binns and the children? Give me their tickets."

"How kind!" thought the unsuspecting Binns, delivering the bits of paper, and overlooking the startling familiarity of his new acquaintance.

They were soon up the stairs, and elbowing their way along the planks of the crowded pier. Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr soon distanced Mr. Binns, and had passed the gates, when the latter was stopped, having to change half-a-crown to pay for the parcel.

Binns kept his wife's feathers in view, and followed his party up the High Street, loudly repeating "No! no!" to all the applications of the drivers of the "Chatham and Rochester" coaches.

Away they trudged up Parrock Place, on their way to the famous Windmill Hill, poor Binns "lugging" along the bag; but, so elated was he with the pleasure afforded by the prospect, that he forgot he was doing porters' work. Mrs. Binns was in ecstacies, and the children chatted away, and asked a thousand innocent questions, and their companion was "so pleasant!" At last they reached the spot so eloquently described by their friendly guide. A spruce waiter, with

napkin in hand, received them at the door, and relieved Mr. Binns of his luggage. The waiter smiled a "recognition" at Mr. Burr, who was well known, having frequently been there with parties before, and receiving from him an intimation that he intended to take a bed at the Tivoli, vanished up stairs with his bag. Holiday folks, in two's and three's, were already making for the dining-room; the music was playing most invitingly, and Binns and his wife were not less delighted than amazed. The lofty room, the elevated bar, and the smart *limonadière*,—the crowd of well-dressed, good-looking "ordinary" guests, silenced the prattle of the children to a quiet shyness, and perfectly abashed their parents. Nothing, however, could possibly put Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr out of countenance; he nodded familiarly to the host, and thrust himself and party as near the head of the table as possible. The clatter of knives and forks and the ringing of plates commenced, and Mr. Burr ordered about the attentive waiters with as much *sang-froid*, as if he and his party were the only guests to be attended to in the room.

The repast being at length despatched, during which Mr. Burr contrived to consume as much as his four friends, and drink the "lion's share" of the two bottles of Dublin stout ordered for the "lot," he arose from the table, followed by the eyes of Binns, who really felt uncomfortable at being left among so many strangers, and then, deliberately mounting the steps leading to the bar, he remained for some time chatting with the lady, while Binns was called upon to pay the reckoning.

"That gentleman is of your party, sir?" inquired the waiter, pointing to Mr. Burr.

"No," replied Binns. "Oh, yes! yes!" recollecting himself; and the confused and good-natured clerk paid the reckoning for the whole party.

"Now for the garden," said their excellent guide, advancing, and offering his arm to Mrs. Binns. "Do me the honour to accept my arm, and I will show you the 'Lions.'"

He made no allusion to the payment made by Binns for the dinners, and the worthy old clerk attributed his forgetfulness on this head to his anxiety to procure them pleasure.

After taking them about the grounds, and seating Binns in a comfortable arbour, with his pipe and glass of half-and-half, he proceeded with Mrs. Binns to fulfil a promise he had made to the children; and, having placed his juvenile charges on a couple of donkeys, gave them a ride as far as the "Old Prince of Orange," and back again, permitting the lady to pay the "carriage" while he lifted off the delighted little creatures.

Leaving them to gambol on the green under the *surveillance* of their happy mother, he drew out his cigar-case, and hob-and-nobbed with Binns, drinking at least five tumblers of "stiff" brandy-and-water, amusing his "friend," with his travels and adventures abroad and at home. But the most pleasant moments are ever the fleetest, and Binns's chronometer warned him that it was time to depart.

The moderate "excess" he had committed rendered him rather "moony;" but his heart was open, and he was so much gratified by the condescending politeness of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, that, notwithstanding the latter firmly insisted upon the "Yorkshire fa-

shion" of settling for the copious libations they had made, Binns would not listen to it, and Mr. Burr politely yielded.

As there was no time to lose, they made the best of their way through Windmill Street to the pier, and soon lost their identity in the many-coloured mass which was wending towards the vessel.

Some beautiful pink conches attracted the eye of Mrs. Binns as they trudged along, and she would fain have purchased them for the adornment of her parlour mantel-shelf.

"These people want too much for them," said the sagacious Mr. Burr. "I can procure bushels of them from the sailors on board the ships where my business carries me. If you really desire to possess a set, allow me the pleasure of presenting them to you on my return to London."

Mrs. Binns thankfully accepted the offer, and gave him the address of the house at Camberwell. After a hurried adieu on board, Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr ran up the stairs, and, placing himself on a conspicuous situation on the pier, continued to wave his four-and-ninepenny "gossamer hat" till they were out of sight. Binns was delighted; he had never spent such a day—nor so much money in one trip—before. Four or five days after this memorable holiday, Binns returned from the city, wearied and worn out with a long and arduous day's work.

He approached his house, and beheld with astonishment that the holland blind of his best parlour was drawn down, and illuminated with the light of candles burning within. He began to think that he had mistaken the house, when the sound of a triangle, formed by a poker and keys, and the boisterous voices of his children in all the glee of a disorderly romp, struck with an unwelcome harshness upon his ear. The sweet vision of a cool pipe and tankard, which had so invitingly floated in his imagination as he trudged along, vanished into "thin air" in a moment.

With a palpitating heart he beat a timid rat-tat at his own door.

"Who is in the parlour, Mary?" inquired he fearfully, as the girl stood with the unclosed door in her hand.

Before she could answer his query, the kitchen-door at the extremity of the narrow passage was thrown open, and Mrs. Binns appeared, with a huge pan of lamb-chops sputtering and hissing in one hand, and a fork in the other.

"John, my dear," cried she, "how late you are to-night. There's our friend, Mr. Burr, has been here this three hours. Take off your things, and go into the parlour to him, while I prepare the supper, and the girl runs for the beer."

"Mr. Burr!" said poor, weary Mr. Binns, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear; he was so kind as to bring them shells he promised me himself."

Her husband then, disencumbering himself of his coat and hat, entered the noisy parlour.

"Binns, my dear boy," familiarly exclaimed Mr. Burr, without rising from his seat at the table, whereon a huge tumbler of brandy-and-water was smoking,—"Binns, what a slave you are to business! Those old-fashioned governors of yours are really unconscionable, to keep a man of your years stuck to the desk so many hours."

"A man of your years" jarred rather coarsely upon the drum of

Mr. Binn's ears; but he grasped the extended paw of the impertinent intruder upon his domestic quiet. Even the effrontery of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr failed to effect his natural feelings of politeness and hospitality.

He thanked him for his kind remembrance of Mrs. Binns, and after a cheering glass, recovered his wonted equanimity; and the conversation soon became interesting in the handling of his adroit visitor. They naturally referred to the day's pleasure they had enjoyed at Gravesend, and were in excellent order by the time Mrs. Binns had completed her culinary operations. Mary took away the reluctant children, and put them to bed, while Mrs. Binns busied herself in laying the cloth.

"Really, Mrs. Binns," observed the visitor, "I am afraid you make a stranger of me. I wish you would treat me as one of the family; and not put yourself out of the way, on any account."

Pipes and grog followed the supper, and Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr confessed he began to prefer a pipe to a cigar; whether in compliment to the predilection of his host, or because it cost him nothing, it would be inviduous to determine; but, certain it is, he smoked, and drank, and talked away until a late hour, and even then parted most reluctantly, he said, from his kind entertainers. Binns, who had been completely forced out of his usual sphere, and kept out of his bed two hours beyond his usual time, was very fractious and pettish, and hammered the coals in the kitchen-grate in a most savage manner, instead of quietly raking it out, as was his custom.

The worthy man really felt under some obligation to Mr. Burr for the politeness he had exercised towards them in a land of strangers; but certainly considered he had balanced the account by "franking" him upon the day in question. Their habits, manners, and opinions were too essentially different ever to harmonise together. Binns sensibly felt that there was no sympathy between them, or as he expressed it, that they could never "mix."

The free-and-easy youth, however, was not to be put off so easily; and Mr. Binns actually turned pale, and trembled, when on the following Sunday morning a loud rat-tat-tat at the door was followed by the announcement of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr.

Binns had no time to collect his scared and scattered thoughts before his visitor entered the room, as cool and collected as a snowball, shook hands with Mrs. Binns, patted the children, and greeted them all in the most approved manner.

"I hope I have not put you out?" said Mr. Burr, laying his hat upon the sideboard, and drawing a chair to the verge of the table.

"O! not at all!" replied Mrs. Binns. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Rather too early for me," replied the visitor; "I am going to pass the day with Jenkinson, at Peckham." What a relief was this intimation to poor Binns. "But a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and, as I may, probably, be too late for his hot water, I will take a cup of your excellent tea, for you do brew it most admirably, Mrs. Binns, I must say."

Mr. Burr drank cup after cup; and after an hour's conversation, or rather monologue, for neither Binns nor his wife felt competent to sustain a part, he took his leave, with an expression of regret that he could not finish the day with them; he really never felt so much at home as in their agreeable society.

Binns, first pulling aside the blind, and cautiously peeping, to ascertain that his tormentor had actually crossed the road, turned about, and resolutely exclaimed,

"I must, and will put an end to this."

A few days after this occurrence he was startled from his ledger by the entrance of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, who marched directly up to his desk, and calling him aside, pulled out a ragged pocket-book, and produced a bill for fifty pounds, at six months' date.

"Do you ever do anything in this way?" said he; "the bill 's as good as the Bank. Jenkinson's acceptance, and drawn by myself. The fact is, we have jointly entered into a spec., which requires a little ready cash; and it will produce such a profit that we can afford a good commission. What do you say? As you are a friend, I offer you the chance."

"I am really much obliged to you," said Binns, who looked upon the security with the eye of a man of business; "but my employers are very particular, and would be extremely offended should such a transaction come to their knowledge. My inclination must, therefore, yield to my interest."

"Well, you know best," replied Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, putting up the "kite." "I would not press the thing for the world. I know fifty people who will jump at it."

Mr. Burr then adroitly turned the conversation, and shortly after wished his dear friend good morning.

The next time Mr. Binns beheld the now dreaded, and repulsive physiognomy of Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr, was one evening in the crowded and bustling multitude which night and morning throng Gracechurch Street. He had sufficient presence of mind to accept the welcome invitation of the "cad" of a Camberwell stage, and leaping in, ensconsced himself snugly in the corner. But, scarcely had he spread his coat-tails carefully in his lap, for fear of creasing the cloth, when the door was thrown open, and the "cad," with the assurance that they were going in two minutes, ushered in the identical object of his aversion.

"What! Binns, is it you?" exclaimed Burr, with apparent surprise. "How d' ye do, my friend, and dear Mrs. Binns, and the little ones, how are they? It seems really an age since I had the pleasure of seeing you; but I assure you I have been so overhead and ears in business for the last fortnight, that I have not had a moment to call my own!"

Here was certainly a "spell" for an invitation; but Binns resolutely kept on the defensive. He then thrust his head out of the window, and bawled out, "Don't forget Manor Place!"

"Manor Place!" exclaimed Mr. Burr. "What, have you removed?"

"No," replied Binns, inwardly chuckling at the sudden manœuvre which had occurred to him to rid himself of his tormentor; "but I have some private business to transact with a friend."

"Shall you be long?" inquired the persevering Burr.

"An hour, or more, perhaps," said Binns.

"Excuse my impertinence, my dear fellow; but I did intend to surprise Mrs. Binns, and take a dish of tea with you in a family way."

"I 'm very sorry," began Binns.

"Don't mention it," interrupted the imperturbable bore; "I shall just be in time for Jenkinson's bohea, and—"

The coach stopped, and Mr. Binns was out in a jiffy.

"—And," continued his persecutor, "I shall just drop in as I return, and blow a cloud with you."

"Very well," muttered Binns, feeling very much like a mouse, which, in withdrawing its head from the trap, is suddenly caught by the neck! Binns did call upon his friend in Manor Place, and then sauntered sullenly homewards, forming a thousand resolutions to shake off this impertinent intruder.

But the cool effrontery of Mr. Burr invariably overcame his moral courage, and undermined his resolution. The nearer he approached his house, the more sensibly did he feel his firmness giving way. At last he came to the determination to order the chain to be put upon the door, and boldly to deny himself.

He rapped with unusual vehemence at the door, as if impatient to commune with Mrs. Binns, and arrange for the "barricade." The maid answered the summons.

"Where 's your mistress?"

"In the parlour, sir."

He strode along the passage to open the parlour-door, when the loud voice of a man struck upon his ear.

"Who 's with her?" demanded he, turning abruptly upon the maid.

"The gentleman, sir, what brought them shells t'other day!"

Binns almost dropped upon the door-mat. A malignant fate seemed to pursue him; for, as he afterwards learned, Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr had met his friend Jenkinson going to town, and had, therefore, returned with him as far as Binns's house, where he had coolly taken his place in the family-circle, informing Mrs. Binns, to her surprise, that he had left her husband midway; that he would not be at home for an hour or two, and that he had invited *him* to make an evening of it.

Mr. Burr was as easy and facetious, and as much "at home" as ever, and told such "funny stories" and anecdotes about the black fellows in the West Indies, that Mr. and Mrs. Binns were fain to laugh even against the grain. In fact, they were always both inclined to make the best of everything; and, as Mr. Burr was there, what could they do?

The brandy was rather low; but their accommodating friend had, really "no choice," and, taking out the liqueur-bottle filled up to the neck with "Booth's best," he asked Mrs. Binns for hot water, lemons, and sugar, and brewed an excellent bowl of "gin twist," which was so insinuating and so potent, that, what with smoking, and what with the effect of this unusual beverage, poor Binns's head turned completely round, and he could scarcely reach his bed after seeing the "collected" Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr to the door.

The next morning poor Binns got up with a "splitting" headache, and went to business in anything but an amiable mood, muttering maledictions upon the head of his encroaching enemy.

"I must and will put an end to it," said he, as he sipped his fourth cup of strong green tea the same afternoon. "I do verily believe that fellow was formed for my destruction. Mary, *do* keep those children quiet; they are enough to distract one with their eternal noise.

What's that?" he exclaimed in a nervous terror, startled by a loud imperative rap at the door.

"A letter, sir," said Mary.

"For me? Who can it be from?" continued he.

Tearing it open quickly, he then read as follows:—

"MY DEAR BINNS,—I looked in at your office this morning, and learned from old Thwaites that you had just gone out, and that he did not know precisely when you would return. Fearing that he might not deliver my message, or mention my call, for he seems a crabbed old hunks, I write this to request you will meet me at Tom's coffee-house to-morrow, at eleven punctually, as I wish you to go with me, and just bail poor Jenkinson, who has suffered some severe losses in Spanish (persisting to *bull* when I told him to *bear*), and has been unable to meet a paltry bill of five-and-thirty pounds. It's a mere matter of form. I am not a housekeeper, and, therefore, not eligible; but I am sure you will not stickle. You will, moreover, have an opportunity of being introduced to one of the best fellows breathing. We propose when he is emancipated from the clutches of the law, that we adjourn to Joe's, and have a steak, and a bottle of sherry.

"Present my most profound and respectful remembrances to Mrs. Binns, and my love to your two darling children, and believe me,

"My dear Binns, yours most faithfully,

"FREDERICK HODGKINS BURR."

"Don't forget, *eleven precisely*."

There was an oath trembling for utterance on the tip of Binns's tongue as he concluded this unique specimen of cool impertinence.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried he, holding the open letter in one hand, and slapping it with the back of the other, "this is—this is beyond everything! me—bail—bail for Jack Nokes or Tom Styles—an impudent jackanapes! I'll see him—I will—yes, I will; but the fellow won't take offence. Don't believe it! He dogs me everywhere. But I will be firm—I will! I have already submitted too long."

The next morning came, and Binns was nervous, wretched, and irresolute, and trembled every time the door of the counting-house was opened; at last he made up his mind to go and see if he could collect in some outstanding and doubtful debts. He threaded all the back alleys, and turned his steps as far eastward as his business would allow.

It was two o'clock when he re-entered the counting-house, and his mind was soon restored to the composure which he feigned when he found all was quiet. Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr had not ventured to call upon him; and Binns trusted that he felt deeply offended by his neglect.

He returned home comparatively happy, and Mrs. Binns surmised and "wondered" what could possibly have checked the career of his impertinence. The next morning, however, the apparently unintelligible mystery was solved. Taking up the "Courier" of the preceding evening, Binns was somewhat startled by the appearance of the following article.

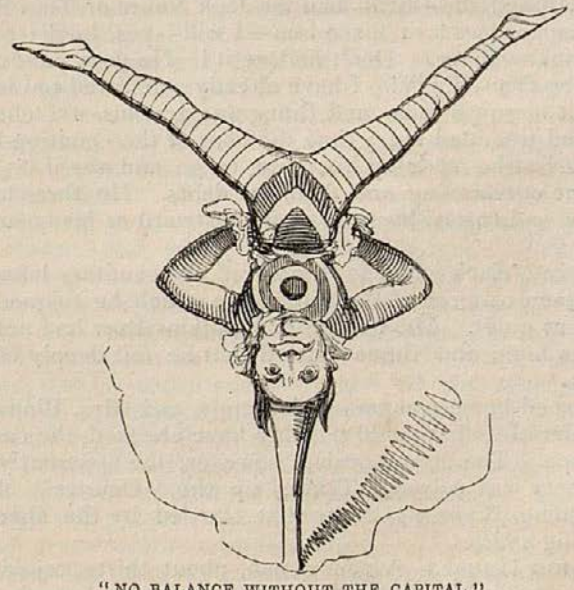
"MANSION HOUSE.—A young man, about thirty, rejoicing in the euphonous name of Frederick Hodgkins Burr, was brought up to the bar upon a charge of embezzlement. It appeared, from the evidence

of a partner in the firm of Morson, Gibbs, and Co., the well-known shipping-agents, that the prisoner had been employed in their establishment for the last three years, as a collecting clerk. That within the last month a ten and a twenty-pound Bank of England note had been missed from the cash-box, which had been intrusted to the prisoner to carry to their bankers. They immediately stopped the notes at the Bank of England, which were only paid in this morning. Upon questioning the holder, a respectable tailor in Marylebone, he acknowledged having received them of the prisoner in part payment of a three-years' account. A warrant was instantly obtained, and Frederick Hodgkins Burr delivered over to the custody of an officer. They had subsequently examined and discovered some "errors" of a large amount in the prisoner's accounts. The prisoner appeared very cool and indifferent, and took snuff abundantly during the whole proceeding, and declined offering any remark upon the serious charge against him. He was remanded until Friday, in order to give his employers time to look into their accounts."

It is impossible for language to express either the astonishment or delight of Binns upon reading the paragraph. His late associate was certainly in imminent danger of being transported! Over and over again did he read the "sweet intelligence," to convince himself of the reality of the fact, and with the precious document snugly folded in his breast pocket, he walked, or rather ran home, to communicate the glad-tidings to his spouse.

An oppressive load was suddenly taken from his mind, and he felt as "uplifted" as if he were really attached to a balloon.

How eagerly he watched the progress of the prosecution! nor was it until Mr. Frederick Hodgkins Burr was really sentenced to transportation that he felt truly free and happy again.



"NO BALANCE WITHOUT THE CAPITAL."

HEALTHY LODGINGS;

OR, "TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR."

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"Full many a dire exposure spring, we
See, from one mere *lapsus linguæ*."—ANON.

WHERE London's dome exalts its towering head
O'er the urn'd ashes of th' illustrious dead:
While many a jostled bumpkin, passing under,
Lifts his strain'd eyes, and opes his mouth with wonder;
Where, all around, in rich display, we find
Provisions for the stomach, limbs, and mind:
Where—but, kind reader, I surmise,
From these faint hints you 'll recognise,
(Or else 'tis cursed hard
Upon your bard)
Saint Paul's churchyard.
Well—near this memorable minster
There dwelt a certain aged spinster,
Who had a phthisic,
So firmly rooted in her constitution,
That all the physic
Which fifty doctors had prescrib'd,
And she, by gallons, had imbib'd,
Wrought, in its force, no jot of diminution;
But, for the golden lining of her purse,
That, I confess,
Grew daily less,
In ratio as her malady grew worse.

This (as their *bleeding* patient still was rich,)
Ne'er gave the doctors' consciences a twitch;
But was, of course,
The fertile source
Of anxious cares
To her next heirs;
A couple of necessitous and sly
First cousins,
Who, seeing thus the guineas daily fly
By dozens,
Resolved, if possible, to check
Their long-expected fortune's wreck.
They sought the suffering invalid,
And on their knees began to plead,
That of her life she'd take more heed.
"Yield," argued they, "to our advice,
And 'twill relieve you in a trice.
Discard your doctors; nauseous drugs forbear;
Quit London's smoke, and try a CHANGE OF AIR!
Depute to us the pleasing duty
To find a genial spot to suit ye;
And you shall find our loving plan
More efficacious
Than all the med'cine-monger clan,
With hands rapacious."

The feeble patient gave consent,
And to their task the cousins went.
For many a day, beyond the city's bound,
The busy pair pursued a weary round,

And many a rural village had they paced,
Ere they could find an air to please their taste.

At length, to finish their perambulations,
An accident fulfill'd their expectations;
For, passing through a snug churchyard,
A welcome symptom met their view,
Which with their wish precisely squared,
For *nearly half the graves were new.*
Resolving here to make a stand,
They turn'd their eyes on either hand,
When, *à propos,* before their faces,
Scarce distant half a hundred paces,
A neat, lone, wood-built house appear'd, whose door
With full-blown eglantine was mantled o'er;
And, to complete their luck,
A glaring placard stuck
Upon a *board,* intelligence afforded
That, in this house *of boards,* you might be boarded.
Thither they steer'd,
And ask'd to see
The landlady,
Who straight appear'd.

The cousins, in a sigh-fraught simper,
(Something between a smile and whimper)
Their pious errand faltering told:
" We have a *valued* sick relation,
Who, being now infirm and old,
Has singled out this situation;
Hoping that your *salubrious* air,
For some few years her life may spare.
But, hark ye! we have cause to fear
That *deaths* of late are frequent here.
This we entreat you not to mention,
For 'twould defeat our kind intentio n.
To-morrow morning she shall come;
But mum!
Don't drop a word
That you have heard
Of death, for years, within a mile!"
" No," said the housewife, with a smile;
You need not fear—my tongue ne'er slips:
No word of *death* shall 'scape my lips."
Next morn the fragile lodger came:
With eager haste th' officious dame,
At her approach,
Flew to the coach,
Dropt her best court'sy—lent her shoulder,
To be the lady's crutch, and told her
Thus, " My first floor has been prepared:
The fires are good, the beds well air'd;
I 'm quite convinced that, on inspection,
The rooms will merit your election
And, if th' improvement of your case
Can be obtain'd by change of place,
No spot 's so well adapted to insure
Your perfect cure;
Our air 's so pure,
Continued the loquacious wife,
" 'T would almost raise the dead to life."
Finding old Goody thus verbose,
The tottering lady craved repose,

Thanking the gossip for her cares;
But, when prepared to mount the stairs,
She found no friendly balustrade,
To yield her hand the wonted aid;
For, though its clumsy rails were oaken,
'Twas broken!

"Good hostess," (croak'd the hectic fair,)
"Your stairs of all support are bare;
And ne'er can be by me ascended,
Unless the balustrade be mended."

This speech the dame's good-humour marr'd,
And threw her somewhat off her guard:—
"The Devil take the stairs," quoth she,
"They 're an incessant plague to me.
Madam, 'tis true as I stand here,
Only within the last half year,
Six times the joiner I have paid
For mending that same balustrade;
And yet, with all th' expense and care,
I cannot keep it in repair;
For, every time 'tis done, just when
'Tis fix'd as firm as hands can make it,
The cursed undertaker's men,
In bringing down the Coffins, break it!"

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:
OR,
A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XV.
THE REVENGE OF AN UNRELENTING WOMAN.

"The devil's softest pillow is a stony heart."
Edward Irving.

Not the least painful of the duties of a gaol-chaplain, is that of preparing a criminal for execution.

To insist on the necessity of repentance,—to maintain that it must precede not only pardon, but any *acceptable* act of devotion,—to avoid holding out too little or too much hope,—to eschew fanaticism on the one hand, and despondency on the other,—to check the transports of enthusiasm by an appeal to Scripture and its "words of truth and soberness," — to cheer the drooping spirit by a repetition of those bright and blessed promises which light up the Book of Life,—to watch the alternations of hope and despair in the convict's mind, and to stay them by an application to "that Tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," is a task, the anxiety and difficulty of which those only can comprehend whose lot it is to minister to "the prisoner and the captive."

Its perplexities, too, are increased in a tenfold degree, when, as in the case of Reza, guilt is resolutely denied. Firmly, but without any boisterous asseverations, or any vehemence of tone or manner, she maintained her innocence. "If my poor old master met his end unfairly, I am no party to the deed. I deserve to die; but not for that. Life has long since ceased to be desirable; and I willingly resign it. But that old man's murderer I am not."

I dwelt on the necessity of repentance, and the pe culiar urgency, in her case, of devoting every moment to make her peace with God.

"Repentance!" ran her strange reply, "I know not the meaning of the term. I repent of nothing! I have much to forgive," and her eye flashed fire, "much that I would forget; but of nothing do I repent."

I warned her fully, and, I trust, faithfully, of those torments which await the impenitent. She listened earnestly and attentively. No gesture of incredulity or impatience was indulged in. But when I finished, she replied in those low, soft tones, I so well remember.

"May there not be a dispensation of mercy beyond this world? I say not that the Bible reveals it; but I infer it; and repose on it. You warn me of torments that never end: and Scripture warrants your allusions. But my view of the character of my Creator tells me that he is far too merciful to punish his erring creatures for ever. In this creed I have lived, and shall die."

It was in vain that I proclaimed to her the peril of such sentiments.

"They are suited," said she, with a gloomy smile, "to my past life, and present circumstances. Brief space have I now to adopt a new creed."

I left her, fully acquiescing in the judgment passed on her by the gaol matron, — that hers was no common mind; and had been no common fall. The next morning, Saturday, I saw her again. She was calm and self-possessed; and of her own accord touched on the evidence given on her trial. I again urged the duty of making a confession.

"I have none to make. I *have* nothing to disclose; nothing—at least," said she, correcting herself quickly, "nothing on that head."

"The only atonement you can make to society is to disburden—"

"Society! I owe society nothing," was her hasty interruption. "I have no reparation to make: and to those who have brought me in guilty of poor Ampthill's murder, I have to say, why should *I* have destroyed him? Murder!" and a convulsive shudder thrilled her frame,—"murder is a crime rarely committed save from some powerful motive. No! no!"—and a joyous laugh rung frightfully in that cold and cheerless cell,—"one does not dip one's hands in blood without some constraining motive. Ha! ha! ha! Forgive me, sir! I wander!"

But I thought her mind did *not* wander; and, struck by her manner and language, I observed, "I cannot, under these circumstances, and in your present state of mind, administer to you the sacrament. You do not, I hope, expect it?"

"*I do not desire it!* It is for those—if I understand aright aught pertaining to that solemn mystery—who are in peace and charity with all mankind. Such a tone of feeling is not mine. Those exist whom I can never forgive."

"And yet, you expect to be forgiven?"

"Ultimately," was her gloomy and strange reply.

She fell into a moody reverie. At times tears seemed to start into those dark, fierce, fiery-looking eyes. But she was silent; and finding her indisposed to listen, and unable to converse, I left her.

An hour afterwards she sent for me.

"I am unwilling, sir," she began, "that you should think me in-

different to your kind suggestions, sullen, or reckless. I am neither. I strive to listen to you; but in vain. The past crowds in upon my memory. I wish to relate it. The disclosure will be a relief to me. 'Tis a strange record of error and passion. But in your hands it may be useful. It may warn others when I am gone. Theirs will be the profit: mine the punishment!

"My father was an army-agent; his connexion was numerous; his knowledge of business good; and his reputation fair and unassailable. The world styled him 'wealthy;' and so long as every luxury was theirs, his family were content to believe the opinion well-founded. That his habits were extravagant; and that these habits received no check, either in the way of remonstrance or example, from my mother, who fully shared the popular delusion, may account for the sequel. He died suddenly, and without a will. His accounts were investigated; and it appeared that, after various claims on the firm were cancelled, a mere pittance was all that remained to my mother and her six daughters. It is true, that subsequent events, and, among these, the purchase of a large landed estate by the junior partner, convinced us that we had been unjustly dealt with; but my mother had no brother, no uncle, no male relative to champion her cause. Apparently the accounts were clear; and my mother submitted in silence to the penalty they entailed on her.

"We hurried into obscurity. The reduced, sir, and the fallen, have no place in society. Its sympathies are reserved for the daring and the prosperous. The stricken deer is soon forgotten by the herd. He hurries into the nearest lair to die. All at once it was discovered that my 'father had been a most improvident man;' and my 'mother a very thoughtless woman! Misfortune was sure to overtake such parties. Compassion was thrown away on them.

"A small cottage near St. Albans, scantily furnished, and in wretched repair, received us; and there we strove to forget the past, and to subsist on an income that never amounted to eighty pounds per annum. Many has been the drowsy homily,—many the laboured eulogy pronounced upon 'virtuous poverty.' It is the cant of the day to laud virtue in rags. The epicure surfeited with indulgence; the successful adventurer, who has attained the height of his ambition; the statesman in the plenitude of power; and the noble in his luxurious villa, will descant glowingly on the glorious spectacle afforded by a poor but virtuous man. But the struggle, the effort, the agony to hold fast integrity when oppressed by poverty; to retain principle when beset by temptation; to abstain from sin, when its temporary and partial commission would at once relieve from the pangs of want — ah! sir, the intensity of this trial they only can appreciate whose doom it has been to brave it!

"While we were deliberating upon our future plans, and arranging who should remain at home with our sorrow-stricken parent, and who should earn an honest livelihood elsewhere, by the exercise of those accomplishments which lent a charm to happier days, a party made his appearance at the cottage, with an earnest tender of his services and influence in whatever way we were pleased to command them.

"His name was St. Barbe.

"The obligations of this person to my late father were repeated and weighty. By him he had been extricated from many a difficulty; his sinking credit supported; over and over again he had saved him

from arrest; enabled him by opportune advances to obtain promotion by purchase; mediated successfully between him and his haughty father, and reconciled him to a wealthy uncle, whom he had alienated by his imprudence and extravagance. Oh! if that being existed upon earth to whom the welfare of my mother and her family should have been sacred and dear, surely, surely Ivan St. Barbe was that man! His proffers of counsel, assistance, and personal inquiry, were tendered with apparent earnestness and sincerity; and in one or two instances accepted. His visits were repeated. But it soon became apparent that a stronger magnet than that of friendship drew him to the cottage. He declared himself attached to me (I was not *then* the discoloured, wrinkled, and saddened being you now behold); and in private urged my assent to a secret marriage. I refused it. Strong as was the hold which he had acquired over my affections, melancholy as were my prospects, and many as were my privations, I shrunk from the web of subterfuge he was assiduously weaving round me. 'Where there is mystery, there is misery,' was my earnest and oft-repeated objection; 'at least, let my own family be cognizant of our union?'

"'Impossible!' was his rejoinder; 'my own ruin would be the consequence.'

"His representations weighed with me. He pleaded the pride of his family; the advanced age of his father; the presumption that a few months, perhaps weeks, would do away with all necessity for concealment; his dependence upon his father; the prospect of being disinherited should our union be divulged. Sophistries all! But I listened, and believed him. We were married by special licence, at the house of a dependent, whom he could trust, and by a strange-looking clergyman, whom he had known, he said, from boyhood. Three weeks afterwards I consented to accompany him to Brussels. At midnight—infatuated that I was!—without ever divulging to those who had a right to my confidence the connexion which I had formed, and the journey I was about to take, I bade adieu to my humble home for ever.

"The dream of happiness which awaited me at Brussels lasted six months. It was a bright oasis in my existence. I may well dwell upon it. But it had its moments of gloom. The frightful shadows of the future fell darkly across it. My position was painfully equivocal. I had no society. That of my own sex was out of the question; to that of the other I was indifferent. I was a stranger among strangers. St. Barbe seemed blind to this; but, the more I dwelt on the sad peculiarities of my situation, the more distinctly did conscience whisper, '*'Tis the punishment of thy sin!*'

"This feeling became at length so intolerable, and the train of deception to which my position gave birth, so galling, that I begged St. Barbe to terminate this dreary concealment, and allow me to announce my marriage to my family. His features, usually so bright and sunny, darkened as I proceeded in my suit; and before long he sternly interrupted me. 'Pshaw! let me hear no more of this.'

"But I was resolute, and persevered. With a muttered oath he turned from me. I clung to him. I wept. I knelt before him. I implored him to own me as his wedded wife before man, as I was before God.

"'It is time,' said he, breaking from me, 'that this farce should end. There is no marriage in the case.'

"'No marriage!' cried I, faintly. 'Gracious God! Ivan! do I understand you rightly? no marriage?'

"'You have yourself to blame,' continued he vehemently, 'for forcing from me thus early this avowal. The marriage ceremony,'—and he sneered, 'was read, I believe, word for word. But the special licence was a clever forgery; and the clergyman a discarded groom.'

"I wrung my hands with agony.

"'I love you, dearest,' and his tone seemed to soften at the spectacle of my uncontrollable distress,—'I love you as fondly as ever: but marriage between us there is none.'

"I waved him from me.

"'How absurd thus to distress yourself at a disclosure which, though hastened by your own imprudence, was sooner or later inevitable! What are forms? Love laughs at them. You are still my 'heart's best treasure.' *There* you reign supreme. But it would require a fairer face than even thine to bind me with Hymen's fetters. Come, smile; and be happy.'

"'Happy!' cried I bitterly. 'Your villany, your deep and systematic villany,—but words are wasted on you. I leave you to the reproaches of your own conscience. *Here we part!*'

"'Part?'

"'What!' said I, sternly, 'do you imagine that I would, KNOWINGLY, live with you one hour as *your paramour?*'

"'Oh!' returned he, with a careless air, 'if that be your tone—agreed! agreed! I would not for the world damage such a correct code of morals! My arrangements are easily made; and I can leave Brussels at sunset.'

"He flung his purse, as he spoke, upon the table, and left me.

"That evening I was in Brussels—*alone!*

"No language that I can command can depict the mental agonies of that night. It found me deserted, betrayed, helpless, hopeless; and it left me on the verge of—madness! I can give no account of the next day. It is a blank to me. But on the following morning I rose early; turned every valuable I possessed into cash; removed to very humble lodgings; attired myself in the plainest garb, and resolved to remain in Brussels till my little babe should see the light; and then — revenge! revenge! You start, sir, at the vehemence of my exclamation; but remember my wrongs — and their author! HE had inflicted them, around whose name, when life was new, the whole tissue of my hopes and fears were woven; in whom all my dreams of earthly happiness had been wound up; for whom I had sacrificed home, and fame, and parent, and friends; all that woman holds dear.

"My child was born. It was a sufferer from its birth. Many was the anxious day, many the weary vigil which its protracted struggles cost me. But at length they ceased; and you may form some idea of the wretchedness, the recklessness, the utter hopelessness of that hour when a mother, losing the only object she loved on earth—parting from the only tie that bound her to existence, could kneel beside the narrow coffin, and humbly *bless* GOD that HE had for ever removed her little one beyond the reach of care and sorrow!

"Freed by death from every tie to Brussels, I hurried to England; and, like a craven, guilty being, sought, under the shades of

night, my former home. There was no voice to welcome the returning penitent. My mother had long since become a tenant of the tomb; and my sisters were severed and scattered none could tell whither. At length I learnt, and but too truly, that 'the disgrace of the eldest daughter had proved a death-blow to the first; and had paved the way for the ruin of the others!'

"My punishment was now complete. My cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing. A low, nervous fever seized me; and at length left me, the discoloured, care-worn, prematurely-aged person you now behold. Never did the ravages of disease tell more decisively upon the personal appearance of any human being. Recovered, my first feeling was a passionate desire for REVENGE!

"'Where is he,' my heart whispered, 'whose unbridled appetite has wrecked the peace of an entire family? Where is he, the betrayer and the destroyer? so deep a traitor to the dead—so cruel and remorseless to the living? I tried to trace him, but in vain. He had sold his commission, and had retired into private life; but where, baffled every inquiry. Ten years elapsed. I gained an honest, if not an easy livelihood. My business as a sempstress increased. I was punctual in my engagements, and true to my promises. Those around me saw that I was to be trusted, and gave me a decided preference. I saved money, and invested it; and, to my neighbours—how little does one human being know of the trials, sufferings, and scourge endured by another!—was an object of envy! I, who brooded incessantly over my wrongs, who could never banish the dark spectre of the past, who was hourly goaded by the most bitter recollections, and whose earliest and latest thought was—REVENGE!

"The opportunity of inflicting it at length was granted. It was autumn; and I had been to the adjoining county-town to deliver in some fancy-work to the proprietor of a fashionable shop, when the mistress called me aside, and said, 'I have wished to see you for several days, in consequence of a letter which I have received from a lady of rank newly come into this neighbourhood. In this she desires me to make inquiries for a person capable of superintending her nursery, and taking constant charge of her eldest son. There are many requisites named; but I think you possess them all. In fact, you are the very person her ladyship wants.'

"'I have been, I fear, too long my own mistress to submit with a good grace to the will of another. Her ladyship must look elsewhere.'

"'Come to no hasty decision,' was the rejoinder; 'a situation like this rarely presents itself.'

"'I am satisfied with my position,' was my reply. 'My income is more than equal to my wants. And, as to the future—'

"'Would not a salary of fifty guineas be likely to improve it?' cried the needlewoman. 'This I am empowered to offer. Think twice before you say no.'

"I again expressed my disinclination to be domesticated in any family.

"'Now!' cried she, '*I* am really angry with you, because you are purposely perverse. You possess all the requisites which Lady Hunmanby names. You speak French; you are complete mistress of your needle; you are not,' and she smiled, 'very young; you have no low connexions; and you can sing. You are admirably

fitted for the situation; and you refuse it! How can I tempt you? I wish I could show you the young St. Barbe.'

"'*Who?*' said I, starting.

"'Lady Hunmanby's eldest son, the Hon. Ivan St. Barbe. Poor fellow! his intellects — but you are ill — faint? Ah! I see! The walk has been too much for you. You require rest and refreshment. Come into my private room. You will there find both. Now,' cried my kind hostess, as soon as I had rallied from the shock which her information caused me, 'now we must return to business, and transact it. Where was I? Oh! as to Lady Hunmanby. Listen. This great lady has rather a difficult card to play. She married late in life a gay husband. Mr. St. Barbe's youth is said to have been strangely dissolute; and perhaps she has discovered ere this the danger of acting on the proverb that 'a reformed rake makes the best husband.' Now, her ladyship is rather ordinary in appearance; at least eighteen years older than her husband, and somewhat troubled with jealousy; thus, the atmosphere is not always serene at Oakover Hall. But there is another and a darker cloud which lours over that princely building,—the intellects of the elder son, the future Lord Hunmanby, are deplorably feeble. He is scarcely an idiot; but has no memory, and a most bewildered judgment. He is extremely restless; but very fond of music. In fact the only method of calming him is by singing to him. Lady Hunmanby requires a person of somewhat superior education to be continually with him; to sing to him; play with him; and, in fact, watch over him. 'Tis a thousand pities that, with such a handsome face, he should have such unmeaning words and ways! Now, what say you, for I must write to-morrow?"

"'That—that—' and my heart fluttered wildly while I spoke,—'if her ladyship is pleased to offer me the situation, I will accept it.'

"'Clear, and to the purpose. Very good! you have shewn yourself the sensible person I always believed you.'

"Her ladyship's reply arrived in due course. It was extremely prolix, and occupied three sheets of note-paper. Her meaning might have been conveyed in a single sentence,—that she should be very minute in her inquiries, judge of me in a personal interview, and dismiss me at a moment's notice, on the occurrence of the 'slightest impropriety.'

"The dreaded meeting was fixed for the morning of that day se'nnight, and, punctual to the minute, the baroness drove up. She was accompanied by another lady, a 'confidential friend,' in whom she reposed all her matrimonial suspicions and complaints touching her inconstant lord, who, as a systematic eavesdropper, was hated by the whole establishment with a most commendable unanimity, and whom, as a sleepless spy on all his movements, Mr. St. Barbe used to curse every day of his life! The name of this lady was Cram. She had a suite of apartments at the hall; and, when denounced by its lord, was wont to fly to Lady Hunmanby, who would weep over her, and style her '*a woman without guile.*'

"With a beating heart I entered the apartment. I curtsyed. No movement of head or hand was vouchsafed as an acknowledgment. Her formidable ladyship frowned, and then scrutinized me in silence. At the close of her inspection she turned to Mrs. Cram, and remarked *aside*, in a cheerful tone, 'Not at all good looking! Come! that's an essential recommendation!'

"'And not very young,' responded Mrs. Cram, with an approving air.

"And then they nodded gaily and cheerily at each other, as if they were about to achieve some grand exploit.

"Her ladyship now spoke. She desired me to sing, then heard me read aloud, then expressed a wish to see my needle-work, and summed up with a series of questions about my family and relatives,—to which I answered,—truly enough,—that 'I had long lost sight of them.' The situation of her eldest son was then adverted to. His restless and irascible moods were described, and due stress was laid on the most successful mode of soothing him. 'Contradiction and rebuke he was never to hear: they only served to irritate him. He was to be persuaded, entreated, and led.'

"I listened in silence. Lady Hunmanby rose to depart. 'In matters of this nature,' said she, coldly, 'I never give an immediate answer. You will hear from me—*if favourably*—within twenty-four hours.'

"Another look at me as she passed, as if to dispel at once and for ever,—*in my case*,—the atmosphere of suspicion in which she lived, again, and *aside*,—'Plain, certainly — most particularly plain — eh, Mrs. Cram?'

"'Safe in that quarter, I think, my lady,' replied the toadee, with an audible chuckle.

"I watched their departure with contending feelings. That the situation would be offered me I had little doubt; and, if so, to what conclusion was I driven? This: many—so I ruminated—owe their rise to their personal attractions: *I* to my scarred and discoloured visage. To thousands beauty has been the magician's wand: to me it is deformity. My patron is that face whence beauty is for ever banished, and those features, which speak only of past sorrow, suffering, and care. The reflection wounded the vanity of the woman, but it nerved the purpose of the avenger! My suspense was brief. At noon a messenger arrived; he put into my hands a letter containing this single sentence: 'Teresa Gray' (such was my assumed name) 'is expected at Oakover Hall this evening.' How did my heart beat, and my cheek flush, and my eyes glisten as I mused over these magic words! 'The hour of action,' I exclaimed, involuntarily, 'and of vengeance now approaches! Ivan! the poisoned chalice is about to be returned to your own lips! Monster! you showed no mercy to others: none shall now be shown to thee or *thine*. You have wrecked my peace: now look to your own!'

"I laughed loudly, wildly, and repeatedly as I crushed that proud woman's *permit* in my grasp; my humble dwelling rang with my frantic merriment; it was the happiest moment I had known for years! The day wore on, and calm, and soft, and sun-lit was the hour when I reached the park. The deer browsed lazily beneath the trees, the tinkle of the sheep-bell was heard from far; here the hare started from her form, there the call of the ring-dove was answered by its mate; while ever and anon the rush of the distant waterfall was borne by the breeze, softly and soothingly, upon the ear. The repose of nature contrasted strangely with the tumult of my own feelings: them it failed to soothe. Around me and about me, it is true, all was calm and holy; within me raged a war of passions, which death alone can still.

"Another moment, and I had passed HIS threshold!

"With all her wealth, Lady Hunmanby was an unhappy woman. That she was a peeress in her own right; that she had, by accepting Mr. St. Barbe's hand, released him from a gaol, or rather prevented his going into one; that she had a rent-roll of nine thousand per annum settled upon herself, and subject to her sole control; that her son would inherit *from her* a peerage; that her husband owed to her his station, influence, authority, liberty, — all that renders life desirable,—were convictions perpetually present to her recollection. Morning, noon, and night they rose before her. Nor was she altogether sure that she possessed his affections. Doubts would occasionally present themselves that he had married her rent-roll, not herself; a conclusion which Mrs. Cram had long since arrived at.

"I had been some days at the hall before we met. And what a meeting! What a tide of recollections rushed over me as I once more gazed upon him! But how changed! Years and self-indulgence had done their work: The gay, and animated, and gentlemanly St. Barbe had become a coarse, bloated, heavy-looking sensualist. Passion had stolen from his face all its former winning and intellectual air: you turned from its expression with a sigh. The *animal* there grievously predominated over the *man*. Nor had *I* passed unobserved. The comment and the lecture, from my position and employment, I could not but hear.

"'Humph! Lady Hunmanby, that's the new acquisition, I presume?'

"'That,' returned her ladyship, with considerable dignity, 'that, Mr. St. Barbe, is the party to whom I have entrusted *my* eldest son.'

"'No beauty, certainly!'

"'Her character,' continued the baroness, 'is most remarkable for—'

"'What her character may be I know not,' interrupted the gentleman; 'but her countenance is most remarkable. Call you that 'the human face divine?' Ugh! I've a mortal antipathy to ugly servants.'

"'Mr. St. Barbe,' said the baroness, solemnly, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your time of life, to make any comments upon the personal features of *my* servants—my FEMALE servants. It is highly unbecoming! Consider, sir, your age and station.'

"'I've liked a pretty face all my life, Lady Hunmanby,' cried St. Barbe; 'and, as to age—'

"'Ring the bell, Mrs. Cram,—ring the bell,' cried the baroness, hastily making a desperate effort to change the conversation.

"A servant entered.

"'The carriage in half an hour. Mrs. Cram, we shall have barely time to dress.'

"And the ladies made a precipitate retreat from the apartment.

"Nor was this the only occasion on which my miserable self became the subject of discussion between this ill-assorted pair. It was summer, the day was oppressively hot, and my wayward charge had been visited during the morning by one of those restless, irritable, ungovernable paroxysms, which it was so difficult to calm. I was trying to soothe him, by singing over and over again a little French melody, linked to some simple and almost childish words, which the unhappy boy seemed to comprehend, and tried to repeat. The nursery windows were open, and, as he passed along the corridor

into the hall, the air caught Mr. St. Barbe's ear. He had heard it before!—he had listened to it often in former years, and under happier circumstances. Its spell even then was not wholly broken. Agitated, and off his guard, he rushed into the breakfast-room with the abrupt inquiry, 'Lady Hunmanby, who sings? I—I—that air—those days—and she—Who sings, I say?'

"'One of *my* household, sir, and by *my* order.'

"'The voice is no common one—again!—how soft and full!—Strange that it should so move me!'

"'I think so,' said her ladyship, in her customary frigid tones.

"'It recalls—yes, it recalls thoughts, hopes, visions, beings, long since buried in the grave.'

"'Indeed!' drawled the baroness, without the slightest apparent feeling.

"'And it reminds me of one—'

"'Of whom?' cried her ladyship, quickly, as a sudden pang of jealousy smote her,—'of whom, sir, does it remind you?'

"'Of—of—of a lady whom I once knew abroad.'

"'Another—another on his list of infidelities. Oh, Mrs. Cram!'—and the baroness held out her hands imploringly towards her confidant.

"'A foreign lady! There never was such a graceless profligate! A foreign lady! Now I *am* surprised!' was the response of this genuine firebrand.

"The week following this conversation Ivan fell ill. Medical advice was called in, and his case pronounced one of considerable danger. I heard this, and my course was taken. For eleven days and nights I never left him. He rallied, and at length mine was the delight of hearing the senior physician say, that good nursing alone had saved him. Was that my only source of satisfaction? No; a deeper and sterner feeling mingled with my joy: *Mr. St. Barbe desired the idiot's death.* His imbecility wearied him; the strong, yet painful, resemblance borne by Ivan to himself wounded him; above all, he loathed the unconscious boy for the obstacle which his existence presented to the succession of his younger and more gifted brother, Cyril. The intensity of this feeling manifested itself again and again. The alacrity with which he listened to an unfavourable bulletin,—the moody silence in which he received tidings of unexpected amendment,—the reluctance with which he credited the surgeon's announcement that all dangerous symptoms had subsided,—the gloom with which he scanned the invalid on his re-appearance in the drawing-room,—the harsh, bitter, and taunting tone in which he replied to the poor trembler's feeble and foolish questions,—all convinced me how cordially he would have welcomed the intelligence of Ivan's demise.

"But that gratification was denied him!

"I redoubled my vigilance. Every movement of the young heir was watched, every symptom tending towards relapse counteracted, and every appliance that could speed the progress of returning strength afforded. Success crowned my cares; the imbecile was pronounced more likely to live than ever.

"Lady Hunmanby seemed sensible of my exertions. Thanks from a being so austere and inflexible were not to be expected; yet once she did express her marked approbation, and tendered me gold. Profound observer! she was a believer in the omnipotence of mo-

ney, and persuaded herself that it would recompense every service, atone for every insult, and heal every lacerated feeling. When, therefore, I refused her *largesse*, assuring her that I had acted from a sense of duty, and had been governed by motives which would be their own reward, she turned from me with ill-concealed displeasure, avowing her ignorance 'how to treat me,' or 'in what way to understand me.'

"Not so her lord: *he* detested me. The devotion with which I watched over the interests of my young charge was one ground of offence, the affection with which the hapless boy repaid it was another; but both yielded in enormity to this, — that to my nursing the recovery of his imbecile heir might principally be attributed. My dismissal was on his part resolved on, and daily did he ask her ladyship 'How much longer do you intend to disgust every visitor that approaches you with the visage of that hideous woman?'

"My position, it was clear, had become uncertain; I foresaw that, ere long, Lady Hunmanby would yield to her husband's ceaseless invectives; and I hastened to execute that master-stroke of revenge which I planned on entering Oakover Hall, and—never abandoned!

"I had not long to watch my opportunity. I have mentioned, and but slightly, the younger son of my mistress, Cyril. I can but imperfectly describe him. He was a gentle, fair-haired boy, — clever, quick, singularly docile, and St. Barbe's idol. If there was an object upon earth to which the heart of that selfish being turned, it was to his lively and guileless child. It was determined to celebrate his fourth birthday and his elder brother's recovery by a *fête* to the tenantry. This was a style of entertainment in which the baroness delighted. It enabled her to play the hostess on an imposing scale; it ministered abundantly to her sense of her own importance; it brought visibly before her her own stake in society.

"Exemplary lady! she never put off the trappings of her pride, till those who were about her put around her her winding-sheet! But I wander. I may well shrink from approaching this portion of my tale. The day was fine, the park crowded, and the tenantry sufficiently happy and hilarious. Lady Hunmanby, accompanied by her husband and a small party of private friends, stood watching the scene from the flight of steps which led up to the western portico. Her ladyship, by way of marking her precedence, had taken up her station a few steps in advance. There she remained, issuing every now and then some incomprehensible order, and enjoying the acclamations with which her name and that of Ivan was received. Such was the group below. Above, the children and myself occupied a lofty balcony, situated directly over the portico, and commanding an uninterrupted view of the whole park. It was conjectured that the health of Cyril, accompanied by some kind wishes, would be given; and, if so, it was arranged that I should then hold him up in my arms, while he bowed and waved his little hands to the vast assemblage, in acknowledgment of the compliment. I had not, nor did I desire it, much interval for reflection. 'Ere long an elderly yeoman proposed, and three hundred manly voices repeated, 'Health and happiness to the Honourable Cyril St. Barbe, and may each return of this day prove more joyous than the last.' I trembled with emotion, for now the dreaded mo-

ment had arrived. I bent over, and kissed him fondly,—yes, fondly, —for it was *a final farewell!*

"'Lift me higher—higher—higher still,' cried the courageous boy, evidently enjoying the excitement of the scene.

"I raised him as he desired. He bent forward eagerly, smiled, and gaily and gracefully kissed his hands to the applauding throng. The cheering was redoubled. At its height I withdrew the support of my arm,—*it was the act of an instant*,—and he fell a mangled corpse at his father's feet.

"I never shall forget the shriek which rose from St. Barbe's lips when he tried to raise his child, and found him lifeless. He knelt beside him, kissed his fair brow, parted the clustering locks, and, in a tone hoarse with agony, exclaimed,

"'Cyril! Cyril! speak to me!—say but one word!—speak to me, dearest!—for God's sake speak!'

"But there was no voice, nor any that answered, nor any that regarded.

"Oh! I was avenged! I was deeply and fearfully avenged!— True, I was a lost and degraded being, an outcast, and an alien,— true, that my seducer had triumphed,—that his scheme had been deliberately arranged, and successfully executed; but little dreamt he, while planning my destruction, that he was all the while collecting materials—fuel to feed the flame which was to scorch his very brain. Again I looked at him as he writhed in agony over his disfigured idol, and exulted in the thought that I had wrung his heart's core!

"I have little more to add. I will not weary you, sir, with details of the examination, and cross-examination, and re-examination to which I was subjected before the coroner, or of the dry routine of a tedious inquest. My tale was clear. Cyril's last request, heard by many bystanders, 'Lift me higher—higher—higher still,' bore out my assertion that he overbalanced himself, and fell by his own act and impulse. Again and again was this point adverted to; but nothing was elicited to contradict my statement. Who, in fact, could invalidate it? My own heart was my sole confidant!"

The fiendlike exultation with which this was uttered no combination of words can portray.

"Lady Hunmanby declined seeing me again, and I was commanded to quit Oakover immediately on the conclusion of the inquest. Its result was a verdict of '*Accidental death.*' I was prohibited from taking any leave of Ivan, and forbidden to form one in the funeral procession; but I witnessed it, disguised and unsuspected. The morning was dark and chilly, heavy rain fell at intervals, and at mid-day the wind rose, and swept down the avenue with a keenness and bitterness I could ill endure. To support my disguise, I was thinly and miserably clad, and more than once feared I must have abandoned my purpose. But at last the procession was formed, and I was rewarded. It was a striking spectacle; and one incident, sufficiently memorable, chilled the heart of all who witnessed it.

"By the baroness's express instructions, Ivan was chief mourner. In vain Mr. St. Barbe represented to her the boy's unfitness for the office, and his own desire to fill it; her ladyship was peremptory, and carried her point. He was attired in a long mourning cloak, and escorted with due solemnity to the main entrance. When there,

his eye caught the waving plumes and the white hat-bands, and, clapping his hands together, he burst into a ringing peal of laughter. Then pausing for an instant, he exclaimed, in clear, shrill tones, 'Oh! how droll! how very droll!'—and again he laughed long and merrily! The procession moved onwards, the last melancholy obsequies were paid, and the joyous and light-hearted Cyril left to the stern custody of the grave. As the cavalcade neared the mansion again, the idiot's merriment jarred frightfully with the scene. Again his eye sought and met the objects that amused him. Again the loud and long-continued laugh was heard; and, as the shuddering St. Barbe assisted him to alight from the carriage, he exclaimed, in tones which all could hear, 'Capital! capital!—when shall we have another funny funeral, eh?—when?—when?'

"I gazed on St. Barbe's convulsed countenance—I saw the agony painted there—I witnessed the look of loathing with which he met the idiot's gaze. I translated it:—"And this is my son—my *only* son—my heir!—this is the being on whom I have to lean in sorrow, and decrepitude, and old age!—this! this!'

"I turned away with a proud, ay, and a happy heart. The grand object of my life was attained.

"Such is my story—such my fearful record of passion and punishment. And now, sir, say,—with all the hideous past revealed before you,—say whether you can even breathe to me the word REPENTANCE?"

THE MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR.

A POEM. IN TWO CANTOS.

BY G. DE LYS.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject introduced.—Whence derived.—King Satan consulteth his registry of new-comers.—What appeareth therefrom.—Influence of the gentler sex in the late admissions to the realms infernal, as shewn by statistical returns.—A parliament called.—King's Speech.—Debate thereon.—Belphegor undertaketh to make proof of the question by an expedition to earth, and a sojourn matrimonial there.—Prepareth fit means for his journey and conveyance.—Difficulties.—Surmounteth them.—Leaveth the place of Devils, and arriveth on Earth.

HIGH on a throne
Of royal state,
Which far outshone,
(As on Milton's authority 's pretty well known,)
All the wealth you can find
In Ormus or Ind,
Including the province, which pray be so kind
As pronounce, for the sake of the rhyme, Upper Scinde,
Elate,
Satan sate.
Before him, unclasped, a huge volume there lay.
Pen and ink were beside him. (And now, I should say,
The story 's an old one. I own to its age, or I
Might be set down for what 's hateful, a plagiary.

What I therefore desire you 'll just understand, is,
From a work it is borrowed, *mutatis mutandis*,
Which Bossange, or Dulau
And Co., of Soho,
And any one else too, for aught that I know,
Standing high in the trade, and who has in his shop a list
Of foreign works, fit for a large bibliopolist,
With pleasure will sell ye,
The "Tratti Novelli"
Of that wicked old Florentine chap, Macchiavelli.)
So, with no more ado
Than just one or two
Very slight alterations in date and *venue*,—
Small matters,—I go to the tale, which, told thus, can
Be found writ, where I 've mentioned, in very choice Tuscan.

The Prince of the Devils, I say it again,
Exalted sate
On a throne of state,
Like some Eastern barbaric potentate.
And it seemed, as he gazed o'er his wide domain,
That, with trouble and pain,
Entirely vain,
He was thinking of something 'twas hard to explain ;
And that, when he betook
Himself back to his book,
As if there for the clue and solution to look,
('Twas his day-book of entries,) therein did he
See what puzzled him still more confoundedly.

At the fall of man,
When Satan began
His official life on a business-like plan,
He had taken much pains, as, indeed, not a few
Of your other great union-house governors do,
To make a sensation
By good regulation,
Shewing genius, as well as application
To the duties of his responsible station ;
Introducing among the sad population,
Who now flocked in such numbers for accommodation,
Spick and span a new line
Of discipline.—
Not only took merit he
For proper severity,
And for nice separation,
And classification,
And all else which is viewed with such deep admiration,
And held up on a small scale for imitation,
In those places on earth, which I hope we all *may* shun,—
But in accurate book-keeping, too, as a science,
He took very great pride, and placed no small reliance,
Making up his accounts with precision and skill,
On the double-entry principle ;

Seeing all right
Every Saturday night,
The weekly admissions all down, black and white,
Not merely in columns of names alphabetical,
Nor yet with dates only, in order numerical,
But illustrated each with remarks parenthetical;
As if for all future collectors to be
What is called a "*Catalogue Raisonné*."

As thus:—No. 1.—Married.—Tired of his life.—
Killed himself,—as 't was said, on account of his wife.
No. 2.—Do.—Jealous.—Why, no one could tell.—
Wife remarkably plain.—Shoved her into a well.
(As a maxim in practical morals, 'tis known
And much recommended, to "leave well alone.")
They 'd had words, it is true;—still, one witness or more thought,
From what he said after, 'twas malice aforethought.
So, after a night
Without fire, food, or light,
The jury said, "Guilty,—but served her right!"
And the judge, who, good man! very deeply lamented
That the calendar, which was before him, presented
Such an increase of crime,
Felt it now was high time
To save public morals from such dissolution;
So, determined to push on
This his resolution,
He carried the Law into due execution.
The Law,—which, uniting all mercy and might,
All those doth invite
Who take a delight
In the savage repast of a horrible sight,
"You who 've not yet gone further
Than read of a murder,
Who don't know what the act is
By personal practice,
Your measure 's not fill'd—
Come, and see a man kill'd!"

The Moral is clear,
And the Law holds it dear.
Long life to the Law!—it recruits for us here!
Awakening thus into all its ferocity
Every slumbering motive of human atrocity,
Calling loud to the gamester, the sharper, the bully,
Every ruffian who hath not yet run his course fully;
Every drunkard, thief, pick-purse, and petty defrauder,
Every peace-breaking lord, every midnight marauder;
"Come to Newgate door all, for your measure 's not fill'd,—
Come take a great lesson!—come see a man kill'd!"

The Law,—leading thus to the solemn conclusion,
"Respect human life!
Oh! respect human life!
The passions which lead on to murder are rife—
Come subdue them!—by seeing an execution!"

A proceeding so full of all moral instructiveness,
So plainly abating all turn for destructiveness:
So ready a cure for assassination
By method of legal retaliation,
(Called by medical men counter-irritation—)
An ingenious prescription,—so wondrously fitted
To lull indignation,
And call up compassion
Towards all the worst scoundrels in all the creation,
And men's natural sympathies so to divide,
That the wretch, in the end, is less hated than pitied
Who could butcher the woman who 's lain by his side!

(*Memorandum.*)—Inspire all with whom I have weight
On earth, in the state,
To oppose those who prate,
As, 'tis fear'd, hath become much the fashion of late,
Against the extension
And for the prevention
Of the hell-filling process of human suspension.

But, now to proceed in
The list I was reading—
No. 3 is a Frenchman,—with him No. 4,
Who is not quite his wife,—though it seems that before
A witness they swore,
(Perhaps there were more,)
Qu'ils s'aimeroient toujours,—que c'étoit leur sort;
And his *epouse, sans façon,* had shown her the door;—
Pour les Amants,—d'abord,
Ils étoient d'accord;—
So they met in a wood *au lever de l'aurore,*
Prirent le parti, tous deux, de se donner la mort,—
And his dying words were, "*C'est ma femme qui a tort!*"—
Satan would not read further—the list grew a bore.

So he summoned his Peers to him.—They at the sound
In doubled ranks flocking, enclosed him half round.*
Thrice to speak he essay'd,
Thrice a failure he made,
And, from very vexation of heart, fell a-crying,—
Till at length, a fourth time more successfully trying
He out with what
He 'd been hammering at,
(His Majesty afterwards graciously sent
To the Commons a copy, "mistakes to prevent,"†)
At the first word whereof it was known,
By the tone,
He was going to give them a Speech from the Throne:—

"Powers and Dominions!"—
'Tis his way to begin thus‡—"I wish your opinions.

* Milton appears to have seen the whole of the following description,—not to say borrowed from it,—in the original which Macchiavelli took as authority.

† From which words it seemeth that there be two Houses of Devils in Parliament assembled.—G. de L.

‡ *Teste* Milton again.

I would have you know plainly,—and 'tis not to shock you meant,—
I hold in my hand a statistical document,
Which shows our chief trade is
So usurped by the ladies,
(I mean that of sending men down here to Hades,)
That, as far as the earth 's concern'd, *our* work 's so small in it,
There will soon be no use for a Devil at all in it.
I was willing to think the thing *might* come all right,
Though I own it did puzzle me quite at first sight.
The subject is new to me,—
'Tis at least a new view to me,
And I wish much that somebody 'd point out a clue to me.
'Tis, at all events, queer:—
For this year
Very near,
From what 's now before me, of those who come here,
With a few slight exceptions, they seem to me to be all
Sent below for some reason or other connubial.

"I continue, indeed, to receive intimations
Of friendly relations
With all civilized nations,
And from every court
Of Europe, wherever our trade makes resort,—
(And where does it *not?*—) from all places, in short,—
I except no large town, and no sea-port, and no city,—
Unabated assurance of strict reciprocity.
Yet, while *we*, on *our* parts,
Are supplying their marts
With all that entices
To the pleasantest vices,
Raw materials of evil in every variety,
To suit every taste, and prevent dull satiety,
All that *their* skill and industry sends in return,
As far as I learn,
Is made by one process, and all of one sort.
This abates half our int'rest in new importations,—
And, besides, leads to other grave considerations.
Charon is out of all manner of patience—
He has taken to deal in execrations,
And swears that, in all his navigations,
For months and months, not a soul has he carried,
Of any condition,
Across to perdition,
To the best of his knowledge, that is not married.
And I 've lately observed that Cerberus
Is not anything like so sharp as he was,
But wags his tail like a sorry old cur
At the very sight of a bachelor.

Now, 'tis true that, since times beyond which I wot
The memory of Devil reacheth not,
(I mean, having relation
To the human creation,

And our favourite planet of man's habitation,)
Ever since the old days of the Fruit and the Fall,
In which, though *I* say it, *my* part was not small,
Aware of the share
Which *that* sex doth bear
In the worst scrapes the *other* sex gets into there;
I freely admit
It may be very fit
For inquiry, but does not concern *us* one bit,
Whether, when Hymen
Proceedeth to tie men,
He is really performing a friendly act by men;
Or whether—(but then this is
Only parenthesis,)
So I leave, what I know this is,—
Useless hypothesis,—
And, as fast as I can,
Like a practical man,
Return to the matter with which I began.

Now, short of my taking a Subject to spouse,
Which *our* Royal Marriage Act never allows,
(And I really can't spare
From my government *here* and my politics *there*
Time, to me so important, to seek one elsewhere,)
I am brought to a dead lock
Concerning wedlock,
And *why* it should so,
(As I think I can show,
Is becoming its uniform tendency,) stop wholly
All other ways hither, and make a monopoly
Of the means for supplying our market below.

To conclude;—it's my earnest recommendation
That, straight, every Dæmon, in his vocation,
Should take into instant deliberation
How to solve this problem to *dæ*monstration."

Bang! bang!—what's the row?—
Guns fire—the Peers bow—
Session of Parliament's opened now.—

As, in similar cases,
In other places
One has formerly seen,—before one knew what
Was next to be done,—exit Rex like a shot;
His retreat all the great Household Officers covering;
As though the Sovereign,
His say being said,
Was almost afraid
Lest, before he should well out of hearing have got,
Some hard-bitten orator should let fly,
And kick up a dust in a smashing reply.

"Order! order!—Belial! to move the address!"
Who "craved" their lordships' leave to express

His diffidence,
And the very deep sense,
On a question of such weight and consequence,
Which he felt of his own incompetence;
But, although unaccustomed,—and all the rest of it,
He would humbly endeavour to make the best of it.
And, as touching the affair,
Which by royal command
They now had on hand,
He was "free to confess" he was "quite unaware,"
(Though, taking as he did
The *facts* for conceded,)
How men's wives make their lives
Such a burthen and martyrdom,
That *so* often, 'tis found, they themselves to death rather doom.
But, since 'tis conclusive
That wives *are* conducive
To such choice,—with the chance, too, of *this* place, inclusive,—
He thought but one mode of solution was clear, he meant
The infallible process of actual experiment.
With this view, he suggested this plain proposition,
That some trustworthy fiend should, with all expedition,
Devote himself to this responsible mission,
Go to earth, and straight
Elucidate
The matter, by entering the married state.

It is true that a devil, howe'er enterprising,
May perchance feel a question of conscience arising,
Whether marriage be held, in proceeding to get a mate,
By authorities *here* orthodox or legitimate.
On *this* point, of course, it were fit to apply
To the peers in lawn sleeves, whom he had in his eye,—
That *they* should this delicate matter determine,
Or those law-lords, in ermine,
Who "*castigant*" first, and then "*audiunt dolos,*"
And whose judgments have, therefore, such weight with the whole house.
"And, this done, all the rest," he continued, with much eloquence, "seems to lie, as it were, in a nut-shell.
For myself, *this* I know,
Any odds *I* would go,
That, soon after such Devil such mate shall have gotten,—
The odds, I repeat,
Seem to *me* Lombard Street
To a China orange, and *that* orange rotten,—
Ere the honeymoon pass, he'll have clearly made out
The whole question we now are so puzzled about.

And now I respectfully move you, my lords,
That, echoing back both the spirit and words
Of the gracious discourse we've just heard, to the letter, a
Humble address be presented," &c.

Different was the manner in which
Different Devils received this speech.

Many cried "*Hear!*"
But not one with his cheer
Expressed any intention to volunteer.
And a few
It is true,
Said, as some ladies do,
"Exactly so!"
A phrase which, we know,
(At least as I think *I* have commonly found it,)
Means, when rightly expounded,
"I was *not* quite awake in,—
Or did *not* rightly take in,—
And, if truth must be honestly told, am not *still* able
To make head or tail of, one word or one syllable—
Of all that you, sir, have so kindly propounded."
And one or two whispered they thought that the whole
Was a "piece of unstatesmanlike rigmarole."

Next Mammon arose—he
Was apt to be prosy,
Yet still in debate
Had a certain weight,
From the seat which he held in the Bank direction,
And his influence too with the landed connexion.
"With regard to all
Which the mover 'let fall,'
For his own part," he said, "since he 'd set up for squire, he
Had, on principle, been against *every* inquiry.
But, to keep all this rout
Of married men out,
There was one wholesome method, of which he 'd no doubt,
Namely, by operation
Of legislation,
A high duty, he meant, on all such importation.—
To guard 'gainst a ruinous competition.—
Not a duty amounting to prohibition,
But merely protective, and granting permission
To wives, having husbands for transmission,
In sending them down here themselves to avail
Of the gradual descent of a sliding scale.
Noble Dæmons *might* smile;—he *might* be mistaken;—
But *his* were opinions not easily shaken."
(*Oh! Question! Question!*)
"One more suggestion:—
From the earliest times, 'twas a right in the Crown
To—" (*Signs of impatience, and Mammon sat down.*)

Now their Lordships grew eager
In their call for Belphegor,
Who, indeed, though not often a speaker, appear'd
As though, for some reason, he wish'd to be heard.

Belphegor spake.—His cadence and his cæsure
More gravely flow'd, and in heroic measure.
Long to this subject had his thoughts been given:—
A more uxorious spirit lost not heaven.

"I, like yourselves, Great Peers, have ne'er," said he,
"Been *to say* married,—always wish'd to be.
I've done with wild oats now, and long to try,
If it were only for variety,
My hand in 'tother line of husbandry.
Now, as regards the missionary plan,
Few words are best on business,—I'm your man!
As to the consequences, I'm not nervous,—
No scruples feel about the marriage-service;
One year's leave, and a gentlemanly modicum
To spend,—I'll wed some decent body. Come,
Don't grudge the expense. Fit me out handsomely,—
Six well-appointed Imps to wait on me,—
And, at the twelvemonth's end, it hard shall be
But I will solve this plaguy mystery!"

Odds bobs! here's fun!
The thing's no sooner said than done.
Six Devils, with bright yellow breeches on,—
Red-flapp'd waistcoats down to the knee,—
And blue coats trimm'd right gorgeously,—
Yellow lace, and collars of cramoisie,—
It was Belphegor's livery!

And was Belphegor himself forgot?
I rather think Belphegor was not.
Satan gave him, of course, the best recommendations
To the various courts of various nations,—
Introductions to all the Corps Diplomatic,
And to some of the great houses aristocratic.
But he was no
Fellow to go
A courting without a proper *trousseau*.
For all the expenses that might betide him
Mammon, the banker, had amply supplied him
With letters of credit, including the range
Through Europe of all the first firms of Exchange;
No need to be told
Remember the old
Proverb, which says, "Plate sin with gold."

He came next to reflect,
That not to have deck'd
Himself out to advantage in every respect,
Under such circums*tan*ces, were shameful neglect,—
Well aware, what indeed none of tact and discretion
Has to learn, how important a first impression.

Now of beauty and grace
In form and in face
It is easy to see
Tastes do not all agree
As to what is "*la beauté accompli*,"—
(It is lucky they don't,—for what quarrels there'd be!)

Yet folk seldom are found much at odds, or fastidious
In a general dislike of what 's perfectly hideous;
And he fear'd lest the ladies might chance to discern, all,
In his *tout ensemble* something so clearly infernal,
As might lead to some awkwardish kind of surmise;
So he felt 'twould be wise
To adopt such disguise
As dress to a well *got up* Devil supplies,—
Though an evident hoof
Might give something like proof,
Or a horn, on inspection,
Might lead to detection.
Yet the former 's scarce seen through a boot or a pump;
And the latter, filed down, and well smoothed to the stump,
Seems, at most, but some queer phrenological bump,
Some strong intellectual organ, to swell up meant,
To what Mr. De Ville calls "a powerful dewelopement."
Then, no doubt, his complexion was somewhat too dusky,
(What 's in clergymen's coats, call'd "*coloris subfuscæ.**)
Yet every one knows
A good cosmetic there is, which good *artistes* compose,
On earth it is vended by Prigge and his Co.'s,
Called the "*Bloom immortal of Ninon de l'Enclos*,"†
Which removes every "freckle that 's apt to be brought
On the face or the neck by a climate that 's hot,"
Or by regular use of which it in a week grows
An agreeable olive, though black as a negro's.
Then after he 's
Carefully curl'd his *favoris*,
Whose roots he had "visited,"
And whose growth he 'd solicited,"
With Hendrie's "Original Russian Bear's Grease,"
To see what he was like, he
From top to toe takes one more look in the *Psyche*,‡
Then cocks his small hat, and draws on his kid gloves,
Saying inwardly, "Having, with all the aboves,
Sacrificed to the Graces, here goes for the Loves!"

To a certainty
Now, nothing can be
More easy to learn§ us
Than the way to Avernus,
Or shew, both in a moral and physical sense, us,
How remarkably "*facilis*" is the "*descensus*."

* See Statutes of the University of Oxford. "Vestimentum coloris cujuslibet subfuscæ deceat."

† For which see Advertisement.

‡ Not what Miss ——, the poetess, calls the "Mythological impersonation of the Female Soul," but a large dressing-glass, so called by upholsterers, and which gives a full-length "impersonation" of a body of either sex.

§ Some half-*learned* critics have objected to the use of this verb in an active sense, as not being good English. To such, I reply, in the words of the ugly gentleman in Mr. W. Shakspeare's play of "The Tempest,"

"Plague rid ye,
For *learning* me *your* language!" G. de L.

Yet few things are found to be labour so sore as
To mount, "*superasque evadere ad auras.*"
A few dangers there are, too, which scarce were worth mention
To one of that gentleman's quick apprehension,
But the which, very soon, in
The first voyage ballooning,
Will come to the knowledge of every beginner,
When he gets into air which is lighter and thinner.
There 's of blood to the head an alarming accession;
On the lungs, if not used to it, there 's an oppression;
And one who 'd aspire
To shew off as a flyer,
Without gas to help him, will find that, the higher
He rises, the power which aids in progression,
Let it be what you please, is
What quickly surceases
In the ratio in which elevation increases.

And, indeed, every prudent aëronaut *that* must fear;
Above all, heavy Devils, with wings like a bat, must fear,
(Though very successfully they may have winged 'em
Through the dense buoyant medium of Old Scratch's kingdom,)
When, in mounting, they reach a more rarified atmosphere.

So he entered on serious investigation
Of the newest inventions in aërostation,
Doubting, like others, till he grew weary,
Between the "skimming" and "flapping" theory.*
Eleven feet as the "area" he took
"Mr. Bishop assigns to the wings of a rook,"†
And opined Monsieur Chabrier's conclusion was right
In the power he gives to a pigeon in flight.‡
Sir George Cayley, ingenious, he thought, in his data||
Respecting of "bodies suspended" the weight, a
Rate, too, being given of desired velocity,
With the course, and its angle, in due reciprocity.
Till Belphegor, at last, began sadly to bother
The square of the one with the cube of the other;
Forgetting entirely, as *I* am sure *I* did,
Which powers he had multiplied, which he 'd divided.
Then, how hard to determine how many times bigger
The displacement of air by the frame and the figure
Of—no "little foolish, fluttering thing,"
No quivering "lark that at heaven's gate doth sing,"
No "gossamer gnat in its murmuring,"
But the "impinging contents" of the lusty Belphegor.

Those air vehicles all he rejected, as break-neck,
Which are lectured upon at the Rooms Polytechnic.

* For the elucidation of the difference between these theories, see *Mechanic's Magazine*, May 27*th*, 1843, p. 432.

† Mr. Bishop assigns to the wings of a rook an area of 1·11 feet.—*Id.* p. 430.

‡ *Id.* p. 432.

|| *Id.* p. 431.

He rejected the plan
Of the "Aërial Man,"
Whom you see in shop-windows, with wing like a fan,
To act as propeller,
Or who rather looks like some unfortunate fell*er*
Carried up by a runaway um-be-rell*er*.

Still, said he to himself, "'Twould be wild in the extreme
To place my dependence entirely on steam;
My fire perhaps out, and wet clouds sailing past me,
And my engine not moving, dead blown with an asthmy.
So, before he had done,
He 'd join'd both pow'rs in one,—
And a grand locomotive he made to leave home on,
Which was something between
Mr. Henson's machine
And the illustrated diagram, to be seen
In last May's Mechanic's Magazine,
Called Mr. Partridge's "Pneumodromon."

It was, lastly, suggested,
Ere the engine was tested,
That no man or no devil
Could rise from a level,
Unless 't were contrived so that there should be lent 'em,
By previous descent, artificial momentum,—
Which you 'll see, in all works on the subject defined plain,
May be gain'd by first starting them down an inclined plane.
That thus might, in nice geometrical curve, he,
And troop diabolic,
Rise by force parabolic;
A projectile wave,
Not convex, but concave;
Or a sort of parabola turn'd topsy-turvy.—

Then straight to the top of a scaffold they move it,
And no further delay;—
As the proverb doth say,
It needs must go, since a Devil drove it.
And a crowd of *d—d* goodnatured friends, ere they parted,
Flock'd up to the platform to see them well started.
All gave a hurrah
As the engine fetch'd way;
Some jocosely observing, as off they did go,
That their necks were not made to be broken *so;*
Whilst a few, with emotion, assured them that they
Would not cease, night or day,
For their safety to pray,
That no perils by air or by land might beset them;—
And that, when he his fate should in wedlock have tried,
He might find in his bride,
Every comfort and joy,
Without any alloy,—
And express'd, furthermore, a kind "*wish he might get them!*"*

* A phrase, among ill-educated Devils, usually implying a doubt of its fulfilment. —G. de L.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The tourists pursue their journey along the Rhine.

The two days which Ledbury and Jack devoted to the inspection of Brussels and its neighbourhood passed pleasantly enough; and they saw everything that unceasing activity from six in the morning until nine at night enabled them to do. For, the two great ends of travel being apparently, on the one hand, to progress with moderate speed from any one place to another that fashion may dictate; and on the other, to visit everything worthy of genteel notice in foreign localities, the English, with laudable economy, are invariably accustomed to combine these two objects, and scamper through museums and galleries as speedily as they traverse the grand *routes*, which is a plan highly to be recommended: inasmuch as it does not allow the intellects time to get dull, but enables travellers to draw admirable comparisons between different places, from the vivid impressions left of the last interesting spot they visited. And, finally, the tour being accomplished, it leaves that agreeable jumble of opinions and recollections in the mind, which is so admirably adapted to the general tone of society and conversation at the present day. To be sure, the information thus obtained is objected to, by crabbed essayists, as superficial, and therefore unworthy of attention, and quite beneath the notice of accredited professors of human nature. But most people look upon human nature as a clock, by glancing at the face of which they can tell the exact time of day; which, being the chief object of a clock, provided it accomplishes its task honestly by the dial and hands, they care not one whit by what springs, wheels, or escapements such a result is produced.

Of course, the greater part of one out of the two days was devoted to a visit to Waterloo, from which spot Mr. Ledbury brought many interesting souvenirs of the engagement, thinking himself highly favoured in being able to procure such relics after so great a lapse of time. But he was not aware that in the almanacks of the cottagers round Mont St. Jean might be found the gardening directions, "*Now plant bullets for summer crops; water old swords for rust, and dig up stocks and barrels,*"—or that the ingenious artificers of Liege were in the habit of exporting numberless eagles, which being duly fledged with mould, and coated with verdigris from bruised grape-stalks, exceeded their original value one hundredfold. Mr. Ledbury only thought of the distinguished effect these souvenirs would have when displayed upon the cheffonier at his Islington home; and the interest they would excite when admiring visitors were informed that he himself had brought them from the field of battle, — a state-

ment which, for the time, he felt, must associate him with the Duke of Wellington, and the last charge of the Imperial Guard. And he wrote his name in the book at the foot of the steps leading to the summit of the mound, wherein it is still to be seen, with a throbbing heart and an extra flourish, feeling additional pride because Jack Johnson had just argued down a foreign gentleman, who was endeavouring to prove that the French won the battle beyond all doubt, although the Englishmen, compared to the Emperor's army, were as ten to one, — a belief exceedingly prevalent with our "natural enemies." Jack merely wrote his name down as the "Marquis de Puitaux-clercs," (or Clerkenwell,) a title which produced a great sensation in the mind of the keeper of the archives. And then, presenting that individual with a franc, they walked back to Brussels, somewhat tired, just as the setting sun was throwing as many of its beams as it could contrive to do through the dense foliage of the forest of Soigny.

They started again the next morning for Liege—the Birmingham of Belgium—by the railway; and, without any particular adventure beyond the ordinary casualties of travelling, went on from that place by diligence to Aix-la-Chapelle. Not finding anything remarkable to detain them at that dull resort of fashion tumbled into decay, they took advantage of a night-conveyance, which should ultimately deposit them at Cologne, after making a very excellent dinner at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque. The vehicle was not a diligence, nor a broad-wheeled waggon, nor a hackney-coach; neither was it an errand-cart, nor a travelling-show, but it evidently enjoyed an extensive family-connexion with all these varieties of carriages, and was formed of pieces of each, put together in a very ricketty manner, like a composite plate of supper fragments, the day after a party, endeavouring to do duty at dinner for a perfect dish.

There was not a great deal to observe upon the road, principally from the natural reason that the night was pitch-dark; but, nevertheless, Jack Johnson kept all alive with unceasing energy, to the great delight of their fellow-passengers, not one of whom would he allow to think of going to sleep. Besides themselves, there were three travellers in the interior — two Englishmen, and a German,— the latter of whom indulged in a large pipe continuously, and would have preferred sitting with both the windows up, until the rest could have hung their hats upon the smoke, had he not been overruled by a majority; when he retired into a corner of the vehicle, and maintained a grave silence during the remainder of the journey; his position, and the fact that he was awake, being alone indicated by the glowing weed in his *meerschaum*, which every now and then lighted up the interior of the vehicle, revealing for an instant the faces of the travellers to each other through the lurid vapour that pervaded it. The Englishmen were two young barristers, who had just been "called" at the Middle Temple, — rather verdant, but, withal, exceedingly argumentative, as they shewed by their conversation, which broke into discussions and wrangling upon every single observation started by either of them, in common with most of their class, who, because quibbling is their trade, think they cannot apprentice themselves too early to its elements.

"Have you ever been to Cologne, sir?" inquired Jack, giving

Ledbury a quiet nudge, and addressing the elder of their two compatriots.

"No, sir,—never; at least—that is, I may say—never. Is it worth seeing?"

"The "*eau*" is the chief natural curiosity," replied Jack. "You will be astonished at the fountains of it in the market-place."

"God bless me!" exclaimed their companion; "I had no idea that it was a spontaneous production!"

"Oh, yes," returned Jack. "There are supposed to be immense *strata* of fossil-flowers in the secondary formation below Cologne, which produce it. Are you a chemist, sir?"

"I have attended lectures at the Polytechnic, and Adelaide Gallery," answered the other.

"Ah, then, of course you will understand me," said Johnson. "Water is decomposed; its oxygen and hydrogen unite with the carbon of the anthracite it passes through, the three forming alcohol, which extracts the essence of the fossil flowers, and becoming diluted by springs, bubbles up in the form of proof spirit."

And, having supported his assertion thus far, Jack paused to take a little breath.

"Farina is the chief merchant of it, I believe?" observed the other traveller, after a short pause of bewilderment.

"He has a tolerable share," answered Jack; "but the two great retailers are Gasthaus and Handlung; you will see their names and pump-rooms all over Germany."

"How do you propose going up the Rhine, sir?" asked Mr. Ledbury, wishing to turn the conversation, for fear their companions should begin to smoke, as well as the German.

"We intend to walk the greater part of the way—do you?"

"No," interposed Jack, "we shall go in the 'damp shift.'"

"What an odd name for a steamer that is!"

"Very; but it is the original one. When the boats were first started they were uncommonly leaky and inconvenient, but there were no others, and they were christened by that name. Some of the machinery was so pervious that the vapour came out in a perfect bath, or, in German, *bad*, and these were called 'damn'd bad shifts.' Very like English, is it not?"

"Remarkably," replied the other.

"So is the mail," continued Jack, "which they very properly call a 'snail-post.'"

And as the tourists seemed desirous of receiving all this information, which Jack assured them they would not find in any guide or hand-book ever published, he continued in the same strain, to the great amusement, not unmixed with fear, of Mr. Ledbury; until, at five in the morning, their conveyance rolled through narrow, unpaved, offensive—(may we add stinking?)—thoroughfares of that "dirty focus of decaying Catholicism," the city of Cologne. Here the passengers quitted the diligence, having previously shaken the German from a narcotic lethargy into which he had fallen; whereupon he forthwith lighted a fresh pipe, and, puffing like a steamer, cleared outwards with his cargo, which was a green pasteboard hat-box, bound with yellow; then, having taken half a turn astern to see that he had left nothing behind, began to go a-head easy, until he was out of sight.

The two Englishmen made a great deal to do about a portmanteau, which was finally discovered to have been left behind at Aix-la-Chapelle, and somebody else's, who was staying there, brought on by mistake; and Ledbury and Jack Johnson, once more getting their knapsacks, wished them a pleasant journey, as they started down towards the river.

"Well," said Jack, when they were out of hearing, "I have met many muffs, but—"

And what he would next have said was lost as he turned a corner, and stood with Ledbury upon the quay, alongside of which the steam-boat *KöeningenVictoria* was awaiting her cargo, previously to leaving at six o'clock for Coblentz.

Although we have all been told how sweet it is to wander when day-beams decline, and sunset is gilding the beautiful property of the singer for the time being, yet certainly the appearance of the Rhine, as it was now presented to the view of our friends, was anything but particularly captivating, or productive of the saccharine feeling above mentioned. The river itself was todgy and discoloured, the banks were low and uninteresting, and the city appeared to have started into animation from one of the popular semicircular views of spires, cranes, and weathercocks, which we meet with on the sides of eau de Cologne boxes. Jack, who had been part of the journey before, did not expect anything else; but Mr. Ledbury, who had fancied himself a Rhenish jager ever since he left Aix-la-Chapelle, almost regretting he had not got a pair of green tights and a bugle-horn, to appear distinguished, and who had pictured the Rhine as bordered by a never-ending castled crag of Drachenfels, was somewhat disappointed. He was not singular, however, in this feeling; for, thanks to the florid descriptions of enthusiastic travellers, and highly-coloured sketches of picturesque artists, there are few continental show-places which come up to the expectations formed of them by visitors.

The travellers soon began to arrive on board in great numbers, five out of seven being English; and here Ledbury found plenty of subjects for amusement, as he sat upon a tub with Jack at the fore-part of the vessel and watched their advent, in the different British migratory classes of aristocratic, respectable, and *parvenu*, neither of which grades includes the few strange persons who merely voyage for inclination or knowledge,—travelling, in most cases, being a compulsory pilgrimage, by which the tourists hold their *caste* in society. Some went directly into the cabin, and began to eat and drink; others took up their stations upon deck under the awning, with maps and panoramas almost as long as the steam-boat, and amused themselves with pricking out the different places, and wondering when they should come to the ruined castles and vineyards. Two or three very exclusive folks got into their carriages, which were upon deck, and remained there the whole journey, to avoid contamination from the inferior classes; couriers of one party established flirtation with the ladies' maids of another from rumble to rumble; whilst the Germans lighted mighty pipes, and were soon lost in an envelope of smoke and their own reflections. A few Englishmen tried to imitate them, but generally the attempt was a dead failure; for the Germans usually incline to pipes, whilst our countrymen prefer cigars,—the latter occasionally removing the weed

from their lips, as they blow out the smoke into the air, and look at it; whilst the former puff continuously, never turning to the right or left until the bowl of their *meerschaum* is exhausted.

Ledbury, Jack, and one or two other young men who were roughing it with knapsacks like themselves, took possession of the tubs, and formed a little *coterie* at the head of the boat, where they solaced themselves with various pint-bottles of Moselle during the earlier portion of the journey. For beyond Cologne the banks of the Rhine are not over lively, approaching, in their general character, to that romantic portion of the Thames on the Essex side, between Blackwall and Purfleet, occasionally varied by a melancholy windmill, a few dismal trees evidently in very low spirits, or a drooping village. Indeed, there was nothing in the world to attract their attention until they came to Bonn, except a large bell, of peculiarly annoying powers, which was always rung upon approaching any landing-place, directly in their ears. But at Bonn, where they stopped for passengers, rather a fearful gathering of the great unshaved came down to see the boat arrive, to each of whom Jack Johnson made several polite bows from his perch on the top of the tub; and subsequently addressed them upon the state of things in general, his favourite theme, in a speech of vast power, which was only cut short by the steamer once more pursuing her journey.

There was a gentleman amongst their party who particularly took Jack's fancy. He was very slim, and very pensive, with lay-down collars, and a countenance expressive of an innate disposition something between indigestion and romance. He had a little memorandum-book, with a little pistol pencil-case, and he took rapid views of the different objects on the banks as they presented themselves, in the style of shy outline, and looked poetical, and now and then said "Beautiful!" when there was nothing to be seen but a ricketty old boat-house, with an intensity of expression that proved him of no ordinary mind. He did not at first appear to know exactly what to make of Jack Johnson; but when that facetious gentleman began to tell traditions about the Rhine to the other, calling to mind what he had read, and inventing what he had not, he forthwith treated him with the greatest deference.

"You appear well acquainted with the legends of this lovely river," he said to Jack.

"Know them all, sir," replied Johnson; "that is to say, all those that are true."

"I believe they sometimes vary in different chronicles," observed the pensive traveller.

"Oh, very much," answered Jack. "I divide the legends of the Rhine into three heads: the *Lyrical*, the *Handbook*, and the *Paid-by-the-sheet*."

"And what is the difference?"

"Just this: the Lyricals are the short traditions at the head of drawing-room songs. They run thus:—

> "'The celebrated Roland having been reported to have died in Palestine, his betrothed bride took the veil, and retired to the convent of Nonenworth. Upon his return, the brave warrior died of a broken heart. The ruins of Rolandseck, which he built, suggested the following ballad.'

Adapt the legend to some popular operatic air, get the view lithographed for the title-page, and there you have it."

"And what is the *Handbook* style, Jack?" asked Ledbury, quite proud of his friend, although the pensive gentleman looked as if he thought the definition a little too commonplace.

"Oh! that has more of the Guide about it," replied Johnson. "The tradition is the same; but it is better suited for persons about to marry,—I mean to travel,—or to do both. It begins—

> "'After leaving the Drakanfels, the river contracts to an accelerated current, on the right bank of which, above the island of Nonenworth are seen the ruins of Rolandseck. Tradition assigns this stronghold to have been built by Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, who, being engaged to a lady, &c.,'

and all the rest of it."

"And the *Paid-by-the-sheet*?" asked the pensive gentleman, who was travelling in search of inspiration, in order that he might one day write for an annual.

"Why," said Jack, "the object, then, is to take up the Vauxhall-ham style of composition, and make the subject go as far as it can, with or without plates. You must cut the story remarkably thin in this case, and turn it into a tale, such as—

> "'The last rays of the declining sun were gilding the tower-capped heights of Godesberg, as a solitary horseman, in the costume of an eastern warrior, pursued his lonely journey along the right bank of the majestic Rhine.'

"Now, you know, all this comes to the same in the end,—that the lady had gone into a convent; but the object is to cover paper, and so the gold of the legend is beaten out into leaf accordingly. Kellner! noch eine halbe Flasche Moselwein."

This particular explanation, coupled with the flourish of German at the end, immediately caused everybody to look upon Jack as a very talented personage, and complimented him thereupon. Whereat Jack drank their respective healths when the wine arrived, and then sang "The Huntsman's Chorus," arranged as a solo, to express his enthusiasm at being on the Rhine, in which Mr. Ledbury was rash enough to join. But, finding he came in at the wrong place with "Hark, follow!" whilst Jack was defining the chase as a pleasure worthy of princes, he was immediately silent, and evinced great confusion at having thus distinguished himself.

CHAPTER XLV.

Mr. Ledbury's inspiration, and Jack Johnson's version of the Legend of Drachenfels.

All this time the packet had been gallantly working against the stream; and before long they were in the midst of the crags and castles which Mr. Ledbury had so panted to look upon. The pensive gentleman, too, wrote several "impromptus," after much labour and correction; and Titus, who believed it severely compulsatory upon

every one to be inspired, under such circumstances, got a pencil, and the back of a letter, and was for some time occupied apparently in composition, whilst Jack was carrying on conversation with some other travellers.

"What are you after, Leddy?" asked Johnson, as his companions left him for a short time, to look at some view they were passing.

"Now you 'll laugh," said Titus, "if I tell you."

"No, I won't," replied Jack. "Honour bright! Is it a view?"

"No, it 's a little poem," said Titus. "I thought it might do for any album I might be asked to write in when I got home. I don't mind reading it, if you won't laugh."

"Go on, sir, pray," said the pensive gentleman.

"Stop! get up on the tub, and read it properly," said Jack.

Titus, whom Jack could persuade to anything, mounted the tub, and commenced:—

"I call it 'My Hoxton Home.'"

"But you don't live there," interrupted Jack; "you live at Islington."

"Oh! hang it, Jack," returned Titus; "it 's near enough,—poetic licence, you know. 'My Hoxton Home,'" he continued, "'Stanzas written on the Rhine.'" And he cleared his voice as he began:—

"My Hoxton home, upon the Rhine——"

"Well, but Hoxton is not upon the Rhine," interrupted Johnson.

"No, no, Jack; you don't understand; there 's a stop after 'home.' I think 'whilst' is better than 'upon.' Now then:—

"My Hoxton home! whilst on the Rhine,
  A thought of thee my bosom fills;
Its steeps recall the mountain line
  Of Haverstock and Highgate hills.
I gaze upon thy castled crags,
  Baronial hall, or ladye's bower;
But memory's chain before me drags
  Our own dear Canonbury Tower!
In fancy still, where'er I roam,
I think of thee, my Hoxton Home!"

"Capital! famous!" cried Jack, applauding with an empty bottle against the side of the tub. "Is that all?"

"No," said Ledbury; "here 's another verse."

"Fire away then," said Johnson; "we 're all attention."

And Mr. Ledbury, encouraged by their praise, continued:—

"The Brunnens which in Baden spring,
  Their gravell'd walks and flowery paths
Warm my bosom—"

"Halloo!" interrupted Jack once more, "there 's a foot too short there!"

"So there is," replied Ledbury, counting his fingers. "What can we put instead?"

"'Corazza' 's a good word," said Jack; "'thrill my corazza' reads well; you can take the shirt as symbolical of the heart it covers."

"Now, come, Jack, you are joking," said Ledbury, in continuation. "This will do:—

"— and flowery paths
Call up in visions, whilst I sing,
The City Sawmills' Tepid Baths.
The eagles in their sky-built nests,
Each guarding his sublime abode,
Boast not the grandeur which invests
The Eagle of the City Road.
Nor pump-room's dome, nor fountain's foam,
Can equal thee, my Hoxton Home!"

"Very good, indeed, Leddy," said Jack patronizingly; "we shall see you publishing now, before long."

"They are simple," said Titus, with becoming modesty.

"Remarkably," answered Johnson; in which opinion the pensive gentleman coincided, although silently.

There was now plenty of fine scenery upon either bank to occupy the attention of the travellers; and it was somewhat laughable to see the eager manner in which those who were taking refreshment below rushed up on deck when any fine view was announced, and, as soon as it was passed, went back quietly to their meal. Mr. Ledbury was principally amused with the manner in which the Rhenish boatmen moved their small craft, which were something between punts and canoes. A man sat at each end with a broad-toothed wooden rake, and as the foremost pulled the water towards him, the hinder one pushed it from him, so that between the two the boat made a little progress. The continuity of ruins, also, particularly called forth his admiration; for now the mountains rose up from the very edge of the river, covered at every available spot with vineyards, and in most instances surmounted by the unvarying round tower.

"Those ruins of former feudal times are very interesting," said the pensive gentleman.

"Yes, but they are all alike," replied Jack. "The two tall chimneys at the base of Primrose Hill, and the round shot-manufactory at Lambeth, cut up into lengths, and perched on the top of mountains, would furnish quite as many traditions. They are nearly all the same."

"Would you favour us with one of the legends?" asked the pensive gentleman.

"Certainly," said Jack; "which will you have?"

The choice was left to himself; and, as they had not long passed the scene of the story, Jack drew a MS. book from the pocket of his blouse, and commenced his own version of

The Legend of Drachenfels;

A Lay of the Ancient Rhine.

KING GILIBALDUS sits at lunch beneath the linden trees,
But very nervous does he seem, with spirits ill at ease;
For first of all he rubs this ear, and then he pulls that hair,
His sandwich and a splendid glass of ale* he cannot bear.

* "Crowlisches Altonisches gutes altes bier, mit Butterbrod und Fleisch, zwei silber groschen." (About fourpence, English.)

Nor aught beside they can provide, because a monster dread
Has sent to say, without delay, he must the princess wed.
To speak unto his courtiers the monarch does not choose,
Until that monster has been hung, and they have brought the noose.

The monster is a dragon of more hideous shape and mien
Than any canvass-cover'd, wicker-basket, huge machine,
That Mr. Bradwell ever built at merry Christmas time,
To be put on by Payne or Stilt in some gay pantomime.
A vast aërial courier he—part fish, part beast, part bird,
A flying ichthyosaurus, of which Mantel never heard;
No eye might look upon his form without the deepest awe,
His maw (or craw) for victuals raw, his jaw, and paw, and claw.

Sir Siegfried the Scaly, one of stalwart form and height,
(In Germany, all through the year, he was the longest knight),
The Nibelungen hero, as some call him, Sea-egg-fried,
Of noble fame, set forth to claim the princess for his bride.
He rode beneath proud Stromberg's walls, where Gilibald held state,
And kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate ;
Or rather at no rate at all, for none would he e'er pay,
But always told the overseer to call another day,
And if the wretched wight returned, they got him in a line,
Then tied a millstone round his neck, and sent him "down the Rhine."

Sir Siegfried the Scaly played a solo on his horn,
That Puzzi might have envied, but the greeting was forlorn ;
For that same morn, at break of dawn, the dragon had been there,
And carried off the princess, as she walk'd to take the air.
He wound his tail about her waist, his tail so large and long,
As restless as repealer Dan's,—in mischief quite as strong.
Then, like a rocket shooting up, by dint of magic spells,
He bore her to his mountain-home on craggy Drakenfels.

"Now, welcome, brave Sir Siegfried!" King Gilibald did say ;
"I am so glad to see you,—more especially to-day.
You may command my daughter's hand, and with it half a crown,
If you will climb the Drakenfels, and bring her safely down."

The dragon, after dining, was indulging in a nap,
His tinsel'd head reclining in the poor princess's lap,
When Siegfried the Scaly, with his good sword Balamung,
Just ground for the occasion, up the rocky mountain sprung ;
And for the sword's free use, in troth, there also was just ground,
The dragon long had been the curse of all the country round.
But now he jump'd upon his feet, awaken'd by the tread,
His nostrils belching out fierce flames, to fill the knight with dread :
And, but for the opinion that both coarse and low the phrase is,
We might have said Sir Siegfried was going fast to blazes!

But chivalry and might prevail'd : the dragon soon was slain,
And Siegfried the princess bore to Stromberg back again.
The bells were rung, the mass was sung, and, ere the close of day,
King Gilibaldus to the knight his daughter gave away.
On those wild heights Sir Siegfried his future home did fix,
And there a fortress proud of stone he built, as right as bricks.
About the ruins which exist, each guide his version tells ;
But this is the correct account of castled Drakenfels.

"Well, but, Jack," observed Mr. Ledbury, as Johnson finished, "all that never happened, you know."

"I can't answer for that," replied Jack; "it might or it might not. I have my own opinions about it."

The pensive gentleman made no comment upon the legend. It was evident that he did not deem it sufficiently romantic to call forth his approbation; and he gradually sidled off to the after part of the vessel, where the majority of the passengers were dining upon deck under an awning. So that Jack and Ledbury were left alone, with the exception of a facetious traveller, of limited intelligence, who came up to them every five minutes, smiling and rubbing his hands, and, after looking amicably at Jack for a few seconds, generally said,

"Well, how do you find yourself by this time?"

To which kind inquiry Jack, who had not been particularly indisposed in the interim, usually replied that he was as well as could be expected; which the traveller appeared to consider a high joke, judging from the sportive manner in which he received the intelligence. Titus, who imagined that he had attracted the attention of a fashionable lady on the box of one of the carriages, assumed several elegant positions, in which he thought his figure might be seen to the best advantage, and even went so far as to call out audibly to the waiter, in German, for another *demi-bouteille* of wine. But, in this daring feat, he was somewhat discouraged by Jack Johnson, who recommended him not to try it again, for fear he should tie his tongue in a knot, and experience some difficulty in undoing it again.

The poetical associations of the river had not affected the corporeal appetites of the passengers, who all appeared to be making excellent dinners, as they admired the succession of vineyards and cornfields, orchards and villages, frowning mountains, and fertile plains, that quickly followed each other, now smiling in the afternoon sun. Then some of the restraint which had attended the early part of the voyage wore away, and the various travellers began to compare notes of their intended *routes* with each other, or tell anecdotes of former excursions. Altogether, the time passed as pleasantly as well might be, until a bend of the river brought them within sight of the tremendous bulwark of the Rhine, towering formidably above all around it; and in another twenty minutes the *Köeningen Victoria* came up alongside the busy landing-quay of double-faced Coblentz, which smiles on the river, and frowns on the land with equal significance.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The gallant manner in which Mr. Ledbury attacked the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

It is a very animated scene when the steamers discharge their passengers upon the landing-place at Coblentz; and not the least amusing part of it is the struggle of the touters belonging to the various inns to attract the attention of the visitors, in common with those of all foreign show-places, as well as the exertions of different porters to seize upon the respective luggage; for there is always a perfect stack of gay carpet-bags, worked all over with Berlin wool,

on board the Rhenish boats, which require transportation to the various destinations of their owners.

A powerful band of these licensed brigands took possession of the gangway as the boat came alongside the pier; and before long Mr. Ledbury was engaged in a terrific single-handed combat with a German *gamin*, who insisted upon forcibly carrying off his knapsack. The contest was very severe whilst it lasted; but at length Titus gained the victory, and marched up the platform leading to the quay, with the air of a Peruvian Rolla, in a macintosh cape and spectacles, flourishing his luggage in triumph over his head, in the place of the scared infant who usually personates Cora's child. Jack Johnson followed, laughing heartily at his friend's encounter, and keeping off the other bandits with his stick; whilst the pensive gentleman gave up his effects at once, without a struggle, and accompanied the others to land.

They went directly to the Hôtel de Géant; but, finding it was quite full, proceeded along the street in search of another.

"What a curious name for an inn," said the pensive gentleman.

"It is christened after a legend," replied Jack. "Some centuries ago, a giant lived in that very house. Ehrenbreitstein was built to attack him."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other, as he peeped through the open window of one of the *salons*, with an air of deep interest. "The rooms are not very large, though."

"The house was not divided into apartments when he lived there," said Jack. "He used to sit with his head out at the skylight, putting his arms and legs through the windows, like the little men outside shows. They say that is the bell he used to ring when he was hungry."

The poetical stranger immediately stopped to make a sketch of the packet-bell, to which Jack had pointed; and at this occupation the others, finding that he intended to write a sonnet upon Ehrenbreitstein before he dined, left him, and turned into the open portals of the *Gasthaus Zum Rheinberg*. And, having made their dinner-toilet, which consisted in brushing their hair and taking off their blouses, they were soon seated at one of the pleasant windows of that inn, before a well-spread table, and enjoying a beautiful view of the Rhine and its opposite banks.

The iced hock was so delicious, and so much to Mr. Ledbury's taste, that his poetical inspirations soon returned, and he would have perpetrated several "Stanzas upon a dinner on the Rhine," if his companion had not continually broken in upon his romantic meditations with some everyday remark. As it was, he began to ask Jack if there was any chance of the glowworm gilding the elfin flower that evening, since he felt very desirous of wandering on the banks of the blue Moselle, beneath the starry light of a summer's night. And, after the second bottle, he went so far as to contemplate sitting upon the banks of the river above the town all night long, in order that if any relation of Lurline felt inclined to take him to her home beneath the water, he might accompany her; for which subaqueous trip he felt perfectly qualified, having formerly subscribed to Peerless Pool, in his native Islington, as well as been down twice in the diving-bell at the Polytechnic Institution, not so much for the actual pleasure he derived from having the drums of his ears tuned

during the excursion, as to distinguish himself in the eyes of the company assembled in the galleries, when he came up again.

They had been some time at dinner, so long, that the moon was beginning to give the sun a mild notice it was time for him to quit, by just showing her face above the mountains, when they heard the sound of music in the street, and directly afterwards a girl with a guitar made her appearance at the open window. She was very pretty, with a slighter figure, and darker hair and eyes than is common amongst the German women; and she gazed upon Mr. Ledbury with such a captivating expression of her full, lustrous pupil, rendered more bewitching by its dilation in the twilight, that he was almost in doubt whether one of the naïades he had been thinking about had not risen from the Rhine to meet him. Nor was the enchantment at all dispelled when she began to sing with a clear, melodious voice, some popular German air, accompanying herself on the guitar, and, what was more extraordinary, with English words, in which, however, a foreign accent was perceptible. This was too much for Mr. Ledbury, who was always keenly alive to the power of female loveliness, and his spectacled eyes twinkled through the smoke of his pipe with the deepest sentiment, until, with the combined effects of the hock, the moon, and the music, he put it beyond all question that some baron's daughter upon the Rhine had fallen in love with him as she saw him pass in the steamer from her father's castle, and had taken this method of disclosing her attachment. With this impression, he was somewhat surprised when, upon the conclusion of the song, the girl came close up to the window, and said in a subdued, mysterious tone,

"Does Monsieur wish to buy any fine eau de Cologne or cigars?"

"None, my love," replied Jack in a very off-hand manner, as he produced a full tobacco-*blague*, in size somewhat less than a carpet-bag.

"Any gloves, brooches, *kirschwasser*?" again asked the singer.

"No, no, you gipsy, none!" returned Jack. "There, run along," he continued, throwing her some small coin; "go on to the Géant. They have no end of travellers there, and all English — think of that!"

As the girl smiled at Johnson, and withdrew, Mr. Ledbury's face crimsoned with shame and confusion at the very unceremonious manner in which he imagined she had been treated by his friend. For he had imagined that her appeal to his commercial generosity was a delicate *ruse* to obtain an interview; and when he saw Jack answer her in such an unconcerned manner, and give her such a trifling amount of coin, he felt assured that her feelings were deeply hurt, and that she had left in painful humility. So, without saying a word, he started up from the table; and hurrying out of the room with a precipitation which at first gave the people of the hotel some slight reason for thinking that his ideas of payment for what he had regaled upon were rather indistinct, he followed the fair *minnesinger*, whom he overtook just as she was entering the adjacent hotel, leaving Jack Johnson completely amazed at his excitement. But the spirit of chivalry held an equal sway over Mr. Ledbury's actions with the spirit of wine; and the combination of the two acting upon his natural bland and gentle idiosyncrasy, led him to the commis-

sion of most of those daring feats of benevolent gallantry, which it has been our happy lot to chronicle.

He returned in a minute or two, in a very volcanic state, with his head looking as if it only wanted a knock to make it go off with a bang like a detonating ball, and evidently upon the point of communicating some most important fact to his friend, as he exclaimed,

"I say, Jack ; what do you think ?"

"Well, I can't say," replied Johnson ; "what is it ?"

"She has promised," said Mr. Ledbury, impressively, "to sell me ——"

"I don't doubt it," interrupted Johnson.

"Now, Jack, you always make such fun of things ! She has promised to sell me some real eau de Cologne at half-price, if I will go for it after dark ; and where to, do you suppose ?"

"I don't know," said Jack ; "perhaps where glory waits thee, or to Bath."

"No, no," replied Titus, half vexed ; "she will meet me — there !"

And with a very melodramatic expression, he pointed to the opposite side of the river, where the mighty batteries were snarling from the mountain, adding heroically,

"There ! in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein !"

"Why, you are cracked, Leddy," said Johnson ; "what are you talking about ? You are not going anywhere, surely ?"

"Of course I am," returned Mr. Ledbury, somewhat offended. "Think of the romance of the adventure — an appointment on the Rhine, and at Ehrenbreitstein ! It 's beautiful ! I shall go, and you shall accompany me."

Johnson replied :

"If I do I 'm—"—and here he hesitated an instant—"I 'm only anxious to see that you get into no scrape. I think you had better not go."

"Excuse me, Jack," answered Titus. "I would not lose the adventure for the world, and you shall share it."

And Jack, in return, seeing that his friend was bent upon doing something foolish, from which nothing would turn him, consented to accompany him ; then, having finished their wine, they strolled towards the Moselle bridge, and, hiring a small boat, amused themselves with rowing about the river, as well as they were able with the rude oars, until the time which Mr. Ledbury had fixed for his appointment.

At length the last glow of sunset, which had long lingered on the horizon, faded away behind the purple hills, and darkness crept over the Rhine. Lights appeared in the windows of the town, as well as in some of the lazy craft that were lying against the quays, the reflection quivering in long vivid lines upon the tranquil river. Everything was hushed and silent, except the occasional roll of drums upon the opposite side, or the cry of warning from the boatman as he guided his apparently endless raft of wood down the stream.

"I think we will go now," said Mr. Ledbury ; "it is about the time. We can pull across, and that will save us going round by the bridge of boats."

Resolved to humour him in whatever he wished, Jack followed all

his directions, and in a few minutes their craft touched the foot of the mountain on the other side, immediately under the fortress. Possibly, at this minute, if Johnson had proposed to return, Mr. Ledbury would have offered no opposition: but, as it was, he stepped on shore with an air of great bravery."

"I know where to go," said Titus. "She told me I should see a light in one of the windows of the battlements."

"Now, don't be a fool, Leddy, and spend all your money in trash," courteously observed his friend.

"No, no, Jack. You had better wait here to mind the boat. Goodb'ye—I shan't be long."

And beginning to ascend the bank, which at this precise spot rose rather abruptly from the water, Mr. Ledbury contrived to whistle some random notes of an impromptu air, indicative of determination and the absence of fear, whilst Jack sat down quietly in the boat, wondering what Titus intended doing, to await his return.

There was very little light, to enable him to see his way clearly, but Mr. Ledbury, sustaining himself by the idea that he was a spirited young traveller carrying out an adventure of gallantry, scrambled up the mountain immediately under the fortified walls, towards where he imagined the beacon was shining for his guidance. Now and then, to be sure, he felt slightly nervous, in spite of all his romance, as he heard the passing tread of the sentinel upon the ramparts over his head, or found himself unexpectedly in the exact line of some mighty piece of ordnance that bristled from the battlements; but he soon got beyond these, going up higher and higher, until he looked down upon the lamps of Coblentz and its opposite suburb, far beneath him, and glistening in the river.

At last he came to the window, or rather, the glazed embrasure, at which, to all appearances, the fair contrabandist was to meet him. As he listened intently he could plainly hear the notes of a guitar in the interior of the building; which was a small fort, connecting two curtains of the works. But he would not trust himself to make any vocal signal, so he scraped together a handful of dust, and threw it against the window, which was a little higher than his head. There was no reply, nor did the music cease, and Mr. Ledbury, thinking his projectile was not forcible enough, collected a few small pebbles, and again cast them at the pane, one of somewhat larger dimensions than the rest being included by mistake in the handful, which immediately cracked the glass. But the attempt had succeeded, for the guitar was suddenly hushed, and a shadow passed quickly across the window.

"She comes!" thought Titus, approaching closer to the window by climbing up the steep slope of turf that led to it. And placing both his hands upon the sill, he raised his head to a level with the glass, when the casement opened, and he found himself face to face, not with the lady-minstrel he had expected, but a gaunt Prussian soldier, of terrific aspect, and cast-iron visage, who savagely demanded in German, "who went there?"

It needed no effort of volition on the part of Mr. Ledbury to loose his hold of the sill, for he dropped down the instant his gaze encountered that of the terrible stranger, as if he had been shot; and coming upon the slanting bank, of course lost his footing as well, and bundled down into the pathway. The sentinel, who ought to

have been upon guard outside the building, but had been attracted by the music of the guitar-girl — for she was there, belonging in reality to the canteen, — in the surprise of the instant, and before anything could be explained, seized his firelock, and discharged it out of the window to give the alarm, not knowing but that Mr. Ledbury might be the chief of some revolutionary party intending to attack the fortress. Titus, who expected nothing of a milder character than the simultaneous explosion of fifty mines immediately beneath him, started up at the report; and, as it was answered from above, set off down the steep track as fast as his long legs would carry him. But, had a chain of wires connected everybody in the fortress with a voltaic battery, the alarm could not have been more sudden and general; for before the echoes of the first gun had well died away, a roll of drums broke out apparently from every direction at once, beating an alarm; and a confusion of hoarse and awful challenges rang from every angle of the fortifications.

On went Mr. Ledbury, like an avalanche, driving the gravel before him with his heels, until the big stones bounded down the hill, bringing fifty others along with them, which increased the general clatter. On he went, taking such strides that those remarkable boots of the fairy chronicles would have dwindled into ordinary highlows by comparison; and onward, to all appearance directly at his heels, came the tumult after him. In what direction he was flying he had not the least shade of an idea: he only knew that he was going down the mountain, and that the descent must eventually lead him to the river.

Which it did most literally. The distance was nearly accomplished, and ten strides more would have brought him to the bottom of the hill, when a tuft of turf upon which he placed his foot gave way beneath him, and he was directly thrown off his legs. But this did not arrest his progress, for the declivity was very rapid; and, after sliding a short distance upon his back, he began to roll head over heels down the slope, with a fearful velocity that no living clown could have contested, in the most bustling physical pantomime ever put upon the stage. Every effort to stop his course was in vain. He went on, turning all ways at once, like a roulette ball, until the last piece of ground was cleared, and, with a final wild clutch at nothing, he threw a concluding somersault, and plunged into the cold, dark waters of the Rhine, which roared in his ears with deafening riot, as he sank directly to the very bottom of the river,—a matter of six or seven feet in depth.

He never knew precisely what followed; but, adapting a favourite passage from various novelists whose works he had read, he was heard to say, "that it was one of those moments when the sensations of years are concentrated into the intensity of a single second." Jack Johnson, upon the very first alarm, had pushed the boat just away from the shore, to be ready for a start; and to one of the rakes used to propel it was Titus principally indebted for his preservation, being fished up thereby almost as soon as he touched the water; for he had luckily fallen in close to the spot he started from.

They immediately crossed the river, and succeeded in landing quietly at the foot of the Moselle Bridge; whilst the alarms were still rapidly following one another at the fortress. As the distance

increased between the scene of tumult and themselves, Mr. Ledbury somewhat regained his intellects, and, considering a good retreat next to a downright victory, almost imagined that he had been performing a glorious feat of courageous enterprise. As soon as they touched the opposite shore, they settled for the craft with the owner, who had been waiting about some little time to receive them; and then, for fear Mr. Ledbury's saturated appearance should attract the attention of the bystanders, who were now thronging the quays, and discussing the probable cause of the excitement at Ehrenbreitstein, they returned directly to their hotel. Here Titus immediately proceeded to his sleeping apartment, and went to bed, leaving Jack to superintend the drying of his garments,—the knapsack not allowing an entire change of clothes,—which duty his friend divided with paying compliments to the pretty French *soubrette* of a family that was staying in the house, and learning from the cook the best way of dressing *pommes de terre frites*, in which he intended to instruct Emma on his return, and give old Mr. Ledbury reason to imagine that he was of a domestic turn of mind.

To avoid all unpleasantry, and perhaps detention, they determined to leave Coblentz early the next morning. And Titus also made a resolve not to have anything more to say to singing smugglers of the softer sex, although his first adventure with one had terminated by convincing him of a fact upon which he had previously entertained some doubts: and this was, that the bottom of the Rhine is not a world of crystal caves and lovely nymphs, as legends had heretofore taught him to believe, but rather a bed of black mud, relieved by mosaics of old shoes, and dilapidated pipkins.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mr. De Robinson, Junior, has an interview with Mr. Prodgers.

Everything in London now indicated that the train of gaiety which had characterised the last four months, was rapidly approaching its terminus, and the close of the season was arriving. One by one the shutters closed their gilded panels upon the drawing-rooms of the far-west dwellings, and the blinds were enveloped in aged copies of the morning newspapers. The Opera advertised its last night, and then its stars dispersed to all points of the compass, wherever the engagements chanced to be most magnetic; whilst the foreign gentlemen forsook the glowing pavements of Regent Street and Leicester Square, for the unknown haunts of northern suburbs, wherein they put off the toilet of display for the costume of obligation, reversing the order of entomological existence, and changing at once from the butterfly to the grub.

The chain of society was now broken, and its limbs scattered far and wide. The inhabitants of Belgrave Square removed to Florence and Naples, whilst those of Finsbury Circus sought the lodgings and *pensions* of Margate or Boulogne. The moors, the lakes, the vineyards, and the glaciers, each found their visitors. Some retired to their own country residences; others hired cottages on a line of railway. Lower down in the scale of migration, people wishing to be "out of town,"—an indefinite locality, which answers

equally as well to Rome as Ramsgate,—took simple lodgings within the transit of an omnibus; and even melting clerks, who knew not what a long vacation meant, after being caged from ten to four in some dark office of the city lanes, hopped from their perches as the clock struck the looked-for hour, and rushed to the terminus of the Blackwall Railway, where plenty of rope was allowed them to arrive at Brunswick Wharf in time for a Gravesend steamer, that should at last deposit them upon the welcome piers of Terrace, Town, or Rosherville.

Of course the De Robinsons, of Eaton Place, were amongst the first to leave London; not so much from want of change, or because they liked the country, as for the reason that other people did so. Mr. De Robinson was a fashionable lawyer; and, according to the usual custom of lawyers, from the day when that celebrated member of the profession — albeit an anonymous one — swallowed the oyster which his clients were contending for, was now benefiting himself by the disputes of others. For whilst two of his employers were waiting for his decision respecting a furnished cottage, situated in Chancery and Surrey, he thought the best thing that could be done, was for his family to inhabit it themselves, by which means everything would be nicely taken care of, and kept well-aired. And so, although Mrs. De Robinson and her daughter had talked much of Weisbaden, and more about Interlachen, they found economy finally triumph over inclination, and their continental dreams awaken to the realities of a country villa-residence, on the banks of the Thames within a lunch-and-dinner-*entr'acte* drive of Clumpley. And here, after some little demur, they finally settled; young De Robinson coming to the conclusion that it was not so bad after all, because, being upon the river, he could invite those of the Leander men, whom he knew, to pull up, and see him.

Their family circle was also increased by Mrs. De Robinson's aunt, Mrs. Waddleston, who was staying for a short period with them. She was a very remarkable personage, and almost tempted one to believe in the existence of cast-iron old ladies, so tough and healthy was her constitution. She had no fixed place of residence, but lived chiefly in steam-boats, first-class carriages, and hotels, occasionally staying with her friends, and sometimes disappearing from their eyes for months together; after which she would once more become visible, and exhibit curiosities that she had brought from the Pyrenees or Norway, as well as having been half way to the top of Mont Blanc, in Savoy, and very nearly to the bottom of the coal-mines at Whitehaven. She knew the Red Book by heart, and the genealogy of almost every person, who had one, in the Court Guide; and was upon speaking terms with several great people, which made the De Robinsons pay her every attention. But, besides this, she was very well off, which chiefly accounted for her independence, keeping her carriage independently of her travelling, and never paying taxes for it, although the collectors were constantly dodging her about all over the United Kingdom, to see where she lived, without ever finding out. And, above all, having no relatives so near as the De Robinsons, who expected to receive all her property, they evinced their gratitude in anticipation by the most affectionate devotion, listening to all her long stories, and admiring everything she proposed.

They had been settled some weeks, and everybody had called upon them, — the medical legion of the neighbourhood being, of course, the first to leave their cards,—then the petty gentilities, and lastly the cautious ones, who hung back from making any advances towards familiarity until they saw who and what the new comers were,—when Mrs. De Robinson thought it was time to return the numerous invitations with which they had been favoured. As the cottage was comparatively a small one, a set evening party was out of the question; and it was therefore arranged that they should give a *fête champêtre* in the grounds, which were tolerably extensive, when many more guests could be accommodated. And there were a great many to be asked, their connexion being already very extensive, since nobodies in town become very great people in the country. We do not mean to say exactly that the De Robinsons were nobodies; for their connexions were respectable, and people knew their relations; but they were nothing beyond the common sphere of middling London society, although they tried very hard to soar above it. But this is seldom a profitable task, for, Icarus-like, the nearer the *pseudo*-votaries of fashion approach the sun, the more treacherous does the wax become that constitutes the body of their wings, and when the fall does take place, it is sudden and violent indeed.

Invitations are not often refused in the country, and nearly everybody accepted, including Mrs. Ledbury and Emma, who were both at Clumpley, and were to be driven over by Mr. John Wilmer. And then it became incumbent upon the De Robinsons to lay down some schemes for the amusement of their guests, at which council all the family assisted, including Mrs. Waddleston.

"Of course there must be Chinese lamps and fireworks," observed the old lady authoritatively. "Lord Fulham always has lamps and fireworks."

"Oh! fireworks, of course," said young De Robinson, "and, I should say, ballet-girls."

"Eustace!" exclaimed Mrs. Waddlestone, in tones of amazement, "what are you talking about?"

"I know, aunt," replied the young gentleman: "'groups of *ballerine* to promenade the grounds,' as they used to say in the bills of the Vauxhall masquerades: you never saw them, though, when you got in. I beg your pardon for the interruption."

"I do not see the policy of having any young dancing females," said Mrs. De Robinson.

"But you *must* have some strange people dispersed about," replied her son. "It will be very flat if you do not."

"Yes, there you are right," observed Mrs. Waddleston. "When I was at the *fête* given at the Countess Pigeoni's, several wonderful characters were engaged. I remember there was a wizard, who conjured all the plate from the table in the marquee."

"The difficulty is to find out where these individuals live," said Mrs. De Robinson.

"Not at all, mother," returned Eustace. "John Barnard told me that he knows a friend of young Ledbury's, named Johnson, who is up to everything of the kind. Suppose I apply to him."

As Mrs. Waddleston appeared to think this a good plan, of course her relations were immediately delighted with it; and it was there-

fore agreed that Eustace should proceed to London the following morning to order fireworks, bring down various things from the town-house, and, having got Mr. Johnson's address, to make arrangements for the ensuing entertainments.

The next day at noon, Mr. De Robinson, junior, was threading the, to him, wild regions of Clerkenwell, and, by dint of much patient investigation and inquiries, at last entered the street which had been whilome graced by the medical establishment of Mr. Rawkins. But the name was gone; and, after walking several times backwards and forwards in much uncertainty, he thought it best to apply at the only doctor's shop he saw in the thoroughfare, which he accordingly entered for that purpose.

A small, ill-clad urchin, wearing an enormous coat, the tails of which trailed far away upon the ground behind him, like the train of a state-robe, and upon whose face inferences of hunger and evidences of dirt might be found in equal proportions, had been apparently putting up screws of Epsom salts in blue paper, but was now taking a little relaxation by dancing Jim along Josey behind the counter. To judge from the surprise which he exhibited as the visitor entered, and the sudden check that his operatic ballet received, it was not often that the surgery was troubled with patients.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Rawkins lives?" inquired Mr. De Robinson.

"Wishes I could neither," was the reply of Bob; for it was, indeed, the small assistant. "He run away two months ago."

"Oh!" said Mr. De Robinson, taking a minim rest. "And where's Mr. Johnson?"

"He's gone, too. I thinks it's athurt the Ingies; leastwise I don't know."

Well, thought the visitor; there does not appear to be much information to be got here. "Can you tell me where I can see anybody who knows Mr. Johnson?" he continued, once more addressing Bob.

"Mr. Prodgers."

"And where is he?"

"He went to the mill yesterday with Chorkey: he's a-grinding to-day."

Not exactly comprehending under what particular category these occupations would fall, Mr. De Robinson was compelled to elaborate his inquiries, by which process he finally learnt that Mr. Prodgers was "grinding" for his examination, and he also ascertained the place of his abode, towards which he now proceeded.

The residence which Mr. Prodgers shared with several of his fellow-pupils, was situated in a small street lying somewhere between Burton Crescent and Gray's Inn Road, of a modest and unassuming appearance, with a triad of names upon the door-post, surmounted by bell-knobs, and a scutcheonless hole for a latch-key in the door, which bespoke, by its worn and dilated aperture, the late hours kept out of the house by the inmates. It was a little time before Mr. De Robinson's knock was answered; but at last he contrived to be let in by somebody who chanced to be coming out; and by their direction mounted to the top story, finding there was nobody to take up his card. But, on entering the room, which bore undeniable traces

of pertaining to a student of the healing art, he was surprised to find it unoccupied, although several hats were lying about, which gave evidence that the lodgers must still be upon the premises, since the general appointments did not harmonise with the idea of a plurality of gossamers. He was about returning, to make additional inquiries, when, upon passing the door of the bedroom, a strain of indistinct melody fell upon his ear, and caused him to stop. The door was open, and upon looking in, he perceived a table in the middle of the room, upon which was placed a deal box, the structure evidently forming the approach to an open trap-door in the ceiling, down which the harmony proceeded. To Mr. De Robinson's West-end ideas, all these arrangements betokened rather a singular style of receiving visitors; but, as there was no other plan left, he climbed up the rather treacherous elevation, and put his head through the aperture, to see what was going on.

Upon the level part of the house-top, between the slopes of the roof, three or four gentlemen were assembled in great conviviality, and costumes of striking ease and negligence, apparently combining, from the evidences that were scattered about, the study of anatomy with the discussion of the commingled. Higher up, and prevented from sliding down the slant of the roof by getting behind a chimney, was Mr. Prodgers, at this precise moment superintending the elevation of something important from the ground below, which was also attracting the attention of the others, so that they did not at first see the new comer. But when the object of their solicitude, which proved to be a large can, was landed upon the coping, Mr. Prodgers turned his head, and observed Mr. De Robinson half way through the trap.

"How d'ye do, sir?" said Mr. Prodgers, with great *bonhommie* and open-heartedness. "Who are you?"

The visitor was somewhat taken aback by this off-hand question, which did not exactly accord with his own notions of etiquette; but he thought it best to be very polite, so he answered,

"I wished to see Mr. Prodgers. I fear I am intruding."

"Not at all, sir,—not at all," returned the other. "Give me your hand. Now then—up—there you are!"

And, thus speaking, he half assisted, half dragged Mr. De Robinson through the aperture, who had some difficulty in keeping his footing upon the bevel of the roof,—but, as soon as he felt safe, observed,

"I took the liberty of calling upon you to know if you could tell me anything of Mr. Johnson: my name is De Robinson."

"Oh!—you are a friend of Ledbury's — very glad to see you. These fellows' names are Tweak—that's Tweak in the gutter—and Simmons, and Simmons's brother, and Whitby. I'm Prodgers; and, now we all know one another, have some beer."

As Mr. Prodgers spoke, he handed the can containing the commingled to Mr. De Robinson. But as that gentleman seldom drank malt liquor, except sometimes mixed with ginger-beer, when he was with some of the Leander men on the river, he politely refused it.

"Perhaps I may offer you some wine," said Mr. Prodgers, "Would you like a glass of cool claret,—sherry,—madeira?"

"Thank you,—no," replied the visitor.

"Well, that is fortunate," resumed Mr. Prodgers, "because we

haven't got any, only it is right to ask. You 'll excuse our free and easy manner: it 's our way."

Mr. De Robinson bowed in token of acquiescence.

"By the way, I remember," continued Mr. Prodgers, speaking with the air of a connoisseur in wines, "I have a glass of fine old Cape down stairs, a dry, fruity wine, that has been three weeks in bottle—may I offer you that?"

"You are very polite," said Mr. De Robinson, faintly smiling. "I never drink Cape."

"We do now and then," said Mr. Prodgers; "fifteen shillings a dozen. Cape of Good Hope we call it, because it may be better some day. I wish you would have some beer."

Thinking it best to accede to his wish, Mr. De Robinson took the proffered pewter, and bowing to the company, put it to his lips.

"This is a remarkably singular spot to meet in," said he, as he finished.

"Ah! you are not used to be on the tiles," said Mr. Prodgers; "we are. We all live on the top floors in this row, and so we get together here by the copings. It 's more convenient than going down into the street, and up again, and saves coats."

Mr. De Robinson looked at the costume of his new acquaintances, and agreed with Mr. Prodgers. For their *tournure* formed a strong contrast to his own, in his low shirt-collar, thin boots, attenuated neckkerchief, and lavender gloves.

"Jack 's gone abroad with Ledbury," said Mr. Prodgers. "But, if you will tell me what you wanted with him, perhaps I can do as well,—unless you have come to hunt up tin," he added, after an instant's pause.

"Oh, no; nothing of that kind," said Mr. De Robinson. "The fact is, my mother is about giving a *fête* at Clearwell, and we heard that Mr. Johnson could put us in the way of hiring some persons to assist at it."

"What, sham servants, green-grocers, milkmen—"

"No, no," interrupted the other; "queer people to exhibit."

"I see," said Prodgers; "what they call *artistes*?"

"I have it," exclaimed Mr. Tweak, with the energy of inspiration. "There 's a man in the accident-ward at the Middlesex, who was once a "whirlwind of the wilderness" in some travelling circus, and afterwards a cab-driver. He 's up to all those dodges."

This appeared such an eligible opportunity of obtaining the desired information, that Mr. De Robinson immediately requested Tweak to be kind enough to interest himself in it. And, at the same time, he begged to offer the present company generally an invitation to the *fête*, should they think it worth coming so far to attend.

Mr. Simmons and his brother, who were going up to "the Hall" next week, tendered a polite refusal, which did not altogether grieve Mr. De Robinson, as they were not exactly *fête* men; but Prodgers and Tweak, who had still two months' grace before they underwent the ordeal, accepted the invitation at once, and promised to do all in their power to rout up some marvellous assistants, at the least possible outlay, as well as to exhibit some mesmeric experiments themselves, if thought desirable. And then, after their visitor had remained a short time with them, for the sake of appearances, so as not to have the look of going away as soon as he had got all that was

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wanted, he took his leave; being once more assisted through the trap, and even escorted down to the street-door by Mr. Tweak, with very great courtesy.

"I tell you what, Tweak," said Mr. Prodgers, as his friend returned, "I can see there is a great deal of fun to be got out of this trip. Let the commingled circulate."

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Caravan of Wonders sets out for Clumpley.

VERY early the next morning Mr. Prodgers and his fellow-student sought the bedside of the "Whirlwind of the Wilderness," in the ward of the hospital, in the hopes of obtaining information relative to the usual haunts and habits of such wonderful people as might be thought eligible to assist at the *fête*. The man, now laid up with a broken arm, had been successively a Bounding Bedouin, a Styrian Stunner, a Chinese Convolutionist, and other surprising foreigners; and was quite calculated to tell them all they wished, as well as to put them up to what he thought would be the lowest rates of engagement. And so industrious were the *entrepreneurs*, acting upon his suggestions, that, after diving into strange localities, which none but policemen, and medical students accustomed to out-door obstetric practice in low neighbourhoods would ever have invaded, they got together three wonderful men, who could throw fifty consecutive summersets, stand upon each other's heads, and tie themselves in double-knots; as well as a Wizard of the Nor'-nor'-west, who borrowed sixpences from the crowd, put them in his eyes, made them come out at his ears, and finally lost them altogether, beyond recovery. Mr. Prodgers captured a Fantoccini which he saw exhibiting on Clerkenwell Green; and Mr. Tweak, in one of his nocturnal meanderings amongst different taverns, engaged a gifted foreigner, who imitated skylarks, sang curious airs, played the trombone upon a broomstick, and did various other amazing things, too numerous to be expressed in the limits of any handbill. And then, as these natural curiosities had to be transported, carriage free, to Clumpley, the next question was, how they were to go. To effect this, Mr. Prodgers struck out a bold scheme to be pursued, which none but himself or Jack Johnson would have hit upon.

Unaided, and alone, he sought the distant regions of St. George's Fields, and there, at the end of the Westminster Road, in a colony appropriated to pyrotechnists, spring-vans, and philanthropical institutions, he hired a vehicle; for in such districts are they to be found. It was not a common van, or waggon, but a regular downright travelling show, chastely painted externally, red and yellow, picked out with green, and fitted up within in a style of the greatest convenience. There was a brass fireplace in the corner; lockers all round the sides, to keep snakes in, and for the spectators to sit upon; a sliding trap in the roof, to let the air in or out, as might seem advisable; and a grand chintz curtain, to draw across the apartment, and veil the mysteries of the exhibition from curious eyes. He next sought out the man who had taken the "Tourniquets" to Ascot, and stipulated with him for a pair of horses, and his

own services as driver; and, finally, returned in high feather, to tell Mr. Tweak what he had done, proposing that when they had collected their troop, they should leave London the day before the *fête*, and work their way down, stopping to exhibit wherever it seemed desirable.

"Why, you don't mean to say you are going to keep a show?" exclaimed Tweak, in the amazement of the first disclosure.

"To be sure I do," replied Prodgers; "it will be the greatest dodge ever contrived. Nobody knows us on the road, and we may pick up some tin?"

Mr. Tweak, truth to say, did not see his way very clearly, but his friend appeared in such high spirits about the certain success of the speculation, that he promised to say or do anything he was told, provided he was not expected to tumble on the platform outside.

The intermediate time passed in plans and preparations for the journey, and at last the important day arrived. At an early hour Mr. Prodgers had collected his forces over the water, in the neighbourhood of the place from which he had hired the caravan. They were all punctual, except the two professional gentlemen attached to the fantoccini; and they had preferred doing a little upon their own account down the road, for which purpose they had started very soon that morning. But this had been done by permission of Mr. Prodgers, who began to assume the air of a theatrical lessee; and with the express understanding that they were to rejoin the caravan at a particular spot, because the drum and pandæan pipes constituted their sole band, and were essentially necessary to the undertaking.

Last of all, Mr. Prodgers hired, in addition to the caravan, a speaking-trumpet of unearthly proportions, and two enormous pictures of fat girls, and boa-constrictors, to be hoisted up in front, which, he said, resembled a real travelling exhibition, the more from having nothing in the world to do with what was inside. And then, mentally vowing to discard every thought of Apothecaries' Hall, hæmoptysis, and the decomposition of the Pharmacopœia, from his brain for three days, he begged Tweak to do the same; and forth they started in the highest spirits, one thing alone tending to lessen their hilarity, and this was, that Jack Johnson and good-humoured Mr. Ledbury were not of the party.

The three wonderful men who could tie themselves in knots, and who termed themselves the "Children of Caucasus," set off first, preferring to walk and smoke short pipes, having put their bundles in the lockers. On the box of the caravan were seated the driver, who had orders not to go more than five miles an hour, and at his side the foreign Siffleur, who kept him in one continuous trance of admiration by gratuitous specimens of his ability. Inside were Mr. Prodgers and Mr. Tweak, sitting with the door open, that they might see the country as they lumbered on; and behind the curtain was the Wizard, who had partially shut himself up to arrange some of his wonderful deceptions, which being finished, he came and joined the other two; whilst on either side was an attendance of little boys, who ran by the show out of London, in the hope of peeping into the interior; sometimes producing a little temporary excitement by turning over upon their hands and legs like wheels, —it might be in the idea of getting an engagement,—or pitching one another's caps, when they had them, through the open win-

dows, or on to the roof of the caravan. And in this fashion they progressed along the Kennington Road, and finally arrived at Wandsworth, where the horses rested for a short time.

"Well, Mr. Crindle, have you arranged all your traps to your satisfaction?" said Mr. Prodgers to the Wizard as he joined them.

"Quite right, sir, and ready for anything," was the reply of the necromancer, who, out of his magic garments, looked something between an actor and a butler out of place.

"What are you going to do with that barley, Crindle?" asked Mr. Tweak.

"That's for the Well of Diogenes," replied the Wizard, majestically. "It's a fine art, conjuring is, ain't it, sir?"

"Uncommon," answered Prodgers, drawing a congreve along the sole of his shoe; "so's cock-fighting and the cold-water cure."

"But, as I told a gent. the other day, it ain't thought enough of," continued the Wizard Crindle, who was evidently an enthusiast. "It's the patents that burke it. Shakspeare's all very well in his way; but he couldn't do the doll-trick. What's Macbeth to the pancake done in the hat, or the money in the sugar-basin? Answer me that now—what's Macbeth to them?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mr. Tweak: "a great doo."

"Of course," observed the Wizard; "but Shakspeare's going down, sir; he's not the card he used to be; the people begin to cut him, and he'll be at the bottom of the middle pack before long. Then they'll do the real legitimate thing, and no mistake."

"Have you been a conjuror long?" inquired Mr. Tweak.

"A necromancer, sir, all my life," was the answer, "and my father before me; only he came the common hanky-panky line more than the high delusions. I may say that I was born with a pack of cards in my hand."

"What an interesting case to have attended," observed Mr. Prodgers over his pipe. "Are those the identicals?"

"One of those remarkable anomalies of nature, which are ever rising to perplex the physiologist," remarked Mr. Tweak, gravely, and quoting from one of his lectures. "I should say those cards were worth any money for a museum."

"No, sir,—about fifteenpence," answered the Wizard, innocently, whilst he pinched the cards together, and then made them fly from his hand, one after the other to different parts of the interior.

The caravan went leisurely on, now creeping up a steep hill, anon winding round the boundaries of a park, and then turning off from the highway into some fresh green lane, between fields where the yellow sheaves of corn were drying in the sun, or being carted in creaking waggons to the homestead. Mr. Tweak, at every town they arrived at, was nervously anxious to begin their exhibition; but Prodgers said that they were not yet far enough away from the metropolis to unfold their wonders to the public. They stopped at Kingston to lunch, where they also took up the fantoccini men and their company of flexible puppets; and then crossing the Thames, and passing Hampton Court, finally arrived at the first of those pleasant fishing villages which border the Thames beyond this place, at one of which Mr. Prodgers determined to make his first appearance upon any show in the character of its master.

HISTORICAL REMAINS OF THE CASTLE OF ANET.

BY W. LAW GANE.

About fifteen leagues west of Paris, in the midst of the fertile plains of Beauce, and on the banks of the river Eure, which murmurs gently on through smiling meadows, fringed with willows and poplars, are found among the high grass a few isolated stones, a few fragments of moss-covered marble, which occasionally exhibit the half-effaced sculpture of a royal crown. In some instances, also, can be traced underneath the crown the outline of the double initial H. D. No very profound antiquarian research is required to discover the names indicated by these celebrated initials. Roused by the thousand recollections of love, of history, of poetry, which they awaken in the soul, the traveller cannot refrain from exclaiming, "Henry!—Diana!—this, then, was the scene of their immortal love!"

According to the descriptions of contemporary writers, Anet was once one of those delightful abodes which are almost within the region of romance. Externally, the first object which attracted attention was the magnificent portico, in the architecture of the fifteenth century, composed of columns of the Doric order, surmounted by a temple, and crowned by an elegant and classic tower. Beneath was a set of bronzes, representing Diana as a huntress, surrounded by a pack of hounds in pursuit of a stag. By an ingenious piece of mechanism, at the expiration of every hour these figures were set in motion; the dogs bayed, and the stag struck the hour with his foot. This was designed by Henry the Second, anxious to mark by a prodigy of art the love he bore his fair mistress, Diana of Poitiers. The portrait was modelled by Philabert de l'Orme, and executed by Jean Gougon. The portal, thus graced, was the triumphal arch under which it was necessary to pass to enter the Castle of Anet.

To form an idea of the castle itself, let the reader imagine a vast court-yard in the midst of one of those wonderful palaces of the *renaissance*, covered with arabesques, initials, emblems, and amorous devices; a palace in which stone, lead, and iron were concealed by a rich artificial veil of lace, pierced only in certain places by the symbolical gold crescent, which sparkled on every tower and turret, and with the royal device written in azure letters: *Donec totam impleat orbem.* On the right of the northern angle let him imagine the lofty tower of a richly ornamented chapel, crowned by an immense iron cross of curious workmanship, which appears to have the palace beneath its holy keeping. It is impossible to convey an idea of the magnificent interior of the chapel in the time of its splendour, or to describe the rich effect of the setting sun on its gorgeous old window, stained by Jean Cousin, after the designs of Raffaelle, or the beautiful tessellated pavement of the nave and choir, the sculptured pilasters, the breathing images, the life-like statues, the walls almost hidden by gold and azure, and in the midst of all these marvels, even in the bosom of the sanctuary, the eternal double initial H. D., surmounted by the royal crown.

At the present day, where all these glories were, the spectator beholds only a solitary waste, the widow of the pompous edifice. The

gardens, once its pride, though now neglected, are still beautiful; but it is the beauty of nature, which time cannot destroy. The eye wanders tranquilly over verdant groves and meadows, gradually sloping down to the banks of the river, which gives an eternal freshness to the scene. The atmosphere is impregnated with the odours which exhale at night from the bosoms of plants and flowers. All unites in these fairy regions to inspire love, even now that his temple is overthrown.

In the year 1515, when Francis the First, who had just ascended the throne, set out on the conquest of the Milanese, the castle of Anet was still an old feudal manor, sombre and dreary to desolation, and worthy of its tenant, who was no other than Louis de Brézé, Count of Manterrier, Grand Seneschal of Normandy, and, according to Brantôme, one of the most ill-favoured nobles of the French court, although grandson, on his mother's side, to the lovely Agnes Sorrel and Charles the Seventh. Louis de Brézé, in his forty-fifth year, had just married a young lady of seventeen, who had already been spoken of as one of the most accomplished beauties of France. She was one of Queen Claude's maids of honour; her name was Diana of Poitiers. She was of the blood of one of the noblest families of France; and her father, Jean de Poitiers, Count de Saint Vallier, whose idol she was, was in high repute for honour and loyalty at the Hôtel des Tournelles.

Count Manterrier departed to accompany the king. The fair seneschale's virtue was preserved, as the phrase then went, for some time intact, although married to an old and ugly husband, and brought up in a gallant court, in which her wit and beauty rendered her the object of universal homage. And if, eight years later, (in 1523,) in an agonizing trial, her virtue yielded, posterity will pardon in Diana of Poitiers a deed which purchased a father's pardon, and redeemed a father's life.

In 1531, after having closed her husband's eyes, the fair seneschale returned to inhabit the Gothic manor of Anet. She fled from a court where she found herself without a protector, and sought an ægis from the attacks of a passion which was already taking possession of her heart. Diana was then scarcely thirty-two, and her beauty was at its highest perfection. When she quitted the Palace des Tournelles, one of the king's sons shed bitter tears: it was the young Duke of Orleans, who reigned subsequently as Henry the Second. He had just completed his fifteenth year.

Shortly after Diana's retirement, the young duke suddenly became very fond of hunting in the forests and plains of Beauce, and frequently, after passing the night at Dreux, wandered whole days in the vicinity of the Castle of Anet. Sometimes he met with the fair lady of the castle *aux cheveux noirs et bouclés*, as Brantôme says, mounted on her light palfrey, and taking her accustomed morning exercise, escorted by her pages and grooms, who could with difficulty follow her in her rapid course. A stately salutation was on such occasions exchanged between the parties, with ill-concealed embarrassment, and they would then pursue their different paths, with blushing faces and troubled hearts. Some time passed thus. At length, one day in May, 1535, the Duke of Orleans made bold to demand hospitality at the Castle of Anet. He was overtaken by a storm, and the town of Dreux was three leagues from the castle.

A few days afterwards, at a fête given at court, it was remarked that the Duke of Orleans wore a ring that he had never been observed to wear before. To that ring has since been attributed a magical power, by which Diana of Poitiers obtained complete possession of Henry's heart. The charming widow of Louis de Brézé was herself present at the fête, of which she was deemed the fairest ornament. For fifteen years subsequent to this period the Castle of Anet was rarely inhabited. It was the epoch of the rivalry of Diana de Poitiers and the Duchess d'Etampes, the mistress of Francis the First, a contest which divided the whole court; for Henry, by the death of his elder brother Francis, was now become the dauphin of France.

When Diana returned, in 1550, to inhabit the Castle of Anet, a great change had taken place in her fortunes, to judge from the pompous suite by which she was attended. She herself lay carelessly extended in a litter, bearing the royal arms of France, which was escorted by the greatest lords of the kingdom bare-headed. The king himself stood by her side, and the cortege was preceded by a troop of men-at-arms making a passage through the crowd, and crying, "Make way, make way for Madame the Duchess de Valentinois." Francis the First had now reposed two years in the vaults of St. Denis, and Diana no longer feared any humiliation from the proud Duchess d'Etampes. She had herself given the order which banished her rival to her estates.

The old feudal manor of Anet was no longer a suitable residence for the possessor of so noble a fortune. When the cortege reached the end of the drawbridge, and the favourite alighted, three artists respectfully tendered their services. One of them was the architect Philabert de l'Orme, the second the sculptor Jean Gougon, and the third the painter Jean Cousin. Under the hands of this illustrious triumvirate the enchanted palace was destined to rise on the ruins of the old castle, in order that the triumph of art might consecrate in the eyes of posterity the triumph of beauty.

At last the day came when the labours of Philabert de l'Orme, Jean Gougon, and Jean Cousin, were brought to a close. While the court-poets, Dubellay, Ronsard, Lapelletier, were yet celebrating these marvels and the enchantress who presided over them, while every courtier was striving for an invitation to offer incense on her shrine, the Count de Montgomery at once overthrew the pedestal, and destroyed the enchanting illusions.

The 11th July, 1559, which was the second day from the fatal jousts of the Tournelles, the all-powerful Duchess de Valentinois arrived at the Castle of Anet, pale, in tears, and unattended; but still preserving in her sorrow, and the abandonment in which she beheld herself, that proud deportment which characterised her all her life. Henry II. had died the previous day, and in her turn she was exiled, as she had formerly herself exiled the Duchess d'Etampes. Her answer to the messenger of Catherine de Medicis, who delivered her an order to quit the Court immediately, as the king could not live through the day, has been preserved: — "While he lives," she said, "I have no master."

Doubtless, when that lady, who had hitherto been surrounded only by flatterers and admirers, found herself the deserted tenant of her sumptuous halls, it would be supposed that a sorrowful retro-

spection of her past life would creep over her soul. The pious foundation to which she consecrated the latter days of her life, impute to her a wish to reconcile herself to God, and to wipe from the memory of man the scandal created by her former course of life. In the prosecution of this wish death overtook her on the 22nd of April, 1566. Her last wish was, that her body, after being exposed in the church of Les Filles Pénitentes, in Paris, should be removed again to her Castle of Anet. There, previous to the revolution, was to be seen her magnificent mausoleum, which has since been transported to the museum of Les Petits Augustines. Four snow-white marble sphinxes support a sarcophagus, on which the deceased kneels in the attitude of prayer; her clasped hands reposing on a book, which rests on an altar before her.

Four years subsequent to the death of Diana of Poitiers another beauty was born in a neighbouring castle, that of Cœuvres, near Ivry, destined likewise to become the mistress of a king of France, and to confer on her posterity the sumptuous Castle of Anet. This beauty was Gabrielle d'Estrees. When she gave birth to Cæsar, Duke of Vendôme, she resolved to make his fortune while he was yet in the cradle. With this view, she fixed her eyes on the richest heiress in the kingdom, the Duke of Mercieur's daughter, who, among other estates in her portion, reckoned the castle and domain of Anet. The Duke of Vendôme had scarcely completed his fourth year when the magnificent *fiançailles* were celebrated. In the course of his eventful existence, this son of Henry the Fourth's illegitimate child resided a short time at Anet. It is known that, after being arrested at Blois on the night of the 13th June, 1626, for a share in the conspiracy of Chalais, with his brother, the Grand Prior, he was with him imprisoned in the dungeons of Vincennes; and that, after three years of cruel captivity, he saw his brother expire before his face. His own fate would no doubt have been similar, had he not consented to bend his knee before Cardinal Richelieu, and implore his clemency. His prayer was granted, and he obtained permission to reside in the Castle of Anet. Thus, the cardinal compelled to bow before his iron sceptre the heads he deemed it useless to strike off.

Soon after this period, Mazarin, who in one of his tours through France had seen and appreciated all the architectural magnificence of the Castle of Anet, was meditating how he might put the broad domain into the possession of his family. The crafty cardinal had nieces enough to engross all the feudal manors in France, without his being obliged to mow off the heads of the castellians. He gave the Duke of Vendôme to understand that the King, then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, would hear with pleasure of the marriage of Mademoiselle Laura Mancini with the grandson of Henry the Fourth and the fair Gabrielle, for the Duke of Vendôme had a son; the same who subsequently became a priest and a cardinal. The poor duke was bribed not to oppose the commands of a prime-minister; and the marriage was concluded. From this union was born, in 1654, the celebrated Louis-Joseph Duke of Vendôme, who was destined to add another reminiscence to the Castle of Anet.

To this residence retired, to repose from the fatigues of war, that voluptuous descendant of Henry the Fourth, who may justly be reproached for having tarnished by the scandal of his private life, the

glory attached to the name of the conqueror of Barcelona, Leozara, and Villaviciosa. It appeared that, after once quitting the intoxicating atmosphere of battles, a complete metamorphosis was wrought in that great captain; he passed whole days at Anet in bed, with no other company than a pack of hounds, and a few attendants, with whom he blushed not to get drunk. His equals he treated very differently. Did any nobleman chance to call on him, he was certain to be received in the most haughty and contemptuous manner; and the duke on such occasions, according to Saint Simon, rarely failed to show his guest how little he thought of his nobility, by seating himself on the *** to receive him.

Once, however, Vendôme opened the gates of his Castle of Anet to the French *noblesse*; and those walls which had so long re-echoed only the bacchanalian *refrains* of the lacqueys and their master, resounded with the elegant conversation of the *élite* of Versailles, and the divine music of Lulli. This was in 1686. The dauphin came to visit his cousin of Vendôme, and on this occasion was performed the last opera of the *grand maëstro* of the seventeenth century, "Acis and Galatea." Never since the fall of Diana of Poitiers had Anet been the scene of such splendid festivities: the palace, the gardens, the statues, were rendered brilliant by thousands of lamps; the yards and offices were crowded with pages, footmen, and carriages, emblazoned with armorial bearings. When all the brilliant assemblage had dispersed, when the joyous bustle had subsided into silence, the castellan returned to his accustomed life, not without murmuring at the cruel restraint he had been obliged to impose on himself for some hours.

Louis the Fourteenth, who hated in Vendôme a man whose qualities and conduct perpetually insulted the rigorous etiquette that he maintained at his court, knew how to appreciate the Duke's military talents. At *le Grande Monarque's* entreaty, Vendôme emerged, in 1702, from his retreat at Anet, to repair the faults of Villeroi in Italy. Eight years later, in 1710, after having refused those of the father, he yielded to the prayers of the son, and accepted the command of the army which restored Philip the Fifth in triumph to the capital which he had quitted as a fugitive. In that glorious campaign of 1710, when the King of both Spains wanted a bed on which to rest his limbs, Vendôme cried, "Sire, I undertake to provide your majesty with such a bed as monarch never slept on before!" and he brought into the King's tent the colours taken from the enemy.

Philip the Fifth being restored to his throne, Vendôme's task was accomplished, and he hoped then to return to France, and rest himself after his fatigues in his Castle of Anet. But this was denied him; and on the 11th of June, 1712, the great-grandson of Henry the Fourth, the haughty castellan of Anet, the fortunate captain, before whom kings bowed their heads, and asked the assistance of his sword, died on a pallet-bed, abandoned even by his servants, who, seeing him in the last extremity, robbed him, if we may credit Saint Simon, of his very mattress and coverlet, regardless of his supplications not to be left to expire in the straw.

He left no children; and after the death of his widow, Maria Anne of Bourbon-Condé, to whom he had been married only two years, the Castle of Anet passed by heirship successively through the hands

of the Duke and Duchess of Maine, the Prince of Dourbes, and Count d'Eu; at length, the children of Louis the Fourteenth having all descended to the tomb, Louis the Fifteenth gave their inheritance to the last of their line, the Duke of Penthièvre. How singular was the destiny of the Castle of Anet, which, after having belonged to the grandson of Charles the Seventh and Agnes Sorrel, then to the mistress of Henry the Second, was destined to pass into the possession of the descendants of another favourite, Gabrielle d'Estrees, until, finally, the offspring of the adulterous amours of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame Montespan came to enthrone themselves in its stately halls previous to descending for ever to the tomb.

It is related that he who survived them all, he who, alone remaining on earth of all that sorrowful family, every member of which he had mourned, still stood amidst all his castles, the Castle of Anet, that of Iceaux, of Vernon, of D'Eu, and so many others,—while the fatal tocsin of '93 was ringing in his ears, loved to walk from tower to tower of all these fair domains, and indulge the sombre melancholy that gnawed his heart. Had he prophetic foreboding that he should be compelled to quit all those wonders of art, nearly the whole of which were subsequently demolished by the republicans? It was in the Castle of Anet,—in that castle, teeming with the recollections of the prodigality of Henry the Second,—that the famous letter was written, in which the Duke of Penthièvre advised Louis the Sixteenth and Queen Marie Antoinette to exchange the splendid tinsel of royalty for garments of sackcloth. The king and queen laughed heartily at the letter,—blind that they were, not to see that the time was come for them to repent indeed.

WHERE IS TRUTH?

There is no truth in the world! Alas, none! Truth is strange indeed! "stranger than fiction." Spirit of Truth, where art thou? We have wandered far and wide amidst the busy haunts of men, and in the remote and pastoral scenes of rural simplicity, where, as poets sing, "reign truth and innocence;" but alas! even there we found thee not. It is said, "Truth lies hid in a well." Even there we looked; but saw nothing in its lucid stream, but our own sweet face reflected in its waters; and, as we stooped and gazed, Narcissus-like, upon our own bright form, we deemed that the long-lost treasure was found; and as we tried to grasp it from its watery-bed, we found it was but shadow, unsubstantial, nothing; we uprose, and smiled at our own conceit, and we thought the shadow in the bright waters smiled at us in scornful dignity, and vanished away.

We have heard from the old Latin authors that it was to be found *in vino;* but, although we have industriously got drunk upon all sorts of wines, from one-and-sixpenny grape to the choicest claret; yet, despite of all our exertions, we are as far from thee as ever.

We searched for it at the abode of the aristocracy. At its very entrance we found a porter, upon whose well-fed, ruddy face, truth seemed to be enshrined. Here, said we, is Truth! but no, the poet is right, *fronti nulla fides.* Would you believe it, reader? the sole business of that very full, round-faced, honest-looking man, that sat

at the threshhold, enthroned in the easiest of easy chairs, was to tell lies. He was, indeed, a villanous-liveried falsehood! and he had been for so long a period accustomed to lie, that he ultimately entirely lost all conception of truth. We innocently asked him, "Thomas, what is truth?" when he mournfully shook his head! Talk about "What is taxes, Thomas," after this?

Come we to the fashionable lady; why, she would die if her pasteboard acquaintance were less than her dear friend, the countess. Oh, the delight of leaving and receiving those cards which are meant to express love, anxiety, condolence, and friendship; but which, in reality, express nothing less than a downright highly-glazed fib. Being a lady's case, we call it fib! When she visits her noble friend, the card is delivered, and the noble hostess receives her fashionable guest in a manner so characteristic of dignity and sincerity, that you can scarcely think it possible that each is as careless of the others' welfare as an entire stranger. See with what a sincere smile each greets the other! Mark, they kiss; but, what a kiss! Why, there is neither health nor warmth in it! "How well you look!" rebounds, as it were, from one to the other, whilst each thinks the other very fade; each directs her envious eyes over the other's dress, seeking, like a foeman, to find a vulnerable place in his antagonist's armour; but still, however, the "loves" and "dears" roll fluently on, and smile follows smile as unerringly as one wave followeth the other. Again the frigid kiss is given, and they separate with apparent regret, or, in fashionable parlance "tear themselves away from each other's delightful society." Strange infatuation!

The greatest of men-liars are to be found among parliamentary speakers, who embrace the unwashed mechanic before an election, and who promise to keep an eye on his and his family's future welfare. The mechanic shuts one eye, opens his palm, and rushes to the poll to register himself a liar, and a free and an unbribed voter.

The forensic lie is, of all lies, the most difficult, being continually open to contradiction and glaring exposure; yet do we see men of learning and repute get up and advocate the cause of one whose only strength of argument is in those ridiculous lies called "legal fictions." Another equally-gifted individual rises, and covers over with a flood of eloquence the black character of the prisoner, whom he pronounces a wronged and an innocent man; and he calls upon the jury, accordingly, to acquit his injured and immaculate client, knowing at the same time he is the greatest villain unhanged; still do the serious and solemn-looking jurymen, and the magnificent and attentive judge sedulously take notes of the eloquent falsehoods, and the usher cries out "silence," that the lie may be more distinctly heard.

The next most peculiar race of liars are men of imagination, who possess horses out at grass, and rifles of unerring quality, which are gone to Twigg's to be greased; men wearing a real shooting-jacket, and who go to Gravesend in the shooting-season to buy game, and bring it to town by a long coach. They give a dinner, and are in their glory; every bird has an ornamental as well us a natural tale tacked to it; and, as the shots roll out on the plate of their guests, they remember the deceased as one of ten brought down in as many minutes, with their friend, Lord T. or G., who has a place in the country, and who never comes to town, and to whom, if he did, they

would introduce you. They lie until they deceive themselves, but no one else.

Your auctioneer, perhaps, of all liars, is the most inventive. With what a grace will he turn a ditch and a few impeding bricks into running waters and a waterfall, a glazed wash-house and a few flower-pots into a conservatory, a lark's turf into a lawn, a few sickly trees, strengthened by three extra legs, into a wood! What a view of the surrounding country does he promise you, if you only go and see it! —but he never says how far from home. With what lithographic lies does he delude you out of town! and how foolish you look, as you try to find in the reality the pictured paradise you hold in your hand! Why, the lake wouldn't float a washing-tub; yet there is a party of pleasure sailing on it *in the picture*. This man lies uselessly, you think!—he does not—he has always fish to nibble at his poetical lines —he sells the reality, and gives the purchaser the remaining pictures to send to his friends.

The lies of trade are multifarious; thousands does the tradesman utter in the course of the day; black and white lies jostle each other in his windows. Lies stand in gigantic letters at his door-posts—he pays men a shilling a-day to convey his lies on their shoulders. Without a shopman has the power of persuading the public that a base fabric, filled with gum and other glutinous matter, is a stout, everlasting piece of shirting; or that dogs' hair and rabbits' skins are beaver; or is not blessed with the fine perception of selling the faded and shop-stained articles at gas light, he is esteemed totally unfit for his situation, and is discharged accordingly,—because, in fact, he is not a good liar.

The lover is perhaps the most excusable of all for his delinquencies,—lunatics not being answerable for their actions; for philosophers have declared that nothing short of absolute insanity could possibly prompt a man to write and rant such rhapsodies as are given vent to during the full moon of his monomania; about his love lasting as long as the ocean shall roll, or as long as the stars shine in the firmament, &c. &c. &c. The object, the cause of all these lies, he clothes with attributes that would be anything but agreeable in possession, such as eyes of fire, marble forehead, pearly teeth, coral lips, honey tongue, voice of the nightingale, &c. Now, to bring a wife home made up of such materials would be somewhat inconvenient.

In finishing the paper, it behoves us to give a thumping example of deliberate and unnecessary lying. To bring this properly before the reader, we must go as far as Rome, to the holiest city, and to the holies man in that city. This may appear startling at first sight, but it is true. No pope ever sat upon the papal throne without uttering a deliberate lie, which is known to be so by the devout and worshipping multitude; and every expectant cardinal longs only to have the same opportunity of proving himself a most religious liar.

Before the pope is invested with the triple crown, for which he has passed a life of watchful ambition, privation, and heartburnings, he must be apparently forced by his brethren to accept of that greatness, which his profession of humbleness and piety should make him reject,—he is pressed by surrounding hands to hold that power which has been the great object of his life to gain, and utters this deliberated falsehood at the foot of the altar, "*Nolo*,"—I am unwilling. The world is a round Lie.

THE POPULAR WAR-SONGS OF SWITZERLAND.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

EVERY nation has its popular poetry, the faithful expression of its character, its habits, and its progress in civilization. But the individuality with which all the early ballads of a people is so strongly marked begins to fade away when intercourse with foreigners increases, and when literature becomes an object of study; grammatical laws are formed as language is developed; the arrangement of words is determined by syntax, and the succession of measured sounds is subjected to the rules of prosody. Poetry, which was originally the spontaneous expression of strong feeling, the unstudied language of vivid passion, has moulds and shapes provided, to which it is irrevocably predestined and predetermined. The artistic poem and the native ballad become separated by distinctions, which every day become broader and stronger; the ballad, banished from castle and hall, sinks lower and lower in the social scale, as education extends, until at length it becomes a Pariah and an outlaw, the heritage of the poacher, the gipsy, and the mendicant, who are, like itself, driven from the pale of legal and organized society. Italy has no popular poetry. "Its fatal heritage of beauty" brought to it a variety of nations, who soon abandoned their own imperfect systems of civilization, in the hope of recovering that of the classic ages, which they learned to appreciate just at the moment when they had completed its destruction. The Italians began where most other nations have ended, with artistic poetry of the highest order;—a literature commencing with a Dante and a Petrarch is not likely to find its way back to the popular chant and rugged ballad.

Switzerland, round which nature has raised mountain-walls, strengthened by barriers of rock, of forest, and of perilous defile, has preserved in the recesses of its valleys the martial strains which celebrate the battles that gave freedom to the cantons, and a name in history to their nation. These ballads form a historic cycle of the Swiss struggle for liberty. They extend over a space of about four hundred years, from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the seventeenth century; they are all written in the rude dialect of ancient Switzerland; and the recent attempts that have been made to soften them down to modern German have been complete failures. Many of them have never been edited; and some fragments, recently collected by Mr. Marmier, would lead us to believe that those which remain unpublished are superior in value to those that have appeared in print.

Nearly all the Swiss ballads relate to war. Princes and prelates were united in the oppression of the unfortunate Swiss; but a bad pre-eminence was conceded to the counts of Toggenburg, whose public administration was only rivalled in its horrors by the crimes of their domestic history. It is recorded, that a servant of one of these counts once found a ring belonging to his mistress, which had been stolen by a raven. He placed it on his finger until he could

find an opportunity of returning it; but, unfortunately, the count happened to recognise the jewel before it could be restored. Without pausing to make an inquiry, and obstinately refusing to hear a word of explanation, he caused the servant to be impaled, and he flung the countess from the window of the castle down a precipice, where she was dashed in pieces. It was against him, and his rivals in cruelty, of Kyburg and Neufchatel, that William Tell and his confederates raised the standard of revolt. Austria was, as ever, the ally of tyranny; but its chivalry was broken down by the mountaineers at the battle of Sempach, the Marathon of Helvetian freedom.

The ballad on the battle of Sempach has been admirably translated by Sir Walter Scott. The original was written by Zehudi, an honest shoemaker, who took a part in the struggle of that eventful day. He has modestly recorded his name and profession in the conclusion of his song.

Now, would you know the minstrel wight
  Who sings of strife so stern,
Albert, the Souter, is he hight,
  A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot,
  The night he made the lay,
Returning from the bloody spot
  Where God had judged the day.

In the Swiss ballads, the bard usually commences with a brief address to his hearers, and an invocation to God and the Virgin Mary:—

"Come listen, my brethren, I'll sing you a lay
Both wondrous and new, of a well-foughten fray.
O God, give assistance,—blessed Mary lend aid,
And Jesus, to us be thy mercy display'd."

As in some of our old English romances, we find the Swiss bards more precise in their statistical details than cultivated poetry permits. Thus in the ballad on the great battle of Morat:—

"The battle extended o'er two miles of ground;
The hosts, I assure you, were just two miles round;
There Burgundy's duke pranced and boasted in vain,
Soon his best and his boldest lay cold on the plain;
For our brothers he slaughter'd, such vengeance we found
In the blood of the foemen which flow'd two miles round."

The unprovoked invasion of Switzerland by Charles Duke of Burgundy, which led to the battle of Grandson, and the still more fatal fight of Morat, has been rendered familiar to most readers by the account which Sir Walter Scott has given of it in "Anne of Geierstein." We need, then, only say, that at Grandson Charles lost his fame, and at Morat his life. There is something very characteristic in the coolness with which the bard dwells on the great slaughter of Morat:—

"How many, you'll ask, of the foemen there fell?
But no one the number precisely can tell.
Sixty thousand brave warriors, they say, the duke led,
With their spears flashing light, and their banners outspread;
And twenty-five thousand of these, as I guess,
Were slaughter'd or drown'd;—some say more, some say less.

But this I know well, and believe it you may,
Only twenty bold Switzers were slain on that day.
God fought on our side, and exerted his might
To assist the oppress'd, and establish the right.
His arm 's still extended to shelter, and save
From tyrants unholy, the pious and brave."

Catalogues of the cities which sent contingents to the army of the confederate cantons are also found in these ballads, and are not very unlike Homer's catalogue of the forces at the siege of Troy:—

"From Friburg came warriors undaunted and bold,
Whose armour and weapons 'twas joy to behold.
In each city they went through the crowds gather'd fast,
To admire and to cheer such fine troops as they pass'd.
And Willingen spread out its banners of blue,
And the black flags of Waldshut a shade o'er them threw;
And Lindau display'd its rich standard of green,
And Basle sent its arms to enliven the scene.
Both Meinsett and Rotwill for war were array'd;—
As we came near Schaffhausen, there burst from the glade
The squadrons of Constance, of Ravensburg, Berne,
Schwytz, Frankfield, Soleure, Zurich, Glaris, Lucerne!"

Veit Weber is the most celebrated of the popular bards of Switzerland. We know nothing more of him than what he has told in one of his ballads. He was a native of Friburg, and an active soldier in the Burgundian wars. He composed the poetical history of all the great battles in which he was engaged; indeed, his ballads seem more like the fragments of rude epic poems than any other species of composition. His most characteristic work is the account of the expedition to Pontarlin, which he has, unfortunately, spun out to a very unmanageable length. We shall only translate some specimens. It opens with a pretty picture of Swiss scenery:—

Oh long, very long Winter lengthens his day;
We hear not the song of the birds from the spray;
They are silent and sad in the groves and the bowers,
Awaiting the coming of spring-time and flowers!

But when the first birds on the branches were seen,
And the hedge changed its brown for a mantle of green,
The trumpet of war blew its blast o'er the land,
And summon'd the brave to the patriot band!

There was arming and bustling, confusion and haste,
Ere battalions were form'd, and line-of-march traced;
But when once in the field, the proud duke we defied:—
At peasants no longer he laugh'd in his pride.

We came on so proudly through Burgundy's states,
That we soon forced Pontarlin to open its gates;
And the women, at morn dress'd in colours so bright,
Were making the dark weeds of widows ere night.

The foreigners, frantic, came forward in force;
They number'd twelve thousand of foot and of horse:
They assaulted us fiercely to gain back the town,
But their vaunts and their boastings were soon cloven down!

Our Swiss sprung upon them with blow upon blow,
Till never was seen such a wide overthrow;
From the ramparts their banners and pennons were thrust,
And lay all unheeded, defiled in the dust!

The wild bear of Berne put forth his sharp claws,
And bristled his mane up, and grinded his jaws;
He came with his cubs, who of thousands were four,
And the foreigners trembled on hearing his roar!

Be warn'd, duke of Burgundy! timely beware,
Nor venture to mate thee with Berne's fierce bear;
See his teeth, see his claws, his cubs eager for prey;
Haste! haste! save your lives, and get out of his way.

They would not take warning; the bear rose in wrath,
And soon through their ranks forc'd a terrible path,
And, though the Burgundians were full four to one,
The bear and his cubs soon compell'd them to run!

And still the bear roar'd, until, borne on the gale,
It's echo had reach'd the brave burghers of Basle;
And they said, since the bear is come out of his den,
We must go and assist him with all of our men.

Then prais'd be the warriors of Basle and of Berne,
Nor pass we in silence Soleure and Lucerne;
They came without summons our dangers to share,
And bravely they fought by the side of the bear!

Thus strengthen'd, to Grandson our armies were led,
As the knights and the nobles of Burgundy fled.
We girdled the town, and our musketry's din
Never ceas'd night or day, the proud fortress to win!

On the morning of Sunday the place we assail'd;
Its gates were forced open, its ramparts were scal'd;
The banner of freedom soon stream'd from its towers,
And announc'd to the duke that proud Grandson was ours!"

The poet then describes, with all the precision of a gazette-extraordinary, the capture of the several minor forts in the vicinity of Grandson; there is but little of interest or variety in any of the details.

According to the poet, the Swiss were astonished at the extent of their own success, which they piously ascribed to the aid which the god of battles had given to the cause of justice and freedom. This religious feeling was probably increased by the presence of the Swiss clergy, for all the priests who were able to bear arms served in this patriotic war, as they had done in the first great insurrection against the Normans. Veit Weber does not give such prominence to the clerical warriors as the patriotic shoemaker in his description of the battle of Sempach; perhaps there is no ballad containing so striking an instance of sardonic derision as that which the Sempach bard sets forth as an answer to the invaders when they wished to confess, and receive absolution, before encountering the fierce mountaineers.

"Now list ye lowland nobles all,
Ye seek the mountain strand;
Now, wot ye what shall be your lot
In such a dangerous land?

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins
Before ye further go;
A skirmish in the Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."

"But where, now, shall we find a priest,
Our shrift that he may hear?"
"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field,
He deals a penance drear.

"Right heavily upon your head
He 'll lay his hand of steel,
And with his trusty partisan
Your absolution deal."

Veit Weber's religious allusions are of a more reverent character.

Oh, had not God aided, such towns and such towers,
And castles so mighty had never been ours;
But though his assistance and help we discern,
We still must give praise to the brave men of Berne.

For the war-cry had rous'd the old bear from his den,
And now that it 's over he 's gone back again;
"May God give him pleasure and peace in his glen,
Is the song and the pray'r of Veit Weber."—Amen.

The Swabian war, less terrible in appearance, but longer and more disastrous than that of Burgundy, afforded few subjects of gratulation to the national poets. The race of bards, indeed, survived the race of heroes and patriots, but they had to appeal to the memory of the past, or to its vague traditions, instead of reciting deeds of cotemporary valour. The thrill of interest, which rhapsodies had excited when the fights described were in men's day, and at their door, could not be again called into existence by tales of days gone by, or recitals of events in a foreign land. The ballad was admired, applauded, and forgotten.

A simple legend reveals to us the popular feeling in favour of the national bards when their art had lost its importance, but not its hereditary respect,—a case more common than is generally believed. At such a crisis of every art, the duty of supporting its professors is recognised, but men are anxious to shift off the obligation from themselves, and throw it upon the bounty of heaven. The tale goes, that a wandering minstrel, who had been once accustomed

"To pour to lords and ladies gay
His unpremeditated lay,"

found the public taste rapidly deteriorated, so that, on one occasion when he tried to obtain a hearing in some city, every door was shut in his face, and his best songs failed to give him chance either of lodging or supper. In his distress he sought shelter in one of the churches; near the high-altar stood an image of St. Cecilia, the patroness of poets and musicians, which pious votaries had loaded with jewels and precious ornaments, from head to foot. The poor bard knelt before her shrine, sung to her several of his best ballads, and

became so excited with the enthusiasm of his art, that he danced to the music of his lyre at the end of each stanza, as he had been used to do in the days of his joyous and poetic manhood. St. Cecilia had not been honoured with such music for many a long day, and feeling herself particularly gratified by such a musical treat, she, that is to say, her wooden statue, stoopèd down, took off one of her shoes, which was made of solid silver, and handed it to the distressed musician. "Specious," if not special, "miracles," according to Horace, have been bequeathed to all strolling bards by their great ancestor, Homer; the Swiss minstrel took the matter as coolly as Achilles did the lugging by the ear, and the hearty cuffs bestowed upon him by Minerva, as gentle hints not to be too hasty in temper. He departed with the shoe to the city, pledged it at the nearest tavern, and had a supper and bed fit for a prince. Long before he woke the next morning the guardians of the church had missed the shoe. A cry of sacrilege was raised, the police were on the alert, pawnbrokers and tavern-keepers were duly interrogated, and the delinquent was soon found. He was dragged from his pleasant dreams before the tribunal of the magistrate, charged with the theft, convicted, and on the point of being sentenced to immediate execution. He requested that one favour should be granted him, permission to sing another song to St. Cecilia, whose exquisite taste in music had given him greater delight than her dangerous present. There were, probably, no vagrant laws in Switzerland at the time, for rags and poverty did not afford sufficient evidence for hanging a man without benefit of clergy; the minstrel was taken to the church, accompanied by a "Constable's Miscellany" more numerous and varied than the series of volumes which bear that name. He sung once more to her holiness, and she, with becoming generosity, stooped down before the wondering crowd, and presented him with the other silver shoe, in the sight of the entire multitude. Of course he was honourably acquitted, borne in triumph through the town, and enriched by a subscription, which placed him above want for the rest of his life.

The generosity of the saints formed an excellent excuse for the stinginess of the sinners; so soon as the legend got abroad, unfortunate bards were referred to St. Cecilia for relief of their wants; but as she found that her silver shoes had been replaced with untanned leather, as a gentle hint from her votaries that she must not indulge in *bootless* generosity, the saint never repeated her boon, and the patronage of Swiss poetry was at an end.

This legend belongs to the age of the Swabian war, when the bards, though remunerated, were respected; but the next age beheld poets proscribed as a nuisance, when religious wars and religious fanaticism rendered the insanity of dulness triumphant in every valley of the Alps. Sermons and libels, generally not easy to be distinguished from each other, could alone obtain a hearing; the martial songs of the ancient days were set aside for discussions on sublapsarianism, supralapsarianism, and all the varieties of *ism* with which it has pleased controversialists to trouble the world, and thus the Swiss ballads, unlike those of most other European people, have failed to become the basis of a national literature.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR,

A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CRIMINAL'S LAST HOURS.

Tread softly—bow the head—
In reverent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

THE tone in which the extraordinary declaration (which was related in our last chapter) was made by Teresa Gray,—the flashing of the eye which accompanied it,—the glow of feverish excitement which lit up the hard, fierce features of the speaker; the lofty and almost exulting attitude in which this desperate woman awaited my answer, took from me for a moment the power of reply. Recovering myself, I added, quickly,

"This is not fitting language for one so soon to appear in the presence of her Maker: I must check it at once, and firmly. Your confession, repulsive as were many of its parts, I would not interrupt, because it *was* your deliberate record of your bypast life. *That* is fast closing on you; and now of the future alone must you speak, and I warn you."

"Useless!" cried she, with an impatient gesture, "utterly and wholly useless!"

"Do I, then, understand you to reject all belief in a future state? Do you hold that there are no rewards—no punishments?"

"Oh no! HE punishes—punishes severely—punishes bitterly. I have felt the misery of His frown. Nothing has prospered—nothing has thriven with me since that deed of blood. Wherever I sought to hide my guilty head disaster met me. But for the ban of THE SUPREME, I should not be here, and *thus!* Yes, HE punishes, but—*not for ever!*"

It was in vain that I addressed myself to the task of bringing safer and sounder views to bear upon her mind. Her attitude was that of attention; but her thoughts were far, far away from those prison-walls. At length, rousing herself from a long reverie, she said, frankly and emphatically,

"The topic is irksome to me; I have incurred the hazard, and I must abide the penalty!"

The last morning of her earthly existence arrived. She had slept, I was told, much and calmly during the night; and, when roused at six by the watchers, expressed herself "greatly refreshed by eight hours of unbroken rest," and then rose and dressed herself with remarkable alacrity. At seven I saw her again; she looked frightfully pale, and her features had the fixedness and rigidity of marble; but neither tear nor sigh escaped her. Her nerve was fully equal to her hour of ex-

tremity. She replied promptly to a question I put to her, and then made it her last request that I would abstain from touching upon *any* religious topic!

Meanwhile the hum of the dense multitude gathered around the building was distinctly audible even in the prison; and the depressing effect of that low, booming, deepening murmur, heard at such an hour, and under such circumstances, none can estimate save those who have listened to it. At eight the melancholy procession began to move. As the criminal was on the point of joining it, the under-sheriff, by the express wish, it was understood, of the judge, stepped forward and asked her whether she acknowledged the justice of her sentence?

"I assert now," was her reply, firmly and distinctly given, "as I have done from the first, that neither directly nor indirectly had I any knowledge or share in Mr. Ampthill's death. If he died by poison, it was neither mixed nor presented by me."

The querist seemed disconcerted by her reply, and was apparently about to remodel his question, when the prisoner abruptly turned from him with "Enough of this! Gentlemen, I am ready. I would fain shorten this bitter hour."

Another minute, and we stood upon the drop.

Mine has been a chequered life; many have been the painful scenes I have had to witness, and many my distressing recollections of the gloomy past; but never did I feel more sensibly the painfulness of my unenviable appointment than when I stood beside that wretched, but most determined, woman. The bearing of the prisoner, the crime for which she was condemned, the doubt which hung over her case, the sullen, deep, and swelling roar of the mob,—a roar in which no word could be accurately caught, and no voice was distinctly audible, but which, if I understood at all its strange and peculiar monotone, betokened hostility and impatience,—each and all of these attendant circumstances aggravated the horror of the scene.

It was as I expected. The moment she made her appearance a yell of exultation burst from the heaving, restless, excited multitude below. It was no partial expression of feeling,—it was not the splenetic ebullition of a few coarse-minded and merciless individuals,—it was loud, vehement, and general. Had her personal appearance been prepossessing,—had she been youthful or handsome,—had she looked gentle and resigned, I am persuaded, so capricious is the feeling of a mob, that her reception would have been less ferocious and appalling; but the spectators thought that in her marked and repulsive visage they recognised the features of a ruthless murderess, and vented that opinion in the manner most consonant to their convictions.

She felt this. "And they too condemn me!" was her remark,—"thirst for my blood—are eager to witness my dying struggles. Be it so! Be quick, sir," said she, addressing the hangman; "these *worthy* people are impatient, and I love not their company."

The fatal noose was placed around her neck—a handkerchief was put into her hand. The under-sheriff and his party retired; but still I hovered near her. The pale lips moved, I hope—I will ever hope—in prayer. The words "mercy—pardon," faintly reached me. Was that proud spirit at length bending before its Maker? Did it pass away in accents of prayer and supplication? I trust so. I watched her every movement with intense and painful earnestness, but not

long. A few seconds, and she gave the fatal signal, and passed, amid the execrations of her fellows, into the dread presence of her Maker!

* * * * * *

Vivid and extraordinary is the feeling,—and a kindred confession will, I think, be made by all chaplains,—which arises in the breast of a spiritual director towards a condemned criminal. It is not, indeed, that in the peril of the man's position you forget the nature of his crime, or lose, in your sorrow for the individual, your abhorrence of his practices; but in his hazardous condition you find a source of intense and abiding interest, which would have arisen under no other circumstances. He is an object on which your thoughts perpetually dwell; again and again does the question recur whether "ALL has been done that could be done *by you*, to inform him, console him, prepare him?" And if his state of mind be unsatisfactory, if he evince no symptoms of repentance, and betray no emotions of shame and regret, this feeling deepens into an excess of the most irritable and ungovernable anxiety. Beset by it, weeks elapsed before I could banish from my memory the closing scene of Teresa Gray, and the state of mind in which she met it. The mooted question pursued me, "Was her dying declaration true, —and she herself, as she averred, wholly innocent?—or did she pass into eternity with a lie upon her lips, and was she Ampthill's cool and malignant murderess? The evidence was wholly circumstantial; but was it not possible for judge and jury to be alike misled? If so, who is the guilty party, and what the temptation to so foul a crime?

These emotions of irritation and uncertainty were not permitted to subside by the strange rumours which, from time to time, reached me. I learned that, within a month after Teresa's execution, Ampthill's widow married a labourer on the farm, a man of drunken habits and depraved character. Further inquiries led me to believe the report well-founded that she had been this fellow's mistress during her husband's lifetime. He treated her—the result would have been extraordinary had it been otherwise—with great contempt and cruelty; and, on her remonstrating with him for his extravagance and excess, was more than once heard to reply, "Keep a civil tongue in your head, mistress, or some day I may be tempted to tell a tale that will hang you." Whether this remark had any reference to her former husband's fate her own conscience could best determine; but, be its bearing what it might, it invariably silenced her.

I was musing one morning on these, and similar well-authenticated statements, and had half persuaded myself that they cleared up much that was mysterious in Teresa Gray's defence, when a middle-aged cousin paid me a passing visit, *en route* for the Midland Circuit. I told him my misgivings as to the issue of the late trial, adding, "the real version will yet be given to us: murder will out."

"A popular, but fallacious saying," was his reply. "Many a murder has been committed of which the perpetrators have escaped detection: witness my poor uncle Meddlycott. What a strange fate was his, and still enveloped in mystery!"

"Tell it me, by all means," I cried, "if it were only to change the current of my thoughts, and divert me from my late painful duties."

His rejoinder was brief.

"Its details are gloomy, but most of them extraordinary; and remember, *all of them are* TRUE. Thus they run:—"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FOREIGN AMBASSADRESS.

In the town of Ilfracombe, one of the sweetest and most picturesque of the many lovely watering-places which line the Devon coast, there lived, some twenty years ago, a Mr. Meddlycott, "a general practitioner."

His reputation with the ladies stood high. He had had the honour of bringing into the world half the squirearchy of his district, and was considered by all the caudle-loving gossips for fifty miles round as a "*very famous man.*" Years and infirmities had stolen upon him, and he was meditating a retreat from the more active duties of his calling, when, one Christmas eve, he received a letter, bearing the London post-mark, requesting him to be "without fail in or near Ilfracombe the ensuing day, when a lady from a considerable distance would reach it, for the *express* purpose of consulting him."

Never did a letter assail more successfully the foibles of the party to whom it was addressed.

"My fame, then, has reached the metropolis!"—so ran the gentle whisper of gratified vanity.—"A lady from a considerable distance,—London, without doubt,—desires to consult me. A person, unquestionably, of consideration, from the handsome inclosure which the letter contains. Ah! sooner or later merit is appreciated even in this world!"

And with this soothing apopthegm Mr. Meddlycott smoothed down his waistcoat, and sallied forth on his usual rounds with a countenance beaming with self-complacency.

Christmas day arrived, dark, dreary, and tempestuous,—mid-day, without one glimpse of sun, had passed,—and twilight had given place to a night of pitchy darkness, without bringing any tidings of the expected arrival. The heading of the letter, "*strictly confidential,*" had excluded Mrs. Meddlycott from all knowledge of its contents; and the doctor, having fumed and fidgeted for a couple of hours in a way that irritated his helpmate's curiosity almost beyond endurance, was about to retire to rest, when a ring at the bell was heard, and a note handed in. Its contents ran thus:—

"*Mrs. Mackenzie is arrived, and wishes to see Mr. Meddlycott immediately.*

"12, Ocean Place."

A few minutes sufficed to bring the doctor to one of the quietest, most secluded, and yet comfortable lodging-houses, near the bay; on reaching which, he was ushered into a small drawing-room, where, veiled and in travelling costume, sat a lady. She was evidently a foreigner; spoke English imperfectly, and with difficulty. Her age appeared about forty, and her look, and manner, and bearing all indicated the woman of refinement and high-breeding.

There was a pause, of evident and painful embarrassment, when Mr. Meddlycott entered, during which the stranger scanned him as if she would read his inmost soul. There was something in the expression of her eye so merciless, stern, and defying, that Mr. Meddlycott shrank involuntarily from its scrutiny.

"I am about to intrust to you, sir, the life of one who is very dear

to me. Her situation will speedily demand the exercise of your well-known professional skill; and I throw myself confidently on your sense of honour. Before I introduce you to my charge, promise me solemnly and sacredly, as in the presence of God, that the circumstances under which you meet, and the professional services you may have to render her, shall never be divulged to human being."

The doctor hesitated.

"Such a pledge is most unusual," he remarked, "and—"

"I am aware of it," said the lady, earnestly; "but, under present circumstances, it is indispensable. Your discretion shall be duly recompensed. Unless that pledge be given, here our interview must terminate."

"What object is my silence to serve?"

"That of concealing the shame of a distinguished family," observed the lady, bitterly. "You are yourself a father, and the honour of a daughter is inconceivably dear to you. Need I say more?"

Mr. Meddlycott's feelings were touched: his vision became suddenly indistinct; but it was not the keenness of the evening air which had filled his eyes with water. The lady observed and pursued her advantage; and, before the interview closed, the required promise was again exacted and acceded to.

On the third day after the stranger's arrival, a hasty summons from Ocean Place again brought Mr. Meddlycott's activity into play, and added fresh fuel to the curiosity of his portly lady. On this occasion he was introduced to a fair, gentle, dove-eyed girl, whose years appeared barely to exceed sixteen, and whom he did not quit till, after many hours' peril, he left her the mother of a very noble boy. Early the following morning, when Mr. Meddlycott was on the point of starting to visit his youthful patient, he was greeted with the astounding intelligence that the whole party had quitted Ilfracombe at daybreak! The house, hired for a month, had been paid for the preceding evening; no account was left outstanding; every article for house-consumption had been paid for on delivery. They seemed to have vanished without leaving any clue to their name or history; for their only attendant had been an elderly female, a German, unable to speak a single word of English.

A sealed packet was left in charge of the owner of the house, addressed to Mr. Meddlycott, by whom it was eagerly opened. It contained a bank-note for fifty pounds, and the following brief memorandum:—

"Your skill and attention will never be forgotten; the inclosed testifies but inadequately my sense of both. A similar sum will reach you yearly, so long as you are faithful to the trust reposed in you. Be silent and prosper. Be inquisitive and—

"M."

Mrs. Meddlycott's amazement at learning that the foreigners had quitted Ilfracombe was unbounded and genuine. For a full hour she sat lost in conjecture. "Who *could* they be? Which was the invalid? Were they sisters? or mother and daughter? or aunt and niece? What had brought them to Ilfracombe? What had driven them from it? Was her husband in the secret? How many, and whom, did that secret involve?"

She thought and thought till she was in a perfect fever of curiosity. Twenty times a-day did her dear gossips ask her for an explanation of that mysterious arrival and departure, and as many times had she the painful mortification of confessing that she was as much in the dark as themselves! In vain did she betake herself to that high settee in that portentous bow-window which commanded the main street of Ilfracombe,—that conspicuous and dreaded observatory, in which so large a portion of her life was passed,—in which so many reputations had been murdered, so many "facts" promulgated which never had had the slightest foundation, — so many marriages announced as "certain," which had never been contemplated,—so many conversations repeated which had never taken place. Oh! if those walls could have spoken, what a budget of scandal would they not have disclosed!

Nor was Mr. Meddlycott less uneasy on his part. A very painful suspicion had taken possession of his mind. The departure of the foreigners from Ilfracombe had been described to him by an eye-witness clearly and distinctly enough. They had quitted it, as they had reached it, in a dark green travelling-carriage, without crest or armorial bearing of any description. The younger lady seemed a great invalid, and was carefully muffled up. She was carried, rather than assisted, into the vehicle, the blinds of which were instantly drawn down. The elder lady gave the necessary directions relative to the arrangement of the luggage and their intended route; while the whole attention of the German waiting-woman seemed devoted to the comfort of her youthful mistress.

But where was the CHILD?

No description of their departure made any mention of this appendage; nor did Mr. Meddlycott, bearing his promise of secresy in painful remembrance, dare to put a direct and open question on the point. The more he reflected on the occurrences of the last eight-and-forty hours, the more uneasy did he become. The gleam of that cold, hard, remorseless eye, when the crisis of the mother's agony came on, the beseeching look of the younger female, the scowl with which that look was answered by the elder,—the muttered imprecation with which she received the helpless infant from the doctor's hands,—the grasp with which she clutched it, as if she could have wrung its little neck, and exulted in the deed,—all these minute circumstances recurred to the medical man's mind, and rendered his repose unusually restless and broken. "I wish I had never seen the parties!" was his hearty, but involuntary, ejaculation, as he turned himself for the twentieth time on his uneasy pillow.

"You have been doing something which you ought not," instantly replied his wary helpmate, who had been watching him with the most intent observation. "A guilty conscience needs no accuser. Don't tell me to the contrary," she continued, perceiving that Mr. Meddlycott meditated an interruption; "I 'm not to be deceived. Don't suppose that I wish to know. Thank God, I 'm not inquisitive. That weakness does not run in *my* family!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" said Mr. Meddlycott, involuntarily.

"Keep your dreadful secrets to yourself, if such a course you deem decent or justifiable towards such a woman as myself. Some day, Mr. Meddlycott,—some distant day you will know my value."

"A very distant day!" said the doctor,—but, as he was a man of peace, *sotto voce*.

Early the following morning the attack was renewed.

"Henry, dear, *do* tell me who *were* those people in Ocean Place?"

Henry, dear, was in a moment in the arms of Morpheus!

"What an inveterate sleeper!" cried the inquisitive lady; "but I will unravel this mystery, if his nap lasts short of doomsday!"

"Henry, dear," was resolved she should not, and took his measures accordingly.

"Mrs. Meddlycott," said he, when the breakfast had been removed, "you once wished to possess that China dinner-service at Eardley's; do you covet it still?"

"Do I?" she returned, bitterly; "can I help it? Such a bargain—so perfect—the very thing I want! And such splendid dinner-sets as Mrs. Amy Chichester, and the Hoggs of Appledore, and Mrs. Bencraft of Barnstaple duly parade before me at their yearly dinners; while the vile old delph I am obliged to use almost breaks my heart when I set my eyes on it! Want a dinner-set! What woman in Ilfracombe wants one more? And such a bargain!"

"It is yours."

"Mine! Now, Mr. Meddlycott, you are trifling with my feelings, and it is most ungenerous and unjust!"

"It is yours, I repeat,—on one condition."

"Name it!" said she, eagerly; and her eyes sparkled with expectation.

"That you NEVER allude to those foreigners, *in* my presence or *out* of it, again."

There was a pause. Mrs. Meddlycott felt this was a very trying moment. Her inquisitive spirit, which no difficulties could subdue, her love of mystery,—the keenness with which she hunted down a secret, —the pledges which she had given to her sister gossips that she "would NEVER REST till she had probed the very bottom of that Ocean Place affair;" all these rose in distinct array before her. But then—the splendid and long-coveted dinner-service,—the go-by which she could, in consequence, give to Mrs. Amy Chichester, and Mrs. John Bremridge, and others of her contemporaries, who had dared to contest the *pas* of *ton* with her; the triumph with which she should submit it to their inspection; the envy which would almost choke them as they ate off it; these feelings were balm to her anxious spirit.

"I promise," said she faintly; "and you know when I promise I perform."

"Admitted—admitted," cried the doctor; and on the following morning the dinner-service was in Mrs. Meddlycott's possession.

Years rolled on; and punctually did the promised sum arrive. Nor was this all. When the doctor's eldest daughter was married, a bank-bill for twenty pounds, in an envelope bearing the Paris post-mark, made its appearance, on which was a pencilled memorandum, "Towards the bride's *trousseau*." When his second son was on the eve of sailing for India, a similar sum was forwarded under a similar post-mark, directed in the same small, neat, feminine hand, "Towards the young man's outfit." It was clear that there was a sleepless vigilance exercised in some unknown quarter over Mr. Meddlycott's domestic arrangements; which, though productive of specific advantage, caused at times a feeling of vague, but most disagreeable apprehension to overcloud that worthy gentleman's mind.

Other changes were at hand. Soon after the cadet's departure for

Bengal, the angel of death called for Mrs. Meddlycott. She belonged to the "Independent" congregation: and the deacons of that body duly attended her. They remarked one evening, as she was drawing near her end, that her's had been a highly-favoured career, that her husband had been kind and amiable, and her children dutiful and prosperous, and that her own health up to that very illness had been perfectly uninterrupted.

"All have their trials," was her brief comment.

"True; but you——"

"I have had mine! That mystery in Ocean Place I could never penetrate, though I tried for years at it! But now *all is as one!*" Her favourite expression when thoroughly foiled.

"But that matter is really beneath consideration — quite a trifle — utterly unimportant."

"You think so?" said she, quickly; "I don't; and never did. It is carefully cloaked, I grant you: some day or other, however, an awful mystery will be unravelled there!"

"But you die happy?"

"I should have died happier could I have divined what those foreigners came to Ilfracombe about! And then, they left it at such an extraordinarily early hour! How it has puzzled me!"

These were her last words: and, as Mr. Quaint, the Independent minister, observed, "*they were not edifying.*"

The resignation with which Mr. Meddlycott met his loss was quite exemplary. He was never heard to utter a single murmur! "It was his duty," he said, "to acquiesce readily and cheerfully. There never was such a woman." That all Ilfracombe admitted. But when he finished off by saying that he "could never hope to replace her," there were some ladies of a certain age who thought that quite a "*non sequitur.*"

To dissipate his grief, he determined, for the first time in his life, to visit London. It was May: town was full: and, as he was looking about on the, to him, unusual bustle, he ran against a respectably-dressed woman, to whom he began forthwith to apologise. The female started when she heard the sound of his voice; and, when he had finished his sentence, looked up in his face with an expression of downright terror, which to him was inexplicable. He commenced his excuses *de novo*: the party uttered no word of reply: but, with a countenance of ashy paleness and a quivering lip, turned abruptly from him, and was soon lost in the crowd. The demeanour of the woman annoyed him; and the more, as he fancied that her features were not strange to him: but where, or under what circumstances they had previously met, he was unable to recal.

"My bluff North Devon face frightened the lady," said he as he detailed the rencontre to a friend. "My pretensions to good looks were always questionable; but that my visage in my old age actually alarms a woman does indeed afflict me!"

"London women are not famed for timidity," said his companion drily. And this rejoinder dismissed the subject.

Two days afterwards Queen Adelaide held a drawing-room. Anxious to obtain a glimpse of that matchless beauty so peculiarily the characteristic of the British female aristocracy, Mr. Meddlycott bribed high for the possession of a window within the palace, which commanded an

uninterrupted view of the company as they alighted from their carriages, and succeeded.

Those who had the privilege of the *entrée* came first: and foremost amongst these was one whose features riveted his attention. She was young, and very beautiful; the small and exquisitely-moulded features; the swan-like neck and marble brow; the soft and pleading expression of eye that, once seen, could not easily be forgotten, recalled her at once to his recollection as his foreign and mysterious patient at Ilfracombe. The years that had intervened since they met had only added fullness to her form, and dignity to her carriage; the same mild, calm, gentle, bewitching look of innocence was visible, and hallowed the shrine in which it dwelt.

"Who is that lady?" said he to a bystander.

"I don't recollect the name at this moment; but she is a foreign ambassadress; and that stern, dark, harsh-looking man, by her side, is her husband. Lovely as she looks, she is said to be an unhappy wife."

"Oh! the old story, I presume—a faithless husband? 'He loved, and he rode away!' Eh?"

"No; she is childless; and, on the count's death without issue, his name becomes extinct."

"*Childless!*" repeated Mr. Meddlycott, and fell into a reverie, which was anything but agreeable. The next morning he returned to Ilfracombe.

He found that during his absence his place had been so successfully supplied by his son, and that matters altogether wore so satisfactory an appearance, that he resolved to carry into effect his long-cherished project of retiring altogether from his profession, and becoming a gentleman at large.

The house in Ocean Place, which the foreigners had so temporarily occupied, was vacant, and to be sold. He liked the situation, and its easy distance from the bay; gave a fancy price, and became the proprietor. Poor man! He little foresaw at that moment the results by which that acquisition was to be accompanied. The house was nicely fitted up; and, with the exception of re-papering a room intended for his own study, no outlay seemed necessary. But when did the owner of a property recently acquired settle quietly down into the conviction that no alteration was requisite?

Mr. Meddlycott's anxiety to detect imperfections, and remedy deformities, had been but imperfectly gratified, when late one evening it struck him that the hearthstone of the kitchen fire-place did not lie altogether square and even, and he resolved that then and there—all the servants being in bed — he would himself raise the block, and ascertain the intervening obstacle. He accomplished his task with infinite difficulty; and, as a reward, discovered *the skeleton of a male infant!*

Here was a prize for honest industry! This was curiosity obtaining its own reward! So much for an anxious and inquiring spirit! "The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!"

Mr. Meddlycott was sleepless that night, and the next.

"Curse the child!" said he, audibly, when he rose fagged and jaded the second morning; "it came into the world, I believe, for no other purpose than to perplex me! And yet," said he, when the calm, still

voice of reason obtained audience, "after all, it is but a case of suspicion. It does not necessarily follow that these are the remains of that infant which I brought into the world, but could never afterwards trace. They may be those of the child of some other woman. Fifty different parties have inhabited the house since that eventful evening. Again, why may not this child have died a natural death, and been secreted here, from the pressure of poverty, and from no improper or murderous motive? One point, however, is most satisfactory, and that is, that the late Mrs. Meddlycott is gone to her rest. Had this discovery taken place during the lifetime of that exemplary woman, and come in any shape under her cognizance, all Ilfracombe, nay, all Devon, would have rung with her righteous indignation. Such were her rigid notions of propriety; the necessity she felt of making an example of all unfortunate females; such her impression that the law of the land should be duly obeyed, and all sin and wickedness made to fly before it, that I do verily believe she would have hung me up before my own door as an accessary after the fact. Well! there is balm in every bottle, if we but shake it. I said when Mrs. M. died, '*there was much to be thankful for.*' I retain the same opinion."

But this was not the invariable current of his reflections upon the subject. There were moments when the most painful surmises agitated his mind. "Am I justified in maintaining my studied reserve on the subject? These monies which have from time to time reached me, are they the price of blood? My promise of secresy was undoubtedly given: am I, at no period, and under no circumstances, justified in recalling it? This last discovery — is it proper, professional, or creditable, to observe unbroken silence respecting it?"

These were reflections which ever and anon occurred to and harassed him. His friends observed a marked difference in his spirits and demeanour. He grew nervous, restless, irritable; and at times would wake up out of apparently a most painful reverie with the unintelligible ejaculation, "That most abominable child!" To change the scene, divert his thoughts, amuse and interest him,—for the mind, his friends imagined, was overtasked, as well as the bodily frame weakened,—his son-in-law proposed that he should pay them a visit at Paris, where he and his wife were then residing. The invitation was accepted at once.

Paris is Pleasure's head-quarters. It is the Canaan of the idler. Within its boundary the wings of time seem doubly feathered. It is there, if anywhere, possible for the heartsick to escape from himself. Upon no nation in the world does the pursuit of pleasure sit so gracefully as the French. Their versatility of character; the rapidity with which they pass from one emotion to another; the ease with which they adapt themselves to circumstances; their turn for badinage; and the importance with which they invest trifles, render a temporary sojourn in their capital a very joyous affair. All hail to thee, gay city of Paris, with thy filthy *trottoirs* and well-dressed women!

Mr. Meddlycott seemed to enter right heartily into the *abandonnement* of the hour. His spirits rallied, and his appetite improved. But still Mr. Essington's surprise was great when one evening, as they were promenading the Boulevards, he observed his worthy father-in-law look very fixedly—and had he been a younger man, very impudently, — on the features of a stout, short, square, stolid-faced woman, who slowly passed them. Then, as if not satisfied with that prolonged survey of

her person, he quitted, abruptly enough, his son's arm, and gave chase. The female looked back; and when she saw him mending his pace, appeared alarmed, and quickened hers. From a walk it became a run, and both speedily were out of sight.

"Whew!" cried the son-in-law, giving a long whistle,—"a nice amusement for an old gentleman of sixty-four! The very last species of escapade of which I should have accused my honoured relative. What a mercurial old gentleman he must be! Ha! ha! ha! It is well the late Mrs. Meddlycott is at rest. Though, whether she will remain quiet under these circumstances is to me questionable."

In about twenty minutes the old gentleman regained his son-in-law, very much winded.

"I have lost her!" cried he, in a tone of vexation.

"Not for want of giving chase," said the other, drily.

"She's an old acquaintance of mine," began the doctor.

"So I conjectured," was the reply of his dutiful son.

"Tut! you cannot imagine—"

"I imagine nothing," returned Essington, bursting into a roar; "what I actually witnessed was quite sufficient,—an elderly gentleman in full chase of a very ordinary-looking lady. The construction I am to gather from so extraordinary a phenomenon you can best determine."

"That woman is in possession of a fact which I am most anxious to ascertain. My own future peace is involved in it. I have encountered her before, in the public streets of London, where she avoided me. She has done so still more markedly to-day."

"Yes," said Essington maliciously; "of her avoiding you there can be but little doubt; nor of your determinately seeking her."

"I have only a single question to put to her," said the doctor, musingly; "that answered, I will never molest her again."

"A single question," said the young man jestingly. "Come, you are a more modest man than I thought."

"I cannot explain myself further, rally me as you will."

"For that lay your account, governor, most assuredly, during the remainder of your stay in Paris. But, come, dinner waits! We are an hour beyond time. The claret will be hot, and the soup cold."

The tide of engagements set in so strongly for several succeeding days after this occurrence, that no opportunity was given to either party for again adverting to the subject. One morning, however, after breakfast, the doctor was jocularly asked by his son-in-law if he would join him in a walk to a distant part of Paris. "Who knows," added he, "but that we may again catch a glimpse of your *incognita*?"

"She shall not escape me a second time," said the old gentleman sturdily. "I will call in the assistance of the gensd'armerie."

"The gensd'armerie! If it were not too absurd, I should say we were under *surveillance* already."

"Pshaw! who would think it worth while to watch MY movements?" said Mr. Meddlycott.

"I know not," returned his son, with more gravity of manner than the occasion seemed to warrant; "but the impression is strong on my mind that our movements are dogged. I have lived sufficiently long in Paris to be conversant with some of the tricks of the police; and I cannot resist the suspicion that one in disguise is daily on our *trail*."

"Be it so. He will find it difficult to connect me with any treason-

able attempt, I fancy. I am not going to become one of the movement party at my time of life. I have too great a desire to carry my head on my shoulders, and to die quietly in my bed."

"But, the bare idea of being subjected to such espionage is painful."

"Not to one who is conscious of having given no just grounds for it," returned the doctor stoutly. And yet he closed his remark somewhat singularly with a sigh.

Evening came on, and found Mr. Meddlycott at the opera. At the end of the first act a noise in an adjoining box attracted his attention; surrounded by a brilliant party, and accompanied by the elder foreigner, whose marked features he so well remembered, there sat the foreign ambassadress! He looked at her for a few moments calmly and attentively, to satisfy himself of her identity; and then turned for information to a garrulous French deputy near him.

"That! oh yes! every information is at monsieur's service,"—the customary French bow closed the sentence. "That is the Countess ——. Her husband was ambassador from the —— Court to that of St. James's. A pretty, but unhappy-looking woman."

"And the elderly female on her left?"

"Speak low when you speak of her. She is the very genius of intrigue. That woman is connected remotely with more than one crowned head in Europe. She has the blood of Catherine de Medicis in her veins; and the venom of that accursed monster in her heart!"

"Her name?"

"The Duchess of ——. But, the less you know of her the better. She is aunt to the countess, who is her heir; is a woman of immense wealth; but, how acquired, eh? how acquired? The guillotine alone can tell that! But, see! she is looking this way. If it were not fancy, I should say that her gaze is fixed on you. Was there ever seen on earth so savage, so diabolical an expression in a woman's eye? and that jewelled hand. Faugh! there is blood upon it!"

"The —— there is!" said the doctor involuntarily, and felt very queer.

"Humph! you know best whether you have ever crossed her path. Her restless eye is again turned this way, and that with so peculiar a lustre, that, excuse me, *mon ami*, if I do not greatly care about continuing your neighbour. We shall meet again. *Au revoir!*"

At this moment Essington joined him.

"I have found," said the doctor to him, in a low, calm tone, "a clue to the mystery which has so long harassed me. This is neither time nor place for the disclosures I am about to make: but, as we walk homewards this evening, I am resolved to burst the seal of secresy hitherto imposed on me,—to disburthen my conscience,—and make a clear breast of it."

The ballet terminated soon afterwards; and, as they slowly sought Mr. Meddlycott's home, the latter divulged to his son-in-law all the circumstances connected with the foreigner's visit to Ilfracombe. While the narrator was about midway in his tale, a passenger, shabbily-dressed, lounged carelessly past them; and, in so doing, observed, as if addressing another individual—"*There is safety in silence!*"

"Comical, isn't it," said Essington, "under present circumstances?"

"Yes," returned the doctor moodily; "but what I am saying is in the tragic, not comic, vein;" and he gravely resumed his confessions.

"Pass, sir! — pray pass!" said the speaker, at another period of his tale, when a party having the appearance of a military officer, seemed to hang on his steps, and apparently to listen to his conversation.

"Mille pardons, messieurs," was the reply, with a bow, and a shrug, and a grimace, without which no Frenchman can, to his own apparent satisfaction, discharge any of the common courtesies of life.

"Now, but for the fashionable air of that fellow," said Meddlycott, "I should have pronounced him one of those cursed eavesdroppers one is ever stumbling upon in Paris; but, what is your opinion, Essington, of this history?"

"Singular enough!" said the young man; "but I see not how you could have acted otherwise than you did. And now, you cannot adopt decisive measures, your information is so very vague. Take my advice, doctor; let it rest where it is."

"It cannot; and it shall not. But I will explain myself more fully to-morrow. Good night!"

Ah! that morrow! how often to the most eager and self-confident does it never arrive! The next morning the doctor failed to present himself, as usual, at the breakfast-table. Essington, about eleven, went in search of him. He was out. His servant said, that while dressing two strangers had sent up their cards, and begged to see him; that they had asked him to accompany them to some house in the Faubourg (which the servant could not remember), to inspect some very curious anatomical preparations; that their description seemed to interest Mr. Meddlycott greatly; and that, after breakfasting with him, they had all three left the house in company.

The dinner-hour came, and passed away. Evening—midnight—daybreak brought no tidings of the missing man. Poor Mrs. Essington's alarm about her father became extreme. In this feeling, to an extent greater than he chose to admit, Mr. Essington shared. Every search was made; every inquiry instituted; messengers were sent in various directions, and a minute description of his person was given to the police, and a handsome douceur promised them for promptness and diligence. This last offer Mr. Essington fancied — it might be but fancy —was received with the most frigid and inexplicable indifference.

On the morning of the fourth day, Mr. Meddlycott's remains were recognised in the *Morgue*, where they had been placed on being rescued from the Seine the preceding evening.

But the circumstances of his death remain enveloped in mystery. No inquiries could ever trace, no investigation could ever identify the parties who had called upon him; nor could any clue ever be found to those "anatomical preparations" which he had been so anxious to examine. His watch, purse, and diamond breast-pin, were found uninjured; nor were any marks of violence discernible on his person.

Some affect to believe that he had committed suicide,—a conclusion strangely at variance with his easy circumstances, regular habits, religious opinions, and cheerful disposition. Others affirm that he perished the victim of a violated promise; and that tranquilly, easily, and happily would his days have closed had he not had the misfortune of encountering the Foreign Ambassadress. Which conclusion is the right one, the GREAT DAY can alone determine!

A NIGHT WITH AN IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

SCENE.—Three-pair up, in a spacious and delightfully situated building, in the Westminster quarter, overlooking the park, within a stone's throw, as to their respective directions, of the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Jeremy Bentham's Roost. The snuggery, like any of the niches in Fame's high temple, although aërially perched, and it "winds" some of "our fat friends" to get at it, affords a consoling sensation when the desiderated point of elevation is achieved, even more so than the proud point of comparison, for ambition does not screw you up to take a higher *flight*. Commingled odours of a classical description, and much more exhilarating than the sacrificial exhalations of antiquity, salute you on your way along the corridor which leads to the Whiskey-Drinker's retreat, and the sounds of mirth and music which proceed from the doorway seem to say to you "Come in, and make yourself comfortable." The chief apartment is furnished with books, paintings, engravings, &c., of good and reputable impress. A few remarkable busts, and portraits of ancient and modern characters, stand on pedestals, or adorn the walls; some of them *vis-à-vis*, and some in rather fantastical juxta position: amongst which your attention is particularly invited, and your admiration challenged, by those of Demosthenes and Dan O'Connell, John Sobieski, and Jack Joyce, the Connaughtman; Cobden, Cobbett, Coriolanus, Commissioner Lynn, and Commodore Napier; Mahomet Ali, and Muntz of Birmingham, (these are *vis-à-vis*, and are of that extraordinary species of wood-cutting which is effected by a red-hot poker on a deal-board); Pope Urban the Eighth, Pope Joan, Johanna Southcotte, Richelieu, Gonsalvi, the Gracchi, the Grisis, Francis the First, Fanny Ellsler, Peter the Great, Porus, Persiani, &c. &c. The room is provided with swab-cushioned couches, easy-chairs, one of Broadwood's six-and-a-half squares, in an anti-namby-pamby business-like case, a violincello, and an Irish bagpipes, boxing-gloves, foils, single-sticks, a toledo, an Andrew Ferrara, a two-handed sword of the Grisons, a court-sword, an enormous Irish shillelagh, labelled "*murder*;" one of less shameful dimensions, ticketed "*manslaughter*;" a Kentucky rifle, a pair of "marking irons," with hair-triggers, and saw-handles; pipes of every pattern in profusion; weeds of the best twist and correct perfume, in liberal and careless variety; an extensive round-table, borne up very appropriately by a pedestal representing Atlas, with his head, however, curiously twisted, as if in great pain and labour, under his right arm-pit; and on the platform above, a whole world of "spirits," in their respective flasks, bottles, cruets, and decanters; beakers, glasses, goblets, ladles, spoons, sugar-smashers, &c.: in the midst of all an immense green bottle, of the size of the largest seen in apothecaries' windows, around the neck of which vitreous Titan is twisted, in turnpike-ticket fashion, a card with the following inscription, "PADDY'S EYE-WATER."

TIME.—Midnight.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Our host, *the Irish Whiskey-Drinker*; *Buffalo*, a Cantab, and founder of the celebrated club in Trinity College of that university called after his name; *Dreamy*, an amiable

apostle of the new school of philosophy, TRANSCENDENTALISM; *Wigsby*, a common-law barrister.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Well, Buffalo, I see your name amongst the M.A.'s at the recent Commencement. How did the affair go off? Prize-poems good; Senate-House crowded with pretty faces; walking of the fashionables on Clare Hall Pieces; Trinity Audit Ale; Trinity omelettes once more; milk punch, and all that sort of thing?

BUFFALO. The *prolusiones academicæ* were very good of their kind; but the circumstances by which they were invested were rather la! la! on this occasion, by no means so spirit-stirring as some years ago. Railroads and steam-navigation carry people afar, to other sights less poetical; and even the enthusiasm of the galleries has been discountenanced by the authorities.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Talking of the enthusiasm of the galleries, what a sad affair that was at Oxford the other day.

DREAMY. And how sadly it has ended for the unfortunate youths concerned in it. So many years' rustication as some of them have been sentenced to, is tantamount to expulsion for life.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. And the ruin of their prospects follows as a matter of course.

WIGSBY. Very severe sentence, sir! but some salutary example was required, to put an end to such barbarities, sir.

BUFFALO. What barbarities—shouting in the galleries?

WIGSBY. Shouting, sir! howling like wild-beasts, sir! I once was present at a scene of the kind at Oxford, and I was deaf for a whole week afterwards. Atrocious, sir; painfully atrocious, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. You, too, then, were treated in the same manner as the American minister was the other day, on the occasion of taking a doctor's degree. Greatness and glory are ever pursued by envy, malice, and all uncharitableness.

WIGSBY. I never took a doctor's degree, sir; but, as to the American minister's affair, the treatment he received, sir, was a disgrace to a civilized country, sir, and doubly disgraceful to the character of our universities, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. "Γραντης ιερα τεκνα, και υιεες Οξονιοιο." You'd gag their youthful effervescence, then? Poor boys! stop their mouths, indeed! I am afraid you'd find that rather troublesome, unless you put wisps in their mouths, as they do to the calves in Ireland.

WIGSBY. Rather send the calves to grass! Rusticate them, sir.

DREAMY. Have you got children of your own?

WIGSBY. Upon my soul, not that I am aware of, sir!

BUFFALO.

> "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;"

but, be that as it may, do not include Cambridge in the general censure, for the most marked respect was evinced towards Mr. Everett the other day, in our Senate House, on the occasion of taking his honorary doctor's degree. Indeed I have heard from several Oxford men that an unpopular proctor, and not the American minister, was the object of the noisy demonstration.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. A very good way of preserving order,

in my opinion, would be to consign the galleries to the ladies on all grand public occasions. Their "bright eyes" would not alone "rain influence," but influence docorum. Besides, the arrangement would be much more comfortable for the "dear creatures," than huddled and crushed, as I have seen them, amongst the old and young of the grosser sex, in the body of the Senate House at Cambridge.

Buffalo. You are a repealer of the Union in this respect?

The Whiskey-Drinker. Decidedly so. And if general effect is a consideration in such matters, the *coup-d'œil* produced by such a galaxy of beauty beaming upon the sable dresses of the gownsmen beneath, as the stars at "noon of night" illumine the darkness of "this earth of ours," would be truly magnificent.

Dreamy. I hope that Mr. Barry intends providing for our fair friends in the new houses of parliament.

Wigsby. I hope he does not, sir! What the deuce would you have them do there, sir?

Dreamy. As our friend Patricius has aptly quoted, they would "rain influence," and prevent, by their humanizing presence, some rather disorderly scenes, which now and then occur in even the most deliberative, the best-regulated, and most gentlemanly assemblies in the world.

Wigsby. Keep Englishwomen at home, to attend to their household duties, sir. What ought they to have to say, sir, to politics, or the learning of the schools? All fudge—arrant fudge, sir. Our ancestors had no female gallery system. Knew better than that, sir—*that*, sir. *They* knew better than *that*, sir.

Buffalo. On the contrary, they seem to have been partial to it; and I remember a case in point, having exact reference to those very Cambridge Commencements.

Wigsby. Let us have the case in point, by all means, sir.

Buffalo. Dyer, in his History of the University of Cambridge, mentions the following circumstance respecting Doctor Long, the astronomer, who was master of Pembroke Hall, much more than a century ago. The reverend master was a dissentient against the university on a particular occasion of the humorous kind. The ladies of Cambridge, it seems, had been permitted, time immemorial, to sit in the gallery at the commencement. The Vice-Chancellor, however, and heads, having ordered, that the fair ones should no longer occupy that high situation, and having appointed them their places in the aisles below, a little bustle was excited among the Cambridge ladies, and a subject for a few jokes was afforded the members of the university. In the year 1714, Dr. Long delivered the Music speech at the Commencement. The gallant astronomer took for his subject the complaint of the Cambridge fair at their hard treatment. It is in verse of a most ridiculously odd kind, and the sentiments are full of drollery and quaintness. Dyer observes, that "it is pleasant to see a grave man descend from his heights."

"His humble province was to guard the fair."

The Whiskey-Drinker. Which case in point decidedly causes another "grave man to descend from his heights" this evening, or, in other words, takes him down a peg or two.

WIGSBY. But the poem, sir, — let us have the whole of the nonsense whilst you are on the subject, sir. Ahem—go on, sir!

BUFFALO. There are but a few lines extant of the production, which was written after the manner of Swift, and was, undoubtedly, a very droll thing of its kind.

"The humble petition of the ladies, who are all ready to be eaten up with the spleen,
To think they are to be locked up in the chancel, where they can neither see nor be seen;
But must sit i' th' dumps by themselves, all stewed and pent up,
And can only peep through the lattice, like so many chickens in a coop;
Whereas, last Commencement, the ladies had a gallery provided near enough
To see the Heads sleep, and the Fellow-Commoners taking snuff."

WIGSBY. What, sir! such stuff to be read within the sacred walls of the Senate House! Do you mean to say, sir,—

BUFFALO. That they were read within the still more sacred walls of St. Mary's Church.

WIGSBY. Bagatelle, sir! humbug—*excusez moi*, sir—beg par—

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. We'll excuse your bad French; but let us, by all means, hear all about Dr. Long and the ladies.

DREAMY. Dyer expresses his surprise, very naturally, how such a production could be read in such a place, and adds, moreover, (though they say good fun, like good coin, is current anywhere,) that some parts of it could hardly be admitted into his history. Here is a little more of it. This portion of the address turns whimsically on the ladies, and offers them some advice:—

"Some here, since scarlet has such charms to win ye,
For scarlet gowns have laid out many a guinea.
Though I should think you had far better wed
The young in sable, than the old in red.
There's one among our doctors may be found,
Values his face above a thousand pound;
But if you stand, he'll something bate, perhaps,
Provided that you don't insist on shapes.
Some of our dons, in hopes to make you truckle,
Have for these two months laid their wigs in buckle.
If clear-starched band, and clean gloves won't prevail,
Can the laced gown or cap of velvet fail?
What though the squire be awkward yet, and simple,
You'd better take him here than from the Temple."

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Rather offensive to the Dons, as they are called,—the *patres conscripti* of the Senate House.

BUFFALO. Nobody, it is said, was offended at the time except the Vice-Chancellor, whose anility was rather pointedly alluded to in the following couplet:—

"Such cross, ill-natured doings as these are even a saint would vex,
To see a Vice-Chancellor so barbarous to one of his own sex!"

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Gentlemen, three cheers for the ladies in the galleries! Let us drink their health and happiness all over the world, at all times, and under all circumstances, on sea or on land, by day or by night, hail, rain, or sunshine, the darlings! And Wigsby, my boy, a better way of thinking to you.

[*Drank with the usual honours.*

WIGSBY. Sir, I rise—I rise, sir,—

OMNES. Hear! hear! hear!

WIGSBY. *I* rise, sir, to return *thanks!* I never returned thanks in my life, sir! Thanks for one's self, or anybody else, are stuff and humbug, sir. I rise to correct a misconception as to my opinions, sir, with regard to, touching and respecting, and having reference, and even regard to womankind in general, sir. Gentlemen, I only object to their being blue-stockings and politicians—that's *my* opinion, sir,—ahem! I insist on it, that is my decided opinion, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. And a mighty cool opinion it is. Send him round his medicine again, or "the age of chivalry" will run away out of the country "for ever" entirely.

DREAMY. What can be more beautiful than the idea of Wisdom and Beauty combined?—an idea on which the poets of all times have loved to dwell.

BUFFALO.

When Wisdom and Beauty, rare intercourse! meet
 From heav'n we get emblems to mark our surprise;
Thus Clara is Venus, with Pallas's wit,
 And Emily Venus, with Pallas's eyes.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Bravo! bravissimo! A capital epigram! Where did you get it?

BUFFALO. It was written by a Trinity-Hall man, on two Cambridge sisters of his day, whose wit was as celebrated as their beauty.

WIGSBY. Wisdom and Beauty!—poetry and stuff, sir. Why not carry the absurd idea out, and let us have Venus and Minerva rolled into one, sir, and the helmet and spear, and the ægis, and all that sort of thing, sir?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Your health, counsellor. We have drank the ladies' health, and it is only right and decent that we should drink their champion's. Fill up, gentlemen, for our learned friend's health, and let us drink good luck to his gallantry. As he never had a fool for his client, so may he never have one for his wife. Above all, may she never wear those nether habiliments, unknown to either sex of old, and which are much more masculine than all Minerva's panoply.

[Drank with various honours, amongst which the worthy host led off with the Irish fire. This was followed by "*Touch him with a crow-bar*,"—a wild cabalistic salutation, unlike anything of the kind, from the Pyrrhic dance of old down to the reel of three; and the chief features of which were, "every gentleman his own musician," dance to your partners (your chairs), hands across, down the middle with your partners, up again with them, set and turn them, sit down upon them, and drink the punch.]

WIGSBY. Gentlemen, I am very—upon my soul, gentlemen, I am infinitely obliged to you for your compliments; and I am equally so, sir, to you, sir, for your good wishes respecting my marital destiny. I am a great admirer of music, gentlemen, a very great one indeed; and can tolerate dancing, even Irish dancing, sir, now and then; but such music and dancing as that which I have had just inflicted upon me—upon my soul—ahem—gentlemen, suppose we

try to breathe a little calmer atmosphere,—it would be a great relief to myself,—a very great favour conferred on me in particular—I mean—ahem!—a little rational fresh air, gentlemen.

OMNES. Hear! hear! hear.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Can we not have a moral discussion, to accommodate our learned friend?

BUFFALO. About monomania—

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Or manslaughter—

DREAMY. Or metaphysics—

WIGSBY. Metaphysics?—humbug, sir,—stuff, sir,—infernal—

DREAMY. Say rather celestial, divine metaphysics, the contemplation of which—

WIGSBY. Makes men mad, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Was Plato mad, or Socrates?

BUFFALO. Or Bacon, or Hobbes, or Locke?

DREAMY. Or Cant, or Carlyle?

WIGSBY. Cant and Carlyle, sir?—don't talk to me about Cant and Carlyle—they 're humbugs, sir,—

BUFFALO. And madmen, of course; but I believe it is generally acknowledged that it requires a cultivated intellect, a keen perception, great experience, and still greater patience to investigate metaphysical doctrines, and to understand them well.

WIGSBY. Yes, by Jove! sir, it requires more than all that to understand them well. Understand them, sir!—who the d—l can understand them, I should like—I should very much like to know, sir? And as to investigating them, none but a monomoniac ever takes the trouble, sir. I never knew a metaphysician that was not a melancholy monomaniac, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. The present company *accepted.*

WIGSBY. Excepted, sir, of course—ahem—excepted, sir.

BUFFALO. You would call Oxford and Macnaughten, and all that class of melancholy wandering intellects, metaphysicians.

WIGSBY. Melancholy metaphysicians!—infernal metaphysicians, sir.

DREAMY. And Socrates?

BUFFALO. And Xantippe?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. And Rebecca and her Daughters? But I see we are as likely to agree on this subject as on the rights of woman. Wigsby, my boy, suppose we try something under favour of the future occupant of the woolsack,—divine harmony, in the shape of glee, round, catch, or madrigal, provided the present company combine the necessary elements for such an effort, which in sooth, I am ashamed to say, we do not; or suppose we have a simple melody, and it 's yourself, my little counsellor, that will be after opening the ball?

WIGSBY. Very well, sir,—by all means, sir. I'll sing a song—a capital song, too, by the by—made it myself, sir. It has a sneezing chorus, in which, gentlemen, you must all join. I particularly request that you all join, gentlemen.

Humbug.

Says Cant to Carlyle, and says Carlyle to Cant,
"Let us get up a system of mystical rant,
Dark and quizzical;"
And says Carlyle to Cant, and says Cant to Carlyle,
The world will run mad in a very short while
Metaphysical (*sneezes*).

CHORUS.

Meta—(*all sneeze*)—physical!
(*ditto-bis*)—physical!
The world will run mad metaphysical. (*All sneeze violently.*)

When we leave the old ways, and strike out a vain course,
We stick to the *humbug* for better, for worse,
With tenacity:
When we want common sense, soon to jargon we fly,
Till we reach the grand height of dark sub-li-mi-ty
And Bombassity (*sneezes*).

CHORUS.

Bomb—(*all sneeze*)—assity!
(*ditto bis*)—assity!
Till we reach the grand height of Bomb-assity!
(*All sneeze very violently.*)

When of earth we are tired, and of railroads and steam,
We start in the clouds an aërial scheme
Of wing'd carriages!
Each new march of *Humbug* 's to lead us full soon
By a smoother asphaltic right up to the moon
Than Claridge's—(*sneezes*)—

CHORUS.

Than Cl—(*all sneeze*)—aridge's!
(*ditto bis*)—aridge's!
By a smoother asphaltic than Claridge's!
(*Lively and remarkable sneezing.*)

BUFFALO. A good sneeze at metaphysics; and it *rather* takes the shine out of Transcendentalism.

DREAMY. Farcing is not fact; nor can ridicule, any more than oppression, prevent the march of truth.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. But what is this new light of Transcendentalism?

BUFFALO. It is the new light of divine philosophy, which invests every act of life, even the meanest, with—

WIGSBY. Moonshine!—that 's the new light of Transcendentalism. But I have a privilege to exercise, gentlemen. Mr. Chairman, I call on you for a song, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. With all my heart; and I suppose we must postpone the discussion on the new light of the divine philosophy till—

DREAMY. Till a more sober occasion.

BUFFALO. Till the Greek kalends.

WIGSBY. Till Doomsday, or St. Tibb's Eve, sir. Song, gentlemen,—the chairman's song.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Come, Buffalo, my son, clear the cob-

webs out of your throat with another jorum, and prepare for action. Let us throw off the duett which gained us such applause at Prout's, a few evenings before the reverend Father's departure for Malta. We sing stanza for stanza, the Latin to follow the English, reversing the schoolboy order. Your insular pronunciation of the language of old Rome will accommodate the auricular prejudices of your brother Sassenachs; whilst my "*ore rotundo*" style of giving the "Irish-English row-dow-dow" cannot fail of being deemed unexceptionable, if not altogether as "well up to the mark" as Darby Kelly's drumstick!

TO ST. PATRICK.

A grand faugh-a-ballach* Irish Jovation, which was put together by one Thady Mac-Shane, Monk, who was kilt for "the ould faith," and who, after they cut and skivered him up, left his production, like a true son of Erin, to his darling country.

It was when Brian Borru drew the boys up at the Sheds of Clontarf, and just before they treated the Danes to a taste of their quality, that they gave them the following touch of the musical profession:—

Saint Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Hoolagan,
His sister was a Grady,
His mother was a Mulligan,
And his wife the Widow Brady.

CHORUS.

My blessings on St. Patrick's fist,
He was a saint so clever;
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them for ever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so is the hill of Howth, sir;
But there is one, no matter where,
That 's higher than them both, sir.
'Twas from the top of that high hill
St. Patrick preached the *sarmint*
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the *varmint!*

My blessings, &c.

AD DIVUM PATRICIUM.

Pæan militaris Hibernicorum quem Thadæus Macschanachus, Monachus et Martyr, conscripsit, moriensque patriæ dilectissimæ pio testamento legavit.

Hibernici, Briæreo Borhomba Duce, acie explicatâ manum cum hoste apud Clontarfum collaturi, populariter decantabant:—

De gente natus inclytâ
Patricius, Ierne,
Urbem donavit cathedrâ
Pyramide superne.
Pater, Laurentius Hoolagan,
Cui soror erat Græda,
Et mater Sheela Mulligan,
Viduaque conjux Bræda.

CHORUS.

Sic faustus sit Patricius!
Dextram in angues jecit,
Torsit bufones fortiter,
In sæclaque confecit!

Dant oscula sideribus
Hotha, Glucklovioque;
Assurgit collis alibi,
Præcelsior utroque.
Patricius e vertice
Dulci sermone rudes
Demersit vermes Tartaro,
Ranasque in paludes.

Sic faustus sit, &c.

---

* *Faugh-a-ballach*—clear the way—the war-cry of a celebrated Irish regiment, who, amongst many gallant exploits which it performed, has the following related of it by a full private of the corps, that "they bothered the French at Albuera with the butt-ends of their firelocks, when all the powdher and shot was *spint.*"

A hundred thousands vipers blue
He charmed with his sweet discoorses,
Then sarved them up at Killaloo
In soups and second *coorses*.
The blindworms crawling on the grass
Disgusted all the nation.
He opened their eyes and their hearts likewise,
To a sense of their situation.

My blessings, &c.

Angues blanditos vocibus
Quas edidit jucundas,
In jusculum decoquit, ut
Mensas ornent secundas.
Dolere mitte, Killalu,
Viretis inquinatis,
Qua viperis aperuit,
Ocellos occæcatis!

Sic faustus sit, &c.

In vain with pride, both far and wide,
The dirty varmint musters;
Where'er he put his dear fore-foot
He murder'd them in clusters!
The toads went pop, the frogs went slop,
Slap-dash into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide,
To save themselves from slaughter.

My blessings, &c.

Quacunque in Apostolum
Catervas explicaret
Calcatur Pestis, ungulâ
Dilectâ, ubi staret!
Heus Bufo! Heus Ranuncule!
Dum licet denatato!
Quo caudam serves, Coluber,
Te ipsum jugulato!

Sic faustus sit, &c.

No wonder that the Irish boys
Are always brave and frisky,
For Father Pat he taught them, sure,
The way of making whiskey.
No wonder that the saint himself
Was handy at distilling,
For his mother kept a *shebeen-shop*
In the town of Enniskillen.

My blessings, &c.

Ut fortis sis, Hibernice,
Ut semper sis in flore,
Patriciorum Pater te
Conspersit VITÆ RORE:—
Expressit Hordearium
Manu, Beatus, bonâ,
Vendiditque pia genetrix
Cyathatim in cauponâ.

Sic faustus sit, &c.

OMNES. Encore! encore! encore!

[The last stanza having been, according to stage-fashion, repeated, the liveliest applause followed.]

WIGSBY. Capital, sir! Does you credit, gentlemen! "Arcades ambo!" Yes, sir, ambo,—upon my soul, ambo!

DREAMY. And, in truth we might add,

"Et cantare pares et respondere parati."

WIGSBY. *Cant*are, sir. For Heaven's sake, don't let us hear about *Cant*.

OMNES. Oh! oh! oh! vile pun! shame! shame!

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. It is the rule of this little *sanctum sanctorum* dedicated to "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," that any man who perpetrates a bad pun be compelled to swallow a tumbler of salt-and-water for the first offence; for the second, to "bolt" the longest candle on the table, without mustard or salt, or a yard of polony, if his conscience be too tender; and, for the third, to take off his head, and "shy" stones at it.

WIGSBY. Very good, sir; sanguinary, that third portion of your act (got it from the Irish Parliament, I suppose). Lycurgus, or Draco, never conceived anything half so dreadful, sir; or, ahem! half so practicable. You Irish are a great people, sir; a very great——

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Take care, we are eight millions.

[*Hear, hear, and laughter.*

WIGSBY. Thadæus Mac-Shanachus was one of the millions, I suppose, sir?

DREAMY. A *Proutism*, perhaps; or, it may be that Prout wrote those identical Latin verses.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Not a line of them. They are from an unpublished MS., to be entitled, when published, "The Green Book of Glendalough;" which, when it comes before the world under my auspices, will throw some additional light, I flatter myself, on the antiquities of Ireland. Amongst the manuscripts which I have collected together near the "gloomy shore" of that lake in Wicklow, which Moore, says,

"Sky-lark never warbled o'er,"

are not a few in pot-hook and hanger old Irish characters, by different members of a society in the old time in Ireland, called "The Monks of the Screw," whose learning and good-living were at once the theme of universal veneration. Poor Thadæus, it appears, drank a bitter draught, at last, from the honoured cup of martyrdom.

DREAMY. At whose hands—the Danes?

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER.—No; the Presbyterians.

WIGSBY. Presbyterians, sir; the battle of Clontarf was fought hundreds of years before John Knox was ever thought of, sir. Gross anachronism; humbug, sir.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Never mind; we are not particular as to a year or two in our Irish histories. There is a story told of the monk Thadæus Mac-Shanachus, that, whilst he sojourned at a little monastery belonging to a branch of his order, situated near Kilderry, on the banks of Lough Foyle, in the north of Ireland, he was engaged to do duty for a few days for Father Mulcahy, the parish priest, who went a good many miles off, to marry his sister.

WIGSBY. Marry his sister, sir!

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. To marry her to a farmer's son. The reverend pastor left Thady in charge of his flock, with a particular injunction to look after a few of the boys that were partially inclined to "picking and stealing," and a few more of them, that were suspected of felonious depredations on the tender sex, more seriously prohibited by the canon law, and the laws of the country. One of the latter species of sinners, a village Lothario, of no mean notoriety, came to kneel under our vicar-general, and crave absolution. He was a broad-shouldered, curly-headed, sandy-whiskered, rollicking *roué*, of the lower orders, "with," as the Irish manuscript has it, "a tongue that would blarney Diana herself, or bother Minerva and the Nine Muses; and an eloquent blue eye, that would coax the green linnets off the bushes." Like most sinners on a grand scale, he dwelt upon trifles at first, leaving his great crimes for the wind up; and, after a good deal of beating about the bush, Mr. Darby Delany, for that was the name of the penitent swain, came to his "thumper" at last. I cannot do better than give you the dialogue which took place on this point of conscience, from the MS.

[THE WHISKEY-DRINKER *reads.*]

"DARBY. I 'm a wonderful villain, yer reverence, if you knew but all, sir.

"FATHER THADY. How do I know whether you are, or no, you spalpeen, till you tell me all about it?

"DARBY. Ah! your reverence, I 'm a'most afraid to tell you: Judas, or Oliver Cromwell, was a saint to me.

"FATHER THADY. Did you murder anybody?

"DARBY. No, your reverence.

"FATHER THADY. Not even fired at a tithe-proctor?

"DARBY. No, your reverence, the Lord forgive me!

"FATHER THADY. Do you pay the priest your dues?

"DARBY. 'Troth, all the Delanys were always a daycent warrant at that same, as far as the hard times and the harashing landlords wou'd let us, bad luck to them, playse your reverence.

"FATHER THADY. Ah, then, what on earth are you bogling about? Why don't you clear your conscience at once, and not be making a fool of me?

"DARBY. Long life to your reverence, sir; it 's yourself that 's right. The best way to scour the kettle* is to do it out of the face.† You know Mrs. Mac-Lenaghan, the farmer's wife.

"FATHER THADY. Yes, ye villain, I do.

"DARBY. Ah, it 's yourself, your reverence, that may call me a double-dyed, tundhering, tear-a-way villian of the world, if you like, sir.

"FATHER THADY. What did you do to the poor daycent woman?

"DARBY. You may well ax what did I do; and I wondher you don't inquire what it was I didn't do to her, your reverence's glory.

"FATHER THADY. Look me straight in the face, and don't hang down your head like a Connaughtman; and, before you begin, I 'll just put a chalk down on the elbow of my coat, to help my memory when I give you the penance.

"DARBY. Put half-a-dozen when you 're about it, your reverence, for I 'll make every hair of your reverence's head stand stiff enough to pick your teeth with.

"FATHER THADY. Go on, you scoundrel!

"DARBY. It 's about twelve months agone since I danced with Mrs. Mac-Lenaghan, at the Cross Roads, of a Sunday evening, when Paddy the Piper was playing 'Tare the leather,' and rousing his chanther for the *devarsion* of the company; and whether it was the beautiful music, or the dew of the evening, or the *hate* of my blood that came over me, but while I was setting to her, and she was setting to me—

"FATHER THADY (*in a low voice*). Oh! the ould baggage!

"DARBY. I put out my hand to turn her, and I gave her a nod, and then a wink, and then I squeezed her hand, your reverence.

"FATHER THADY. A nod and a wink was enough for a blind horse, you baste, let alone a woman; and, not satisfied with that, you must squeeze her hand into the bargain. Where do you expect to go when you die, and—where 's my chalk? Did you steal the chalk? Give me it here, and — let me see — a nod, one —(*chalks the elbow of his coat*)—a wink, two—two chalks—a squeeze of the hand, three—three

* *Scour the kettle*,—conventional Irish phrase, used in democratic society, meaning to clear the conscience by going to confession.

† *Out of the face*,—at once, and don't be long about it.

chalks! Why, that's the only mortal sin you told me since you opened your ugly mouth worth a *trawnyeen.** Go on with your cross-examination.

DARBY. We danced together another time, your reverence, and I gave her two nods, and two winks, and two squeezes of the hand.

"FATHER THADY. Phililu! wirasthru! you did, you murderer! did you? I'll teach you how to cut such capers in a Christian country again. Chalk—chalk—chalk—one, two, three—let me see—how many?—why, that's six, and the one I began with for luck. Had you anything else to say to the lady?

"DARBY. I—I—I *bruk*† the commandment!!

"FATHER THADY. What! you Sabbath-breaker, you had *crim-con, nem-con, agus*‡ *a-con, agus a Con-stan-ti-no-ple!* you—you—oh you—you did—you—you did—did you?—oh! murdher! murdher! what 'll I do to you, at all at all?

"DARBY. Troth! do as you like, your reverence. Send me to riddle paving-stones through a sieve, or to make thumb-ropes of sand,—send me on a pilgrimage to Lough Dhergh, to walk on my head round the wather for a month of Sundays, wid *banes*§ in my brogues, and *pays*|| in my sthockings, or to walk on my elbows, wid my heels dancing in the air, and my thumbs stuck under my *oxthers.*¶

"FATHER THADY. We must put a white sheet about you, and shave your head, and blacken your face, and stick a candle in your fist, you murdering reprobate, and turn you out of the country entirely. Why didn't you get out of her way, and not seek temptation?

"DARBY. Ah! you may well say timptation: she'd ruin St. Kavin himself. Oh, wirasthrew! but it was herself that seduced me from the high road of innocence to the path of destruction.

"FATHER THADY. Why didn't you run for your life?—why didn't you get out of her way, I say?

"DARBY. Is it get out of her way you, say? Arah, if she was to get into your own way, your reverence, how could you get out of it?**

"FATHER THADY. What a poor, ugly ould woman!

"DARBY. Who, your reverence? Troth, your pipe's just out, and it's raving you are, sir.

"FATHER THADY. Why, Molly Mac-Lenaghan of the glyn; ould

* *Trawnyeen*,—a dry weed that grows among corn.

† *Bruk*,—broke.

‡ *Agus*—and. The word Constantinople is a great pozer for the head spelling-class in an Irish hedge-school, and ranks with such jaw-breakers as "transubstantiation," "anti-trinitarian," &c. The longer a word is, the more grandly it sounds in the estimation of the preceptor and his pupils; and as the speller proceeds, he joins each syllable with the Gælic copulative, thus:—C, o, n, Con—*agus* a Con; s, t, a, n, stan—*agus* a stan, *agus* a Constan; t, i, ti—*agus* a ti, *agus* a stanti, *agus* a Constanti; n, o, no—*agus* a no, *agus* a tino, *agus* a stantino, *agus* a Constantino; p, l, e, ple—*agus* a ple, *agus* a nople, *agus* a tinople, *agus* a stantinople, *agus* a Constantinople. "Where is it, or what is it, masther?" inquired one of Paddy Byrne's college, on one occasion, after the word had been spelt, to the satisfaction of the audience.—"What's that to you, you young vagabond?" said Mr. Byrne; "and it's the rights of private judgment the likes of you is beginning to think of? Get up on Tim Kavanagh's back, till I give you a geographical *trayte*, and make you feel where Constantinople is."

§ *Banes*, *Anglicè* beans. || *Pays*, peas. ¶ *Oxthers*, armpits.

** *Vide* Charles Surface's opinion on this subject, given to his brother Joseph.

and ugly, I repeat it, although a good sowl, and the wife of that worthy parishioner, ould Mike Mac-Lenaghan, that 's making his own sowl too hard and fast, and fasting and praying, and moaning and groaning, like an ancient Roman of the desert.

"DARBY. Your reverence is all in the dark. It 's Nancy Mac, as the people call her, the wife of the Mac-Lenaghan that lives on the other side of the Loch. The neighbours call her his wife by coortesy, for the cerymony was *pre*formed by jumping over a broomstick; and I 'd as lieve be married by Shawn the tinker, or Bryan O'Lynn, as that-a-way, your reverence. But the man that owns her goes to church, the Lord forgive him; and he 's always calling the mass idolatrous: and when he 's drunk, which is not very seldom, he cries out,

"Eternal doom
To the Church of Roome!"

"FATHER THADY. Does he? He calls the mass idolatrous, and cries out,

"Eternal doom
To the Church of Roome!"

Oh, the heretic!—the spalpeen! That 's the fellow, is it? And it was his *colleen* that you coveted? — to be sure it was! Ah, then, haven't I enough to do to look after my own sheep, without keeping the wolf from other people's? And — and — he said the mass was —and doomed the Church to the—phew! phew! Let me see how many chalks I had against you, poor boy:—one, two, three, four, five, six! — oh, you wild gossoon!* — half a dozen, I believe, and a few more. You 're a jewel of a blag-guard, Mister Delany! But, the dirty Prosbytayrian!†—the mass idolatrous, indeed!—and the poor, dear Church!—oh dear! oh dear!—*Absolvo te ab omnibus iniquitatibus tuis, Darbi Delaniensis, peccatorum sceleratorum sceleratissime, amatorum vagabundorum facile princeps—vade in pace!* Heaven turn you from your evil ways, Darby—be off! — The mass idolatrous!—and he 'd murder the Church! I 'll settle him here and hereafter; and may-be I won't dance among the daisies over his grave, and sing on the top of him:—

Mac Lenaghan,
You unfortunate man!
Why didn't you die a Trinitarian?
Perpetual bloom
To the Church of Roome,
And Eternal Doom to the Prosbytayrians!"

WIGSBY. Thadæus would soon settle the Church of Scotland question, sir! and the Dissenters' Marriage Act, sir.

DREAMY. But his martyrdom—what of that? I suppose he fell a victim to theological rage for allowing his own "*odium theologicum*" to surpass his better notions of morality.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. I 'll tell you all about that some other evening; but, as to Thady's notions of morality on the matter, I dare say, if you examine all the circumstances clearly, you will find that he too had peculiar notions, although neither liberal nor correct ones,

* *Gossoon, garçon*, boy. † *Prosbytayrian*, Presbyterian.

about marriage-ceremonies performed by those whom he would call "out of orders," or not ordained; and whom Darby would call disorderly characthurs.

DREAMY. According to the opinion of the Judges, and until a new marriage-act for Dissenters be brought in, I, who am the son of Quaker parents, can dispute my mother's settlement.

WIGSBY. And your mother can turn round, sir,—can turn round on *you*, sir, and tell you that you are *nullius filius*,—that you are nobody's son,—and therefore that *you* are *nobody* yourself, sir!

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Talking of law and the judges, was there not a rather odd affair between the Master of your College, my Buffalo, and one of their lordships the other day?

BUFFALO. At the assizes just past, Lord —— wished to enter the College by the back-gate, as it was nearer to the new courts, which, you are aware, are on the Huntingdon road, and convenient to the backs of the colleges.

THE WHISKEY-DRINKER. Rather *plucky* to stop the free way of one of her Majesty's judges.

WIGSBY. Plucky, sir! It was not *the thing*, sir! It was *not to be done*, I should hope, sir.

BUFFALO. Why, no; as the sequel will prove. The master forgot that there was a certain clause in Henry the Eighth's Charter, granted to the college, which constituted the lodge the judges' hotel, quarters, or lodgings, during the assizes held in the town. The affair, however, is much better told in a ballad which a certain wag of Trinity wrote concerning it.

[*Reads the following very curious production.*

A delectable Ballad of the Judge and the Master.

The stout Master of Trinitie
  A vow to God did make,
Ne Judge, ne Sheriff through his back-door
  Their way from court should take.

And syne he hath closed his big, big book,
  And syne laid down his pen,
And dour and grimly was his look,
  As he call'd his serving men:—

"Come hither, come hither, my porter, Watts!
  Come hither, Moonshine, to me!
If he be Judge in the Justice Hall,
  I'll be Judge in Trinitie.

"And Sheriff Green is a lordly man
  In his coat of the velvet fine;
But he'll rue the day that he took his way
  Through back-gate of mine!

"Now bolt and bar, my flunkies true,
  Good need is ours, I ween;
By the trumpet so clear, the Judge is near,
  And eke bold Sheriff Green."

Oh, a proud, proud man was the Master to see,
  With his serving men behind,
As he strode down the stair, with his nose in the air,
  Like a pig that smells the wind.

And they have barr'd the bigger gate,
  And they have barr'd the small,
And soon they espy the Sheriff's coach,
  And the Sheriff so comely and tall.

And the Sheriff straight hath knock'd at the gate,
  And tirled at the pin:
"Now open, open, thou proud porter,
  And let my Lord Judge in!"

"Nay, Sheriff Green," quoth the proud porter,
  "For this thing may not be;
The Judge is lord in the Justice Hall,
  But the Master in Trinitie."

Then the Master smiled on Porter Watts,
  And gave him a silver joe;
And, as he came there with his nose in the air,
  So back to the lodge did go.

Then outspoke the grave Lord Justice,—"Ho!
  Sheriff Green, what aileth thee?
Bid the trumpets blow, that the folk may know,
  And the gate be opened free."

But a troubled man was the Sheriff Green,
  And he sweated as he did stand;
And in silken stock each knee did knock,
  And the white wand shook in his hand.

Then black grew the brow of the Judge, I trow,
  And his voice was stern to hear,
As he almost swore at Sheriff Green,
  Who rung his hands in fear.

"Now, out and alas, my Lord High Judge,
  That I this day should see!
When I did knock from behind the lock,
  The porter thus answered me,
That thou wert Lord in the Justice Hall,
  But the Master in Trinitie.

And the Master hath bid them bar the gate
  'Gainst Kaisar or 'gainst King."
"Now, by my wig!" quoth the Judge in wrath,
  "Such answer *is not the thing*.

"Break down the gate, and tell the knave
  That would stop my way so free,
That the wood of his skull is as thick to the full,
  As the wood of the gate may be!"

That voice so clear when the porter did hear,
  He trembled exceedingly;
Then soon and straight he flung open the gate,
  And the Judge and his train rode by.

OMNES. Bravo! bravo!

BUFFALO. A *stumper* for the poor Master, I think; but we are getting considerably into the small hours, Patricius, my boy; let us have a glorious wind-up to the pleasures of the evening in one more of your excellent songs!

[Hear, hear, and cheers; after which the Whiskey-Drinker turned round to the instrument, and, having rattled the ivories to the air of "Nora Creina," accompanied himself, after his own untutored fashion, to the following words:]

THE CHRISTENING OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ALICE MAUDE.

Refrain.

Molly, my dear, did you ever hear
  The likes of me from Cork to Dover?
The girls all love me far and near,
  They 're mad in love with "Pat the Rover."

Molly Machree, you didn't see
  THE PRINCESS AILLEEN'S royal christening;
You 'll hear it every word from me,
  If you 'll be only after listening.
To see the mighty grand affair
  The *Quality* got invitations;
And wasn't I myself just there,
With half-a-dozen blood relations?
          Molly, my dear, &c.

What lots of Ladies curtsied in,
  And Peers all powdhered free an aisy!
Miss Biddy Maginn, and Bryan O'Lynn,
  Katty Neil, and bould Corporal Casey.
Lord Clarendine, and Lord Glandine,
  Each buckled to a Maid of Honour,
The Queen of Spain, and Lord Castlemaine;
  The Queen of France, and King O'Connor,
          Molly, my dear, &c.

There was no lack, you may be sure,
  Of writers, and of rhetoricians,
Of Whigs and Tories, rich and poor,
  Priests, patriots, and politicians.
The next came in was Father Prout,
  With a fine ould dame from the Tunbridge waters,
And Dan O'Connell, bould and stout,
  Led in Rebecca and her Daughters.
          Molly, my dear, &c.

Some came in pairs, some came in chairs,
  From foreign parts, and parts adjacent!
"Ochone! I'm alone!" says the Widow Malone,
  "Is there nobody here to do the daycent?"
There was Peggy O'Hara, from Cunnemara,
  And who her beau was I couldn't tell, sir;
But the Duke of Buccleuch danced with Molly Carew,
  And Paddy from Cork with Fanny Ellsler!
          Molly, my dear, &c.

We every one sat down to tay:
  The toast and muffins flew like winking;
Before or since that blessed day
  I never saw such eating and drinking.

We had pigeon-pies, and puddings likewise;
We walk'd into the pastries after;
We'd D'Arcy's whiskey, and Guinness's stout,
Impayrial pop, and soda-water!
Molly, my dear, &c.

And when there was no more to sup,
The Prince cried, "Piper, rouse your chanter!"
The band of blind fiddlers then struck up,
And scraped "God save the Queen" *instanter*.
Her Majesty she danced, d' ye see,
An Irish hornpipe with Sir Bobby;
We piled the chairs upon the stairs,
And pitch'd the tables on the lobby.
Molly, my dear, &c.

The clargy then at last came in—
Says he, "Ladies and gentlemen, will ye 's all be sayted?"
"Faith," says I, "I wish you 'd soon begin;
I long to see the job complayted."
And soon it was. The young Princess
Was stood for by my gossip's daughter;
And didn't Father Mathew bless,
And sprinkle her with holy water?
Molly, my dear, &c.

[*Exeunt omnes*, after the *Duch an Dharris*, or stirrup-cup, — the Dreamer in a gentle chuckle, Buffalo in a roar, Wigsby with violent pains in his sides, and the Whiskey-Drinker to his solitary couch.]

THE SOUTH WIND.

Stern Winter's locks were hoar,
And his icy chains were strong;
His fetters hung on every shore;
His reign was drear and long.

He carried frost and snow
To lands where the vine grows free;
He dared to show his rugged brow,
Where ne'er before was he.

The soft, sweet, south-wind blew,
And stern Winter's end was nigh;
Vainly he roused his Borean crew,
The churl was doom'd to die.

He bluster'd long and loud,
But a primrose braved his power;
He quaked upon his snowy cloud,
And sank at noontide hour.

Joy to the sweet south gale!
Oh! it warms the heart like love;
Flowers mark its pathway through the vale,
And music 'midst the grove.

W. Law Gane.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

The new Drury Lane theatre opened, October 10, 1812, under a sub-committee of management, with an address written by Lord Byron, nearly the worst production of his pen, the committee having previously, in order to encourage poetical talent, advertised, like contractors, for an address, offering a premium for the best. It appears that all were bad, though one of them was sent (anonymously) by Mr. Whitbread, who was seized with the vain ambition of aspiring to poetical honours. The competitors were very wroth; and one of them insisted on reading his address from the boxes. This ludicrous commencement gave rise to the celebrated parody of "The Rejected Addresses."

Previous to joining the Drury Lane company, Munden invited some of his future associates to dine with him at his residence at Kentish Town. His guests were Mr. Dowton, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Lovegrove, and Mr. Knight. Before the ladies quitted the table, the host whispered to Bannister, "Jack, I wish you would play off some of your tricks to please the women." Mr. Bannister, with great good humour, complied. He imitated animate and inanimate objects; amongst the rest, water falling from a height in various gradations, until it fell "like a pebble in Carisbrook well." He then took higher ground. He supposed a father on his death-bed, about to alter his will to disinherit a disobedient son. He wrapped a napkin round his head, and underneath his chin; assumed the ghastly stare, the glazed eye, the pallid countenance, and the clammy lips of fast-approaching dissolution. Those who recollect Mrs. Siddons in the last scene of "Queen Catherine," hardly beheld a truer delineation. The dying man is raised on his supposititious bed, grasps the pen with forced determination, signs the will, and falls lifeless on his pillow. The company broke into a burst of admiration; but on one present it had a serious effect. Mr. Lovegrove had been married to Miss Weippert, daughter of the celebrated harp-player. A short time previous to this meeting, Mrs. Lovegrove died of the effects of a cold, brought on by the prevailing fashion of their clothing. Mr. Lovegrove, who was tenderly attached to his wife, was so affected by the truth of Bannister's personification, which brought to his recollection his recent bereavement, that he fainted, and the imitations were brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Munden's first appearance on the boards of Drury is thus recorded in a contemporary journal: — "This theatre has insured to itself a powerful attraction in recalling to the stage the rich and well-defined humour of Munden. He was received last night with that distinguished applause which a man so deservedly a favourite might reasonably expect from a public, seldom capricious in its amusements; and he played his old part of Sir Abel Handy with undiminished effect."

Munden's favourite plays were got up in succession. October 6th, "A cure for a Heart-Ache." 19th, "Way to get married." 21st, "School for Authors." 25th, "Bold Stroke for a Wife,"—Bannister, Colonel Feignwell; Munden, Perriwinkle. 28th, "Duenna,"—Isaac, Dowton; Don Jerome, Munden: and "The Citizen,"—Old Philpot, Munden; Young Philpot, Bannister. 30th, a new comedy, by Mr. Horace Smith, entitled "First Impressions," in which Munden played Sir Thomas Trapwell. This piece had not a long run; but the Morning Post says,—"Munden, Elliston, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Edwin, were unusually successful." November 5, "Modern Antiques,"—Cockletop, Munden; Joey, Knight. 10th, "Turnpike Gate." 15th, "Two Strings to your Bow." 22nd, a new musical farce by T. Dibdin, called "Is he alive;" principal characters by Munden, Knight, and Wrench.

In this month Mr. Conway (it was, we believe, an adopted name,) appeared at Covent Garden as Alexander the Great. The selection of the part was a judicious one; and, if ever man possessed the requisites of form and face to fill it, Conway did. He had long enjoyed a great provincial reputation. Mr. Austen, who saw him play at Chester, said it was the best first appearance he had ever seen in his life. But, with a stature beyond the ordinary height, fine form, expressive features, and a voice powerful and not unpleasing, Conway marred all by affectation. He trode the stage as if he were walking on stilts, and raised and lowered his voice in an abrupt and disagreeable manner. When he entered on the scene in triumph, as Alexander, the *coup d'œil* was magnificent. "Pity," said somebody, "that the thing was made to speak." He played some parts, however,—Jaffier, especially, far above the ordinary level: but the town took a dislike to him; the newspapers were severe; he had only the ladies in his favour. Conway at last lost his engagement at Covent Garden; and, as he was too tall to play second to the new prodigy at Drury Lane, necessity drove him to accept the humble situation of prompter at the Haymarket. True it was that Pope, who had played Othello and Lord Townley against John Kemble and Dibdin, who had been a manager, did the same. Poor Conway! he attributed all his failure to the critics.

"I know," said he, "I am not a great actor; but I cannot be so bad as they represent."

Disappointment preyed upon his spirits; and his mind took a serious turn. He embarked for America; but, during the voyage, in a momentary aberration of reason, leaped overboard, and was drowned. Another account, we hope the true one, says he played in America, and died there.

A spectator, at this time, marvelling at the constant failure of every fresh attempt to possess the tragic chair, might well have said,

"Lo! the dull 'stars' roll round and re-appear."

But two great luminaries were on the verge of the dramatic horizon. The first that burst upon the public sight was Edmund Kean! Mr. Kean (announced in the bills, from the Exeter theatre,) made his appearance at Drury Lane, as Shylock, January 26th, 1814. He was

very favourably received by the public; but the critics seemed to pause before they ventured upon a decided opinion on his acting. The Morning Post spoke of him handsomely, but not enthusiastically. The writer in the Times candidly avowed that the many previous unsuccessful first appearances had rendered them at first sceptical as to the success of the new actor. It was not until he played Richard that the general voice pronounced him a phenomenon.

February 1, Mr. Kean repeated the character of Shylock. On this night the writer sate in the dress-circle, near the stage, next to the late Mr. Perry, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, and an excellent judge of dramatic performances. Mr. Perry quickly discerned Kean's original talent, applauded vehemently, and penned himself some strong articles in his favour. Munden, when his son reached Kentish Town after the performance, inquired what he thought of the new actor (he had not himself seen him), and heard, with a smile, that Mr. Kean would be the founder of a new school of tragic acting.

"When you have seen as many stars rise and set as I have," said the practised comedian, "you will not so hastily pronounce an opinion."

Nothing convinced, with the obstinacy of youth, the son worshipped at the new shrine. On another night of Kean's performance, he was in the manager's (Raymond) box, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Kelly, and Mrs. Billington. After the play Pope retired, but returned in a few minutes with a slight young man, attired in a great coat, lined and cuffed with fur. He stepped carelessly into the box, and Pope introduced him to Mrs. Billington as — Mr. Kean. Mrs. Billington paid him many compliments "in good set phrase," and the youth at the back of the box strained his eyes to observe the object of his idolatry. Mr. Kean's admirer attended at the pit-door from half-past four o'clock to six, wedged in by the multitude that filled Vinegar Yard on every fresh performance, and almost suffocated by heat. With the preconceived notion that Mr. Kean's figure was unsuited for Othello, he stayed away from the theatre the first night that Kean performed the character, forgetting that

> "Before true merit all objections fly;
> Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high."

But he attended the performance of Iago, and was equally occupied in observing the "smiling devil" in Kean's eye, and in watching the observant, and ever-changing countenance of the author of Childe Harold, who sat in the orchestra before him. All criticism on Kean's performances is superfluous here, as the reader will find them ably described in the pages of his accomplished biographer, Barry Cornwall. Munden at a subsequent period paid a willing tribute to Kean's extraordinary excellence.

Happy was it for the proprietors of Drury Lane that this godsend fell in their way; for, notwithstanding the abundance of comic talent which Drury Lane possessed, the season had hitherto been an unprofitable one, as Mr. Whitbread stated at their next annual meeting, remarking, "It is to him," Mr. Kean "that, after

one hundred and thirty-nine nights of continued loss and disappointment, the subscribers are indebted for the success of the season."

The surprising success of Mr. Kean rendered the green-room of Drury Lane a fashionable place of resort. Among the frequent visiters were the Earl of Essex, Lord Byron, Lord Holland, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, the Hon. George Lambe, Mr. Peter Moore, Mr. Calcraft, Monk Lewis, &c. The room was usually thronged; and the spectacle was rendered more attractive by the performers in character, who, as they descended from their dressing-rooms, advanced towards the long pier-glass at the end, examining the effect of their costume, making a grotesque or frowning face, and muttering some particular phrase in which they judged a point could be made.

During the performance Lord Byron sat in his box, the lower one on the stage at the right hand, and, raising the blind, drank his madeira, and cracked his walnuts. He interfered little with the concerns of the theatre, leaving the management to Mr. Lambe, Mr. Kinnaird, and Mr. Peter Moore, who were very active, and did as much harm as amateur managers generally do. Mr. Kinnaird introduced upon the stage, as a singer, a lady who resided under his protection, and who had been known in *another* part of the theatre, where she was termed, from her waddling gait, the duck. Tom Dibdin, then stage-manager, perpetrated a pun upon this in the inquiry, "What is a duck?—Un Canard!" It should be observed, that Mr. Kean was not fond of mixing in this noble assemblage. He disliked their criticisms, and still more their flattery; and, after playing a new part, when he dreaded the infliction of both, he would wrap his great coat around him, and rapidly make his escape from the house, leaving them, disappointed of his presence, to listen to their congratulations.

The three *active* members of the committee duly attended at the rehearsals. Mr. George Lambe, a polite gentleman, arranged with the sub-managers the general business of the theatre. Mr. Kinnaird ransacked the works of the old dramatists for revivals; and Mr. Peter Moore amused himself with tyrannising over the underlings. His name provoked a pun. One individual, who had probably suffered under his lash, alluding to the arbitrary disposition of the great czar, wished he "could give to St. Petersburgh one Peter *More*:" and Peter Finnerty, the well-known reporter to the Morning Chronicle, upon some capricious suspension of the free list, extemporized the following epigram:—

'What,' said Dick, with some surprise,
'Have they sent Peter from the door?
From Drury's scenes, if they were wise,
They'd send one Peter *More*!'

Peter Moore, who had shewn much subserviency to Mr. Sheridan's interests, in getting the bill for rebuilding Drury Lane passed through the House of Commons, resolved to *attach* himself to him in death, and raised a monument which might serve for both of them, the inscription running something in this way.

"TO THE MEMORY
OF
THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED
BY
HIS ATTACHED FRIEND,
PETER MOORE."

Our actor was on very good terms with the sub-committee, particularly with Lord Byron, Mr. Lambe, and Mr. Calcraft. One day, meeting the latter gentleman in the Strand, they stopped to converse upon the affairs of the theatre, and, to avoid the crowd, turned down Adam Street to the Adelphi Terrace. A door was opened, and an old lady came out. Mr. Calcraft, as she approached, inquired of Munden,

"Do you know who that is?"

Munden replied in the negative; and the member of Parliament, taking off his hat, said,

"Mrs. Garrick, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Munden."

Mrs. Garrick, with great animation, held out both her hands, and grasping the actor's, said,

"I am most happy at this introduction. I have seen you often in another place, and wished to be known to you."

Though very aged, she was lively and active, and prided herself on her finely turned ankle, which had been so much admired when she was Mademoiselle Violette.

Munden took for his benefit "The School for Wives," and "The Farmer." He did not latterly play Jemmy Jumps, in which he had acquired so much reputation, as his figure had become unsuitable for the part. Mr. Kean had for his benefit "Riches" (Sir James Bland Burgess's alteration from Massinger), and performed Luke in a very different style from Raymond, who, though a sensible and well-informed man, was a moderate actor. With other benefits, in which our comedian played Tipple ("Flitch of Bacon,") Nipperkin, and Brummagem, the Drury Lane season was brought to a close.

We have recently recorded the departure of the Tragic Muse, and have now to relate the disappearance of the muse of Comedy. Mrs. Jordan did not play on any stage after the termination of the Covent Garden season, 1813-14. She had become so involved as to render it necessary to retire to the Continent. Although in the receipt for years of a large income, she had a numerous family to provide for, and was a most kind mother. Her real name was Bland, and she had never been married. Her embarrassments at this juncture were occasioned by becoming security for a person who espoused one of the daughters she had borne previous to her connection with the Duke of Clarence. She resided, under an assumed name, at St. Cloud, near Paris, where she died, July 3rd, 1816: her death was attended by some distressing circumstances. With all Mrs. Jordan's faults, she was a warm-hearted, charitable woman. As an actress, she had no equal since the time of Mrs. Clive, in her particular line; but she was fond of stepping out of her line; and then she was not great. She played the Country Girl when an old

woman; and such was the fascination of her manner that the spectators were content to believe that she was what she represented. She was not handsome (her picture by Romney is a flattering resemblance), but her speaking voice was one of the most melodious ever heard; and she sang pleasingly.

The next season at Drury Lane commenced on the 20th September (1814), with "The Rivals." October 1, "The School for Scandal;" Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Wroughton; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Dowton. The latter was a very fine performance. Mr. Wroughton had been a contemporary of Garrick, and had played with the older actors with credit and success. Although he possessed few natural advantages, he had great judgment, and was a sound, sensible actor; but, as he could scarcely be called a comedian, the part of Sir Peter would necessarily have fallen to Munden, had not Mr. Wroughton played it at Drury Lane for many years, and remained therefore in possession. This gentleman's powers were at the present period on the wane, and he ceased to act after the close of the season.

25th. Miss Walstein, from Dublin, appeared as Calista in "The Fair Penitent." Miss Walstein had long filled the principal characters in tragedy at the Dublin Theatre, where she was a great favourite, until, happening to be seized with sudden indisposition, Miss O'Neil played her part, and displayed such talent that she took a firm hold of the Dublin audience. Munden had played Sir Peter Teazle to Miss O'Neil's Lady Teazle in Ireland, and spoke everywhere of her acting in strong terms of praise; but the amateur management engaged Miss Walstein, leaving Miss O'Neil a prize to the rival house. Miss Walstein played Letitia Hardy, Lady Teazle, Lady Restless, ("All in the Wrong"—Wroughton played Sir John Restless very well,) Rosalind, and Lady Townley; but she was not successful in London, and the committee did not re-engage her. On the contrary, Miss O'Neil, so lately her inferior in rank as an actress, on the other side of the Irish Channel, took possession at once of the chair left vacant by Mrs. Siddons, and divided the town with the other great luminary, Kean.

It should seem as if Fortune, to compensate for a long dearth of excellence in tragedy, had formed at once two new moulds, of Garrick and Siddons. Miss O'Neil, though not Mrs. Siddons's equal, was the nearest approach to her we have seen. In Mrs. Haller she was, perhaps, superior; for, whilst she possessed the highest qualities of acting, her youth and figure corresponded more with the conception of the part. Her description of watching the sports of the children was delivered in the tones of tenderness and truth.

October 17th, Munden played Captain Bertram to Bannister's Jack Junk. February 1st, "Town and Country" was performed at Drury Lane. Reuben Glenroy, Kean; Plastic, Wallack; Trot, Munden; Cosey, Dowton; Captain Glenroy, Rae; Hawbuck, Knight; Honourable Mrs. Glenroy, Mrs. Glover; Rosalie Somers, Mrs. Horn. It is impossible to imagine a play better acted. Kean was powerfully effective in Reuben Glenroy. The noble critics in the green-room were prepared to find fault with his dress, a suit of black, with Hessian boots; but he slipped by the door of the green-

room, and did not wait to hear their opinions. Plastic was played with great spirit and judgment by Wallack. Mrs. Glover was, as she always is, animated and correct in Mrs. Glenroy; and Mrs. Horn looked a very interesting and lovely Rosalie Somers, and spoke the dialogue in a style of great simplicity. The town and country friends, Cosey and Trot, did all that the author would let them do. Hawbuck was written for Emery, and, as the name implies, intended for a heavy, stupid-looking, ungainly lad, with his head so crammed with Greek and Latin as to be fit for nothing. Knight's lively and bustling action was hardly what the author meant; but he made amends by his irresistible drollery, particularly in the scene where he drops the tray. Dowton was very great in that part of Cosey where Rosalie's absence is discovered; and the whole grouping of the scene, with the serious attitude of the actors, formed a fine picture.

16th, Munden played the third Witch in "Macbeth;" and March 11th, Dozey, in a new farce by T. Dibdin, called "Past Ten o'Clock, and a Rainy Night." As this was the last original part on which he conferred celebrity by his acting,—for there was little in the part itself, which, in the hands of an ordinary actor, would have been insignificant,—some account of the piece is subjoined. The characters, are Dozey, (an old sailor, a Greenwich pensioner,) Munden; Sam Squib, (an old soldier, a Chelsea pensioner,) Bannister; Bantam, (servant to Young Punctual,) Knight; Old Snaps, (guardian to Lucy and Nancy,) Penley; Harry Punctual, (in love with Nancy,) Wallack; Charles Wildfire, (in love with Lucy,) Bernard; Young Snaps, Fisher; Sir Peter Punctual, Galtier; Lucy, (in love with Wildfire,) Mrs. Edwin; Nancy, (in love with Young Punctual,) Mrs. Orger; Silence, Mrs. Harlowe. Dozey and Squib are in the service of Old Snaps. He particularly orders them not to admit any person into the house except his own son and Sir Peter. Wildfire pretends that he is pursued by a bailiff. Squib, who had served under Wildfire's father, lets him into the house to avoid the bailiff. He also lets in Young Punctual, who pretends to be Sir Peter. Old Snaps comes home: Nancy and Lucy make their escape in the great-coats of Sir Peter and Dozey; the gentlemen get out by a balcony, and a reconciliation is effected.

It will be seen that there were slender materials to work upon; but Munden took as much pains with his part as if he were a young actor struggling for fame. He dressed and painted the old Greenwich pensioner to the life, (he painted his neck, which was bare,) and laboured to produce a perfect personification. His chief point in the dialogue was the description of a naval engagement, in which he was wonderfully energetic, and was cheered by loud bursts of applause from the audience. Knight was very clever in Bantam, and played up to Munden in the scene just noticed. Bannister had an indifferent part, and, after a night or two, he relinquished it.

May 22nd, Munden played Jabal to Elliston's Sheva, for the benefit of the latter. 31st, he chose for his own benefit "The Road to Ruin," in which a Mr. Gordon, from Liverpool, played Goldfinch with some success. The other characters were Harry Dornton, Elliston; Silky, Dowton; Sulky, R. Palmer; Widow Warren,

Mrs. Sparks; Sophia, Miss Kelly. This was a strong cast. That excellent actress, Miss Kelly, played Sophia with great archness and humour. The afterpiece was a new musical farce, called "Honesty the best Policy." It opened with a duet between Miss Kelly and Miss L. Kelly, commencing with "Bright descends yon orb of day;" and the clumsy scene-shifters put the moon in the distance!

June 1st, Jack Bannister took his leave of the stage, making his last appearance in "The Comedy of the World," and the afterpiece of "The Children of the Wood;" and addressing the audience on his retirement, attended by the principal actors on the stage. His reception was in the highest degree flattering, and his farewell impressive. The powers of mimicry which Mr. Bannister possessed in such an eminent degree were of great service to him in such parts as Colonel Feignwell and the Three Singles; but the main feature of his acting was what the French term *bonhomie*, which carried the auditor's feelings with him. This quality formed the charm of his performance of Walter in "The Children of the Wood." Unquestionably, the highest quality in an actor is the *ars celare artem;* but with Bannister, in pathetic parts, all seemed to come from the heart. It was the same with him in private life. He spoke what he thought, and of those who merited commendation with the most kindly feelings; with harshness of nobody. He was wholly free from envy, that "vaccine virus" of actors. He dwelt with the enthusiasm of a devoted frequenter of the theatres on the perfections of his contemporaries; of nobody's abilities did he speak higher than of Munden's. The writer, in walking up and down Gower Street with Mr. Bannister, took the liberty of consulting with him on the form of a short address, which he was requested by his father to put together, on the occasion of the latter's retirement from the stage, and was listened to with the most polite attention, and earnest wish to be of service. Garrick had great expectations of Bannister's success in tragedy; but he wisely relinquished that line as he grew older, and trusted to comedy. He had few equals in the parts he played; for, besides his powers of pathos, he possessed a vein of genuine humour. As a private gentleman, Mr. Bannister was an honour to the stage. He was respected in every circle, and loved by those who knew him. He lived very happily in his retirement, and died at a good old age.

June 8th, our actor played Mainmast. 9th, Polonius, to Kean's Hamlet; first Gravedigger, Dowton. July 5th, Davy, in "Bon Ton," for Spring's benefit. 6th, the theatre was closed, in consequence of Mr. Whitbread's death; a proper tribute of respect to one who had taken so active a part in its concerns, and whose untimely end is supposed to have been hastened by the labour which he had bestowed in arranging its affairs, and the vexation he experienced at its unsuccessful commencement. 11th, Munden played King Arthur. 12th, Crack.

Miss Mellon quitted the stage at the close of this season. The last part she played was Audrey. This lady, though not a first-rate actress, was arch and lively. She played Mrs. Candour very well. After being *supposed* to gain a prize in the lottery, the real prize was discovered to be in the hand of Mr. Coutts, and his enormous

fortune, to which the Duke of St. Albans, subsequently, added a coronet.

In Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Sketches of Performers," which appeared about this time, we find the following notice of Munden:—

"One of the most amusing comedians living, if not the most amusing of all in certain characters, after Liston, is Mr. Munden. He is not so great a one, perhaps, as the lovers of broad farce may think him; but, on the other hand, he is much greater than the indiscriminating objectors to grimace may allow. Certainly the work he makes with his face is equally alarming as well as droll. He has a sort of complicated grin, which may be thus described: he begins by throwing aside his mouth at the corner, with as little remorse as a boy putting it down with his fingers; then he jerks up his eyebrows; then he brings his mouth a little back again, with a show of his teeth; then he pulls down the upper lip over the top row, as a knight might his vizor; and finally consummates the joke with a general stir round, and grind of the whole lower part of the face. This, accompanied with some dry phrase, or sometimes with a single word, the spectators always find irresistible, and the roar springs forth accordingly. But he is a genuine comedian, nevertheless, with a considerable insight into character as well as surface, and with a great power of filling up the paltriest sketches. We have known him entertain the audience with a real as well as sophisticated humour for five or six minutes together, scarcely speaking a word the whole time, as in the part of the Sailor, in 'The English Fleet;' and in one, we think, in an afterpiece called 'The Turnpike Gate,' where he comes in and hovers about a pot of ale which he sees standing on a table, looking about him with ludicrous caution as he makes his advances, half afraid, and half simpering, when he has got near it, and then, after circumventing it with his eyes, and feeling over and over again, with some more cautions, looks into it in the most ludicrous manner imaginable, and exclaiming, in an under voice of affected indifference and real chuckling, 'Some gentleman has left his ale!' Mr. Munden is remarkable for dressing as well as acting old age, and is equally good in the two extremes of generous old men and mercenary,—the warm-hearted admiral, and the close-fisted city hunks. His cordiality would be still better, if his propensity to grimace did not interfere, — a propensity always dangerous from the success it has."

Drury Lane, season, 1815–16. September 9th, "John Bull." 12th, "The Magpie, or The Maid of Palaisean." This was an adaptation from the French, by T. Dibdin, and the subject was so popular, that two other versions appeared. This piece owed its success to the powerful acting of Miss Kelly. It was performed thirty-nine times. Munden was induced to play a very indifferent part, (the Baillie,) to add strength to the cast. 14th. He played Don Jerome, in "The Duenna." 16th. That very amusing actor, Mr. Harley, made his first appearance at this theatre in Lissardo; and on the 26th, Mrs. Mardyn, from Dublin, came out in Amelia, in "Lovers' Vows." She acted with great spirit; and her beauty was an additional attraction. Munden played Verdun. 28th. "The Beggar's Opera." Macheath, Mr. T. Cooke; Peachum, Munden; Lockit, Dowton; Filch, Knight; Polly, Mrs. Dickons; Lucy, Miss

Kelly; Mrs. Peachum, Mrs. Sparks. October 19th. Skirmish, in "The Deserter," Munden. November 3rd. "The Birth Day." Captain Bertram, Munden; Jack Junk, Dowton. 15th. A new farce, by Poole, called "Who's Who, or the Double Imposture." Sam Dabbs, an apothecary's man, Munden. This was a comic extravaganza, and told well. December 14th, was performed "The Merchant of Bruges," an alteration from Beaumont and Fletcher, by the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird. Principal characters: Garwin, or Florey, Kean; Clause, or Gerrard, Holland; Hubert, Rae; Vandunk, Munden; Wolfort, S. Penley; Hemskinke, Raymond; Beggars, Higgin, Oxberry; Prigg, Harley; Gertrude, or Bertha, Mrs. Horn; Jaculin, Miss L. Kelly. Kean played an indifferent part with great effect. In the scene with Goswin and Gertrude, when he exclaimed, pointing to Mrs. Horn, who performed Gertrude, "Is she not beautiful!" the audience acknowledged the justness of the allusion by a round of applause. After the play, the writer, in conversation in the green-room with Lord Byron, was asked how he liked the alteration, which, his lordship said, had cost Mr. Kinnaird a great deal of trouble. He remarked that it was trouble ill bestowed, as there were many other old plays (of Massinger especially) which might be revived with greater advantage. "What plays?" said his lordship. "The Duke of Milan" was mentioned. "I never read 'The Duke of Milan,'" was the unexpected reply.* "The Duke of Milan" was, however, revived, altered by Tom Dibdin, and somebody else; and the catastrophe, which is forced and unnatural in the original, was not much mended in the adaptation. Though Kean played Sforza very finely, he was badly supported, and the play had not a run. Munden performed successively Marrall, Foresight, Corton Pearmain, Sir Robert Bramble, for his own benefit, and Brainworm, for Mr. Kean's. On the last night of the season he performed (by particular desire, and for that night only — Russert was his part) Sir Harry Beagle, in "The Jealous Wife."

* It was a startling declaration of Lord Byron's, that, if by some great convulsion of nature English should become a dead language, "an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British epic and tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakspeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people." Sheridan also was supposed not to hold the earlier dramatists in great reverence. From the time when his connection with Drury Lane was dissolved, he had never entered the theatre. One night he was prevailed upon by Lord Essex to sit with his lordship in his box to witness the performance of Kean in Sir Giles Overreach. At the conclusion of the play, Lord Essex begged of him to go into the green-room. The actors flocked around the modern Congreve. In the scene of his former glory he was low and dejected. When Kean was introduced to him, every ear was awake, as it was supposed that Mr. Sheridan would pay him a compliment. The only remark he made was, "Mr. Kean, I am sorry to see you in so bad a part."

ORLANDO GRIFFIN.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," "DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX," ETC.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

There is a small town called Greystoke, a few miles to the west of the ancient borough of St. Alban's; and in this town many excellent, and, what is more, and, perhaps, better, many opulent people reside. Of this latter class was Mr. Orlando Griffin, a young gentleman whose whole course of life had hitherto flowed in so unruffled a stream, that he had been compelled to resort to the circulating library for that amount of mental excitement, without which, he devoutly believed, the heart cannot be continued in a healthy state of vibration. Indeed, so sincerely did Mr. Griffin sympathise with, and so entirely did he enter into, the well-imagined woes of the Julia Walsinghams and the Adelyn Montresors, and in the highly-wrought perplexities and deeply-conceived miseries of their heroic counterparts, the Lord Mortimers, and the Honourable Augustus Waldegraves, that he could not precisely see, he could not very well understand, he could not be made to feel the real distresses of people about him, who chanced to possess English, and not Grecian outlines, and whose names opposed a stumbling-block to every description of sentiment to be met with in the beaten paths of fiction.

It will be readily surmised, that a young gentleman of Mr. Griffin's disposition, and appetite for polite literature, could hardly love anybody better than himself, unless that individual came in the shape of a young lady, beautiful as an angel, graceful as a fawn, fascinating as a *houri*, and sentimental as himself. Such an one a propitious fortune provided in the person of Miss Amelia Wickham, a fair, unearthly-looking being, possessing all those indispensable requisites which the rigorous *beau idéal* established in Griffin's bosom, led him to desiderate.

Amelia Wickham had been for no great length of time a resident at Greystoke. She had been wafted thither by the London coach, and was accompanied by her mother, a tall lady, of highly-cultivated manners and complexion, the latter predominating in her nose, and with a voice of singular monotony and depth, such, for instance, as we may imagine to have proceeded from Lady Macbeth with a very bad cold.

Through the instrumentality of the obsequious Rooke, Mr. Griffin obtained an introduction to the interesting strangers, and was invited to partake of those social amenities which ladies, polished by the friction of metropolitan intercourse, are so well qualified to dispense. In the small, but elegant drawing-room, twelve feet by nine, of Mr. Wickham, our young gentleman found that courtesy and candour are the characteristics of the truly genteel; and a sense of deep abasement sometimes crawled over him when he reflected upon his own utter unworthiness, considered as a candidate for the hand of that fair being who would prove—he was sure of it—in any man's lottery of life, definitely "*the* ticket."

But this sense of self-humiliation seldom lasts long, and would seem to have left Orlando Griffin altogether shortly afterwards; for, one evening, when his Amelia had retired to rest, he took the mother to

the window, and with a tremor proper to the circumstances, figuratively and quietly laid his person and fortune at the feet of her daughter. It was upon this occasion that Mrs. Wickham's discretion was made signally manifest. She was highly and deeply honoured by his preference. She really did not know; she could not possibly say; her only treasure's heart might not be engaged; there certainly had been a young gentleman, Mr. Charles Nincombe, but that was not likely, after all. Would he give her till to-morrow evening? She bade him hope in the meantime.

"I must tell you," said the high-souled matron, in conclusion, "that I have no fortune to give Miss Wickham; but that is, of course, no object with you. She is herself a jewel beyond all price. You have heard of Mr. Livermore—*the* Livermore?"

"Oh, yes; often."

Here Griffin made a venial trespass upon the fields of fiction.

"Mr. Livermore is her uncle," pursued Mrs. Wickham, "and is immensely rich—in fact, high sheriff of Surrey, and lord of the manor of Teddington. He has often said he didn't know what he mightn't do for Amy one of these days, which clearly means that he *does* know what he *may* do. Money *is* an object, dear sir, although we have not been accustomed to regard it. Congenial souls, domestic bliss, two hearts in unison; these are the real, the only blessings, Orlando."

How sweetly, how touchingly confidential and familiar, this recognition of him as a valued friend by the name he had received at the baptismal font! The taste, the feeling of it! Griffin could scarce contain himself till he got outside the house, when he bethought him whether he should not vent his rapture in a flood of tears, which, however, like many other serviceable things, will not always come when they are wanted. "The only blessing!" What a sensible woman was this! They *were* the only blessings. She was a truly superior character; and if she had a little less of the carnation in her countenance, and not quite so much of the violincello in her voice, would be one of the most desirable mothers-in-law a man could possess.

To describe the sensation of Mr. Griffin as he bent his way to the cottage in which his Amelia was enshrined, for the purpose of resolving the important query whether he was to be beyond expression happy, or a raving maniac for the rest of his days,—to do this is quite out of the question. Hope and fear see-sawed away in his bosom with considerable vehemence and vigour; and by the time he arrived at the gate, and when he beheld the mother at one window, and the daughter at the other, he would have given a trifle for a new pair of knee-joints, and a tongue warranted to wag if required.

Mrs. Wickham flew to the door, and greeting him on the threshold, seized both his hands between his own, and drew him into the parlour. Griffin could not but remark that the nose was considerably redder, and that the voice was rather more subterraneous than usual, as she hurriedly paid him the compliments of the evening. He accounted for the voice on the score of intense emotion; and the pressure of the nasal promontory against a window-pane, it is well known, causes a portion of the vital fluid to establish itself in that region.

"Orlando Griffin, you have vanquished, you have conquered!" was all she could in the first instance utter.

Griffin looked more like a captive than a conqueror as she lugged him (how plaguy strong the old lady must be! but no, it was "enthu-



Mr. Orlando Griffin

siasm,") to an arm-chair. Releasing her hold, and drawing another chair towards her, she resumed his hands, riveted her gaze upon him, and said, her lips quivering with excitement,

"She is yours!—wholly, entirely yours!—yours for ever! and hereafter I must look upon you in the light of a son."

Griffin inwardly wished that she would not look quite so much at him in any light; and attempted a reply, which died away in an inarticulate mumble.

"Young man," resumed Mrs. Wickham, solemnly, "when a mother bestows the sole blessing of her existence upon another, what has she not a right to expect? Oh! give me a solemn assurance that when she becomes yours you will cherish and protect her."

Her future son-in-law raised his eyes slowly to a fly-cage immediately over his head, and silently surveyed the corpulent physical proportions of a blue-bottle. (We may mention that orbs in the ascendant are invariably held, in the court of love, equivalent to an affidavit. The Lord Chancellor Hymen would cry, "Take a rule," upon less satisfactory testimony.)

"But, where is the dear child?" cried Mrs. Wickham with vivacity; and she arose. "Why should I longer keep asunder two beings so formed for each other?"

Griffin would fain have asked her to stay a few minutes till he got his heart under, which began to hammer away at his ribs with paviour-like pertinacity, but his tongue was as dry on a sudden as an old card-case. The five minutes that preceded a kind of affectionate scuffle in the passage between the mother and daughter, were indeed fearful; but when his own Amelia appeared, led in by her dignified and deservedly happy parent, a dizziness possessed him; all the voluminous precedents for his conduct upon such occasions, which Rooke's library afforded, faded from his memory; and, if he did stagger forward, and fall upon one knee, the action must, in justice, be imputed not so much to personal gallantry as to physical weakness.

I leave it to the lovers of sentiment of a high and ennobling character to conceive the feelings of this young and sentimental couple; and I invite such as have no taste for such scenes, while they imagine the intensely gratifying sensations of the delighted Mrs. Wickham, to accompany her as she proceeds to the kitchen, to follow her as she carries a small jug up to her own chamber, and to sympathise with her as she concocts a glass of brandy-and-water, rather stiff than otherwise.

"When a man," said Griffin, as he lighted his chamber-candle, and walked up to bed,—"when a man succeeds in securing the affection of one who is bent upon making herself a blessing to him, how happy he may consider himself! Such a woman is indeed a gem!"

It might be tedious to the reader, as to me it would be troublesome, to relate how often, and with what feelings Orlando thenceforth betook himself to Eden Cottage (so called by Mrs. Wickham), there to "speed the soft intercourse" towards the matrimonial goal, which, alas! is not always the winning-post. He, however, knows little of human nature who supposes that because love is blind, the bystanders are not in active possession of their optics,—who believes that, while doves are billing and cooing, magpies are not busy with sidelong eyes and nimble chatter; in a word, who imagines that to every absorbed Romeo and Juliet there are not scores of vigilant Paul Prys and Miss Pratts. Scarce had Griffin whispered the blissful sanction given to his

hopes—whispered it even to his own beating heart, ere it was loudly and openly discussed by cool and callous calculators, who made it a subject of ribald levity and personal jest.

Mysterious Providence! The sensitive soul of Orlando Griffin revolted at the precocious publicity given to his passion. To think that every female in the place, from the tender age of fourteen to the tough period of fourscore, had been canvassing, sifting, weighing every throb, sigh, feeling of his bosom; and that the requisites, whether personal or pecuniary, of his mistress, had been debated in the very m a-place, mingled, perhaps, with the price of pigs, of geese! "Ha! maddening!"

Griffin pressed for an early day on which his happiness might be completed, but was encountered by both ladies with scruples such as delicacy alone can start, such as a mind of the most exquisite refinement only can appreciate. And now Mrs. Wickham, with a finely painted oratorical crayon (if the expression may be permitted) chalked out the outline of a course of proceeding she ventured to suggest it might be as well if he pursued, which discomposed him not a little. Indeed, the skeleton heads of this design scared him as completely as though certain *bonâ fide* craniums from the Wickham vault had been presented to him by way of chimney-ornaments. To some men the highwayman's alternative, "your money or your life," would be very much the same, as to its influence upon their choice, as if they were asked which they would rather yield, an apple-pudding, or a given number of apple-dumplings. Orlando was one of these. Strange to say (for to the children of sensibility and disinterestedness it must indeed seem strange,) he was by no means satisfied that Mrs. Wickham was in the right when she asserted that "it would be so like himself," that it would be "only worthy of a Griffin," that it would be "such a tender instance of his confidence and regard, if he presented his affianced bride with a bank-note,"—a few hundreds merely, no more,—"as a marriage present." "Oh, sir!" concluded the venerable relative of Livermore, the august high sheriff and lord of the manor, "without the most unlimited confidence in each other, the hope of happiness in the married state,"—here she waved her hand, her reticule streaming to the troubled air,—"is a dream—a dream!"

She afterwards condescended to quote precedents, drawn from sources with which they were alike familiar, chronicles of passion, records of the beautiful and true, volumes of the heart. Griffin was at length convinced; but for the life of him, when he offered to his Amelia's acceptance a handsome pocket-book, with a costly tissue-paper lining, he could not help thinking upon a certain adage, which plainly intimates that a gentleman not reputed wise and the commodity which is better than wisdom are liable to a speedy separation; in other words, that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Thenceforward matters went on smoothly. Amelia, as a reward, it is to be presumed, of his generosity, charmingly consented to a proposition he had heretofore fruitlessly urged, that they should go to London. Griffin was led to believe that he had interest sufficient to secure a stool in a government office, and had suspected for a long time past that by secluding himself in the country, he was neither doing justice to his pretensions nor performing his duty as a good citizen. This acquiescence to his wishes on the part of his betrothed and her mother, though late, pleased him excessively. The health of his adored one

was, of course, a grave consideration; and that of her parent was, no doubt, of no slight collateral consequence; but still he was led to hope they had undesignedly magnified the blighting effects of the metropolitan atmosphere; the more that, when he dropt in upon the ladies, which he now did with all the frequency, the freedom, and the casualty of a dog at a fair, they not only ceased to dwell upon the topics of London smoke, epidemics and noise, but positively appeared desirous of returning to them.

At length Orlando was blest with the hand of his Amelia. They were married with the strictest privacy at a distant village-church, and banqueted upon lamb-chops and liquids, at a roadside public-house. On such a day a man is, of course, in a disposition to pardon even the foe who may have attempted his jugular. Still, Griffin could not but shudder when he beheld the sinuous course towards the post-chaise made by his exceedingly lively mother-in-law; nor, although he acknowledged the truth of the observation, could he admire its mode of delivery when, the vehicle in motion towards home, that lady remarked,

"Well, now, — it appearsh to me, my beloved and affec—tionate son,"—hiccup,—"Orlando Griffin, we 've shpent a most delightful—" (here the maternal nose lodged upon his breastpin,) "and r-r-romantic day." These last words were somewhat entangled in his frill.

Heavens! she was very much the worse for liquor!

"I hope your mother is not often thus, dearest?" whispered Orlando to his bride.

"Not very often—oh, no! her spirits have been over-excited. See! she is going to sleep."

Griffin was heartily glad of it, glancing at intervals during the ride at the inebriated one, who appeared agitated by the motion of the chaise, like a resemblance of the human figure made by one of art's journeymen, and formed, for the most part, of straw.

The happy couple and their excitable adjunct, whose unequivocal condition in the post-chaise had well-nigh lost her that respectful esteem with which Griffin had heretofore regarded her, started on the following morning for London, and were in due time set down at the Three Cups, in Aldersgate Street. Here Mrs. Wickham proposed an adjournment to the coffee-room, and insinuated two glasses of brandy-and-water. Griffin sighed, and consented, inwardly resolving to put in for a lion's share of the alcoholic preparation. He dreaded a repetition of the immoral exhibition of the previous day. Unhallowed destiny! to see his connection by the sacred tie of marriage, the mother of his soul's idol, bundled neck and crop into a hackney-coach by the wondering waiters of a respectable tavern, and jogged and jolted off to a strange lodging, looking like the resuscitated mummy of the wife of Cheops, or one of the Ptolemies,—*that* must not be. The thought almost lifted his hat off his head. The elderly lady, however, forestalled his design upon the goblets, tossing off one of the glasses with much satisfaction, and little ceremony. This done, she set down the empty vessel, and prepared to sally forth in quest of apartments. Her knowledge of town made this a most desirable measure, and away she hurried, proposing to return "ere the Leviathan could swim a league," or, to use her own words, which were to the same effect, "before he could say Jack Robinson,"—a phrase Griffin thought neither elegant in taste nor true as to the fact.

At the end of what the apathetic clock proclaimed to be an hour and a half, but the lovers deemed five or six minutes, Mrs. Wickham returned, and in a state of perturbation and flurry not easily to be accounted for, when the business upon which she had gone forth was considered.

"Well, my dear madam," observed Griffin, "I hope you have succeeded in obtaining for us a temporary home?"

"Oh yes, I 've done that," replied Mrs. Wickham, "flopping" down by the side of her daughter, and fanning her face with her handkerchief; "nice rooms in Charterhouse Square, over the way. We can go in at once. But, oh! my dear," turning to Amelia, "only guess whom I have seen?"

"Whom, in mercy's name?" cried Amelia, turning white, and then red, and then permanently white.

"Compose yourself, my dearest life," said Orlando.

"Who is it?" urged the bride.

"Why,"—and Mrs. Wickham turned a dubious eye upon Griffin,—"I have seen your father."

"My father!—papa!" exclaimed Amelia.

"Her papa!" echoed Griffin. "'Till this day I never heard she had a papa. This is extraordinary!"

"Why didn't you avoid him?" demanded the daughter, in a tone of vexation.

"My love, I couldn't. He came full butt upon me just when I was leaving the lodgings."

"Why should he be avoided, love?" inquired Griffin. "The father of my wife must always be—extraordinary! Why had you not told me of his existence?"

"That may well be thought peculiar, my dear Orlando," said Mrs. Wickham; "but the truth is, he is such a strange man—so very strange!"

Griffin glanced towards his bride. "So very strange a man!" she murmured sweetly, veiling her dove-like eyes with her silken lashes.

"But you will soon see him," cried Mrs. Wickham, abruptly. "He swears he 'll call, and that before the week 's out."

"I shall be very happy, I 'm sure," stammered Griffin; but he could get no further.

As they walked, followed by their luggage, to Charterhouse Square,—a square, by the by, whose only claims to cheerfulness is derived from the fact of its looking very like an evacuated churchyard,—Griffin could not help pondering upon the unlooked-for papa. "So very strange a man!" It began to strike him that strangeness was a family failing. And he never to have been told of this eccentric parent before! Undoubtedly, had he been at any time asked whether Miss Wickham had ever had a father, he should, without hesitation, have replied in the affirmative. Had he ever thought about him at all, he would have concluded that he had long ago played his little part, with applause or otherwise, and left this breathing stage to less evanescent and more youthful performers. He must be some moody misanthrope,—some selfish, fashionable sensualist,—a military man, probably,—Colonel Wickham, (he had read of such,) who had abandoned his wife, whose happiness he had sacrificed, and his daughter, to whose welfare he was utterly indifferent, and was now squandering his half-pay in gambling and riotous dissipation.

He had an early opportunity of ascertaining how far conjecture may, in most cases, be relied upon. Not many days had elapsed since their quiet instalment in Charterhouse Square ere a tremendous single rap, that must have reverberated through all the cloisters of the Chartreuse, made Griffin drop "The Mysterious Orphan" upon the floor, and caused the two ladies to start from their chairs like balls from a trap.

"His knock!" cried Mrs. Wickham, seizing two bottles by their respective necks, and hurrying away with them to a cupboard.

"So it is," coincided Amelia, briskly. "Dear Griffin, papa is come. Stay, Ma, leave the gin."

Griffin arose for the purpose of meeting half way his new, and, as he concluded, from certain painful gruntings that proceeded from him as he ascended the stairs, his asthmatic connexion. Orlando's preconceit of Mr. Wickham's appearance was, he found, anything but just; nor, as he learnt afterwards, and guessed at the time, was he more accurate in his conjecture as to his profession. Mr. Wickham, to do him justice, had paid particular attention to his toilet; but being attired in a blue coat, for which somebody else must have been measured several years before; in a waistcoat of an iron-mould pattern; in smalls, upon each leg of which knives had apparently been sharpened; and in boots, the tops of which were of a Spanish mahogany colour, it must be admitted that he could not readily be mistaken for a military man. When I add that he had chosen a Belcher handkerchief as the ornament of his neck on this his first appearance, that his shirt-frill had been battened upon by moths, and that he wore an enormous brooch in his bosom, which looked like a piece of petrified brawn, his *tout ensemble*, as the likeness of a member of the military profession, will not, perhaps, appear more striking. In truth, as he stood in the doorway, his hat in his hand, motionless for a moment, he resembled very nearly a Bow-Street officer.

Salutations having been exchanged, Mr. Wickham, after staring about the room with much seeming complaisancy, and eyeing Griffin once more with a grave regard, pulled a chair towards him with the hook of his stick, crying, "Come here, you dog," and took a seat. The ladies had retired on his entrance, but presently appeared. Mr. Wickham thought it by no means necessary to be ceremonious with such near and dear relations.

"Well, old girl, you're here, are you?" was his speech to his consort; and, nodding to his daughter, "So, Slyboots, you've got a husband, have you? Mind, *I* didn't tell you to." Then turning to Griffin, and bursting into a laugh not commonly heard at court, or even in the mansions of the nobility, he added, "It's only my way; don't mind me. I'm a rum un—ain't I, old 'un?" winking at the august matron behind Griffin's chair.

Mr. Wickham presently made public a wish on his part to be provided with "a yard of clay," and entered upon a discourse, having for its object an eulogium upon the virtues and sanative properties of half-and-half, when compounded of Barclay's double stout and Charrington's treble X. He would take a glass or so of "max" in its neat state, he was pleased to remark, as a "wind up."

"Holy St. Agatha!" thought Orlando, "what a truly vulgar monster! And can this terrific vulgarian be the author of Amelia's being?"

Yes—it must be so. It was not to be concealed; there was a strong family-likeness. That it *might* be so, he was compelled to confess with an inward groan, a few days' familiar intercourse with Amelia and her mother having sufficed to convince him that human perfection, however ardently sought, is not easily found; at all events, that *he* had not found it.

An observation which escaped Mr. Wickham during the evening posed Griffin prodigiously. He could make neither head nor tail of it. What an extraordinary domestic circle had he entered!—a circle, he began to suspect, not unlike a magician's, terrible to stay in, ruinous to spring out of. He sincerely wished he had been confined in the most damp and rheumatic cell at the very extremity of the countless corridors of a castle, rather than have met and mingled with these unfathomable Wickhams.

The gauger—for such was the male representative of the family—had been smoking his pipe in philosophical silence for a considerable time, when he suddenly withdrew it from his mouth, and began to move his shoulders about in that hugging manner, which implies that the operator is possessed with some highly agreeable fancy, or under the influence of a quaint conceit.

"Never trust me," cried he, "if this isn't the queerest start I ever came across. You 're a deep old touch, Liz, *you* are!" shaking his fist jocularly at his wife. "Go out of town—do the genteel—get 'my daughter' married — married — Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! Now, I wonder what Bob would think of all this—poor Bob!"

"Father!" cried Amelia, aghast.

"Mr. Wickham!" remonstrated the mother, shaking her front at him with agitating earnestness.

Mr. Wickham was, as he said, "pulled up" in time.

"Well," he remarked, "it 's no concern of mine—only mark, my girls, my finger's out of the pie. Sir," turning to Griffin, with a bow of deep respect, "your *very* good health. If you 're not a Noble Grand, I hope you will be. May the present moment be the worst of our lives!"

"Amen!" thought Griffin. The subject then dropped.

But who was this Bob, whose very name, brief diminutive though it were, had something alarming in it,—a kind of abrupt, pistol-shot sound? Bob!—and "poor Bob," too! Wherefore poor? Wickham's sympathies were evidently interested in his behalf. Not a day passed but Griffin ruminated upon the invisible Robert. He could obtain no information respecting him from his wife, who said it was all stuff and nonsense, and bade him not be a fool. No explanation could be wrung from Mrs. Wickham, who shook her head, and warned him against the indulgence of a morbid curiosity; and the gauger, when he applied to him, cried "mum," with his hand to his mouth, adding, that he was not going to get his head combed by the old un, and that he didn't fancy clapper-clawing. "My girl 's a dabster at it; but I dare say you 've found out that before this."

Orlando *had* done so; but this was not his sole discovery. The ladies had thrown off all restraint long go. Griffin was a meek man; and whenever anything particularly vexed him he retired to his chamber, and grinned against the wainscot to settle his nerves, or draw out a tuft or two of his hair. That, in fact, was the only "pluck" belonging to him, and that he did not exhibit.

The life he was now leading was indeed pitiable. A little woman had been added to the family, who sat all day long making new dresses for his lady and her mother. Friends of all sizes, of both sexes, and unanimous in their devotion to ardent spirits, were constantly dropping in and staggering out. Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Haymarket were pronounced bores,—dull and tiresome,—and the Eagle and the Albert Saloon divided their patronage of the drama. Mrs. Griffin had her faults of temper, her "human frailties," and outraged Orlando's sensitive spirit at every turn. The tall and impressive Mrs. Wickham spurned the vile rules that slavish decorum has absurdly framed, and plied the bottle nightly with bacchanalian perseverance. Sometimes she embraced her dear son, her own Orlando, with an affection quite stifling, and wept on him with a mother's fervour; anon she would invite and call him forth to a boxing-match, being herself her own bottle-holder.

To add, if anything could add, to the misery of the sentimentalist, he became at length convinced that it was by no means within the range of probability that he would ever be called upon to serve his Queen and country, by performing the duties of a clerk in a government office. This last hope strangled, Griffin—child of woe!—wandered about disconsolate, almost heartbroken. The creature, in happier days to be derided and despised, was now become a wretch to move pity and compassion. And thus a twelvemonth wore away.

"Two more years under the same system," cried Orlando, "and, by the beard of holy Anselmo, the hermit, I shall be a bankrupt and a bedlamite!"

A month at Ramsgate, the journey to be accomplished per steamer, had been projected by the ladies, now several weeks since. Griffin would rather have been carried to his native meadows of Greystoke,

"Where the nibbling flocks do stray;"

but that "poking hole" was not to be thought of for an instant. Compliance was a matter of course. He yielded without solicitation, since to that it must come whether solicited or not. Mrs. Wickham was rapturous in her praise of the romantic cliffs, the wide vast ocean, the comfortable bathing-rooms, and the delicious shrimps.

Touching the cliffs—Orlando drew a mental scene that shot a momentary thrill of ecstasy through his attenuated frame. There were the cliffs, the ocean bathing their chalky feet far, far beneath. The time was evening—dim twilight. There were two figures—two of the fair sex—to wit, Mrs. Wickham and her daughter—the former groggy, the latter flustered. Lost in talk respecting him—how they had duped him—how delightfully brown he had been done—(Griffin had learned this slang)—they ramble on—on. The old lady reels—the young lady wrestles—in vain. Too late—hurrah! He rushes forward. Too late also, of course. But ah! no. This was but a vision.

Truth, after all, *is* strange, stranger than fiction, as shall now be shown. The morning of their departure arrived, and they proceeded to a wharf in Lower Thames Street. They arrived in excellent time. As they stood on the quay by the water side, gazing towards the majestic steamers, and wondering which was "The Magnet," lo! their attention was drawn to a head, the hair whereof was cut with classical closeness, which emerged, as it were, almost from beneath their feet.

The owner of that head had, in fact, got out of a boat, and was climbing up one of those serviceable steps which are placed perpendicularly against the platform of the quay. The stranger, having made *terra firma*, gave himself a smart shake, and disclosed his features to the projected voyagers.

A shriek burst from the lips of Amelia, and Mrs. Wickham, falling backward against a bale of rags, uttered a profane ejaculation, which, it is to be hoped, nothing but so surprising a *rencontre* could have induced her to employ.

And who could be this terror-striking alluvial deposit? Why, "mother of my sainted Amelia!" if he wasn't rapturously hugging Mrs. Griffin in his arms.

"Why, mother," cried this apparently naval character, skipping from Amelia towards the once majestic Mrs. Wickham, now, alas! languishing upon a couch of rags, and giving her shoulder a dislocating shake, while he seized her hand with an iron gripe,—"why, mother, you don't seem glad so see me? How did you know I was coming up to-day? But never mind,—give us your fin, old girl. I dare say the sight of me has upset you both. My wigs! how gaily you're both togged out! Who 's this ugly-mugged swell?" pointing towards Griffin.

"The man must be mad," said Orlando. "You don't know him, Amelia?"

"Oh yes, she does, sir," said a man, coming up and touching his hat; "she 's his wife, and that 's her mother. I know 'em both well. I 've come up with him from Chatham." Then drawing Griffin, the emancipated but pallid Griffin, aside, he added, "His name 's Robert Smasher, and he was connected with a gang of coiners, and got ten years; but they let him off half way, because o' good conduct."

Robert Smasher! the mysterious Bob disclosed in full at last! Griffin indulged in a gradually lessening view of that worthy, as he walked off with his wife and mother-in-law,—both casting many a rueful look behind.

Orlando at that moment would have tipped a fiddler a crown, and any competent artist a guinea,—the one for playing, the other for dancing a hornpipe.

A few nights afterwards, Mr. Griffin attended an appointment at the Goat, in the vicinity of Smithfield, and met the crest-fallen Mrs. Wickham, and the disconsolate Mrs. Smasher. Grateful for his release, he was not unwilling to pay for his liberty. They separated on the best terms in the world.

Mr. Griffin is still a bachelor, and resides at Greystoke. There has been a rumour—but I know not how true it is—of a certain farmer's daughter, with a very red face, and arms of the same colour. Rooke, the librarian, thinks it likely, averring, that since Griffin's return from London, he is fool enough for anything. I am not sure of that. I am rather in favour of the farmer's daughter.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER;

OR, THE PEDLAR'S PANIC.

A TALE OF BLOOD.

Les ombres quelquefois font paroître *des substance*.

THINK not, kind reader, here to find
  A tissue of poetic fancies;
If such will satisfy your mind,
  You 'll find enough in stale romances:
Where, 'twixt the time-gnawn, mouldering walls
Of man-deserted gothic halls;
    Witches and devils
    Join in revels,
And ghosts and fairies hold their midnight balls.
Where bleeding nuns, with gory vests,
And daggers sticking in their breasts,
Through drear churchyards their algid airing take,
    In doleful dumps:
Where errant elves, and spell-driv'n sprites
Flit through the air like northern lights,
And armour'd *armless* heroes groan and shake
    Their bloody stumps.
Where shade of murder'd miser, knight, or prince,
    Deserts his tomb,
To visit cut-throats' beds; and, when they wince
And almost stare their eyeballs out,
    Gives them a gentle hint about
    Their future doom.
Or calls, *en passant*, at his old château,
To see if spouse's tears have ceased to flow:
Or, silently and slily as a dun,
  Through well-known passages and chambers stealing,
Peeps o'er the shoulder of his spendthrift son,
  As drunk to bed the scape-grace rogue is reeling.
Where letters, traced with sulphury flame,
  Glare on the floor, or tapestry, or ceiling;
Shewing some vile assassin's name,
  Or other dreadful mystery revealing;
Which, in true novel-weaving guise,
Is hidden from the reader's eyes;
Nor by the cautious author e'er unravell'd,
Till through three long, dark volumes he has travell'd.
Where flickering flambeaux flash and flare,
  (By powers supernal borne and lighted)
In gambols through the murky air,
  To guide the errant chief, benighted,
Into some lonely haunted tower,
To break some fell enchanter's power.
Where mingled noises, harsh and risible,
Seem to proceed from things invisible:
  Where sorcerers' cauldrons bubbling boil,
And goblins flock from cave and flood:
  Where rusty hinges creak for oil,
And poniards, dripping victims' blood,
    Dance, jig, and hay,
    In grim array,
And scare the plodding peasant on his way.

Where the adventurous knight approaches
Some castle's dragon-guarded door:
Draws his all-conquering sword, and broaches
The monster's heart; and with the gore,
Which flows in torrents from the hideous wound,
Inscribes his mistress' name upon the ground;
Then ventures in, and finds the hall
Full of fierce griffins, slays them all;
Rushes resistless on from room to room,
While dwarfs and griffins fall beneath his sword,
As spiders fall beneath the housemaid's broom,
Meets with the mighty mansion's giant lord,
Whose steeple stature and ferocity
Repress not his impetuosity,
Pierces his heart, spite of his brazen mail,
As south-sea mariners harpoon a whale;
Explores each subterranean maze,
By moans directed,
Till a fair damsel meets his gaze,
Pale and dejected;
Kneels, prays, and wins; then back to daylight gropes;
And with the grateful franchised maid elopes.

I say, if *fables* such as these
Suffice your appetite to please,
Stop here; or, haply, I may miss
The target of your taste; for this,
For which your patience now I crave, is
A literary *rara avis;*
A something new:
A story of an apparition,
Yet strictly true,
As grave, historical tradition:
A ghostly tale, yet fact, I dare engage,
As ghostly text e'er breath'd by ghostly sage.
As some usurper of a gay domain
Thrusts from his native seat some milder lord;
Employs rude arms his conquest to maintain,
And bids the hall's late hospitable board
No more be spread to greet the welcome guest;
Its couch no more afford the traveller rest:
Strips from his vassals, while they quake with dread,
The livery worn through many a happy day,
And on each sighing churl bestows, instead,
The sombre symbol of his iron sway;
Killing, with merciless severity,
Such as would shrink from his austerity:

So tyrant Winter, with his chilly blast,
Had rudely driv'n rich Autumn from her throne;
His sable, storm-fraught clouds around had cast,
And made the empire of the plain his own:
Had seen before his withering breeze
Each flower expire;
Had shaken from the sturdier trees
Their green attire;
And now began to clothe their boughs
In the white mantle of his snows.

When, o'er a bleak and barren moor,
A travelling pedlar, near threescore,

At close of day,
Toil'd on his way:
A weighty pack
Strapp'd on his back,
Seem'd to require his utmost strength;
A crabstick of enormous length
He held, whereon his weary limbs he propt,
As ever and anon for breath he stopt.

Keen blew the loudly-whistling northern wind,
Driving apace,
Plump in his face,
Huge flakes of snow, which almost made him blind.

His hands, benumb'd, he blew and flapp'd;
His tatter'd cloak around him wrapp'd;
And, like a tether'd donkey, oft-times turn'd
His rump, to bide the pelting of the storm;
Sigh'd o'er the cheerless trade by which he earn'd
His daily bread; and, writhing like a worm,
As on the crackling frozen snow
He fell, and rose again to go,
And fell again, and, patient as a lamb,
Drew forth his little flask to take a dram.

A tawney, tailless terrier, cowering, crept
On his lee-side: the pedlar almost wept
The little trembling brute to see,
Whimpering and fawning on his knee;
And, patting the fond creature, thus he spake :—
" Poor faithful Crop!
'Twould glad my heart if thou couldst also take
A little drop
Of this exhilarating stuff!"
The grateful animal cried " Whuff!"
And shook his hide, and bark'd; as if to say
" Courage, my generous patron! let 's away!"
At least 'twas thus the partial pedlar judged;
So rose, and for the timely hint caress'd
His four-legg'd monitor, whom, as they trudg'd,
In social mood he in these terms address'd :—
" Well, if I 'm spared to reach some hut,
And get an ounce of food to put
Within my famish'd lips, I swear it,
My good old dog shall fairly share it;
And, if I find a smiling fire,
(Which both of us, Heaven knows, require,)
I vow that thou, poor quaking elf,
Shall sit as near it as myself."
Crop frisk'd about, and wagg'd his tail;
But, fearing this alone might fail
To shew his gratitude's extent,
Close to the pedlar's side he went,
And lick'd his hand, and gave a squall
About the key A *natural,*
(Tail wagging faster)
Which persons learned canine chat in,
Affirm is excellent *dog latin*
For " Thank ye, master."

Darker and darker grew the sky:
No hospitable roof was nigh:

No moon, that night,
Display'd her light:
No evening star with friendly radiance twinkled,
The blackthorn bushes shew'd their snow-clad tops,
Like May-day sweeps bewig'd with new thrum mops,
Or negro-lackeys heads, with flour besprinkled.
Mile after mile the drooping pair
In silence paced
The trackless waste,
And almost yielded to despair:
When, seized with pleasure and surprise,
The hope-cheer'd pedlar strain'd his eyes,
And, still half doubting, dimly spied
A glimmering light:
With all his might
He rallied his frail limbs, and onward hied.
At length a lonely mansion met his view,
Through the few half-opaque remains
Of whose bepatch'd and shatter'd panes,
The taper gleam'd which his attention drew.
The fabric was an antique tower,
Which, when the exercise of power
Was unrestrain'd by wholesome laws,
And lords cut throats for hairs and straws,
Had weather'd many a fierce attack,
Without a crack,
And many a bold intrusive force driv'n back:
But an old knight,
Sir Tempus hight,
Had since besieged it with his battering balls,
And made some woeful breaches in its walls.

The glare of the surrounding snow
Sufficed our traveller to show
The tumbling tenement's extent,
And guide him to the door: he went,
And with his trusty crab-stick knock'd,
And strove to open it; 'twas lock'd!
He would have whistled, but the frost
Had made so stiff
His lips, that if
The failure had existence cost,
He ne'er had overcome the puzzle
Of screwing up his mournful muzzle.
At length, within, the landlord cried,
"Who 's there?" The pedlar straight replied,
"A frozen friend!
For Heaven's sake, lend
Attention to my piteous plight,
And give me lodging for the night."

The landlord ope'd the door, 'tis true,
But just sufficiently to view
The would-be guest
Who broke his rest.
This, when the anxious pedlar saw,
He thought he 'd best adopt club-law;
So raised his tough crab-staff, and put it
Between the threshold and the door,
A further parley to secure,
In case the churl should strive to shut it.

"Hark ye, mine host," the pedlar said,
"Give me but shelter, fire, and food,
And, by the mass, you shall be amply paid!"
"Good!" quoth the landlord, "very good!
But, on my soul,
There 's not a hole
As large as would receive a mouse
In this old weather-beaten house,
But what contains some snoring wight,
Driven in by this tempestuous night.
I mean in all the *habitable part*;
For ('tween ourselves) there is a spacious room,
Which many a year hath seen nor guest nor broom,
But heaven forbid that I should have the heart
To such a dismal place to invite ye;
For, by the saints, I tell no lie t' ye,
'Tis by a *hideous spectre* haunted,
Which many a valiant heart hath daunted.
However, if you think you dare
Take, for the night, your lodging *there*,
I 'll make you up a blazing fire;
As good a bed and supper, too,
As any traveller need desire."
An owl i' th' ivy cried—"Whoo, whoo!"
The pedlar started at the voice:
The landlord said, "Come, make your choice!
Hunger and thirst, wind, snow, and frost;
Or bed, fire, liquor, food, and GHOST!"

Cold as he was, when the last word prophetic
Struck on his ear,
It acted like a dose diaphoretic.
Sweating with fear,
He started like a Bedlamite,
And almost bade the host good night;
But, as the snow-fraught blast blew fiercer still,
Anxious the proffer'd cheer to share,
He faintly mumbled half a prayer,
And ponder'd which might be the minor ill.

"If I proceed," thought he, "I 'm lost,
On such an awful night;
And, if I stay and meet the ghost,
I shall expire with fright!
Which shall I do?—go on or stop?"
The answer was supplied by Crop,
Who, setting up a piteous yell,
Reproach'd him with his late pledged oath,
Beseeching him his fears to quell,
And keep his word, however loth.

The pedlar own'd the dog's appeal,
Craving the promised fire and meal,
Was strictly just.
A sudden gust,
Replete with hail, that moment caught him,
And nearer to decision brought him;
That is, the smiling cherub, Hope,
Came peeping through the cloud of doubts and fears,
Just as the hailstones rattled in his ears,
And for his prudence gave more scope.

"Wherefore," quoth he, "should *I* so dread
This apparition of the dead?
I have *no motive* for alarm:
I ne'er did human being harm:
My conscience bears no murder's stains:
I ne'er have been in vice a meddler;
Then why should spectres take the pains
To scare a poor benighted pedlar?
Nay, should they in the room appear, I
Am so cold, and wet, and weary,
That, if I once to bed could creep,
And get myself fast lock'd in sleep,
Deuce take me
If I believe that all the ghosts
That any moderate churchyard boasts
Could wake me!"

This said, our hero boldly ventured,
And, calling Crop to follow, enter'd.
The shivering landlord led the way,
Through many a passage dark, and lone, and long,
Where foot had never trod for many a day,
Stumbling the fallen fractured stones among,
Which strew'd their dreary path, they reach'd
A rude stone stair, where many an owlet screech'd,
And many a toad, and many a mouse and rat,
Stared, wond'ring what the deuce the men were at,
And seem'd displeased that their asylum
Remain'd not undisturb'd, as whilom.

Onward the tristful trio went,
And enter'd on the stair's ascent,
O'er whose disjointed steps they needs must clamber
Ere they could reach the pedlar's destined chamber.
At length, the rugged steep ascended,
The host pronounced their task was ended,
And, striding o'er the creaking floor,
Show'd the appointed room, whose door
To many a million hungry worms had lent
Their fill,
Till nearly all its *substance* it had spent;
But still
It held its form and power of motion,
And almost seem'd to inspire the notion
That 'twas the spectre of a door,
Which had been once, but was no more.

The *story* where this chamber lay
Was lofty; though I cannot say
It either taste or elegance could boast;
'Twas big, black, broken, barbarous, and bare,
Peculiarities by no means rare
In *stories* which contain *a Ghost*.
They enter'd, and the host essay'd to raise
An ample fire: forthwith the genial blaze,
Spreading its influence round the room,
Began to dissipate the gloom.
Crop wagg'd his tail, crept to the hearth,
Seem'd quite contented with his berth,
Turn'd himself round, and cosily reclined,
Nor thought of ghost or snow, or frost or wind.

Meanwhile the landlord was not still;
  But, by a generous impulse speeded,
Began his promise to fulfil,
  And with such vigilance proceeded,
That e'er a full half hour his guest
  Before the fire his seat had taken,
And gain'd a little warmth and rest;
  An ample dish of eggs and bacon
(The best his dwelling could afford)
Was, smoking, placed upon the board.
This, with some potent home-brew'd beer
    And household bread,
    The landlord said,
Must constitute his evening cheer.
His watering chops the pedlar smack'd,
And straight the savoury meal attack'd;
    Nor did he stint
The motion of his nimble jaws,
Until he felt Crop's two fore-paws,
    By way of hint,
Placed eagerly upon his knee,
Seeming to say, "Remember me!"
When, knowing well what was the matter,
He instantly gave Crop the platter.

While thus the dog and master fed,
The busy landlord made the bed,
Which now he told him was prepared,
With store of rugs and sheets well air'd,
Whenever he might deem 't expedient
To go to rest. "Your most obedient,"
Pursued the host, "I 'll to my nest,
And wish you, sir, a good night's rest!"
"Thank ye," the cheerful pedlar said;
"Believe me, friend, I 'm not afraid."
In fact the happy man had quaff'd
  Such draughts of courage from the oft-fill'd horn,
That now, pot valorous, he laugh'd
  The simple landlord's childish fears to scorn.
However, when the host had fairly left him,
    The cheerless scene
    Brought on the spleen,
And almost of his fortitude bereft him.
So, to protect his mind from dread,
He stripp'd, and hasten'd into bed;
And, that he might forget the place,
Pull'd up the bed-clothes o'er his face.

That fleeting shades of murder'd wights
Should rise and prowl this world o' nights,
Their various injuries to avouch,
And scare the assassin on his couch,
Making him blab, by terror's dint,
May have some show of justice in 't;
    But, by my bardship,
    'Tis a great hardship
That a poor simple snoring elf,
Who would not hurt Old Nick himself,
Should be disturb'd. The crazy floor
Shook like an aspen leaf: the door

Upon its rusty hinges creak'd:
The pedlar raised his head, and shriek'd:
The roaring thunder peal'd around,
And seem'd to move the very ground:
The waken'd dog set up a hideous yell,
And cower'd beneath the bed; when, strange to tell,
The fire, which scarce had shewn its light,
Was kindled up with flames most bright,
As if to add more terror to the sight;
The horrid sight; for, with a hollow groan,
Which almost turn'd the pedlar's heart to stone,
A grizzly *Ghost*, with solemn stately pace,
And glaring eyeballs, stalk'd along the place.
Its vest was streak'd and clotted o'er
With purple stains of human gore:
A ghastly wound yawn'd on its brow,
Whence sanguine streams appear'd to flow;
And thrice, with heavy step, it pass'd the bed;
And thrice it groan'd, and shook its bloody head.
The pallid pedlar nearly swoon'd with fright:
He thought the very devil possess'd him:
His blood ran cold; his hair stood bolt upright:
At length the gory apparition
(Seeming to pity his condition)
The awful silence broke, and thus address'd him:—
"Six twelvemonths since I chanced to be
Benighted, driv'n in here, like thee.
Far from my home (that home, alas!
Whose threshhold I no more might pass),
Laden with treasure, all my own;
Too dearly won; for, not alone
By honest industry 'twas gain'd,
But by deceit and fraud obtain'd.
I craved for wealth. Let every knave
Receive a lesson from my grave;
And, turning from his dangerous folly, see
That honesty 's the safest policy.
Just when I 'gan myself to hug,
Quite sure I held my treasure snug,
Mark how it ended! On that very bed
I laid my weary limbs and anxious head;
When, at the hour of midnight, e'en when most
I thought myself secure; my treacherous host
Came to my chamber, clad in spectre's guise,
Flashing a flaming torch before my eyes;
And, as I lay transfixt with fear and wonder,
Remorseless, plunder'd me of all my plunder;
Then, that my murder ne'er might come to light,
Dash'd out my brains, and thrust me out of sight.
Behold this gash! yet let it not alarm thee!
I come for thine advantage, not to harm thee!
The barbarous villain ne'er enjoy'd the spoil,
For, every night, his quietude to foil,
I came to haunt him; till, o'ercome with dread,
He left his house, and from the country fled.
His blood-stain'd booty still lies buried near:
'T will make you rich. Arise! dismiss your fear,
And follow me! I'll shew you where 'tis hidden!"
The listening pedlar rose as soon as bidden,
Such magic power did hope of wealth impart,
To brace his limbs, spite of his fluttering heart.

"Hold!" said the *Ghost*, "ere we one step proceed,
Swear to perform for me one pious deed;
'Tis all that I demand. Beneath the stones
Which form yon hearth, repose my mouldering bones.
Remove them thence, and see them safe convey'd
To holy ground, and there in burial laid:
So shall my wandering spirit be at rest,
And you with ease and opulence be blest!"
The pedlar pledged his oath, and onward hied,
At humble distance following his grim guide.
With perfect ease they pass'd the broken stair,
And speedily arrived i' th' open air.

The northern blast, which erst had blown so keenly,
Was now quite hush'd; the moon had risen serenely,
And on the snow-spread earth diffus'd her light
So brightly, yet so palely, that the night
Seem'd like the ghost of day. Silent they pass'd
O'er many a spacious field, until, at last,
The *Ghost* stopp'd short, and, pointing to the earth,
Said, "Here lies buried all that I was worth
Of worldly wealth: I give it all to you—
Mark well the spot—be to your promise true—
So shall your fears of future want be banish'd!
Farewell! remember me!"—this said, it vanish'd.

The pedlar's hair stood bristling still on end,
And, when deserted by his ghostly friend,
Shuddering with mingled fright, and cold, and joy,
He look'd around
For something which, *as mark*, he might employ;
But all the ground
Was clothed with snow, and neither bush, nor tree,
Nor stick, nor stone, was near the spot, that he
Could use to be his beacon for the morrow.
I 'll not attempt to paint the poor man's sorrow,
When he perceived no chance, but there to stay,
And wait th' arrival of the following day.

No month of darkness to the mariner,
Whose ship lies frost-lock'd in a northern sea:
No voyage to a sea-sick passenger,
Sighing from waves and puking to be free:
No livelong route, which pious pilgrims take,
Famish'd and sick, o'er Afric's burning sands:
No father's lifetime, to the spendthrift rake,
Eager to squander his paternal lands:
No lingering week, with Christmas at its end,
To longing urchin, daily flogg'd at school:
No period which th' offender 's doom'd to spend,
With sheet enrobed, on the repentant stool:
No sleepless night to the expectant wench,
Whom next day's noon is to behold a bride:
No space by culprit pass'd before the bench,
While judge and jury on his fate decide:
No day to galley-slave, when labouring hard,
Unfeeling knaves with stripes his toil requite:
No last rehearsal to a starving bard,
Whose firstling play 's to be produced at night,
E'er seem'd more tedious, long, and wearisome,
Than to the pedlar's mind the sluggish hours:

He thought the wish'd-for dawn would never come:
  Nay, almost thought Sol had withdrawn his powers,
And that he did not think it worth
His while to shine upon the earth,
Whilst the bright moon, that beauteous doxy,
Served him so well by way of proxy.
At length a sudden gleam of thought
His strain'd imagination caught:
'Twas this—to breathe some little vein,
  Or slightly wound a thumb or finger,
And thence a crimson stream obtain,
To sprinkle o'er the virgin snow,
The spot whereon he stood to show,
  So that he need no longer linger;
But neither pin nor needle, thorn nor knife,
Had he, or could he gain, to save his life.
Long time he ponder'd how to act,
His mind with various projects rack'd:
    At length, again,
    A novel train
Of fancy flash'd across his brain,
And eased his breast of many a throe:
This was to give his nose a blow,
And, with the blood it would give vent to,
To form the long-desired memento.
He clench'd his fist, strung every nerve
  To bear the self-inflicted shock;
Nor did he from his purpose swerve,
  But gave himself *a thundring knock!*
His eyes flash'd fire—moon, trees, and snow
Like lightning vanish'd with the blow,
And now such objects met his view,
That, yawning, he had much ado
    To understand 'em:
His nose was swoln as big as two!
With blood his pillow was wet through!
In short, all night he'd soundly slept,
And all had been *a dream*,—except
    HIS MEMORANDUM!!!

SONG.

BY THE HON. ALEX. M'DOUGALL.

NAY! take take back the wreath, which you only bestow'd
  When the reign of its beauty and splendour was o'er,
When its fragrance was gone, and no longer it flow'd
  With the lustre that dazzled and charm'd us before.

The rose,—ere the fierce beams of morning had cast
  Their glance on the dew-drops that linger'd so fair,
Like pearls on the leaves,—kiss'd thy cheek as she pass'd,
  And left the last hues of her loveliness there.

And the lily, which still is so beauteous a wreck,
  Rear'd unblushing its head in the hour of its pride,
And deem'd itself pure, till it glanced at thy neck,
  When, sighing with envy, it droop'd and it died.

Then take back the wreath, love! in sorrow I part;
  The flow'rs are all dead, and neglected they lie;
Nought is left but the thorn which now pierces my heart,
  While the dew-drop is changed to the tear in my eye.

IRISH SONGS.

THE happy union of poetry and music in those fine "Irish Melodies" with which the names of Moore and Stephenson are so well associated, has procured a welcome for Irish songs wherever a taste for poetry and music exists. These melodies have found their way all over the world. Moore has done his country good service by showing that there was at least something national in Ireland worthy of admiration; indeed, no one has so pleasingly exhibited the finer shades of sentiment and feeling which are mingled, like "threads of gold in cloth of frieze," in the eccentric national character of his countrymen. There is, truly, something of the old spirit of chivalry still in the Irish character; in its gallantry and dashing courage; in its ardent patriotism and overflowing hospitality; and something even romantic in its strange combinations of wit and pathos, exuberant animal spirits with deep melancholy, which could not, perhaps, find a more appropriate voice than in the melodies. This may be one of the causes why the "ould music" finds an echo in every Irish heart; while the associations connected with every melody, the lively air, as well as the mournful strain, link them inseparably to the green isle. They are in every sense *national*.

Long before the production of "Moore's Melodies," the airs to which he has written the words were familiar household strains in Ireland. "Bunting's Collection," which appeared before that of Moore and Stephenson's, merely contained a portion of those fine melodies, but which had been for ages the delight and solace of the poor peasant and the discontented patriot; who had alike found in them congenial strains to console and to inspire. The very names by which these airs were commonly known before dressed in the gorgeous drapery with which Moore has now adorned them, sufficiently express their popular character. Thus we have "*The pretty girl milking her cow*," (arranged by Moore as "The valley lay smiling before me"); "*The young man's dream*" ("As a beam o'er the face of the water may glow"); "*Dennis, don't be threat'ning*" ("Nay, tell me not"); "*John O'Reilly, the active*" ("Oh! think not my spirits are always as light"); "*Molly, my dear!*" (the beautiful air of "At the mid hour of night"); "*Cushla ma Cree*," the favourite Irish expression of fondness, "pulse of my heart" ("Come o'er the sea!") These, with "*The bunch of green rushes*;" "*Garry Owen*;" "*The summer is coming*;" "*The brown Irish girl*;" "*The song of sorrow*;" and many others, may be referred to as indicating by their titles alone the simple character of the events with which they were connected in the minds of the peasantry.

Songs in Ireland have long been the only *popular literature*. The peasantry, even down to the very moment we are now writing, have really no other kind of literature. From the time of Spenser, and before his time, to this day, songs and ballads have formed the only literature by which events of local or national importance have been recorded by the people, and their own minds and passions brought under the influence of anything partaking of the attributes

of fancy and imagination. Nothing affecting the condition of the peasantry is allowed to pass without becoming the burthen of some rough ballad; which, being in due course chanted on market-day in the country town, soon finds its way to the shebeen-shop and the cabin. It may surprise our English reader to learn that there is a class of persons in Ireland, who live in a state of comparative luxury, and exercise no inconsiderable influence as "wandering minstrels," the vocal publishers of such new songs, at all the wakes, fairs, patons, and marriages in the country; and who, preserving, by their fiddles, or their bagpipes, the "ould music" procure for themselves a welcome wherever they please to go. The poetry! of these popular songs is altogether below criticism, or even description; and yet, occasionally—particularly before the Union—some pens of no little celebrity condescended to throw off a few verses. Who does not remember the story of poor Goldsmith, in his extremity, while living in Dublin, and when "a handful of peas, given to him by a servant-girl, was a luxury to him, sitting down, and writing street-ballads, for which he obtained five shillings each from the printer of the dying speeches!"

Moore, in his beautiful melodies, has followed the practice of all Irish bards in making his verses the memorials of interesting, though often mournful events in his country's history. Thus, "*Rich and rare were the gems she wore,*" is a poetic version of the fable which tells us of the domestic tranquillity of the country, when a young lady of surpassing loveliness could travel through every part unattended and alone, without insult or injury, even though, in addition to the gems she wore, she carried with her "a pure gold ring on a snow-white wand." It is a pity such a story should be fabulous; but, as Moore himself remarks, in his elaborate history, some legend of this kind is current in every country; and of our own Alfred it is said, poetically, that he caused such veneration to be felt for law and justice, that a pilgrim (like the maiden with the snow-white wand,) traversed the country with gold and jewels, without protection, and without molestation. Another melody, "*The valley lay smiling before me,*" refers to an event having, unfortunately, a better foundation in fact. It records the sorrows of King O'Rourke, when he discovered that his wife had proved unfaithful—an event that led to the memorable first invasion of Ireland by the English, as allies of the seducer, who sought their aid when justly expelled his country. "*The harp that once through Tara's halls*" (set to the beautiful air of "Molly Astore"); "*The Minstrel Boy;*" and "*The Legacy,*" are songs of the days when poetry and music ruled the country; when the bards were almost worshiped, and when they led on and inspired the troops in battle, and recorded their achievements and praises if they fell. Those exquisite songs, "*Oh! breathe not his name!*" and "*She is far from the land where her loved hero sleeps,*" record afflicting stories of Irish patriotism and affection; the first referring to the well-known history of the unfortunate Emmett, the young and enthusiastic, but fatally mistaken, patriot, who died on the scaffold for his unsuccessful attempt at rebellion in 1803; and the second recording the melancholy fate of the young lady who loved, and died for him, a short time after his execution, *broken-hearted!* Washington Irving has made this touching incident the subject of one of his most beautiful and affecting tales. Of the first melody

it has been truly observed, that perhaps such another song is not to be found in the language.

We have given this cursory notice of one or two of Moore's delightful melodies for the purpose of showing what a fund of interesting associations is connected merely with this single portion of Irish song; but, if we extend our inquiries to the circumstances attending the composition of the *music*, we meet with incidents still more interesting. Ireland has always possessed a fund of national music. If we can rely on the authority of national antiquaries, the art was cultivated, and reached a very high degree of perfection there, long before its rudiments were known to the other nations of Europe, and even before the invention of musical notes. At that early period a race of men, called "*The Bards*," existed in the country, similar to the Druids in our own. They were a distinct and highly-privileged class, superior to the nobility, and possessing greater influence than even the petty kings of the various provinces. Like the Druids, they were poets and historians, as well as priests, of the idolatry which then prevailed; and their skill in music was unrivaled. On the introduction of Christianity, and the destruction of the Pagan form of worship, the bards, of course, lost their power and importance as priests; but they appear to have retained considerable influence with the people as poets and minstrels; and, till even comparatively modern times, every old Irish family maintained its "minstrel," who was always regarded as one of the most important persons of the household. To these bards, and their descendants, Ireland is said to be indebted for all those beautiful melodies of which we have spoken, and which, according to Mr. Walker (in his essay on the Irish bards), must have been preserved for centuries by the ear alone, before the introduction of musical notes.

The legends referring to the composition of many of the airs are extremely interesting, and afford us a good insight into the state of manners in Ireland in former days. There is one air, of which the words have also been preserved, which deserves particular notice. It is the love-song called "*Eileen-a-Roon*," the original of Moore's melody, "Erin, the smile and the tear in thine eye"; but, in changing altogether the subject of the song, we do not think he has acted with his usual good taste, the original story being, perhaps, one of the most touching and beautiful of its kind, and so simple and unaffected that it carries with it almost a conviction of its truth. The story is as follows:—

Carol O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain, named Cavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who warmly returned his affection; but, her friends disapproving of the connexion, O'Daly was obliged to leave the country to avoid personal injury; and they availed themselves of his absence to impress on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another. After some time, they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly, and the day was fixed for the nuptials; but on the evening preceding her lover returned, and, being informed of the intended marriage, under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered

spot on the sea shore, where, inspired by love, he composed the melody, which remains to this day an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access the next day amongst the crowd that thronged to the wedding; and it happened that he was called upon by Ellen, who did not recognise him under his disguise, to exhibit his skill in music, and perform something appropriate for the occasion. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and addressed his mistress in the melody since familiarly known as

"EILEEN-A-ROON!*

"I 'll love thee evermore, Eileen-a-Roon!
I 'll bless thee o'er and o'er, Eileen-a-Roon!
Oh! for thy sake I 'll tread
Where the plains of Mayo spread,
By Hope still fondly led, Eileen-a-Roon!

"Oh! how may I gain thee? Eileen-a-Roon!
Shall feasting entertain thee? Eileen-a-Roon!
I would range the world wide,
With love alone to guide,
To win thee for my bride, Eileen-a-Roon!

"Then, wilt thou come away? Eileen-a-Roon!
Oh! wilt thou come or stay? Eileen-a-Roon!
Oh, yes! oh, yes! with *thee*
I will wander far and free,
And thy only love shall be, Eileen-a-Roon!

"A hundred thousand welcomes, Eileen-a-Roon!
Ceade mille failte, Eileen-a-Roon!
Oh! welcome evermore!
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er, Eileen-a-Roon!"

The song produced all the effect the minstrel hoped for. His mistress soon felt that she was personally addressed in the opening verses; and, in answer to his inquiry if she would escape with him, or, in the sweet idiom of the old song, "Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen-a-Roon?" she answered at once in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he burst forth with "*Cead mille failte!*" (a hundred thousand welcomes!) — the now familiar expression of Irish hospitality, which is taken from this song. The

* The term "Eileen-*a-Roon*" is one of those endearing expressions of fondness with which the Irish language abounds. The above version of the song is by Mr. Thomas Furlong. There is another translation by a bard of the seventeenth century, but it is not equal to the above, although there are a few lines in it very pleasingly expressed.

"To valleys green I 'll stray with thee,
By murm'ring rill and whisp'ring tree;
The birds will our wild minstrels be.
Heaven beams in all thine eye, Eileen-a-Roon!
Spotless star of modesty,
Ere I deceive thee may I die, Eileen-a-Roon!

story concludes with the assurance that such love was well rewarded, and that Ellen escaped with her lover that very night.

The air of the song is more commonly known as *"Robin Adair,"* and it is generally spoken of as a Scotch melody, though there is internal evidence of its Irish origin. Robin Adair himself was an Irish gentleman, the ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, residing at Holly Park, in the county of Wicklow, and, early in the last century, was a member of the Irish parliament. Handel said "he would rather have been the composer of *Eileen-a-Roon* than of many of his most admired productions;" and Burns, the poet, writing to his publisher, Thompson, who requested him to give it "a Scotch dress," says, "I have met with a musical Highlander, who assures me that he well remembers his mother singing Gaelic songs to the airs of both *Eileen-a-Roon* and *Molly Astore!* But the wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers used to go frequently errant through the wilds of both Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both." Such of our fair readers as are not ashamed to sing an *old* song, will find "Eileen-a-Roon," played with its accompaniment, as arranged for "Robin Adair," an agreeable novelty.

After "Eileen-a-Roon," one of the prettiest Irish love-songs we remember to have met with is the following, in which, if the imagery is warmly coloured, it is only in keeping with the national gallantry, —and we dare say the "girleen" to whom it was addressed found no fault with it on this account. We met with it in a tourist's collection, and have taken the liberty of calling it, after its author,

"PATRICK LINDEN'S VALENTINE.

"Oh! fairer than the mountain snow,
When o'er it North's pure breezes blow!
In all its dazzling lustre drest,
Far purer, softer is thy breast.

"With soften'd fire, imperial blood
Pours through thy frame its generous flood;
Rich in thy azure veins it flows,
Bright in thy blushing cheek it glows!

"See how the swan, presumptuous, strives
Where glowing majesty revives,
With proud contention to bespeak
The soft dominion of that cheek.

"Beneath it, sure, with subtle heed,
Some rose by stealth its leaf conveyed;
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.

"The tresses of thy silken hair,
As *curling mists*, are soft and fair;
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender snow to deck.

"Pulse of my heart! dear source of care,
Stolen sighs, and love-breathed vows!
Sweeter than when, through scented air,
Gay bloom the apple-boughs!

"With thee no days can winter seem,
Nor frost nor blast can chill;
Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam,
That keeps it summer still!"

Irish songs are always characteristic. If you want love-songs, where will you find such touching melodies as those where the "minor third" is so invariably employed to produce its pleasing melancholy? If you want wit and humour, call to remembrance the way in which poor Power used to sing "The Groves of Blarney;" and, for convivial, real Bacchanalian, songs, it would be contrary to all experience, if those who understand so well the virtues of the bottle could not celebrate them in becoming strains. Here, indeed, Irish minstrels of every degree are "each of them a king." We will give an example of the kind of verse which the older bards —"the vagabone rhymers," as they are called by the poet Spenser, —could produce, when inspired by a spirit more potent for many of them than even love itself. It is a good specimen of the dashing spirit, humour, and satire which were frequently united in their Bacchanalian effusions; and its very title, "*In praise of Drunkenness,*" shows that, at least, some portion of "Hibernian modesty" was mingled with the rest. At a time when the good people of the Sister Isle seem so resolutely determined on altogether extinguishing this ancient *virtue* of their forefathers, it will be amusing to hear what can be said on its behalf by one who was evidently a sincere devotee.

The song, or ode, (for it was most probably sung to the harp,) is very ancient, and, like others of its class, was composed by one of the drunken poets of the middle or latter end of the seventeenth century, at which period Ireland was overrun with a race of "wandering gentlemen," as they were termed, whose most prominent qualities are said to have been idleness, intemperance, and "an ability to make satirical songs." These persons, known familiarly by the name of "bucks," were generally the immediate descendants of the heads of ancient families, whose estates had been confiscated for taking part in the continual rebellions which distracted the country.* Dispossessed of their estates, but not banished, they wandered about from place to place, subsisting on the hospitality of their friends, and the peasantry, by whom they were held in high respect, and

* Mr. Crofton Croker mentions an affecting incident connected with this subject when referring to the misfortunes of the "ould family of the Mac Carthys. The existing proprietor of the forfeited estates of this family, observed one evening in his demesne an aged man stretched at the foot of an old tree, 'sobbing as if his heart would break.' On expressing sympathy, and inquiring the cause of such excessive grief, he received this answer, 'I am Mac-Carthy! once the possessor of that castle and these broad lands. This tree I planted, and I have returned to water it with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have been an exile and an outlaw since the Revolution. To-night, for the last time, I bid farewell to the place of my birth, and the home of my ancestors.'" We may easily understand, from such instances as this, the cause of the bitter hate which the ancient Irish entertained for the Saxon—"the Sassanagh!" One of the "bucks" above referred to has left us the following specimen of his nationality and poetry:—

"With one of English race all friendship shun;
For, if you don't, you'll surely be undone;
He'll lie in wait, to ruin thee when he can—
Such is the friendship of an Englishman."

endeavouring to keep alive the national feelings of animosity for their English despoilers, by writing rebellious and satirical songs, of which numbers have been preserved, and are still sung by the Irish peasantry. These "wandering gentlemen" were considered so formidable by the legislature, that, even during the reign of Charles the First, when there was little time to attend to such matters, an act was passed, by which it was enacted "that any person, not having means of support, who shall walk up and down the country with fosterers, kindred, or retinue, with one greyhound or more, and exact meat and drink, or crave help in such sort as poor people dare not to deny, *for fear of some scandalous rhyme or song to be made upon them*, such a person may be bound to loyalty and allegiance, and committed till bond given with good sureties." (10th and 11th Chas. I. c. 16.) To one of the race thus proscribed we are indebted for the following

"ODE IN PRAISE OF DRUNKENNESS!

"Oh! Drunkenness! spouse beloved, where dost thou stray?
Here, in thy absence, stupidly I pine;
For, since we parted this time yesterday,
Oh! many a black and bitter thought was mine!
I wedded thee all freely and light-hearted,
Ere I had counted even to my twelfth year;
I liked thee,—for each ugly care departed,
Each big blue-devil flew off when thou wert near.
I vow'd all constancy, and kept my vow;
But oh! sweet spouse, what signifies it now?

"Wide is thy range, but greater still thy power,
A worker of wild wonders, sure, thou art;
Strange are thy freaks in that most merry hour,
When the full cup comes forth to cheer the heart.
Oh! many a miracle hast thou effected,
When jolly ones at table were collected!

"Changed by thy touch, the poor quite rich become,
The low get lofty, and the timid bold;
Cripples get legs! speech bursts upon the dumb!
And youth and vigour bless the weak and old!
The smile of joy steals o'er the face of trouble,
And folks with hardly half an eye see double!
Even old, hell-daring, weather-beaten sinners,
When moved by thee, in grace become beginners!

"Little thou heedest where thy head is laid:
To thee the bog is as the bed of down;
Little thou mindest how thy clothes are made,
Small thought hast thou of cloak, or cap, or gown;
For points of form thou carest not a pin,
But at the chimney wouldst as soon come in,
Ay! just as soon as at the opening door.
The pelting storm may drench thee o'er and o'er,
The storm, the snow, the hail around may fall,—
Still, still, my fearless spouse, thou smilest at them all!" *

* We cannot afford space to quote the whole of this capital address; but those who please to refer to "*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy*" will find this, with many other excellent Irish compositions, most ably translated by Mr. Furlong, Mr. Dalton, and others.

With one or two illustrations on the subject of the ode, we must conclude. The practice, satirized by the bard, of allowing children to become inured to habits of intemperance "ere they had counted even to their twelfth year," may astonish a sober Englishman, who does not "take his punch after dinner." But, as an Irish gentleman once observed to us, "How would a man ever be able to take his three or four-and-twenty tumblers of punch at a sitting, if he hadn't *made his head* in time?" And we confess the query was too difficult for us to answer. Mr. Croker, in his interesting work on "The political Songs of Ireland," mentions several laughable instances of people "makin' their heads;" and we think the following might be included with them:—In the course of the trial, M'Garahan *v.* Maguire, (the celebrated Catholic controversialist,) for seduction, it was stated that the young lady whose honour was in question was extremely fond of "*scalteen*," that is, whiskey *boiled*, (with a taste of water,) and drank screeching hot! One of the witnesses was asked,

"I suppose *you* like scalteen?"

"Why, yes; I like it very well."

"How do you like it?"

"Sometimes strong, sometimes *wake!*"

"When do you like it *weak?*"

"After I take a good deal of it strong,—*then* I begin to like it wake!"

A person who has never been in Ireland can form but a very faint idea of the height to which intemperance was carried a few years ago. It may, indeed, be truly observed, that "nearly every crime committed in the country might be traced, directly or indirectly, to the influence of "the whiskey." Warburton, in his elaborate "History of Dublin," states that this spirit was not introduced into that city until about the year 1750; but that intemperance was just as common with rum and brandy—the spirits then used. The quantity of claret drunk at the same period was enormous. In the year 1753 the importation from France alone was eight thousand tuns! We have no means of knowing what quantity of whiskey was drunk in Dublin before Father Mathew effected his moral revolution there; but it may astonish some persons to learn, that, in Thomas Street, in that city, containing one hundred and sixty-seven houses, no less than *sixty-two*—we ascertained from personal observation—were spirit-shops, or places where whiskey could be purchased, in 1840! This was in one street only; but certainly all the streets were not like this. After Father Mathew visited Dublin three-fourths of the spirit-dealers became insolvent; and it was to this circumstance, more than any other, that O'Connell's non-election after the last dissolution was to be attributed; most of the shopkeepers having been of his interest, and the spirit-dealers having lost their votes.

J. S. D.

THE CRAMMED TURKEY.

"Burrow Sahib, *my master*, in him country he great man; great man him fadder."

"My master much more great," replied Lieutenant Smith's *kidmutgar*. "Your master only Ensign Sahib; my master lootenant. Lootenant sit higher than Ensign Sahib."

"Not care for that; my massa fadder, great man in him country; he ride in palanquin with wheels, and dine with old Lady Bibby* Company. My massa sit next Colonel Sahib;" and the irritated servant of Ensign Brown endeavoured to substitute his master's plate for that of Lieutenant Smith's.

In the midst of this scuffle I entered, and desired the same place to be reserved on either side of my table for the rival great men; thus satisfying the angry servants, who had been disputing nearly half an hour about the respective precedence of their masters.

To explain the circumstance, I must inform the reader that it is usual when a bachelor invites a party of friends to dinner, for each guest to bring his servant to attend on him; his own plates, knives, spoons, and forks. The entertainer only provides the room, the furniture, the lights, and meal. In India, as in every place where no decided precedence exists, much more fuss is made about artificial rank than in circles where real and hereditary right of assumption exists. On this head some gentlemen, may, perhaps, be careless; but their servants are sure to stick up for their masters, and quarrel for the consequence and dignity of their employers.

Such were the feelings which gave rise to the quarrel I have just narrated. My decision, however, calmed them, and I then addressed them on another subject. After begging of them each to count the spoons, &c., he brought, I informed them that I had a *chokedar*, or policeman, in attendance, to search for the robber, if any plate should be lost. Not that I doubted any of their honesty, but, as I knew their habits, I was aware that they considered it perfectly justifiable, in case of any of their masters' forks, or other goods, being mislaid, instantly to seize and purloin that of any other person present, to make up their proper number. This had given rise to several severe disputes. So I warned them beforehand, that any one guilty of such a fault should not escape with impunity, from the first *kidmutgar* (butler), to the lowest *mussolgi* (light bearer.)

The shades were put round the candles, the cover to each glass placed on it, and the meal was served. The dinner being one of ceremony, given by me to our colonel, was of the first order; consisting of three or four kinds of fish, innumerable styles of curry, roast kid, a florikin, and snipes in every way, crowned by the most *recherché* of all dishes, a boiled turkey.

It is true we each (that is to say, every officer in cantonment)

* Meaning the East India Company, who are supposed by the natives to be an old lady. Bibby means mistress.

kept these birds, and endeavoured to fatten them ; but, somehow or other, we all failed, and our poultry remained thin and miserable. The colonel instantly eyed the splendid bird with keen envy; for, during several months he had vainly, and at a great expense, endeavoured to produce such a dainty. I confess I was puzzled to know where my *consommer* had got it, for I well knew I had none of the kind.

By and by my delighted but curious guest turned round to my *consommer*, and after praising his talent as a turkey-feeder, begged to know his system. The man merely shrugged up his shoulders, and began tittering. A look, however, from me, and he again recovered his respectful demeanour, and assured the colonel he only fed his poultry in the usual manner. This, however, seemed scarcely to satisfy the other, who, after a pause, again turned to the servant, and having obtained my permission to do so, offered him a rupee to call the next day on his (the colonel's) *consommer*, and instruct him in the proper manner of fattening turkeys. This handsome proposal, to my great surprise, was received with a roar of laughter by my usually steady servant, who rushed from the room. For a moment I was alarmed ; I thought the man had taken leave of his senses. I said as much to the colonel, and then left the chamber to ascertain the fact. On seeing me enter the verandah with a stern countenance, the still-laughing offender fell down on his knees, and, between sobs and cries, began to roar out for pardon and mercy ; this, however, I refused to grant until I heard a satisfactory explanation of his strange behaviour.

"Oh ! don't *chawbuck* me !"(horsewhip me) ; "don't send me away ! Pardon me ! pardon me, good master ! but I could not help laughing when the colonel told me to teach his feeder how to cram turkeys."

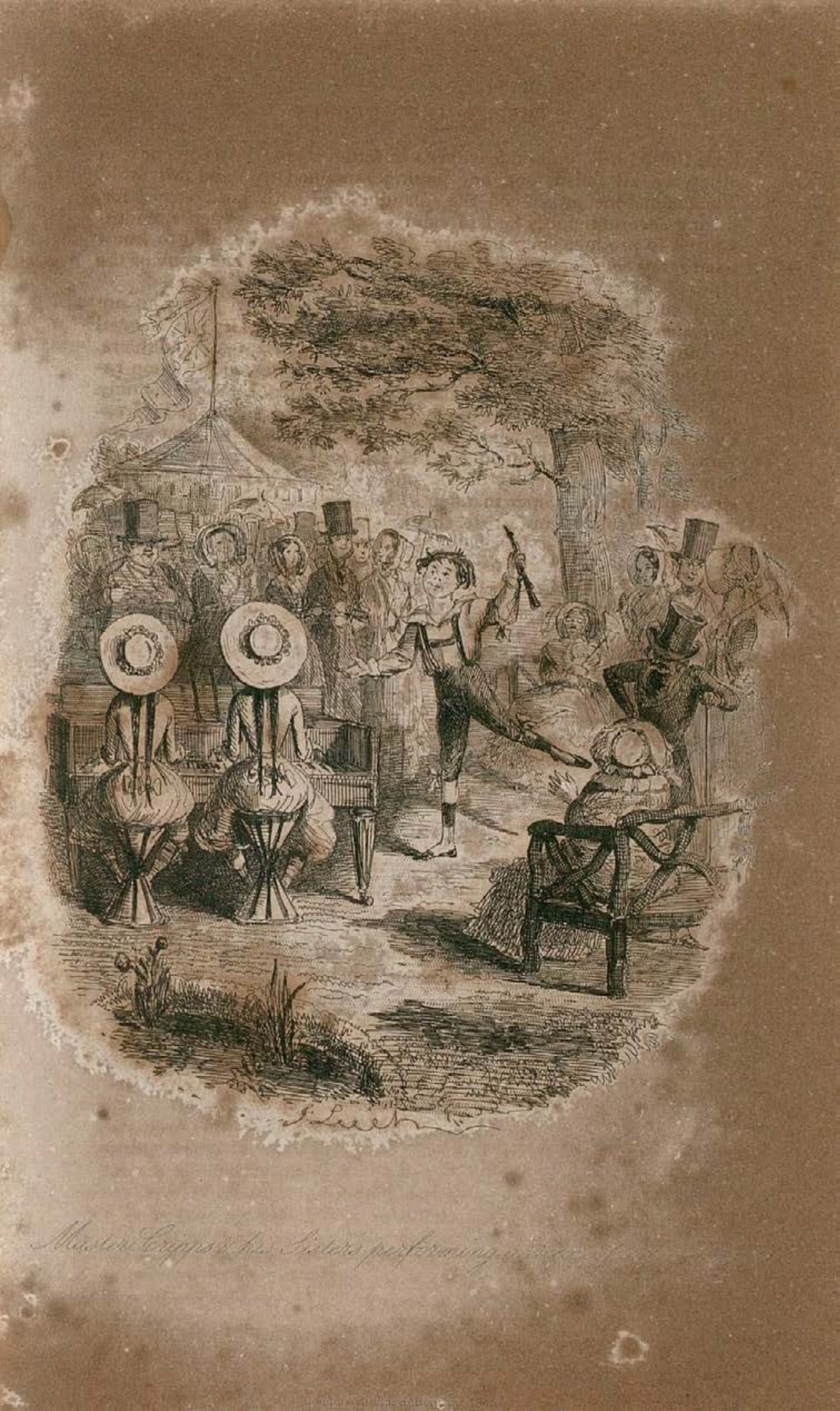
"And, what was there so comical in that?"

"Good master, don't be angry ; don't look stern ; don't send me away."

"Tell the truth, and I 'll forgive you."

"Oh, sir, pardon me for laughing ; but I bought that turkey this morning from the colonel's *consommer !*"

I confess I could not help smiling too ; but, fearful of telling the truth to my guest, I returned to table, and assured him my poor servant was in strong convulsions, probably the effect of a *coup de soliel.*



Master Crypps & his Sisters performing

[illegible]

The [illegible] the [illegible]
the talented [illegible] had lighted an ancient pipe, [illegible]
full length beneath some trees, apparently taking a [illegible]
lessons in his art from the birds overhead. The [illegible]
coats, together with the Punch and Pantomime [illegible]
the taproom of the inn; and Mr. Podgers having [illegible]
[illegible] of a tankard of home-brewed ale, [illegible]
which Mr. [illegible] had [illegible]
and shouted for the attendant. The host, [illegible]

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The result of Mr. Prodgers's itinerant speculation.

It was a fine, bright afternoon when the Caravan of Wonders halted, for the exhibition of its marvellous appurtenances. The facetious lessee of the concern for the time being, had selected the centre of a rural village,—a quiet, secluded, sleepy-looking place, with fine old trees rising up amongst the houses here and there, in their leafy mantles of waving foliage, and usually overtopping the humble cottages they sheltered; except in front of the alehouse, where the huge lime that stood at the door looked as if it had grown against an imaginary ceiling, and not being able to shoot upwards, had spread out in proportion, for the express purpose of forming a summer lounging-place for thirsty travellers.

It was, also, very hot. The most argumentative individual would not have contradicted the fact. So thought the waggoner, who was asleep beneath the tilt of his waggon, whilst his horses dreamily mumbled some warm hay from a rack, or coquetted with the tepid water in the trough: so thought the host, who was smoking a pipe in his shirt-sleeves, exactly in the centre of the entrance to his inn, as much as to say it was of no use disturbing him by going in, for he was too hot to attend to anybody; so thought the cows, as they stood knee-deep in water, vainly endeavouring to chastise impertinent flies with their tails. And so, doubtless, thought Mr. Prodgers and his fellow-student, who were sitting on the shelving turf at the side of the river, pelting small pebbles at a water-lily that trembled in the sunlight on the surface of the stream, whose rippling harmonised well with the crackling of the seed-pods of the wild plants upon the bank, and produced the only sounds that broke the afternoon stillness; except the occasional wincing of the two horses, besieged by impertinent flies, who were cropping the grass at the side of the show, and now and then rattled their patchwork harness in so restless a manner as to call forth a passing reproof from their owner.

The mystic Crindle was still overlooking his apparatus, whilst the talented Siffleur had lighted an ancient pipe, and now reposed at full length beneath some trees, apparently taking a few gratuitous lessons in his art from the birds overhead. The Children of Caucasus, together with the Punch and Fantoccini, were ensconced in the taproom of the inn; and Mr. Prodgers having come to the termination of a tankard of home-brewed ale, in the discussion of which Mr. Tweak had ably assisted, now turned towards the house, and shouted for the attendant. The host, nothing disturbed, quietly

telegraphed the boy from within, and he leisurely approached the customers.

"Now, young pot-hook," said Mr. Prodgers; "stir yourself a little, and bring me a goblet of cool half-and-half."

The boy, as soon as he clearly understood what a goblet meant, took the empty measure, and in a few instants returned with it, carrying it, however, very leisurely over the small patch of grass between the inn and the river.

"I hope this is good," observed Mr. Tweak. "You ought always to put the ale in first, for fear the porter shouldn't leave room for it —it 's very apt to behave so."

As the boy retired, he was hailed by the driver of the caravan for some additional refection.

"Now, look sharp, you small go of humanity," said that individual, who was known to his very particular acquaintances as Joe Bantam. "You seems too tender to move."

"It 's so precious hot!" said the boy, with a sigh, indulging in a performance with his mouth, analogous to blowing off nothing from the tip of his nose. "Suppose you had to be druv about such weather as this, how would you feel?"

"Well, I likes that, anyhow, my half-pint," returned the other. "What have my pardners got to do to-night, I should like to know?"

The boy expressed his inability to comply with Mr. Bantam's desire for information.

"Well, wait, and you 'll find out; but don't complain of work. I comes from Sheffield; look at the boys there. They works, they does. Look at that teaboard you are carrying. Do you see it?"

As the article in question was about two feet square, it could not very well escape the boy's observation.

"Now, then, all them flying heffuts was painted by babbies in cradles: the hinfant-schools does it. Was you ever in a hinfant school?"

"Nobody never taught me nothink," answered the boy.

"I should think so," rejoined Mr. Bantam; "you looks like it. Now, the Sheffield children knows everything. Their very playthings is screw-taps and hand-vices; and they gives 'em rivetting-hammers, to keep 'em quiet, instead of lollipops. There—be off, and look after your customers, for our gentlemen is coming up."

And, indeed, as the afternoon was advancing, Mr. Prodgers contemplated commencing their performance; and now left the river side, for the purpose of collecting his troop. The Caucasians were summoned from the tap-room, wherein they had been completing their toilets, and obeyed his orders. The leader of the party, and strongest man, who rejoiced in the Caspian name of Bill, was a fine study for a sample of his class. He was attired in an old great-coat, in which string, pins, and buttons, struggled to possess the greatest power of attachment; whilst, below the skirts, which long wear had vandyked and scalloped in its own peculiar fashion, there appeared a pair of legs, evidently destitute of trowsers, but encased in cotton-tights coarsely pinked. But these legs were not like human legs in ordinary, which are usually endowed with one fixed method of action: on the contrary, all the joints appeared to be formed upon the principle of the ball and socket, rather than the hinge; and nobody

would have been in the least degree astonished to have seen the feet turn round upon their axes, and go heels forward; or the whole limbs assume that position of indefinite action which a limp saw-dust doll exhibits when made to stand upon its legs. One of his companions was similarly attired, although younger, and of slighter build: his head being covered with an old seal-skin cap, whilst a considerable aperture in the shoulder of his upper-garment betrayed a pair of red braces, covered with large tarnished spangles, to the eyes of curious beholders. The other was evidently the senior of the three, and of that pinched-up and spare appearance which almost tempted one to believe that he had been compelled by intense poverty to dispose of his inside at a great sacrifice, without the power of ever redeeming it. Notwithstanding the heat of the day, he was enveloped in a dingy cloak, which he termed his "rockelo," of a faded puce colour, shot with dust; and this he kept wrapt around him, although his painted face bore evidence that he was to be considered the grotesque, or clown, of the party.

"Well, my man," asked Mr. Prodgers as he advanced, "how are things looking?"

"Up-ish," was the reply: "they are talking about us in the inn, and I think we shall do. It's a pity that old grey mare isn't safe to ride in a ring."

"Why so?"

"Because Tom could get up an act of horsemanship," replied the Caucasian, pointing to their youngest companion. He has done the Courier of Petersburg, and the Drunken Hussar often, when we was with Samwell's lot."

"You'd do something a good deal more curous than them, if you was to get on that old mare, I reckon," observed Mr. Bantam.

And this indirect aspersion upon the trustworthy character of one of his stud, immediately settled the question.

At last the hour arrived when Mr. Prodgers thought it time to open his caravan to the public; and having directed the younger of the Caucasian children to hoist up the pictures, he set the directors of the Fantoccini outside, to attract the audience by a gratuitous exhibition; and one of them also formed the orchestra. It is true the band was not extensive, being composed of a drum and pandean-pipes alone, but much effect was produced by the ingenuity of the performer, who played first one and then the other, and then both together, beating the drum very hard when his breath failed him for the pipes. So that altogether it might be considered rather effective than otherwise, and perfectly answered the object, of drawing a large assemblage of the villagers together.

The speech which Mr. Prodgers addressed to the spectators was modelled after the most celebrated specimens of travelling-show declamation, — a school of oratory to which he had paid great attention; and he was ably assisted by the grotesque, who drew down shouts of laughter by his interpolations, in which Mr. Tweak heartily joined; albeit, he felt somewhat nervous, and not altogether without apprehension, lest any of the Board of Examiners at the College of Surgeons should pass that way by chance, and see how they were engaged.

"We shall commence, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Prodgers, "with the wonderful feats of the Children of Caucasus, who will go

through a variety of posturing, balancing, and ground and lofty tumbling; as well as trampolines and summersets."

"As well as trampling on the sunset," observed the merriman.

"And the celebrated dance which was never performed by the great dancers at Her Majesty's Opera in London, on account of its being too difficult."

"That 's a lie!" observed the clown of Caucasus, in a confidential manner to the crowd.

"What did you say, sir?" asked Mr. Prodgers, with a stern air of authority.

"I said they didn't like to try," replied the grotesque, with much simplicity.

"Beautiful, Prodgers!" exclaimed Mr. Tweak, in a demi-voice from the doorway. "One would think that you had taken lessons in circus-etiquette, for many years, of Widdecomb."

"After which," continued Mr. Prodgers, kicking back his leg, to imply that Mr. Tweak's compliment was appreciated, but that he was not to pay any more, "after which the celebrated Siffleur, who is upon terms of chatting familiarity with every singing-bird in the world, will delight his hearers. The whole to conclude with the mystic delusions of the unapproachable wizard of every point in the compass. Admission, ladies and gentlemen, sixpence each; servants and working-people, threepence."

At the conclusion of this address the band struck up a lively air, and the company began to ascend the steps. Mr. Tweak experienced at times some little difficulty in drawing the line between the sixpenny classes and their inferiors, but at last this was happily arranged; and then the entertainments commenced to an audience of nine-and-sixpence, who were highly delighted, although the height of the caravan did not admit of the lofty tumbling advertised, for which an apology was made by the manager. When the performance was over, a fresh batch came forward, and then another, and another, until, at the final close, Mr. Tweak announced to his friend the gratifying intelligence that there was upwards of five pounds in the treasury; a sum which exceeded their most sanguine expectations.

As Mr. Prodgers was requested by the members of his troop to allow them to turn the interior of the caravan into a many-bedded room, without beds, for that night only, he bespoke the best chamber the inn afforded for himself and Mr. Tweak; as well as an excellent supper of new-laid eggs, and home-cured bacon, in which dish ended the host's assurance that they could have anything they pleased to order. They were received at the inn with the most marked deference, being regarded as persons of almost supernatural qualities; and attended to with the greatest alacrity by the boy, whose activity increased as the temperature of the day diminished. And, when they finally retired for the night, somewhat fatigued with their exertions, upon gazing from their bedroom window, which overlooked the green, a light was still burning in the interior of the caravan; and occasionally sounds of merriment burst from the interior, through the stillness of the country evening, which proved that their talented company, in the absence of anything to lie down upon, had determined upon making a night of it.

"Well, Tweaky," exclaimed Mr. Prodgers to his companion, as

he unpacked his toilet appointments from his night-cap, which he generally used as a carpet-bag on his excursions, "I think we have done pretty well to-day. It almost tempts me to give up the study of medicine, and take to conjuring. I don't see much difference between the two."

"Not much," said Mr. Tweak, sleepily. "Good night."

"Good night," replied Mr. Prodgers, yawning. "I am very tired, and shall have no great wish to unbutton my eyelids, and get up to-morrow morning."

And then all was still: whilst Nature unfolded her own mystic wonders to the quiet night, with no witnesses except the stars, who were winking at the silent workings of her laboratory, like the eyes of an old gentleman on the bottom row of the Royal Institution when an experiment of unusual interest defies his conjectures.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mrs. De Robinson's fête champêtre.

But, if all was thus tranquil at the village, the scene was very different at Mrs. De Robinson's villa residence on the Thames. For there the preparations for the gaiety of the morrow kept everybody wide awake until an advanced hour; and, whilst the servants were occupied in their respective departments, Miss De Robinson was cutting out water-lilies in silver-paper, under the direction of Mrs. Waddleston, which were to be pinned upon bungs, and set floating upon the river, restrained from going down the stream to the next lock by small plummets of curled lead. Mr. De Robinson, junior, had cleared out the summer-house, and having manufactured an hermit, had seated him therein, deeply engaged in studying the day-book of an insolvent grocer, which he procured from his father's office; and, this finished, he was arranging small hooks about the trees for the illuminated lamps, and putting the last touches to a grand pictorial representation of Hong-kong, with Mount Vesuvius in the back-ground. This elaborate production had been built up by him, with the assistance of an under scene-painter, brought from town for the purpose, and was to be the *cheval de bataille* of the evening, forming the scene of the pyrotechnic exhibition. It was constructed, in imitation of more extensive views in the metropolis, upon the edge of the pond, in the field adjoining the lawn; and, when finished, Mr. De Robinson, junior, having lighted some bits of wax-candle, sat upon the grass, and looked at it, until he had well nigh fallen asleep, in a mingled state of fatigue and admiration.

As Mr. De Robinson's barometer, upon which he set great value, usually prognosticated the weather inversely, everybody retired to bed very joyously upon hearing that the glass was very low, feeling assured that such a condition foretold a lovely day on the morrow; and when the morrow arrived, the bright sun confirmed their expectations; nor was there a cloud in the sky that looked at all as if it meant mischief, to induce that unpleasant suspense which usually attends all out-of-door entertainment in England.

The guests had not been asked to assemble before three o'clock;

but, shortly after noon, Mr. Prodgers made his appearance with his talented company; and having been introduced to the ladies of the house, proceeded, with young De Robinson, to assign each to his station, and tell them what they were to do. To the wizard was appropriated a small marquee upon the lawn, where he was to conjure perpetually: the Punch and Fantoccini were placed at the end of an avenue; the Siffleur, who had arrayed himself in an elegant national costume of green-baize trimmed with shoe-strings, was to walk about amongst the guests; and the Children of Caucasus, when called upon, were to exhibit on a small plot of grass in front of a light waggon, which, decorated with boughs, formed the orchestra. And, lastly, Mr. De Robinson led Messrs. Prodgers and Tweak towards his view of Hong-kong, and explained its mechanism, in which he should take the liberty of requesting them to assist him at night.

All these preliminaries were scarcely settled, when the visitors began to arrive. Many of them came down by water, and were received with salutes from a small battery of brass-cannon placed upon the lawn, which one of the Leanders of Mr. De Robinson's acquaintance had borrowed from a fast man, who kept a yacht; and these were responded to with cheers from the little boys in the road, who clung to the palings like bees, peeping over into the garden, and lost in admiration at the, to them, mystic preparations. The company was received by Mrs. De Robinson and her daughter in an arbour of the choicest exotics, hired from the adjacent nursery; and then the old ladies were handed over to the care of Mrs. Waddleston, who entertained them with anecdotes of great people, whilst the young ones promenaded about the grounds, and exclaimed, "Oh! how exceedingly pretty!" to everything they saw. The refreshments were supplied from the window of the dining-room, which made a species of bar on a genteel scale; and after a little time the visitors dispersed about in groups of six or seven, beneath the trees, looking like the garden of Boccaccio seen through a multiplying glass, and forming such *tableaux* as Watteau would most probably have painted, had he lived now instead of when he did.

Amongst these latter was Emma Ledbury, looking so radiant and pretty, that there was only one opinion as to her being the *belle* of the assemblage. Indeed, a very elegant gentleman, who had driven down from town in his cab, and took care to let everybody know it, was so struck with her, that he scarcely knew where to find compliments enough to express his admiration; until a few of Emma's sensible replies, purposely given in a very matter-of-fact and natural manner, disconcerted him to that degree that he quietly lounged away, and endeavoured to create a greater sensation in other quarters. And when he was gone, a great many young men requested an introduction to her, in the hope of establishing themselves in her favour. But Emma saw nobody amongst them who, in her opinion, at all came up to Jack; and so, she cut all their fine speeches so very short, that one by one they fell off from her train, putting her down as a very strange girl, and being perfectly unable to make out how Mr. Prodgers finally engrossed her conversation. For Mr. Prodgers was not a cavalier of the first water in the eyes of the elegant gentlemen, who wondered at the patronage he received; but Emma knew that he had been Jack's friend during his abode with

Mr. Rawkins, and this was quite enough to make her think more of him than anybody else there. And, in turn, he was so delighted at being thus noticed, that all the wonderful people under his care were quite forgotten, and allowed to get through their performances as well as they could.

The professionals, however, acquitted themselves very creditably, and some of the guests even contributed to the festivities of the day, especially Master Cripps, and his sisters, who performed a scene descriptive of Swiss life on the mountains, and were loudly applauded by the large circle of surrounding spectators. The Misses Cripps were seated at a grand piano (which was wheeled out into the garden for the purpose,) in very large straw-hats, and first performed a duet expressive of a snow-storm, the idea being conveyed by keeping the low notes in a state of unceasing rumble; after which, in the characters of mother and daughter, they expressed their fears that some merry Swiss boy, named Edwin, in whose interest they felt a welfare, would get snowed up on the mountains; the anxiety of the mother being much increased by her consciousness that he was from home, and her ignorance of where he lingered. But, presently, to their surprise and gratification, the notes of a flageolet were heard from behind the contiguous arbour, and the young ladies both exclaimed, "Hark! hark! what sounds are those I hear!" as if the flageolet had been an unknown instrument, and perfectly beyond their most acute conjectures as to its acoustic organization.

But the mystery was soon solved by the appearance of Master Cripps, who danced a lively measure to the symphony of the piano, and shot out from behind the arbour, amidst the *bravos!* of the bystanders. Master Cripps was attired in a pair of cotton-drawers, tied with blue ribands at the knees, as also were his shirt-sleeves above and below the elbows, after the most approved style of peasants dwelling in Helvetia's mountain-bowers, and young rustics in tolerably comfortable circumstances, like Lothair and Elvino. Besides this, Master Cripps had on glazed pumps, and had also put his feet through a pair of mittens, which he had pulled round the calves of his legs, the whole costume being strikingly characteristic of humble Swiss life, and peculiarly adapted for leaving the wearer perfectly at his ease in the midst of glaciers and snow-drifts, and allowing that free play of the limbs which the chase of the chamois calls forth. Mrs. Waddleston was delighted, and took occasion to inform those within hearing that she had accompanied the Marquis of Heydown through Switzerland, and a great way beyond it, during his late tour (which had created so great a sensation in the upper circles that now no traveller's trunk was without it, firmly pasted to the interior), and consequently could bear witness to the vividness of the personation. And she also regretted that the Marquis was not present; for, the De Robinson villa being on the waterside, he would possibly have condescended to have shown the company how to set the Thames on fire, which he had more than once hinted at his power of being able to accomplish in that great work. Emma Ledbury, who was standing very near to her, leaning on the arm of Mr. Prodgers, heard this; but little knew that Jack and Titus were in his lordship's company at that very time, many hundred miles away.

Master Cripps soon relieved the anxiety of his fond relatives, by telling them that he had merely been detained by some indefinite fair—a merry-making, not a female,—and had brought them home a present therefrom. This was very elegant, being a rosette with streamers, formed by tricolour ribands of that breadth known in commerce as "fourpenny"; and, if his relatives kept a carriage, very serviceable to put on the left ear of the near horse, and produce the one-sided deception practised in a similar manner, with respect to the black velvet trappings of funerals. The joy of the two ladies was very great to see Master Cripps return; and then they all three joined in a glee, expressive of love, affection, and contentment, which concluded with great effect, amidst the thanks of the audience generally.

And so things went on, everybody imagining that they were enjoying themselves, as is common upon such occasions. The conjuror performed *à merveille;* the Caucasians threw their legs over their shoulders, hopped like frogs, and stood upon one another's heads; and the other wonders exerted themselves with the same success, under the superintendence of Mr. Tweak, who, having passed his apprenticeship in a remote county Union, felt more at his ease amongst the *saltimbanques* than in the fashionable world. Some of the company looked on, others flirted, more went on the water, and the rest danced, until evening arrived, and Mr. De Robinson prepared for his pyrotechnic exhibition of Hong-kong, and the ascent of a fire-balloon. And, whilst the company partook of tea and syllabub, he proceeded with Mr. Prodgers and his companion to make the necessary arrangements for the display.

The scene was arranged, as we have described, upon the edge of a pond, in a paddock adjoining the lawn, and separated therefrom by an invisible fence. An additional effect was produced by the model of a junk, borrowed from the museum of the Clumpley Literary Institution, which floated in front: and there was also a whale, who was to spout real water from his blowholes by means of mystic arrangement of subaqueous india-rubber tubes, in which the garden-engine was to be principally concerned. At the edge of the pond was a shed filled with straw, not very Chinese or picturesque in its appearance, but as it could not be moved, Mr. De Robinson had painted it with gay colours, and stuck a transparent lantern on the roof, politely furnished from the windows of the waggish tradesman who had christened his establishment, "The Clumpley T Mart." When all was ready, and it was sufficiently dark, Mr. De Robinson rang the dinner-bell to summons the company; and, after a little delay, caused by moving the rout-seats from the house to the lawn, they were all arranged in order. Mrs. Waddleston took the centre place in the front row, that she might say out loud whether or no it was a resemblance of Vesuvius; and discover if Hong-kong appeared a pleasant place, as she had some thoughts of going there by herself next autumn.

As soon as the guests had admired the effect of the illumination-lamps, which had been lighted up in their absence, and now sparkled amongst the trees like the jewelled fruit in the fairy gardens of Aladdin, the exhibition commenced by the band playing the overture to "The Bronze Horse." Then artfully constructed fireworks and coloured lights went off in all directions, revealing all the pretty

faces of the young ladies, rendered doubly attractive and coquettish by the lace-bordered handkerchiefs they had tied, gipsy-fashion, over their heads. Mr. Prodgers, in his anxiety to light the fireworks, sometimes appeared high above the mountains of the background, like another Polyphemus, or Spectre of the Broken, until he died away in the darkness consequent upon the final bangs of the cases; after which the fall of the rocket-sticks upon the heads of the company diverted their attention. The whale was a great "hit," as well as the outburst of Vesuvius, which Mr. Tweak medically defined as an eruption, preceded by great subcutaneous inflammation of maroons and crackers. Then small cannon were discharged from the junk, and answered from the batteries; and finally a fire-balloon was announced as about to ascend.

After the time necessary for its inflation with rarefied air, the Montgolfier slowly rose. But, as chance would have it, at this precise moment a breeze sprung up from the river, and, slightly tipping the balloon on one side, caused it to catch fire. The flame spread rapidly, and it fell blazing almost immediately upon the thatched top of the straw-shed, which, perfectly dry from the heat of the weather, instantly ignited. The audience, who imagined the taking of Hong-kong was to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of the spectacle, and conceived this a portion of it, applauded most vigorously, and cries of "Capital!" "Excellently managed!" "Bravo!" burst from all quarters.

They were soon undeceived. In a terrible alarm at this unrehearsed effect of his aëronautical undertaking, Mr. De Robinson, junior, tore the garden-engine away from its communication with the whale, and, hurriedly giving the hose to Mr. Prodgers, told him to direct it at the flames, whilst he pumped with all his might, in an agony least the fire should communicate with the rest of the building. But Mr. Prodgers, a little bewildered at the instant, was somewhat uncertain in his aim; and the consequence was, that the next moment a deluge of water flew wildly in the faces of the audience, the smoke completely obscuring their position, drenching them to the skin, and paralyzing the greater part of them with terror. Mr. De Robinson, who conceived their cries of alarm to arise from the fall of the burning embers amongst them, worked the engine harder than ever, until Mrs. Waddleston, who was exposed to all its force, was as completely soaked as if she had tumbled into the river itself; whilst the whole company made a mad retreat, tumbling over the seats, shrieking and fainting in every direction.

As might be conceived, this untimely *contretemps* very soon brought the festivities to a close. In vain did Mrs. De Robinson, as soon as she regained her reason, offer shawls and cloaks,—the ladies were all anxious to get home as soon as they could; in vain did Mr. De Robinson, junior, pump, and Mr. Prodgers guide the engine in all directions,—the entire shed was burned down, in spite of all their exertions. And, to complete the panic, the parish-engine, which had been undisturbed for years, came rattling up within five minutes, surrounded by an hundred boys from the village, and forcibly took possession of the grounds with all its attendants, amidst the confusion of the different carriages, whipping, jamming, and driving in for their occupiers.

This was too much. The guests hurried off in the greatest dis-

may, seizing upon strange flys, and forcibly appropriating other people's vehicles to themselves in their excitement. And, when all had departed, the lady De Robinsons went into hysterics; Mrs. Waddleston declared her intention of leaving the next morning, never to return, feeling assured that the insult was intended by her nephew, because she had set her face against the engagement of ballet-girls; and Mr. De Robinson, junior, got rid of Mr. Prodgers and his company as soon as he could, and in the politest possible manner, promising to call upon him in town, and settle everything connected with the festival, which had terminated so inauspiciously.

CHAPTER L.

Ledbury and Jack continue their journey up the Rhine.—The Legend of Lurley.

According to the determination of the previous evening, when Mr. Ledbury had so suddenly raised the siege of Ehrenbreitstein, at half-past six the next morning he was once more on board the steam-boat, and with his friend again pursuing their course along the turbid waters of the Rhine. Titus felt rather nervous as he reflected on his precipitate retreat from the fortress; and it was not until a turn in the river shut out the "broad stone of honour" from his view that he entirely recovered his self-possession.

Several of their companions in the journey of the preceding day were on board, including the pensive gentleman, and the majority of the English tourists, who had stopped one night at Coblentz, firstly, to say they had been there; and secondly, to give an account of its principal curiosities, its manners, customs, and institutions, when they wrote a book on their return home, for which purpose they were all engaged in taking notes. Jack and Ledbury occupied their old positions on the tubs at the head of the boat, and were soon engaged in chat with those around them, concerning the different localities upon the banks. As they arrived off Boppart, and the vessel stopped for a few minutes to take in passengers, a gentleman of high bearing and imposing *tournure* came marching down the platform with his lady, who was in an elegant costume of feathers and satin, adapted for the middle horticultural fête at Chiswick, and therefore perfectly in keeping with the scenery of the Rhine. He was followed by the attendant from one of the hotels, with whom he seemed to be engaged in high argument respecting a question of remuneration.

"Nein, nein, Kellner," exclaimed the gentleman; "nothing,—I have nothing for you. Want of attention, high charges, and plebeian accommodation."

As the speaker stood on the deck of the boat, the waiter let fall a few words of masked impertinence, and turned upon his heel.

"Ah, ah!" continued the gentleman, apparently addressing himself to everybody, "you may reply, waiter; but look at the *Livre des Voyageurs*. One of my party has recorded the entertainment as detestable, and our names are affixed thereto."

"How lucky we are," said Jack to Ledbury, "to see Boppart to-day."

"Why so, Jack?"

"Why, of course the hotel will shut up after that terrible blow, and that will ruin the town. Boppart is doomed."

And so evidently thought the gentleman, from the look of vengeance that he threw towards it. As his carriage was on board, he hastily assisted the lady into it, as if it had been a camphorated asylum from the contagion of the vulgar; and then, apparently satisfied that there were no very disreputable people within some distance, he strode to the fore part of the boat, and took his place close to our tourists. But, as his arrival did not appear to create any great sensation amongst the party, he drew a gilt-edged morocco note-book from his pocket, and, under pretence of inserting a memorandum therein, held it in such a direction that the others could read the name embossed upon the cover, and be perfectly aware that it was no other than the Marquis of Heydown who now honoured them by joining their circle.

"I say, Jack," whispered Ledbury, "do you see that? He 's a marquis!"

"Very well," replied Johnson, "I know it. Let 's ask him how he feels upon the whole this morning."

"Hush!—don't be silly," said Titus. "Perhaps he will not like it."

"Pray, sir," interposed the pensive gentleman, speaking to Johnson, and coming to the relief of Titus, whose ideas of addressing a marquis were somewhat vague, "pray, sir, what are those ruins high up on our left?"

"Liebenstein and Sternfels," answered Jack. "They are called The Brothers."

"Beautiful relics of an age gone by!" ejaculated the pensive gentleman, apostrophizing the ruins. "Were ye endowed with tongues, what a number of thrilling stories could ye relate!"

"Except it were a one-storied building," said Jack.

But the pensive gentleman, apparently not comprehending him, kept gazing with rapt admiration at the ruins as he murmured,

"The tenants of those bleak battlements have passed away, and an unhonoured grave is all their former lords have gained."

"I think he has drunk a little too much Moselle at breakfast," whispered Ledbury.

"Not at all," said Jack; "he has been taken poorly in the same way two or three times since we have travelled with him."

"Then he must be slightly mad," continued Titus.

"Not exactly mad," returned Johnson; "but I think he 's a poet. I 'll draw him out, and then drop him." And with this resolve Jack spouted forth, as he looked towards "The Brothers,"

"And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd."

The pensive gentleman turned round, and looked at Jack as if he could not believe such feeling existed in the mind of one whose story of the Drakenfels had so rudely disturbed his romance. But Jack was gazing so earnestly at the ruins, with such an expression of enthusiasm in his features, that the pensive gentleman felt assured, after all, he was a kindred spirit, and replied,

"You are right, sir. How has the present degenerated from the emblazoned glories of the past!"

"It has indeed!" exclaimed Johnson. "Think of the golden epochs of the Rhine, when no base spirit could call his life or goods his own, but those great minds, who ruled these castled keeps, rushed like a torrent down upon the vale, sweeping the flocks and herds."

"Ah! those were thrilling times!" said the pensive gentleman, "days of giant enterprise. The prowess of those mighty spirits swept away not only the cattle, as you have so well observed, but even the dwellings of their opponents."

"Dwellings, sir!" continued Jack, with dramatic energy. "They even swept the chimneys. The whole race for power was one great sweep, where either party tried to save the stake that awaited him if he lost."

"They were perpetually fighting with each other," observed the pensive gentleman. "They led a life of unceasing skirmish."

"It was through those constant brushes that so many things were swept away," replied Jack, no longer able to command his features, but laughing in the middle of his sentence.

"I was not in a humour for absurd ridicule, sir," said the pensive gentleman, with some warmth, as he perceived Jack's ill-suppressed merriment; and, darting daggers at Johnson, he started up from his seat, and sought the other end of the boat.

The marquis, who had been all this time looking very exclusive, now appeared to unbend a little, and, of his own accord, observed to Johnson,

"I am considerably disappointed in the Rhine."

"Everybody is, sir," returned Johnson, "that ever I met with, only they do not like to say so, for fear of being shouted at. It's a mere popular delusion, which the guide-books, hotels, and steamers have an interest in keeping up."

"They will not do so long," replied the marquis. "I have a book coming out which will set everything to rights. Perhaps you do not know whom you are conversing with?"

"I have not that pleasure," answered Jack, purposely concealing his knowledge of the other's rank.

"I am the Marquis of Heydown," said the nobleman.

Upon which Jack made a polite bow, and Ledbury tried to do the same; but he had tied his cap under his chin with a piece of string, to keep it from being blown away, and could not get it off his head.

"I am writing a book," continued the marquis, most patronizingly communicative, "a book which I think has been long wanted. Not a common itinerary, but a view of that exclusive society which travellers of my rank can alone obtain."

"I think such a work would attract notice, my lord," returned Jack, "and be very diverting to persons like ourselves."

"Unquestionably," replied the noble author. "My position and influence with our embassies will procure me admission everywhere."

"Wherever it was practicable, of course, my lord," said Jack.

"Of course," echoed the marquis, somewhat indignantly; "and where it was not, if I were refused, I would publish my correspondence with them on the subject. A proper exposure would then make it a matter of government, and call down popular indignation. Poof! what insufferable smells pollute these steam-boats!"

And, disgusted at a slight odour of hot oil which came up for a moment from the engine-room, the noble tourist sought refuge in his carriage, and appeared no more.

The steamer vibrated onwards, but now made slower way; for they were approaching the most romantic portion of the river, where the stream flows with increased force and rapidity between the almost perpendicular boundaries of rugged black granite, which are crowned by the ruins of Rheinfels and Katz. The mind of the pensive gentleman was evidently bursting with emotion; but, as he could not very well make out the localities, and knew nothing of the traditions, he found it best, for his own convenience, to keep close to Johnson, after all. And so he once more sidled up to the end of the boat, and gradually entered into conversation again.

"And what are those ruined keeps, sir?" he asked, pointing to a dilapidated tower.

"They are the ruins of the Katz," replied Jack. "You know the story connected with them?"

The pensive gentleman had never heard it.

"Well, then," continued the irreclaimable Jack, "after Bishop Hatton had baited his own trap with himself, and been eaten up by the rats in the *Maus-thurm*, which we shall see by and by, the Burgraves built this castle to guard against such another shocking instance of animal voracity."

"In what manner, sir?" asked the traveller.

"By storing it with hundreds of cats," replied Jack, "from which it derived its name. But in a time of famine, when provisions ran short, they devoured their keepers; and then the place went to decay, as you see."

Mr. Ledbury here attempted a tepid joke, something about "catastrophe;" but, upon a look from Jack of wild astonishment, he felt that the age of the jest was no protection against its enormity, and shrunk back in great confusion, as the word died away upon his lips.

"I did not expect this from you, Leddy," said Jack, more in sorrow than censure, "or that you were in such an abject state of jocular destitution. You have only now to call snuffing a candle 'throwing a little light upon the subject,' and then you will have arrived at the last pitch of facetious degradation."

Titus made no reply; but his lip quivered as he acknowledged the justness of his friend's reproaches.

A sharp turn of the Rhine, which now swept rapidly round the base of an enormous rock, brought our travellers to the celebrated Lurleyberg. A gun was here fired to call out the echoes from their rocky homes, and the report having reverberated four or five times, gradually diminished, until it sounded like distant thunder.

"What a beautiful echo!" exclaimed Ledbury, glad of the diversion. How is it produced, Jack?"

"Why, here you have it," replied Johnson, drawing a rough sketch upon the top of the tub with a piece of chalk, as well as several lines running from 1 to 2, and from A to B. There—that's the whirlpool, and those are the photographic—no—philanthropic—phonocamptic, that's it—phonocamptic centres. Don't you understand?"

"Oh yes,—perfectly," said the pensive gentleman.

"I'm glad of it," replied Jack, "because it's more than I do; but I dare say it's all right. The guide-books have it, so it must be."

"What is the tradition of the Lurleyberg?" asked Ledbury.

"I'll tell you," replied Jack.

And, taking his old MS. note-book from his pocket, he commenced

THE LEGEND OF LURLEY.

"Every traveller hashes up the tradition of the Lurleyberg in a way that he supposes will be most palatable to his readers."

A Family Tour, &c.

THE bell for the Compline, with echoing roar,
Had call'd to their mass the young monks of St. Goar,
And their banquet they left, and its bacchanal strains,
With a little too much Rhenish wine in their brains;
For, in ages of yore,
The young monks of St. Goar
Were wilder than any monks since or before;
You'd have thought that each merry-eyed shaven young spark
Had come up the Rhine from the Convent of Lark.

At last it was over, the prayers were said,
And the monks swarm'd giddily off to bed,
Like a cluster of tipsy bees.
Within 'twas all snug; but the north wind without
Was indulging itself in a terrible rout,
As chimneys and gables it blew in and out,
And rattled the vanes and the casements about;
Now mimicking laughter, shriek, whistle, and shout,
Sometimes whirling off a loose pantile or spout
To the cloisters below, with a deuce of a clout,
Or stripping a branch from the trees.

At length in the corridors old was no step heard,
But all was as still as the night when Jack Sheppard,
With footstep as stealthy as panther or leopard,
Escaped from his dread doom
By leaving the "red room,"
Exclaiming, as if all upbraiding to smother,
"Each brick I take out brings me nearer my mother!"
(If you ask for the last rhyme to whom I'm in debt,
I confess that it comes from the song of "We met,"
In which some young lady, much given to languish,
Abuses her mother for causing her anguish.)

But young Father Winkle *he* went not to sleep,
For he had that night an appointment to keep,
So stealthily down the back stairs he did creep,
And crossing the cloister, whilst sounded the hour,
He reach'd the old gate of the almoner's tower,
Where, coaxing the lock with a huge gothic key,
He let in the guest he expected to see.

It was not a penitent come to confess,
Nor a foot-weary pilgrim in want or distress,
But—*O pudor! O mores!*—a beautiful girl!
Who enter'd the room with a bound and a twirl,
Which the "omnibus" heads would have set in a whirl,

Though pretty Cerito most jealous might feel,
With Planquet, and Scheffer, and little Camille,
In a very short dress of the loveliest green,
More fine and transparent than ever was seen,
Bouffée'd by a *jupe* of the best *crinoline*.
By what chance *she*
First came to be
Within St. Goar's proud monast'ry,
We know not well;
But the chronicles tell
Qu'elle avoit une gorge extrêmement belle.

Young Father Winkle fondly gazed upon this lovely form,
Through whose fair skin the vivid blood was blushing young and warm,
And felt how beauty's presence proved a "comfort in a storm."
He look'd upon her flowing hair, so glossy, dark, and long,
Her eyes so bright, whose magic might cannot be told in song,
And then his conscience whisper'd he was doing very wrong,
Although he thought in such a case the fault might be excused;
For when, by some fair creature's guiles, poor mortals are amused,
Their just ideas of right and wrong are terribly confused.
However firm our self-command, all resolution trips
Beneath the mesmerizing thrill of woman's ruby lips.
But 'tis an adage known full well,
That folks should never kiss and tell,
Or else we might have shown
That the first meeting of the two,
And greeting eke which did ensue,
Was not of words alone.

"Now come with me," the fair one cried,
"In these dull cells no longer bide.
I will become thy river bride,
And o'er my realms thou shalt preside—
Away—the dawn is near;
The wind is hush'd—the storm has pass'd—
The sky no longer is o'ercast;
And see, the moon begins to shine
Upon the mountains of the Rhine
In radiance bright and clear.
Then come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow."—
(I 've heard those lines before, I know.)

Father Winkle cried, "Stay,
I 've a trifle to say
Ere thus from my duties you draw me astray.
My beautiful Lurley, one instant delay—
Each wish that you utter I burn to obey;
But, in truth, love, I don't very well see my way.
For though many people I 've met heretofore
Find keeping their heads above water a bore,
Yet keeping mine under would puzzle me more.
With your own pretty self, as my sentiments prove,
I 'm over my head and my ears now in love,
And I cannot well see what we gain by the move."—
Replied Lurline, "My dear,
You have nothing to fear;
You would sleep just as well in the Rhine's bed as here."—
Said Winkle, said he,
"That bed won't do for me;

For its bedding would nothing but winding-sheets be,
And I can't bear wet blankets in any degree.
In accepting your offer, to me it seems clear,
That I only should get in so novel a sphere,
Not my bed and my board, but my bed and my bier."
"My Winkle," said Lurline, repressing a frown,
"The bed of the Rhine is of costliest down."—
"Yes, down at the bottom, my own one, I know;
But I'm downy, too; no—I don't think I'll go."

Then Lurline look'd mournfully up in his eye,
With a face at once impudent, tearful, and sly,
And a sweet *petit mine*, as if going to cry,
As she said, "Can it be? would you leave me to die?
Farewell, cruel Winkle; from hence I shall fly.
Think of Lurline—sometimes—I am going—good b'ye!"
Thus speaking, the nymph waved her hand in adieu,
And e'er he could answer, dissolved like a view.
But fair Lurline knew
What was sure to accrue,
When from Winkle's fond eyes she so quickly withdrew!
And she said to herself, as she slipp'd through the wall,
"I was never yet foil'd,—you'll be mine after all!"

There's a boat
That's afloat
On the edge of the Rhine:
With a sail
When a gale
Should blow on the right line;
And Winkle had heard of a jolly young waterman,
Who at St. Goarshausen used for to ply.
So he stayed not a second; you would not have thought a man
Not over lean could so rapidly fly.
And down to the river he ran like a shot;
But when he arrived there, the boatman was not:
For, during the night-time all traffic was dull,
And the waterman taking his rest in the lull,
With an eider-down pillow had feathered his skull.
But there lay the barky, sail, rudder, and oar,
All properly stamp'd with the cross of St. Goar,
As ordered to be by the Burgraves of yore;
For the Burgraves of yore were a powerful *clique*:
If they wish'd a thing done, they had only to speak,
And none dared to show, at their visits, his pique;
Although Victor Hugo, they tell us, was grieved
To find that *his* Burgraves were coldly received.

But, though there was no waterman the fragile boat to guide,
The fever'd monk pushed off from shore, and launch'd it in the tide.
The wind was right, the bark was light, the father's arm was strong,
And, darting through the foaming waves, they swiftly flew along.
High on the right the Rheinfels' Keep slept in the moon's cold gleam,
Whilst opposite the lofty Katz was frowning on the stream;
And round the huge basaltic rocks, one on the other piled,
The roaring waters leapt and chafed, in whirlpools swift and wild,
Until, beneath the Lurleyberg, half-hidden by the foam,
The monk and boat at last drew near fair Lurline's echoing home,
Where every grim basaltic cliff sings to the lashing spray,
The only rock harmonicon that's heard both night and day;

And fast unto a mighty stone
 The monk his vessel made.
At other time in spot so lone
 He had been sore afraid;
But, ere he 'd any time to think,
Or from his venture wild to shrink,
Uprising from the whirlpool's brink,
 Lurline her form betrayed,
And with a voice of magic tone
Thus sang she, to an air well known:

"I 'm the fairest of Rhine's fairy daughters, *Lurley-ety!*
 Though I ought not to say so myself;
Each peri that dwells 'neath its waters— *Lurley-ety!*
 I rule; and my slave is each elf.
Then come, love; oh come, love, with me,
I thy own peri, Winkle, will be.
Haste, haste to my home, I implore, *Lurley-ety!*
And give up the cells of St. Goar.
Lurley-ety! lurley-ety!—now make up your mind,
Lurley-ety! lurley-ety!—or else stay behind.
Lurley-ety-y-y-y-y-y!"

The song had concluded, and hush'd was the strain,
Except what the echoes sang over again,
 As the notes died away
 In the noise of the spray,
When Winkle, o'ercome, shouted, "Lurline!—oh! stay!
Believe me, yours truly—yours only—for aye!"

 He said; and plunged in
 Midst the clash and the din
Of the eddies ne'er ceasing to bubble and spin,
And the rock of the Lurleyberg tried to make fast to,
Like the mates of Æneas *in gurgite vasto;*
 But soon through the tide
 Came Lurline to his side,
And into the vortex her lover did guide.
 One shriek of despair
 From the monk rent the air
As he whirl'd round and round, like a thing at a fair,
Whilst, Lurline, enraptured a priest to ensnare,
Plung'd after her victim, to meet him elsewhere.
The waters closed over his head with a roar,
And the young father Winkle was heard of no more—
At least that I know of. My legend is o'er.

MORAL.

Mistrust all short dresses, and *jupes crinolines,*
Whether sported by Alma, Giselle, or Ondine;
For, once caught by some bright-eyed Terpsichore's daughter,
You won't very long *keep your head above water!*

"Well, what will you take after that, Jack, to wash it down?" said Ledbury. "I think you need something—does he not, sir?" he continued, addressing their companion.

"It is a mere imitation," observed the pensive gentleman, with a slight sneer.

"It was meant for nothing else," retorted Jack.

"I have read Lalla Rookh," said the pensive gentleman. "Fadladeen disarms all future criticism by his remarks upon the progress of the poem. I would recommend you to do so too." And he evidently thought he had said something very severe.

"And very proper of him too," replied Jack. "I have the pleasure of drinking to you, sir."

And in a similar manner did the remainder of the day pass on board the *Königin,* until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they once more landed upon the packet-quay of Mayence; and, crossing the Rhine by the bridge of boats, proceeded on the same evening to Frankfort by the railway, where the *Gasthaus zum Weissen Schwan* received them within its hospitable portals.

CHAPTER LI.

Zurich.—The night on the Rigi.—The mistake.

The progress of our two friends was not particularly interesting, or checkered by any adventure beyond the ordinary *désagrémens* of travelling, for a few days. They left Frankfort the next evening by the mail, and, passing through Darmstadt, Heidelberg, and Stuttgart, arrived very early on the third morning at Schaffhausen. Here they shouldered their knapsacks, and, visiting the falls of the Rhine on their way, made a very creditable day's march of thirty miles to Zurich, where they were not sorry once more to enjoy the comfort of a regular night's rest, before making the ascent of the Rigi, which was to be their next excursion on the ensuing day.

"Now everything will depend to-morrow upon fine weather," said Jack, as they retired to rest. "It looks tolerably clear at present; but you can never calculate upon the skies in these mountainous districts. Let us hope for the best."

As they were really very tired with their journey, they were both soon asleep. But in the middle of the night Mr. Ledbury awoke, and, having listened attentively for a minute or two, called out to his friend,

"I say, Jack,—here 's a nuisance. It 's pouring with rain as fast as it possibly can."

There was certainly not much mistake about it; it was coming down in a regular deluge.

"Well, it cannot be helped, Leddy," replied Jack. "Perhaps it will hold up by the morning. Go to sleep again."

But the chance of an end being put to their Rigi excursion so vexed Mr. Ledbury, that he lay in great distress for half an hour, during which time the pouring never ceased, or abated its violence. At last he gradually dozed off again; but his annoyance haunted him in his sleep, rendering it broken and unrefreshing; in fact, whilst dreaming that it was a lovely day, he awoke again, as the bell from the adjacent *wasserkirche* chimed the hour of three. To his great dismay, the rain was coming down as fast as ever! This time he did not disturb Jack; but, giving up all thoughts of their journey, he turned moodily round, and was once more lost in his slumbers.

It was a quarter to six when they once more awoke, and traffic

appeared to be going on with great activity in the streets below, but still the pouring deluge continued. Jack jumped out of bed, and pushed aside the blind, to see if there was any chance of the sky clearing, when, to their surprise, a bright, glorious sunbeam darted into the room, and the blue lake, glittering in the morning rays, was covered with boats and passengers, everything looking as lovely, clear, and summer-like as could well be.

"Why, what a deal of unnecessary torment you have given yourself," said Johnson to his friend. "Here 's a brilliant morning."

"How remarkably strange!" observed Titus, sitting up in bed, and rubbing his eyes, to assure himself that he was not still dreaming.

"Not at all," replied Jack; "get out, and judge for yourself."

And then the enigma was solved. Immediately below their window, in a kind of square, was a large fountain, the water from which dashed over one or two pieces of stone-work, before it fell into the basin; and it was this noise which, in the silence of the night, Mr. Ledbury had, very pardonably, mistaken for rain. However, the agreeable surprise made up for all their anxiety; and, dressing with alacrity, they were soon down at the edge of the lake, where a small steamer was waiting to take them across to Horgen, with several travellers on board, as usual, principally English, and all bound upon the same excursion.

A very light vapour was rising along some portion of the shore; but, as this misty curtain was lifted up, the lake came out in all its loveliness; and the different chalets, farms, orchards, and mountains surrounding it, dotted with white towers and villagers, formed a scene of which description will convey no proper idea. For the first quarter of an hour everybody was engaged in looking at the beautiful panorama, and uttering exclamations of pleasure; and after that, they began to shut up their maps and guides, and look at one another.

The transit from Zurich to Horgen does not take up much time, and there was a jolly gentleman on board, whom Jack scraped acquaintance with, so lively and good-tempered, that he made the journey shorter still. He was dressed in a common blouse, check trowsers, and ankle-shoes, with something like a game-bag slung over his shoulders, and one of the Rigi poles, tipped by a chamois horn, in his hand. He appeared to know everybody on board perfectly well, although he had never seen any of them before, and was equally well acquainted with every object upon the shores of the lake.

"Going up the Rigi, sir, I suppose?" he said to Jack. "Walking, I presume?"

"We think of doing so," replied Johnson.

"The only way, sir," replied Mr. Crinks; for such they ascertained his name to be, from a "hand-book" which he lent them. "Your knapsacks are rather too heavy, though; it 's a pull, you know."

"And yet we have as little as may well be."

"Ah—too much, sir, too much. Look here," he continued, slapping the bag at his side, "here 's my wardrobe. Two shirts, four socks, and a tooth-brush. Find two shirts quite enough—one down and t' other come on."

"But how do you manage about clean linen?" inquired Mr. Ledbury.

"Pooh! nothing—wash them myself. Put them on one flat stone, and knock them with another: pin them on my back to dry, and there you are."

"Have you travelled far, sir?" asked Jack, much taken with the *bonhommie* of their new companion.

"No—not this time. I've only walked from Basle; but I'm going on to Constantinople, to see where Hero and Leander swam across the Bosphorus."

"The Hellespont, I think," observed Titus.

"Ah! yes—so it was—one place will do just as well as another."

"But are you really going to Constantinople?" asked Jack.

"Oh, further than that," replied Mr. Crinks: "I shall get to Jericho, if I can."

"I have heard it is a poor place," said Johnson; "merely the huts of some miserable Arabs."

"Never mind that," said their light-hearted companion. "I want to see what it's like; I have always had an idea that it must be such a comic place. Besides, when I'm told to go there, as people often are, I can say I've been, and that will put the drag on at once—ha! ha! ha! Here we are—all alive. This is Horgen: walk up, ladies and gentlemen."

And, as the steam-boat had arrived at the modest port of this little village, the passengers disembarked, with the exception of a few who were going on to Rapperschwyl.

A long vehicle, something between a van and an omnibus, was waiting to convey them to Zug and Art; and Mr. Crinks immediately took possession of the outside seats, followed by Jack and Mr. Ledbury, who placed their knapsacks to keep guard, as they intended to walk by the side of the carriage, when with additional horses it toiled up the precipitous road of the Albis.

"Nun, meine Herren: es ist Zeit um abzureisen langsam," cried the driver, as he climbed on to his perch.

"Yes," replied Mr. Crinks.

"What does he say, sir!" asked Ledbury.

"Goodness knows. I always answer 'yes.' I dare say it's all right."

The crowds of cocks and hens fluttering and cackling about the road,—the characteristics of all minor Swiss villages,—afforded great amusement to Mr. Crinks, who poked them about with his staff, chevied them into corners, and under the omnibus, and whenever he succeeded in catching one, put its head under its wing, and whirling it round and round, made it what he called tipsy, laughing with great glee at its ludicrous attempts to maintain its equilibrium when set down again, in which the driver halted to join, deeming it a performance of excellent humour.

"I say, old fellow, you are loitering in the Poultry," said Mr. Crinks, laughing. "You'd have the Lord Mayor after you in London—eh?"

"Ich hatte nicht verstanden," answered the coachman.

"Oh, very well," continued Mr. Crinks: "just as you please. I'm not proud; I'll stand anything you like at the next ghost-house."

The series of magnificent views which opened through the mist one after another, as they climbed the Albis, now stopped all conversation; but when they had arrived at the top, and began to descend, Johnson, Titus, and their new acquaintance, climbed up to the seat, and took their places by the driver. And then they were all very merry, singing, laughing, and telling all sorts of droll stories, whilst the omnibus proceeded along the beautiful road between Zug and Art, with the clear, sparkling lake on the right, and a succession of precipices, vineyards, farms, and cascades, on the left, following each other the whole distance; and every now and then a turn of the road disclosed the blue summit of the Rigi, towering far above the mountains by which it was surrounded.

As their carriage stopped to put down its passengers in front of the little inn at Art, they were immediately besieged by a crowd of boys, proffering their services as guides to the Rigi, or carriers of their luggage, one of whom seized upon Mr. Ledbury's knapsack, and ran off with it as fast as he could, — not with the intention of stealing it, but to insure a customer for the excursion. But Titus immediately darted off after him, and succeeded in regaining his property, as valiantly as he had done at Coblentz; after which he returned to his friends amidst a shower of stones from the disappointed Swiss boy and his fellows.

"I never have a guide anywhere," said Mr. Crinks, "especially in Switzerland: nobody in his senses ever does. I either make friends with those who hire one, or find out the way by myself."

"You are quite right," replied Jack. "On these mountain roads the difficulty is, not in keeping on the direct path, but in trying to invent any other."

"I never take a thing more than is absolutely necessary," remarked Mr. Crinks. "With a knife, a bit of string, and a walking-stick, I would go from here to the source of the Niger. Look at those people going up upon mules. Very good. They pay ten francs to frighten themselves to death, and shew us the way."

"Is it unpleasant, sir," asked Titus, "travelling upon mules to the top of the Rigi."

"Rather exciting than unpleasant," answered Mr. Crinks. "It is very like riding a donkey up and down the monument."

After a slight repast of some bread and fruit, with a bottle of vin du pays, at the inn, our party started forth to commence the ascent of the sky-saluting mountain before them. For the first twenty minutes after leaving Art their road lay through smiling meadows, and rich orchards, dotted with chalets, and pasturing large quantities of cattle, each of whom carried a mellow-sounding bell round his neck; and the effect of many hundred of these, gradually softening in the distance, with the occasional *ranz des vaches* from the rude horn of the cow-boy, was indescribably beautiful in the calm, bright afternoon. Then the path began to ascend, as it became more rugged and tortuous, and the little stream of water at the side, which had rippled merrily through the meadows, formed itself into a succession of crystal cascades, tumbling over the blocks of granite,—the *debris* of former convulsions,—which each instant obstructed its downward progress. Mr. Ledbury, who had bought a mountain-pole, with a chamois horn and iron-spike *proper*, marched onwards, with the air of a hardy mountaineer upon an expedition of great importance and

labour, humming snatches of Anglo-Helvetian melodies; followed by Jack, who was taking it very coolly, as he usually did everything. Mr. Crinks brought up the rear, not keeping to any particular path, but jumping from block to block, and starting off on one side or the other, whenever he saw anything worth collecting—a bit of mineral, or a blossom of the colchicum autumnale, which was now in full flower. And in this order they progressed, until they came to the first landing-place of the mighty flight of stairs that leads to the summit; where they stopped for a few minutes, to collect their breath, and gaze upon the prospect — scarcely aware that they had already attained such an elevation. The little inn at Art, and the lake of Zug, were far below them; and on their right the fatal valley of Goldau (on which the Rossberg mountain fell in 1806, eternally burying upwards of four hundred human beings beneath its fragments) was visible from one end to the other of its desolate extent.

There was a shepherd's hut on this landing, and several travellers had stopped to rest, and revive themselves with milk, fruit, and other pastoral refreshments. Amongst these was an exceedingly pretty English girl upon a mule, with an ancient French lady, of severe aspect and maidenly deportment, something between a nun and a governess, who appeared to look very sharply after her charge. They had been amongst the passengers in the boat from Zurich, and Mr. Crinks had discovered that the young lady had been at school there, but was now going to join her family, living at the British settlement of Interlachen, who were to meet her at Lucerne. She bowed slightly as she recognised her fellow-travellers, for etiquette is not over tight-laced upon the mountains; and, finding they were English, would possibly have allowed them to address her in any polite commonplace remark upon the scenery or excursion, had not the *gouvernante* assumed a face very like the expression of a person eating an olive for the first time, and appeared anxious to depart. Whereupon Mr. Crinks, who declared it always fatigued him to sit down, and had, consequently, rested himself by climbing about the neighbouring rocks, gave the order to march once more, disturbing Mr. Ledbury, who had thrown himself upon a log, opposite the young lady, with his stick and knapsack, in the attitude of travellers in vignettes and songs, who are always gazing from a height, with a limited quantity of personal effects tied up in a bundle by their sides.

"What a pretty girl!" observed Mr. Ledbury, as he reluctantly rose from his incipient dream of romance.

"Now, don't give way to any more susceptibilities, Leddy," said Jack. "Your love-adventures invariably have such unfortunate terminations, that you cannot be too circumspect."

Forests of pine, and deep ravines, succeeded the orchards: then came mountain-pastures, and woods of larch; and still they went up, up, up, until, after four hours' toil, they arrived at the end of their journey, and stood at the doorway of the Rigi Kulm hotel, gazing upon that wondrous panorama, which at first sight bewilders the senses of the spectator, even to painful confusion. Ledbury and Johnson appeared struck with awe at the sublime view; and it was only the voice of Mr. Crinks, telling them they had better secure beds whilst there were any to be had, that recalled them back to the sensations of every-day life.

And they did right to lose no time in getting chambers: for, as

usual, the Kulm was as full as it could hold. Indeed, when Jack first entered the *salle-à-manger* he began to wonder where on earth all the guests would get to at night. But the Kulm hotel resembles a carpet-bag; it is never so full but that something else may be crammed into it; and the architecture of the whole establishment is so economical of space, and ship-like, that antiquaries have sometimes thought the Rigi must have been the Ararat of the ancients, whereon Noah's ark having settled, and being left high and dry by the waters, was in time converted into its present form. It is, otherwise, certainly very difficult to conceive how it ever got up there. Our travellers were fortunate enough to secure a little cabin, with two camp beds, Mr. Crinks preferring to sit up all night, that he might start betimes in the morning.

There was a very excellent supper, of which some forty guests partook, including the young lady and her duenna, to the former of whom Jack and his companion paid great attention, in spite of all the *gouvernante's* frowns and looks of horror. Mr. Crinks, not finding room at the table, sat upon an inverted plate-basket at the sideboard, where he appeared just as happy, and flirted with the hostess, who was (and we hope is still) a most attractive specimen of Swiss beauty; and a tolerable band of music, at least for the elevation, played during supper. Altogether, considering they were in the clouds, everything and everybody looked very merry and comfortable, except one gentleman, who, apparently bent upon making an effect, had come up in glazed boots, kid gloves, and a white waistcoat, and appeared to have found out his mistake. All the rest were as chatty and good-tempered as the excitement of their situation, so far above the world, led them to be; and it was with some regret that the party at last broke up to seek their respective dormitories, —a most facetious voyage of discovery.

The principal object of a visit to the summit of the Rigi being to see the sun rise, there are very praiseworthy arrangements at the hotel for keeping all the inmates wide awake until the morning. First, the unfortunate visitors who arrive too late to get beds establish *extempore* Travellers' Clubs in the *salle*, and incline to conviviality and harmony throughout the night. Then the thin fir walls of the rooms, in common with all *chalets*, are so tight and drum-like, that a knock upon the most distant reverberates all along the range with equal force. And as the muleteers and mules appear to rest together, and disagree continuously about room, it may be conceived that all these disturbances combined have the desired effect. But, besides all this, an unearthly horn is blown at every bed-room door half an hour before sunrise, to warn the guests that this important time is approaching; and the performer never came out in greater force than at the entrance of the chamber of Mr. Ledbury and his friend.

"I say, Jack, get up," said Titus. "I hear them moving, and there 's a light in the passage."

As he opened the door to procure it, he encountered Mr. Crinks, who had been pleased to blow the horn that morning, having been convivial all night long.

"That 's right," said Mr. Crinks. "Look alive, or the sun will be up before you. It 's freezingly cold, so I have come to borrow a counterpane to wrap round me."

"They fine you ten sous for taking out the counterpanes," said Jack, reading a notice on the wall.

"Never mind," said Crinks. "You don't know what it is out of doors—I do. I advise you to have five-penn'orth a-piece."

Acting upon his suggestions, they hastily dressed, and, enveloped in the counterpanes and blankets, crept out into the open air. Many of the guests had already assembled, and were walking about in the fog to keep warm, or buying cups, paper-knives, salad-spoons, and rulers of the peculiar white and tinted wood, stamped with the word "Rigi" in attenuated letters, as if they had been nipped up by the cold. Others had climbed up a species of wooden observatory, thinking they should see the sun sooner from this point; and the lights in the little pigeon-hole windows of the inn proved that nearly all were on the *qui vive*. Amongst the spectators was their pretty fellow-traveller from Zurich, looking as fresh and rosy as only English girls can look; and she was received with much gallantry and the most courteous salutes by our travellers, who were delighted to find her chaperon had not risen.

At last, after much shivering and impatience, the sun obliged the company by rising, first lighting up the peaks of the highest mountains with his rosy tints, and then stealing down their sides, until the lower world became illuminated. It was certainly a magnificent sight, and repaid all the trouble taken to behold it; but, this over, the spectators hurried back to their rooms, and for the most part went to bed again, except those who were preparing to start upon their downward journey.

"Whew! how sharp the air is!" exclaimed Mr. Crinks. "May I beg to be allowed to make my toilet in your room?"

"Certainly," said Jack, "if you can get in. We are obliged to stand on the beds while we open the door. The room is about as big as a bathing-machine."

"Well, make haste," said Mr. Ledbury. "I shall be a walking glacier presently!"

"Chevy! who gets there first?" shouted Mr. Crinks; "hi! hi! hi!" and off they started towards the hotel at full speed, Mr. Ledbury taking the lead. They shot through the door, knocking over some people who were coming out behind time, and rushed up stairs like wildfire into the corridor.

"Here's the room," cried Titus, as he pushed open the door.

"First!" cried Jack, going suddenly ahead, giving a spring like a harlequin, and leaping on to the bed opposite the open doorway.

"Second!" shouted Mr. Crinks, following him, as if he was playing the old school-game of "jump little nagtail."

"Third!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury, as he also leapt on to the bed.

And then a piercing shriek of a female in distress sounded in their ears. The dreadful truth burst upon them ere another instant had passed; for, sitting up in the bed at their side, with a head-dress of pocket-handkerchief and black ribbon, screaming *"Au voleurs!"* at the top of her voice, was the French governess!

They had mistaken the room!

A GRIFFIN.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Jerry Langstave was about as unsophisticated a griffin (a term always applied to new-comers in India), as ever exchanged a cloth coat for a white *chunamed* (starched) jacket. He was, however, a good fellow, and every one liked him. Ever ready to lend his cash to a friend, or to accept of a bad bet from a knowing acquaintance. Jerry was universally and deservedly popular.

Jerry's arrival in India was attended with peculiar circumstances,—circumstances which I shall at once relate, and shew the character of the man. When the vessel which bore him to Bengal arrived near Garden Reach, for some particular reasons (reasons with which I am wholly unacquainted,) it was deemed advisable for her to come to anchor,—a manœuvre which ill-accorded with the impatient disposition of Master Langstave, who instantly hired a boat to convey him, without loss of time, to Calcutta.

I have before in similar sketches attempted to set forth the beauties which now struck the eye of the enchanted youth. The picturesque scenery, the strange costumes, the fairy-like bungalows, threw Jerry into raptures, and he blessed the goddess Fortune for having sent him to such a land of delight.

After thus skimming along for about half-an-hour, Langstave perceived a dark object floating on the water, over which a bird of prey kept continually hovering. Now, curiosity formed a prominent feature in Jerry's character, so he desired his *dandies* (boatmen) to pull towards the mysterious subject which had attracted his attention. The men explained to him in Hindostanee what the said object really was; but, as our friend was wholly unacquainted with that language, he gained little instruction from the explanation, and still persevered in ordering his people to row towards the dark mass. An Indian may remonstrate, he may hang down his head, and look grave, but he never positively disobeys the order of a superior; so, in a few minutes the boat cut across the stream, and scared away the vulture, which, with a cry of rage, flew off as the little bark came near. Jerry started back with horror; his first suspicions were in a moment awfully confirmed, and he gave himself much credit for his foresight and determination. Yes, the object before him was a dead body, half putrid, sadly mutilated,—the mortal remains of an unlucky native were floating down with the tide. In a moment Jerry jumped at the conclusion that the corpse thus strangely found was that of some murdered man, basely assassinated on shore, and thrown into the river to conceal the crime. Langstave made up his mind in a moment, determined to sift the matter to the bottom. He instantly ordered his boatmen to lift the body into the boat; this they one and all refused to do with undisguised looks of horror. He had a brace of pistols in his belt; he pulled them out, and presenting them at the head of the principal dandy, swore roundly he would shoot him if he did not instantly comply with his wishes. Every native does not understand English, but every native understands the danger of disobeying a man with a cocked

pistol in his hand, so, with many exclamations of annoyance and disgust, they managed, with their oars, and the assistance of a rope, for they seemed afraid to touch the corpse, to drag the body into the boat. As they rowed along, Jerry examined the remains before him, and felt every instant more convinced that a foul murder had been perpetrated. The conduct of his boatmen also perplexed him. Surely they could not have been privy to the dreadful act; yet from their evident wish to get rid of the body, their averted looks, and their steady refusal to touch the now inanimate form, the way in which they called out to other dandies on the river, and sudden flight of those persons so addressed, began to instil strange misgivings into the mind of Langstave.

Presently they arrived at the principal *ghant* (landing-place) at Calcutta. Directly their freight was perceived every boat pulled away, and left the spot clear for Jerry to step on shore. This done, he desired his men to take up the body, and follow him to the office of the chief magistrate. In another instant they had leaped on shore, and fled as fast as their legs could carry them, so our friend, *bon gré mal gré,* was left but two alternatives, that of abandoning the affair altogether, or taking up the corpse himself, and carrying it to the police-office. He chose the latter, and, to the horror of every one he met, strutted off, with the body of the black man dangling over his shoulders. Some thought him mad, others believed he thus acted for a bet; but one and all gave him a wide berth, and refused to share the odious task he had undertaken.

Arrived at the magistrate's, he was instantly admitted, and after laying down his ghastly burden, he at once explained the whole circumstance, and the suspicions they had given rise to.

"So you picked up this body in the river?"

"I did."

"What said your boatmen to you when you did so?"

"They grumbled, and objected, I believe; but, as I don't understand Hindostanee, I 'm not quite sure."

"And you have no reason for believing that this man was murdered, beyond the fact of finding him in the water?"

"None. But, surely, is not that strong proof presumptive? Who but a murderer would thus dispose of a body, indeed, unless the unlucky man committed suicide;" and a new light seemed to break on the mind of Langstave.

"Are you aware that at least the third part of the population of Bengal are thrown into the river by their relations after death?—that such is considered the most religious mode of disposing of their mortal remains?"

Jerry looked very blank as he whispered out a negative.

"Well, then, my dear sir, allow me to inform you that such is the fact. As you proceed further up the river, you will meet with hundreds of dead bodies daily. And now the only thing you have to do is, to return this carcase to the water as soon as possible, lest you are accused of sacrilege."

"Good gracious! you don't say so? Will you kindly order some of your people to take it down and chuck it into the river?"

"I am sorry to say that is impossible. No native would touch it: he would lose caste if he did."

"What, then, am I to do?"

"Why, as you brought it here, so take it back again."

Jerry was now in a most unpleasant predicament. When he had borne it along before, he was sustained in his dreadful task by a belief that he was doing a sacred duty, an act of justice; but now to parade through the streets with the dead body of a native, with the folly of having picked it up in the river attached to the act, was more than even Jerry could calmly contemplate, and he was about to make some remonstrance, when his late boatmen suddenly burst into the room, and, throwing themselves on their knees before the chief magistrate, began to call out, "*Mofcarow, mofcarow, Burrow Sahib, mofcarow!*"—(Justice, justice! great sir, grant us justice!)

Presently their statement was made, and the high magistrate, turning to Langstave, addressed him.

"Were you longer in the service, sir, it would be my duty to report this strange case to the civil authorities for their notice; but as you are but just arrived, I am willing to believe you have erred from ignorance, rather than from any design to injure; therefore—"

Here Langstave would have spoken, but the magistrate interrupted him.

"Don't speak, sir; you will only make the case worse. You have committed a sad offence, although, I hope, unconsciously. By drawing a dead body from the river, you have been guilty of sacrilege; you have insulted the religion of the natives, which is strictly forbidden by our laws to be interfered with. By placing the said body in the boat you have defiled it: no Hindoo can ever make use of it again. Think yourself lucky, therefore, that I am inclined to deal mercifully towards you."

Langstave once more breathed.

"Look ye, sir, for the dishonour you have brought upon these poor men, you must pay two gold mohurs (4*l.* sterling); for their boat and its appurtenances, two hundred rupees (20*l.* sterling); to which add another gold mohur, and I will get an English sailor I am about to release from prison to carry down these putrid remains, and throw them back into the river."

Now it so happened that poor Jerry had not above thirty pounds in the whole world. He was, therefore about to reply; but a look from the justice gave him a hint that it would be better to pay the money, and have done with it. So, with a look of sorrow, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and was about, after paying down five-sixths of all his worldly store, to depart, when the worthy magistrate managed to whisper to him,

"Take my advice, my young spark: leave Calcutta as soon as you can; for, depend upon it, in this city you will be sure to find yourself the reviled and abhorred of the natives, the butt of ridicule of your own countrymen. But, wherever you roam, take my advice, never interfere with religious customs,—never volunteer to pick up dead natives."

"Thank ye," replied Jerry; "your advice is so good, that I promise to abide by it. They may stuff, roast, and eat each other, without my ever taking the trouble to interfere again."

"*Bohut atchar,*" rejoined the magistrate, "*Consommer*, show the gentleman out." And, as Jerry left the hall, he heard the worthy dispenser of justice audibly exclaim to a friend who stood near,

"What a Griffin!!"

THE HERMIT OF BATH.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

About the time when Bath was in its glory, and that is now many years ago, a young man, an entire stranger to the country, purchased a field in its neighbourhood. The field was then of little value, a considerable portion of its area being covered with forsaken stone-quarries, while numerous heaps of rubbish, the refuse of the stone-cutter, were spread over the remainder of the land. The new comer, immediately upon the bargain being concluded, paid down the price in hard coin. The next morning he took possession of his purchase.

Very much to the surprise of the neighbours, he set to work vigorously by himself with a pickaxe and crowbar, quarrying stones. When he had loosened a considerable number, he piled them up in two parallel walls, and with some boughs and some straw he thatched it over. There he slept the first night. It appeared strange that a man who could pay ready money for landed property could not afford to employ a labourer, or to hire a lodging. The next day a door was put to the hut with a lock and a huge key; though the neighbours, who were amusing themselves with watching his proceedings, knew that it contained nothing but a miserable bed, and a few articles of the commonest earthenware.

After he had supplied himself, by purchase, with what he considered the absolute necessaries of life, he made an arrangement with an old man to supply him with food, and bring it to his hovel every day. All his absolute wants being now provided for, he confined himself entirely to his newly-acquired territory. Month after month passed. Beyond the old stone-quarries and rubbish that formed his domain he never passed. From daybreak to setting sun he was to be seen at work, clearing away heaps of stones, and making the most of the little real soil that there was. A very small part only of the land which he had thus reclaimed, or formed in different odd corners of the quarries, he appropriated to the growth of potatoes, and other kitchen-herbs, for his own support; and, although this could not form a tenth part of his consumption, the whole of the remainder he devoted to raise strawberries, gooseberries, currants, and other small fruits; while in every cleft or hole in the sides of the quarries, where a handful of earth could be placed, there sprung up a flowering plant. His dwelling increased in size, in comfort, and in grotesqueness, and it was being gradually covered over with the most beautiful creeping plants that the neighbourhood could afford; yet no hand but his own was allowed to touch his building or to dig his ground. Added to these peculiarities, he always appeared now in a long coat, or robe, that reached nearly to his ankles, and was confined round the waist by a band; on his head he wore a small woollen cap; and he let his moustaches and beard grow.

Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, he appeared to have no wish to separate himself from his fellow-creatures. There was nobody more civil and obliging than the hermit to those who visited him. So far from being lonely, he was seldom without visitors; and, although he was ready to enter into conversation with every one, he seldom permitted their gossip to interfere with his work.

Indeed, with the exception of the profound mystery in which he enveloped everything connected with his own history, he might be said to be communicative, and his conversation was lively and agreeable. All jokes upon his peculiarities he bore with good humour, and impertinent inquiries respecting his own history he generally turned lightly away with a jest.

Gradually his grounds became a common lounge for the neighbours. He was always at home, and always in good humour. His flowers, his fruit-trees, and his beautiful creeping shrubs were the presents of his visitors. His neighbours were indeed surprised at the large portion of his garden allotted to strawberry-plants, and other small fruits; but his reply was, that they would produce a larger amount of wholesome food than potatoe-plants. The greatest proportion of his visitors were ladies, who flocked from far and near to see the handsome young man, (for he was not more than thirty,) who wore his beard long, lived in a hermitage, and never went out of his grounds. Then he was so civil and obliging, and there was a quaintness in his language, and a quickness at repartee, with a compliment occasionally prettily turned, which made his conversation very agreeable. It was evident that he had received a superior education; but this was all that any one could even guess respecting him. None of the multitudes that frequented Bath had any recollection of having ever seen his face before.

Time went on.—Spring came, and strawberries began to ripen,—a little table made its appearance, upon which stood sundry plates of strawberries; while the old man who used to fetch the hermit's dinner for him sat beside it to receive the sixpences. "Thus," said the hermit to his neighbours, "you may perceive the manner in which a greater amount of wholesome food may be derived from the strawberry-plant than from the potatoe."

The strawberries disappeared with rapidity; to eat them fresh in the garden of the hermit became the fashion of the day. New tables made their appearance in the little sequestered nooks of the stone-quarries, overshadowed as they now were by flowering shrubs and creeping plants, interspersed with evergreens and young trees. Fresh assistants to the old man were daily added, as the number of the hermit's visitors increased. It was calculated that there were more matches concocted in the hermit's garden than in all Bath besides. Spinsters that hung heavy on hand considered it a lucky spot; husbands were thought to be as plentiful as gooseberries within those fortunate limits.

Some new luxury was added every week: lemonade, iced water, tea and Bath cakes, one by one were added to the rural tables that were placed in every convenient corner. The fruit was always supposed to be better there than in the greengrocer's or confectioner's shop. It was thought to be all fresh gathered from the plant, although as much was consumed there in a day as could by any possibility have been raised within those limits in two years. Those, however, who lived in the immediate vicinity might have seen the old man and his assistants enter very early in the morning, burdened with heavy baskets. To the hermit's occupations, however, all this seemed to matter little. At every hour in the day he might be found digging and delving among the fruit, shrubs, or potatoes, or ornamenting his rustic hermitage with rough and mossy stones.

One room, however, the one he originally built, he kept con-

stantly locked. No human being but himself had ever entered it; while the huge key belonging to the lock was constantly seen dangling at his girdle, while, amidst all the gaiety around, he wandered about with his spade or his fruit-basket, clothed in his long, inconvenient, dark-coloured robe, with small woollen cap, and curly black beard. Few, however, came to his rural feast without having some chat with their landlord; and many a burst of joyous laughter was heard to issue from the group which surrounded him. Yet seldom did any one venture to question him about himself: his answers were such as generally to turn the laugh against his questioner.

It was observed that of those that surrounded him the majority were almost always ladies. Whether it was his handsome countenance or his black curling beard which attracted them, true it was that seldom a lady visited his hermitage without exchanging a word or two with its inhabitant, and she joked and talked on every subject save the private history of the hermit.

One, indeed, during the first season of his fêtes, for so they should be called, a merry, laughing lady, encouraged by his good humour and chatty disposition, ventured to ask him some questions respecting himself. "Lady," replied the hermit, leaning upon his spade, "we have all our secrets. I have mine, and you have yours. Tell me, could I not ask you a question that you would be loth to answer before this company? But I will not do it; you would be angry with me, and perhaps surprised how I came by my information; besides, my friends might become afraid of me, and think I knew more than my neighbours."

Whether this was a shot at random I know not. It probably was. But, if so, it was well-timed; for the lady coloured, and slipped back among her companions. The fact is, he did know more than his neighbours; for he had a knack of leading his friends on in their gossip, now and then adding a word to their tale, in a manner that made them believe that he knew a great deal more than he was willing to tell; and, though few told him their own secrets, they delighted in telling those of their neighbours. The consequence was, that many supposed that he knew more than man ought to know; but they were all pretty sure that he was better acquainted with the private histories of the inhabitants of Bath than any of its residents, and this although he had actually never been in the town, or seen more of it than the view from his own grounds.

After this discomfiture of the inquisitive lady, rarely did any one venture to pry into the cause of his present mysterious existence, although day after day, all the year round, winter and summer, his hermit's grounds presented the appearance of one continued fête. Summer-houses, with warm thatched roofs, had sprung up in various corners, and two or three comfortable rooms had been, one by one, added to the original hermitage, with sociable fire-places, and comfortable arm-chairs. Kettles of boiling water constantly bubbled upon the fire; tea, coffee, and chocolate smoked in cups upon the little round tables; muffins, crumpets, and tea-cakes were continually browning themselves before the fire.

But neither spirituous liquors, tobacco, nor even meat of any kind, were allowed to come within his charmed domain; and at nine o'clock every evening he went and tolled a great bell that he had hung in a rustic arch, as a sign that it was time for him to be left

alone. All visitors, and even the old man and his assistants, were bundled out into the road; after which the hermit opened his secret chamber with his huge key, and retired for the evening.

For one fortnight only in the year the hermitage was left in quiet. On the 6th of April every season the hermit took his departure from his dwelling, nobody knew wherefore, nobody knew where. On the evening of that day he always made his appearance, shaven smooth like his neighbours, dressed in clothes of the ordinary fashion, but in the deepest mourning, with a broad black crape round his hat. Late in the night it was supposed that he departed on foot; for nobody ever heard of his hiring a conveyance, and nobody ever met him. At the end of the fortnight he was seen as usual at work in his garden, with a beard of some days' growth. But now nobody ever questioned him; seldom, indeed, did any one venture to allude to his having been absent. It was generally supposed that he went to perform some mournful duty; probably to pay an annual visit to the tomb of some who had been dear to him in life.

Notwithstanding all these peculiarities, it was evident to all the world that he must be growing very rich; for everybody in Bath went to eat his strawberries and cream, and not a halfpenny did the hermit ever seem to spend. His food was chiefly potatoes and salt, while his only drink was cold water. He never employed any labourer to assist him; he worked his own land, and repaired his own dwelling. The assistants, that had been for a long time constantly employed, waited only upon his visitors; they never interfered with him.

Numerous were the surmises as to what he would do with his money; for he did not seem likely to spend any of it upon himself. Some said that he intended to build a church with it. This, however, did not appear probable; for, however religious he might be in his cell, to church he never went. Some thought he would found an hospital; others were for almshouses. The hermit, however, never dropped a hint that would sanction any of these suppositions. Indeed, respecting himself and his private affairs he rarely, if ever, alluded in the most distant manner.

Curiosity respecting his intentions, however, daily grew stronger and stronger among the gossips of Bath. At last one young lady could resist it no longer, and she boldly ventured to just touch upon the subject.

"You grow rich, Mr. Hermit," said she.

"Ay," he replied, "I grow rich. Every week, sometimes every day, money flows into my banker's hands; each handful is added to my previous hoard. I am now what the world calls a respectable man. I could walk the streets of Bath now, if I wished it, without any one laughing at my beard. I am not a very bad match now. I am still young; I have money; and, what is another important point, I am not extravagant in my expenditure. How should you like to share my couch with me?"—here he dangled the ponderous key—"to preside at my cheerful board, share my potatoe with me, and drink success to our nurseries in spring water?"

The young lady coloured, and shrunk behind her companions.

"It would not suit you. You would miss the balls, and the concerts, and the drums of the tattling watering-places: you would dread the ridicule of your companions. Be it so. I am satisfied as I am. I know full well the object of all your curiosity; you want

to know why I accumulate wealth, which I do not seem to enjoy. But tell me truly,—do I not really enjoy my wealth as much as thousands that are lavish in their expenditure? I have neither gout nor rheumatism; I enjoy good health and a cheerful mind. I am dependent upon no one; I have no enemies; and, thanks to you all, fair ladies, I am in the daily enjoyment of agreeable society. This much, however, I will tell you of myself;—a time will arrive when my sojourning here must come to a close. Then, and not till then, will you all know the history of my private life;—then, and not till then, will you know the reason of the apparent mystery that now surrounds me."

And, without further noticing his fair visitors, he set to work again diligently digging and delving.

"A very unsatisfactory piece of information," said one.

"Oh," said another, "he just means that, when he dies, he will bequeath us his private history."

"Which will be hawked about," said a third, "as his last dying speech and confession. I hope none of us will be cruel enough to wish him gone, that we may have a peep at his romantic history."

"What a fortune the copyright would be to a Bath bookseller!" said another.

"I dare say that there will not be much in the story, after all. He just fell in love, his fair one died, and he made a vow that he would live in a hermitage and sell gooseberries for the remainder of his life. Why, the Bath Guide would put the whole story from beginning to end in two pages, perhaps in one."

"I readily agree with you in your supposition," said another of her companions; "but you have not touched upon the most mysterious part of the whole. What will he do with his money?"

"Ah!" responded the whole of them in one voice, "what will he do with the money?"

"I know what he ought do," said a lady with a string of five unmarried daughters upon her arm; "marry a young lady, shave his beard, drive his curricle, and live like a gentleman,—and a gentleman I rather suspect he either is, or, as one may say, has been."

"Why, Mrs. Cherrybum," said the other, "you really would not like him to marry one of your daughters?"

"I did not say that I should," replied the prudent dame; "but one spinster taken out of the market, let her be who she will, is always for the advantage of ladies with unmarried daughters."

It is astonishing with what acuteness ladies with unmarried daughters calculate the main chance.

About a twelvemonth after the above conversation, the hermit announced to his visitors that the time of his sojourn in the neighbourhood of Bath had nearly drawn to a close; that on the next Tuesday fortnight, if his friends and visitors would favour him with their presence, he would relate to them the history of his life, the reason of his mysterious appearance and residence amongst them,—and he would further inform them how he intended to bestow the fortune he had accumulated. He moreover observed, that as he expected an unusually numerous attendance upon that occasion, it would be impossible for his ordinary attendants to pay adequate attention to his visitors. It was his intention, therefore, to heap up his fruits, and other delicacies, in profusion in every corner, and allow all to help themselves as they thought fit.

The news spread like wildfire through the city of Bath. Several old gossips, upon hearing the hermit's announcement, hurried off, in hopes of being the first heralds of this interesting piece of news. Nothing was talked of in Bath during that fortnight but the mysterious hermit. It afforded conversation at the pump-rooms; it helped out every shy young gentleman with a something to say to his partner at the subscription balls. The chairmen, as they stood waiting in the streets, gave forth their various and discordant surmises about the rum gentleman in the beard. Greengrocers and fruit-sellers, high and low, rejoiced, in the hopes that the business of a formidable rival was about to draw to a close.

On the appointed day the hermit had provided vast stores of refreshments. Tables and seats were in corners of the grounds where they never had been seen before. The dishes of fruit and cake that were distributed around his hermitage garden were almost without limit. Before the appointed hour, visitors began to arrive in numbers exceeding the hermit's most sanguine expectation. The old man who originally carried the hermit's food to him, and had continued to be his right-hand man ever since, received a shilling from every one who passed the door. But, as the tables were heaped up with good things, every one had an opportunity of eating back his money's worth. Every moment the numbers increased. It was soon difficult for ladies to find seats; but still the garden became more and more crowded. In the principal walks, and round the hermitage, the pressure was becoming inconvenient; borders and strawberry beds began to be trampled upon; tables were upset, and crockery broken.

During all this time the hermit was nowhere to be seen; but he continued in the innermost and secret chamber of the hermitage, into which none but himself had ever entered.

The assembly became impatient; numerous inquiries were made for the hermit. Where was he? Why did he not make his appearance? At length some of the visitors ventured to knock at the door—no answer. Knock again—no answer. People began to be apprehensive that some accident might have befallen him. Hermits must die as well as their neighbours, and sudden death was not unfrequent at Bath. Many even began to think that the hermit's invitation was merely intended to be prophetic of his death, and that they had merely to break open his door, and they would find the dead body of the hermit, with the history of his life and his will lying beside him.

As this opinion got blazed about, in spite of the remonstrances of some of the quieter portion of the crowd, preparations were being made for a forcible attack upon the hermit's secret chamber. Before, however, any force had been actually used, the ponderous key was heard to turn in the huge lock of the door, and the hermit came forth, leaving, for the first time in his life, the door of his mysterious chamber open behind him.

The reader, doubtless, thinks that the standers-by craned their heads forward, to try to see what there was in this secret retreat. They did not do so, however, their surprise and astonishment was so much excited by the altered appearance of the hermit. This eminent personage presented himself to the assembled multitude newly shaved, and dressed from top to toe like a gentleman, according to the fashion of that time. He wore a plum-coloured coat,

with cut-steel buttons, a very neat periwig, and a new cocked-hat, with gold lace round it. "It was a transmogrification with a vengeance!" as one of the standers-by observed.

The hermit stepped forth, and immediately ascended a mound of rock-work that stood near his dwelling. When he first appeared there, little notice was taken of him,—nobody knew him; but when, at length, he was recognised in his plum-coloured coat and periwig, some cheering and a general buzz ran through the assembly. Everybody passing his opinion to his neighbour about the hermit's change of raiment. When these hurried observations were concluded there was a general pause, and a silence so great that you might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the general curiosity to hear the history of the hermit.

The hermit bowed repeatedly, and then began—

"Ladies" (here he put his hand upon his heart) "and gentlemen, the time is now arrived for me to give you a history of my former life, and to explain to you the reason of anything that you may have considered eccentric or mysterious in my manner of living since I have resided in your neighbourhood, and to inform you how I intend to bestow the wealth which, through your kindness, I have been enabled to accumulate.

"I will now begin. The reason of my letting my beard grow,—of my wearing a long robe, with the key of a secret chamber hanging to my girdle,—the reason of my never leaving this spot, except for one fortnight in the year,—the reason of my living entirely upon vegetables and water,—the reason of my doing all these things was to create a mystery—simply and solely to create a mystery.

"My reason for my wishing to envelope myself in mystery was,—that it might enable me to sell more strawberries and cream,—and so make money.

"My object in wishing to amass a sum of money was — MATRIMONY."

Many an unmarried lady and many a chaperon mother run her eye over the altered person of the hermit, from his cocked hat down to the buckles in his shoes, and discovered nothing to find fault with.

The hermit began again — "Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Smith: I am a native of a distant county. My father was a poor gentleman; he gave me a tolerable education, and died, leaving me just seventy pounds. I fell in love with a young lady who lived in the same village, who returned my affection. Her parents, however, objected, because I was poor. They declared that their daughter should never marry anybody who had less than three thousand pounds.

"I then promised that I would never ask for her hand until I was possessed of that sum; but I begged for permission to visit her once a-year, to tell her how I prospered. This was the cause of my annual disappearance for a fortnight. The deep mourning and the black crape that I assumed was merely for the purpose of throwing dust into those fascinating eyes that I now see beaming upon me from all sides.

"Ladies and gentlemen, with many thanks to you all, by your assistance I have now, with the collection of to-day, amassed nearly twice the required sum; and, if the lady appoints an early day, by this day week I shall be what many of you are, and the rest of you wish to be,—MARRIED."

The curtain of the hermit's mystery was thus raised so suddenly, that the audience were left in a kind of state between surprise and disappointment. Some said, "it was a regular take-in from beginning to end;" the lady with the five daughters declared that "he was a vile hypocrite, and she had thought so all along."

But then all this was done so neatly, and in so gentlemanly a manner, and was altogether so ridiculous, that when one old gentleman set up a laugh, everybody else began to see a great deal of fun in it, and then there was a general laughing throughout the company. At length a young dandy got upon a chair, and said, "Let us all give three cheers for the hermit before he goes." And three cheers were merrily given.

When this had subsided, the hermit again made his appearance upon the rock-work; but this time another man stood by his side. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in a blue coat, black shorts, and black stockings.

The hermit again addressed them. "Ladies and gentlemen, I feel it my duty to say a few more words to you before we part for ever.

"I feel myself called upon to state, that I have parted with this hermitage and grounds, with all its rights, purtenances, and privileges, to the person whom you see beside me,—a gentleman with whom many of you are well acquainted, and who has been a witness to many of your convivial hours,—in short, no less a personage than Jem, late head waiter at the White Hart hotel.

"He begs me further to assure you that, if you continue to visit the hermitage, you will find the fruit fresh, the cream sweet, attendance good, and charges reasonable.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present to you Jem, the present Hermit of Bath. And now farewell. Excuse my haste; my place is booked in the London coach, and I am fearful of being too late."

His audience were now in high good humour. His second speech was received with a merry laugh and three hearty cheers; and, as he walked down to his garden-gate, many a fair hand was extended to him, many a "good-b'ye" and "wish you joy" were whispered to him by gentle voices as he went along. And when he arrived at the gate, and took off his gold-laced hat, and made his visitors his last bow, the assembled multitude gave him three cheers—again—and again—"Hurra!"

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THE hoary Keep of Kenilworth,
  How mournfully and drear
Its turrets from the crumbling mass
  Their broken forms uprear!
With summits crown'd in verdant green,
  And wild moss creeping o'er;
Where, floating in emblazon'd sheen,
  The banner waved of yore!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  How proudly once it stood:
With lake, and park, and moat, and bridge,
  And acres broad and good!

Now all hemm'd in by ploughing toil,
  The very waters dried,
With scarce a vestige on the soil,
  To mark its ancient pride!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  How fallen is its state:
The princely home of mighty chiefs,
  Now shorn and desolate!
A shelter for the bird who stays
  Its wearied wings to rest;
Who carols out its plaintive lays
  From some deserted nest!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  How ruthless was the blow
That smote its walls with Vandal rage,
  And laid such beauty low!
That left with stern, unpitying hand,
  To time an easy prey;
The fairest fortress in the land,
  The boast of many a day!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  No revelry awakes
Its gloomy echoes into song,
  Or on its stillness breaks.
The days of feast and pageantry,
  Of joyous mirth, are gone;
And now the winds' sad jubilee
  Swell through its courts alone!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  Though mute is now its voice,
And Melancholy holds her reign,
  Time was—it could rejoice!
When minstrels dwelt on glory's theme,
  And hearts took up the strain;
'Tis fancy now but wakes the dream
  Of some forgotten fane!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  It stands a monument,
Recalling old chivalrous days
  Of joust and tournament!
But they who bore the lists have fell
  Beneath a mightier pow'r,
And verdant swards remain to tell
  How fleeting was their hour!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  How hallowing to view,
The ivy mantling o'er its walls,
  To hide its time-worn hue!
Like some who, in the bitterness
  Of sorrow or neglect,
Still find an arm to shield distress,
  A bosom to protect!

The hoary Keep of Kenilworth!
  It bears upon its brow
A monitory hint to man,
  To which his soul *must* bow!
Though heedlessly he mark the pile,
  Or vainly may regret,
Both suns have risen with a smile,
  And both must have their set!

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR,

A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOALS AND QUICKSANDS.

FIERCELY has it been debated which is the most rapid mode of communication for the wandering spirits of a restless community. Some affect the steamer, others the rail; balloons are not without their backers; and, last of all, "The Aerial Transit Company" has a small and select number of adherents, prepared to push its pretensions to the extremities of the earth. But, to my mind, "The Evil-report-dissemination Company,"—an old-established fraternity,—for rapidity of movement, shames every other mode of communication that man's ingenuity has invented. I came to this conclusion for about the fiftieth time this morning, when Mr. Pounce, the magistrate's clerk, accosted me.

"A word with you;—mind, *confidential;* strictly and solemnly confidential! Your appointment is not worth three months' purchase! Moles are at work underground. You understand me?"

I did not; and my looks proclaimed as much.

"With what an extraordinary difficulty of comprehension some people are visited!" murmured Mr. Pounce, compassionately. Then raising his voice, "C, A, B, A, L: what do these five letters spell? R, U, I, N to many an honest man. *Now* you need no dictionary, eh?"

"More than ever," said I calmly.

"Listen. A clique is at work. You 're to be dismissed. Now mind, every syllable I utter is 'strictly confidential.' That clique is active, and headed by a man who is personally a foe to you. Now, God bless ye, remember what I say is 'confidential.' Your speedy removal is distinctly aimed at. Observe, I name no names—never do—often perilous—always useless. But rely on me. You 're to be superseded, and shortly."

"On what grounds?"

"Re-li-gi-on," said Mr. Pounce, with emphasis; and the while he screwed up his huge mouth into the form of a round O.

"Religion! Are you sure of that?"

"Ay. Did you ever know any vile scheme in this wicked world that was not cloaked in some way under the sacred pretext of religion?"

And again he groaned audibly, and repeated the same indescribable grimace.

"You astonish me!"

"Thought I should. Now mind, *confidential.* Blab, and my dismissal will precede yours. Be wary. Hold your own, *if you can.* And to do so, Mr. Chaplain, take out your words and look at them before you utter them."

He turned away abruptly as he spoke, and left me a prey to doubt and disquietude.

I scarcely know a more painful communication for a man to listen to than that in which he learns he has inadvertently become obnoxious to those who at will can deprive him of station, character, and emolument; who are resolved to strike the blow, and only watch their opportunity. The torture of this mental rack for many days was mine. At length a kind-hearted friend assured me I might consider the following as a tolerably accurate account of what had passed at a recent meeting of the Visiting Justices, held within the gaol. I listened, and took courage.

After turning over, with many a "pish" and many a "pshaw," the chaplain's journal, and elevating his eyebrow at intervals, with an air so exquisitely critical and dissatisfied that the immortal Fadladeen himself could have alone surpassed it, Mr. Watson Cumberstone observed,

"There's a great deal too much preaching and praying within this gaol. I object to it."

"On what grounds?" said the chairman.

"It's out of place."

His brother magistrates stared; but Mr. Cumberstone, without deigning to notice the looks of astonishment with which he was greeted, proceeded with admirable and imperturbable composure:

"In early life my departed parents impressed on my youthful memory a maxim, which has been my polar-star in the darkest hour, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'"

"I don't clearly see the application of that sentiment on the present occasion," remarked the vice-chairman quietly. "What do you conceive to be the peculiar sphere of religion; or rather to what place would you confine it?"

"To the walls of 'the holy church,'" returned Mr. Cumberstone, with the air of a man who is enunciating a profound truth. "Religion should be confined to Mother Church."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Weatherley, the youngest magistrate on the bench, "and will second any motion you may make as to our present chaplain being either reprimanded or removed."

"Empty breath!" continued my informant. "Don't let this discussion give you the slightest uneasiness. Mere verbiage! The magistrates mainly are with you, and have too much good sense and right feeling to be influenced by the heated fancies of Mr. Weatherley, or the solemn inanities of Mr. Cumberstone."

But I did not feel easy; and the next case, possessing peculiar features of interest, and requiring great circumspection, was approached by me with considerable reluctance. The facts were these. Lydia Barnett, a young girl of eighteen, was convicted at the Epiphany Sessions of shop-lifting. Three distinct cases of adroit malappropriation of clothing, eatables, and drinkables were proved against her; and the chairman was thought to have passed a very lenient sentence when he doomed her to four months' imprisonment. If ever human being was truly penitent for past trangressions, I believe Lydia to have been that woman. She wept unceasingly. Her resolutions of future amendment were earnest and fervid, and free — their chief attraction to my mind — from all appearance of artifice and cant. Her conduct, rather than her declarations, proved her to be humbled, submissive, contrite. There was, too, in the judgment of some who heard her trial, an extenuating circumstance

in her case, if motives were to be at all weighed in apportioning the punishment of crime. *She had a dying mother;* and it was proved clearly that the tea, and the meat, and the blanket which she had pilfered in no way ministered to her own comforts, but were handed over to her famished and perishing parent. That parent was said to have been formerly an actress of considerable provincial celebrity; and her death was undoubtedly accelerated by want.

What was to become of this repentant and humbled woman? Her period of imprisonment was on the eve of expiration, and shelter and asylum she had none!

"I shall be driven again to the commission of crime," was her oft-repeated and distressing exclamation. "Who will receive me, give me employment, or even believe me? I ask but for leave to labour—to labour for my daily bread. Try me,—prove me to be sincere; subject me to any probation, however strict. Any toil, however severe, will be welcome; and the humblest, coarsest fare will suffice me. But give me an opportunity of redeeming the past. Let the future cancel the shame of the present. I am old in sorrow, though I am young in years. Do not, I beseech, I implore you, compel me to grow old in crime."

There is an urgent want, and our legislators should look to it, of AN ASYLUM FOR PENITENT OFFENDERS. They demand it at our hands. Nor can we withhold it, unless we are prepared to adopt the hateful jargon, that the vicious are irreclaimable.

Can any situation be more piteous than that of a prisoner just liberated from the thraldom of confinement, full of remorse for the past, of anxiety for the future, and without shelter, food, or friend for the present? We gaze too far a-head: philanthropy, now-a-days, looks only through a telescope; distant objects alone command attention. The heathenism of the blacks in Africa, the idolatry of the worshippers of Juggernaut in India, the enormities of the opium trade in China,—these are duly deplored, and deeply considered; but gin-palaces at home are viewed with indifference, the heathenism of our factory districts dismissed with a sigh, and the desolation of the penitent prisoner pertinaciously overlooked. For him there rises no city of refuge. Alas! when will the religious, and the benevolent, and the zealous amongst us admit, that our first sphere of duty lies amongst the wretched at our own doors? But to my tale. The period of Lydia's imprisonment expired, and the penitent girl was liberated. A little pecuniary assistance was given her for her immediate wants, and a few well-meant directions for the future; but no permanent effort was made to keep her in the path of duty. She took leave of me with a burst of tears; and even now I seem to hear her anguished exclamation as she passed through the prison-gates, "God pardons the penitent, man spurns them."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

It was a curious combination to witness: the woman, the actress, and the lady of quality. The latter character was played according to her own notions of the past. The reading was undoubtedly *original*.

HORACE WALPOLE.

A WEEK had elapsed since Lydia Barnett's liberation; and, such

is the rapidity with which a chaplain's duties succeed each other, such the incessant calls on his attention, and so varied the objects presented to him, that the peculiar features of her case were fast fading from my recollection, when a note reached me from one who, during her successful career, occupied no slight share of public attention,—Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans.

She was then sojourning at the hotel of a neighbouring watering-place, in attendance on her first husband, Mr. Coutts. The note was abruptly worded. I cannot say that its tenor was uncourteous, and yet it rather demanded than requested my presence at "The Clarence," between eleven and one, on the following day. What could be the object of the proposed interview puzzled me; but the note was written with apparent sincerity; and, having ascertained that the Couttses were unquestionably staying at ——, I took for granted that the summons was genuine, and obeyed it. On sending up my card, I was shown into a small sitting-room, odorous with flowers, and lavishly bedizened with fashionable nic-nacs. This I was told was Mrs. Coutts' morning-room: she had just quitted it. On a stand near a large easy-chair were three volumes, which she had apparently been consulting. Their juxta-position amused me: "Ghost Stories from the German," Hoffer's "Astrological Almanac," and "Hannah More on Prayer."

I had waited her pleasure for nearly an hour, when at length "The Favourite of Fortune" bustled into the apartment. Her address was brusque and characteristic enough.

"I have drawn largely on your patience. Pray forgive me; it has been unavoidable. Be seated. I have a favour to beg of you; and yet I have no right to ask one. *In the main, I dislike parsons!* They are shamefully unjust to the profession to which I once belonged. And, in truth, the war waged against theatricals by the Cheltenham clergy is so monstrously un—. But of that you are guiltless, and I waste time by recurring to it. My meaning is, I owe the clergy nothing on the score of past kindness, and have no right to expect any favour at their hands."

I surveyed the rich woman fixedly, as with flippant fluency she thus vented her opinions. I thought she "owed" much, at least, to *one* of the body,—the gentleman who married her to Mr. Coutts, and who was pretty severely rebuked by his bishop for his hardihood in so doing. I longed to tell her so; but, on second thoughts, bowed, and gravely inquired her pleasure.

"You are the chaplain of —— gaol?"

I assented.

"I have received a letter, extraordinary both in style and substance, from a person named Lydia Barnett, who was lately a prisoner there. Give me your opinion of her."

"On what points?"

"First, as to character. Do you consider her penitent, truthful, and desirous to live honestly for the time to come?"

"I do."

"And this letter," handing one to me, "does it state fairly and faithfully the particulars of her crime?"

"It does."

"Harrison," she resumed, "generally replies to applications of this nature; but Barnett's was so singular, that I resolved to deal

with it myself. Mr. Cleaver," said she, after a pause, "I shall do all, and more, than this young person asks. I shall test her sincerity; I shall subject her to a year's probationary trial; and, if she sustains the ordeal, shall provide for her for life."

I was about to express my opinion of this truly generous determination, when the door opened, and an aged, attenuated, and feeble gentleman tottered in. He held an open letter in his hand, and repeated again and again, in a nervous, tremulous, wiry tone, and with that perpetual restlessness of manner which is so often an indication of the approaching total failure of intellect,

"Lady Burdett—Lady Burdett—can't quite comprehend it—my daughter—my dear daughter—I wish—I wish to say—"

"It shall be answered—oh! it shall be answered this very morning," returned the lady, changing her tone instantly into one of wheedling softness; then linking his arm into hers, with many a fondling expression, she drew him towards the door.

I watched her with some amusement, for the change was marvellous. To *me* she had spoken with the firmness and decision of the woman of business; to him in the soft, bland, silky, wheedling tones of the practised and successful actress. Her evident object was to withdraw him from the apartment, and she had all but succeeded when he turned round, stopped, and looked anxiously at me.

"Only a clergyman!" said she, interpreting his glance, and replying to it in an instant, gently urging him all the while towards the door, "only a clergyman. I have to see him for a few minutes on a matter of business."

"A clergyman!" repeated the aged gentleman falteringly; "ah! a very useful calling! Yes! prayers—prayers prepare men for heaven. They do—they do. Good morning, Mr.—Mr.—I forget your name, sir,—I really do. My memory—good morning, sir."

And the helpless old gentleman made me a kindly, courteous, and respectful bow as he was withdrawn, slowly, painfully, and, it appeared to me, unwillingly, from the sitting-room.

Again I was alone, but for a few minutes only. Mrs. Coutts reappeared with an angry flush on her countenance, which told its own tale. Without any reference to the recent interruption, she put me in possession of the plan she had laid down for her protegée's future course. It was impossible not to be struck by the sound judgment with which its details were carried out, and by the care with which she had striven to fence poor Barnett in from future temptation. One point appeared to me open to objection,—the scale of expense on which the calculations had been formed. I ventured to say so.

"No!" said she earnestly; "not one word about economy here. Her mother and I played in the same company; and, when I was a poor girl, friendless, and ill-fed, with a wretched home, and a salary so meagre as hardly to find me clothes, the most comfortable meals I ever had were those given me at Mrs. Barnett's table. Her kindness was great, and I can never forget it. I cannot return it to the mother: I now do so to her child."

The burst of feeling with which this was spoken was truly noble.

"Had she counsel at her trial?" resumed the lady. "Were the circumstance which betrayed her into dishonesty distinctly explained to the jury?"

"They were."

"And to no purpose! Ah! none but those who have quailed under the pangs of poverty,—who have felt the pressure of absolute want,—who have known what it was to exist for eight-and-forty hours without food or fuel,—who, faint with hunger, and benumbed with cold, have resisted, hour after hour, the growing conviction that one single dishonest act would rescue them *temporarily* from the gnawings of both,—they, and they alone, can tell what the tremendous force of temptation really is. Thousands have sunk under it. But, as for Lydia, I will secure her from its influence as if she were my own child!"

"May she never give you reason to repent your kindness!"

"And if she does," was my companion's unexpected rejoinder, "what then? My interference barely cancels the debt I owe her mother's memory,—that mother my early, kind, and firm protectress. Alas! alas! that she herself should be for ever beyond the reach of my gratitude!"

"But she may possibly be conscious of your kindness to her child."

"Hah!" said she starting, "now we meet on common ground. You believe, then, that the departed take cognizance of what is passing in this world of care and sorrow? That has long been my conviction. But think you, further, that they are ever permitted to revisit this fallen scene,—that the veil which shrouds the invisible from the visible world is ever withdrawn,—and that they who have long since departed from amongst us return to those whom they have loved, to admonish or to warn them? I fully believe they do. Your looks say, no. Oh yes! I am aware it is a creed which is ridiculed, despised, and scouted by the million; but," added she, with a look and tone which showed how firm a hold the superstition had of her, "nevertheless it is mine."

"It is a debateable subject," was my rejoinder, "and I would rather not moot it. The service, madam, you are about to render admits of infinitely less discussion."

"And I exult in being able to confer it. Not that her poor mother ever calculated on any return—what more improbable? Hers was disinterested kindness: I meet with none such *now*."

"Surely that is an unjust conclusion?"

"What!" returned she, "do you think I cannot fathom the motives of many of those around me? Do you imagine that any of these frivolous, heartless, passionless people about me would oppress me with their offers of civility, and follow me with their hollow homage, if Mr. Coutts's fortunes were damaged by some commercial panic, and I were to become impoverished and dependent? They would leave me to my fate; I should never see one of them again. Ha! ha! ha! I know them all, and despise—"

A lady here entered hastily,—I learned afterwards she was Miss Sheridan,—and whispered, *con expressione*, "The Countess of ——," naming one of the leaders of *ton*, "is waiting in her britska below, and begs you will accompany her to the Esterhazi Gardens."

The flutter of gratified vanity with which this announcement was received, and the strange pendant it formed to her previous speech, amused me mightily.

"We are interrupted, I fear," said she, turning to me with a tho-

rough theatrical gesture. "How much I am obliged to you for your information I cannot readily express. I would say more; but the countess will be impatient. Allow me again to thank you, and to say, adieu."

And with a smile, a curtsey, and a gay wave of the hand the door closed on this fortunate, shrewd, volatile, vain, but generous and warm-hearted woman.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Why, I really *do* think he 's a little to blame,
But I can't say I knows the gentleman's name.

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

"IT 's a sad heart that never rejoices, ho! ho! ho!" was the exclamation which greeted me as, after a long and fatiguing morning, I was, one midsummer day, about to quit the prison. Tired, and almost voiceless, I still turned involuntarily towards the speaker, anxious to scan the party who had indulged in so unusual and, all things considered, so *mal-apropos* an observation.

Within the space appropriated to untried prisoners stood a tall, well-fed, robust-looking man, who bowed calmly and courteously in reply to my inquisitive glance. His height, attitude, and bearing would, to any cursory observer, have marked him out from the motley crew around him; to me, his peculiar expression of countenance still more.

The deep, settled gravity of his face was marvellous; and yet there was nothing sullen or morose in it. There were to be found there no deep lines of thought, no traces of unholy and malignant passions,—the scowl of the misanthrope was wanting,—nor had you to encounter the dark, louring look of long-cherished despondency. The brow was unwrinkled, the complexion clear, and the eye calm; but the face was the *ne plus ultra* of decorum. How, with such sobriety and gravity stamped on it, that face could ever have found its way into a county prison, seemed the most impenetrable of riddles.

"Who is that man?" was my address to a subordinate; "and what is his imputed offence?"

"That, sir," exclaimed the ubiquitous Mr. Pounce, darting round a corner, and finishing a sentence long before the monitor could collect his ideas, "that, sir, is a clever fellow; and I wish him, with all my heart, a speedy deliverance from these gloomy walls. For some of your dull rogues the retirement of 'The Castle' is salutary. But he 's a man of parts; and *here* there 's neither scope nor verge for the exercise of his abilities."

"What has he done?"

"Six old women consecutively! *Now,*" continued Pounce, "to have duped half a dozen young ones was, for a man of his inches, quite an every-day affair; but to have done six old women—women, sir, who have lived all their life in London, and with their eyes open—women who considered themselves 'spry,' and up to everything—who preside over 'suites of furnished apartments,' and by whom many a young man 'has been taken in and done for,'—that *they*

should have been victimized—oh! it is too diverting!" And Mr. Pounce, forgetting where he was, laughed immoderately.

"But who," said I, after a vain attempt to check his hilarity, "who is he?"

"A personal friend of the Royal Family!"

"Be serious."

"I *am*, and so, if you look at him, is *he*."

I turned away angrily.

"Pardon me, Mr. Chaplain," continued Pounce, "but so the man describes himself; and surely his information must be correct on a point so truly personal! I grant the phrase is somewhat startling; but if ingenuity be a passport to the favour of such illustrious personages, Mr. Herman Whyatt amply possesses it."

"He 's an impostor," was my hasty rejoinder.

"That has yet to be proved," returned Pounce. "Does he look like one?"

I glanced at the decorous features of the stately Mr. Whyatt, and felt somewhat staggered in my conclusion.

"Appearance favours him, eh?" cried Pounce, detecting and understanding my feelings. "What an air of virtuous propriety!—how calm!—how self-sustained! In an equity court his rise would be certain. Lord Eldon would at once destine him to be a Master in Chancery. The very sanctity of his visage would insure it. Ha! ha! ha! But the day wears. Come into court on Friday. 'Twill be crowded; but you 'll not regret the effort. Soberface will show sport, or I 'm marvellously deceived in him."

"And the Visiting Justices, desiring for their clerk 'a party of *grave* and guarded demeanour,' are equally deceived elsewhere!" was my soliloquy as this flighty gentleman skimmed across the quadrangle.

The eventful Friday arrived. Rain had fallen heavily during the night; the morning was cold and chilly; a murky fog had penetrated even into the courts; and those only whose curiosity no weather could damp were to be found there calmly awaiting Mr. Whyatt's arrival. To do him justice, he did his best to amuse them. There were seven distinct indictments against him, all pointing to the same offence,—obtaining money under false pretences,—and all practised upon the softer sex.

The first witness who tumbled up into the box was a full-blown landlady, Mrs. Rummins. With a vivacity of manner, and a volubility of language which drove the Judge half distracted, convulsed the spectators with laughter, and scorned the limits which the counsel for the prosecution from time to time suggested, Mrs. Rummins detailed "the unparalleled conduct of that deceitful monster in the dock." She "blessed God that she 'd a good memory, and, thanks to a country education, correct morals!" She then went off at score. She described elaborately Mr. Whyatt's gastronomic achievements; she dwelt with affecting emphasis upon the tempting cheer, the *recherché* dinners, the *petits soupers*, and the champagne luncheons which her guest—his appetite, it seemed, was nice—had devoured in her domicile, and for which he had repaid her with—*words!* It certainly did seem clear from Mrs. Rummins's catalogue that, contrasting the solid and substantial viands which Mr. Whyatt had disposed of at her expense with the light and unsubstantial repayment

—*words*—which he tendered in return, she, Mrs. Rummins, had for these various meals "received no consideration!"

"Moreover," continued Mrs. Rummins, drawing a fresh breath, "if the Royal Family—"

"Are you aware," interrupted the Judge, and not in the most dulcet tones, "that I have to commit to paper all that you say? Command yourself!"

"Speak lower and slower," said the prosecuting counsel, in a deprecatory tone.

Mrs. Rummins curtsied, gave his lordship a look of defiance, and then raised her eyes piteously to heaven,—a pantomimic display of the feelings of a lady who had been asked to do "the impossible." A titter recalled her attention to the barristers' table directly beneath her. There she detected four of the juniors busily employed in caricaturing her, while the fifth was reporting, with ill-suppressed merriment, her evidence. This was fuel to the flame. Her flushed face assumed a more angry hue, and her dark eye shot forth a fiercer glance. The by-play of the scene was admirable. The testiness of the Judge, the feverish anxiety and ill-assured air of the prosecutor's counsel, the vehemence of Mrs. Rummins, who spoke with an emphasis, and shook with an indignation that made the very bows on her bonnet quiver, formed a curious contrast to the imperturbable self-possession with which the prisoner listened to the lengthened detail of his own misdoings. The vivacious Mrs. Rummins, to be sure, he eyed with an air of quiet surprise, as if they had then met for the first time! Still nothing approaching to insolence, defiance, or contempt could be detected in his demeanour. He stood an attentive auditor of the entire proceedings, but calm, and thoroughly at his ease, as if he was there as a spectator, lounging away an idle hour in court, and not in the remotest degree affected by the issue, be it what it might of that day's inquiry.

"Do you proceed farther in this line of examination?" at length said the Judge, looking up from his papers. "It appears to me a simple contract debt."

"My Lord, we now go to show the obtaining of various sums of money on false pretences."

A single question sufficed. Mrs. Rummins assumed the air of a deeply-injured woman, and gave a rapid enumeration of different sums which, at intervals, she had advanced the prisoner for "the use of the Royal Family."

"For what member of that family?"

"Whyatt would never distinctly specify any. He told me he was intimately acquainted more or less with them all; in fact, that there were times and seasons when they could not do without him."

"Did any name in particular ever escape him?"

"No; and when I pressed him, he assured me names were never asked nor given in the distinguished circle he frequented. It wouldn't answer; it was often dangerous, and always disagreeable."

"Now, when the prisoner wanted money from you, upon what plea did he ask it?"

"He said, 'His Royal Highness was unexpectedly involved in difficulties, and that a *temporary* supply he MUST have.'"

"Which of the royal dukes did you suppose you were obliging?"

"The Duke of York."

"Why?"

"From the presents the prisoner made me of articles which had once belonged to his Royal Highness, and from some valuable information he gave me."

"Produce those articles."

They were handed into court. They consisted of a small snuff-box, a silver-mounted cane, and a handsome, though somewhat faded, letter-case. Each bore the arms and cypher of the illustrious individual to whom they had once belonged.

The Judge examined cursorily these mementos of royalty; and then, as if satisfied with their authenticity, threw an earnest and searching glance at the living statue in the dock. It availed not. No block of granite ever looked more impenetrable and passionless.

"What was the nature of the information"—thus the examination was resumed—"you just spoke of as being valuable, and derived from the prisoner?"

Mrs. Rummins hesitated, and the counsel repeated his question.

"I decline," returned the lady, after a pause, "saying anything more upon that subject."

"Witness!" interposed the Judge, with stern decision, "you are here to speak the truth, and the WHOLE truth. Reply at once to the counsel's question."

"Well, then, since I 'm to make a clean breast of it," said the lady, speaking in her most crabbed tones, and with the viciousness of an unwilling witness, "it was information which related to a debt of the Duke of York, which debt Whyatt told me, he knew for a positive certainty, would be discharged within a month. He had it,—he would not say when or where,—*from Sir Herbert Taylor's own lips!* I held the security—I had advanced money on it. In fact, I had speculated in it."

"Was it paid?"

"It was within the month; and concluding, from this circumstance, that Whyatt's account of himself was correct, I made no hesitation about further advances."

"What was the nature of this security?"

"It was a dishonoured checque from the Duke to—to—a female friend—a Mrs. ——."

"Stop! stop!" said the Judge, interposing with a most portentous frown, "that question was most irrelevant. It ought not to have been put."

The learned counsel at once bowed the most dutiful acquiescence.

"And as for the answer, witness," continued his lordship, doing his best to look the unabashed Mrs. Rummins down, "we wish to hear nothing of these matters. They are highly improper, and foreign to the case."

"I misunderstood your lordship," said Mrs. Rummins; "I thought I was to tell all I knew."

"What was the entire sum the prisoner obtained from you?" resumed the counsel, in an ill-assured tone: he had evidently not quite rallied from the Judge's wigging.

"One hundred and seventy pounds and upwards in the whole."

"You will have to prove," said his lordship, "that the Duke had no cognisance of these transactions."

"We are in a condition so to do, my Lord, and shall therefore call—"

"I will save the court further trouble on this head," observed the prisoner, in a calm tone, "by objecting at once to the indictment, to the witness, and to the evidence. I am charged with obtaining, on false pretences, one hundred and seventy pounds from one Phœbe Rummins, widow. *There is no such person in court!*"

The counsel for the prosecution here flushed violently; the Clerk of the Arraigns winked thrice with great rapidity,—his likeness to an aged owl during this operation was marked and irresistible; while the judge shuffled uneasily in his seat, and then called for some depositions. Meanwhile the prisoner evidently enjoyed the sensation which his objection had caused in court, and, turning towards the witness-box, coolly scanned Mrs. Rummins from head to foot. Still it was with a most respectful obeisance that he met the heated counsel's testy inquiry—

"Do you mean to charge that lady with perjury?"

"I have no such intention. I simply assert she is not Mrs. Rummins."

The Judge now took up the point.

"Witness, you answered to the name of Phœbe Rummins?"

"I did."

"Were you the wife of the late Nathan Rummins?"

"I was as good as his wife."

"Were you married to him?"

"He died in my arms; for three-and-twenty weeks I never left his side; fed him all the time like a baby with—"

"Were you married to him?"

"Yes, certainly,—that is in the sight of God; and if ever woman was true and constant—"

"Answer my question to the point, and without equivocation—was any marriage ceremony ever performed between you and the late Nathan Rummins?"

"He had the highest possible opinion of me," said the lady, adroitly fencing the question; "left me his all; and I am sure, dear departed saint, if he could see the usage I am now undergoing—"

"On your oath, in any church, at any period, and by any clergyman, was the marriage ceremony ever solemnized between you,—ay or no?"

"My recollections are imperfect on that point," was the virtuous reply.

"You can make nothing of this," said the Judge to the prosecutor's counsel. "The prisoner's objection is fatal. This woman's name is *not* Rummins. She is *not* a widow. She is *not* the party whom the indictment states has suffered loss. That party is *not* before us. The indictment cannot be sustained; it is erroneous throughout. A verdict of acquittal must be recorded."

The prisoner bowed gravely and respectfully, as humbly acquiescing in the decision of the court.

"A cool hand that, my lord!" whispered the High Sheriff.

"A very shocking character!" observed his lordship, in a distant and reproving manner.

But Mr. Whyatt was not thus to escape. A second indictment was produced, on which he was arraigned, and a Mrs. Gogerly called to support it. With timid step and disconsolate air, a demure-looking lady, most correctly dressed, made her appearance in the

box. She curtsied deferentially to the counsel, to the jury, and with peculiar *empressement* to the judge. His eye rested upon her with evident complacency; and certainly the quietude of her costume, a lavender silk dress, close cottage bonnet without a single bow, sad-coloured gloves, and a snowy kerchief most decorously arranged, added much to her staid and responsible appearance. She was attended to the box by her brother, the Rev. Noah Rumbelow, pastor of an independent congregation which assembled weekly under his auspices at "The Cave of Adullam," where the lady had the misfortune to make the prisoner's acquaintance. He had attracted the Reverend Rumbelow's attention at "The Cave," and subsequently that of his credulous sister, by "the regularity of his attendance, the gravity of his deportment, the ardour of his devotion, and his taste in psalmody." His "execution of the hymn,

'Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone!
Let my religious hours alone!'

was," the unhappy witness affirmed, "a perfect triumph of devotional feeling."

The titter which ran round the court upon this flight of Mrs. Gogerly showed, I am sorry to say, a very unbelieving spirit touching the permanence of Mr. Whyatt's religious impressions.

But, after all, the wrongs of Mrs. Gogerly were light in comparison with those of Mrs. Rummins. She had not been victimized to the same extent. The period during which she had "had the privilege of having Mr. Whyatt for an inmate" had been but limited. To her, moreover, and to the Rev. Rumbelow, Whyatt had been far more communicative. They had not been kept, like Mrs. Rummins, wholly in the dark. They knew the party whom they were assisting with their advances of ten, twelve, fifteen, and twenty pounds. That party, Whyatt solemnly assured them, one Thursday evening, on their return from night-service at "The Cave of Adullam," was no less a person than his personal and attached friend, the Duke of Gloucester!

The earnestness and sincerity with which Mrs. Gogerly made this avowal was irresistibly ludicrous.

"How could you possibly believe," was the Judge's stern, and even angry inquiry, "that such an illustrious personage could be in want of such paltry sums?"

"My lord," returned Mrs. Gogerly, in a most deprecating tone, "it did not behove me to scrutinise the conduct of my betters. With the highest in the land it has been low water occasionally."

"What motive had you for making these advances simply on the faith of his own representation? Was there any inducement held out?"

"I believed him," was the lady's response, "to be a man of very devotional feelings, and my sincere friend." Then, in a lower, tone, "Indeed, he several times hinted it was more than probable I should be offered a place about the Court."

The Judge looked at her fixedly, and even his iron visage insensibly relaxed. The grave, demure, precise-looking woman before him "about the Court!" The idea was too absurd; and in the titter which pervaded the auditory his lordship involuntarily joined.

"Have you any question, prisoner, to put to the witness?"

"None, my lord," was the prompt reply.

The Rev. Noah Rumbelow was next sworn. He corroborated the testimony of his sister on all material points, and particularly as to the use made of the royal duke's name.

"But as," observed the Judge, "you never saw his Royal Highness on the subject, had no communication, direct or indirect, from himself, how came you to credit Whyatt's unsupported assertions?"

"The extreme respectability of his appearance, the scrupulous propriety of his general conduct, and the regularity of his habits completely lulled all suspicion. He could have had double the sum had he chosen to have asked for it! Added to this was the fact that, on two distinct occasions, while living under our roof, parties wearing the royal livery came to him on business, and desired to see him alone. I felt convinced, therefore, that from some cause he was in communication with one or more members of the Royal Family, and confided in him proportionably."

"When did these visits take place?"

"The week in which the Duke of York died."

"Have you any idea to what they referred?"

"None whatever; but I know that in consequence Whyatt went, more than once, to the Duke of Rutland's, in Arlington Street, where his Royal Highness lay dead."

A good deal of time was spent, and considerable curiosity displayed by counsel, with a view of ascertaining, if possible, the object of these visits. But in vain; no fresh fact was elicited. One circumstance struck me, the anxiety shown by the prisoner at this point of the proceedings. Hitherto he had listened with apparent indifference; but, from the moment the visits to Arlington Street were mentioned, he watched the evidence with an earnestness he could not conceal. Mr. Rumbelow's examination in chief at length terminated, and the usual inquiry was made,—

"Prisoner, have you any question to ask the witness?"

"One or two, my lord," said he, with his former coolness. Then, with a *nonchalant* air, he proceeded to ply his former host with a series of commonplace interrogatories. Their bearing was wholly unimportant; but their object, as it afterwards appeared, was to put Mr. Rumbelow off his guard, and make him extinguish his case with *his own evidence!* At length, said he, carelessly and faintly, as if he was about to relinquish the task in utter despair,—

"And you swear that I received, on false pretences, sixty-three pounds?"

"Yes, in all; three-and-twenty from myself, and forty from my sister."

"You swear that?"—"I do."

"Those were the proportions?"—"They were."

"My lord," said Whyatt, in a respectful tone, "if I understand the indictment, it charges me with having obtained, on false pretences, the sum of sixty-three pounds, the property of Judith Gogerly. It now appears, that forty pounds were all that belonged to that person; the remainder, twenty-three, was the property of her brother. Of him no mention at all is made in the indictment. I submit, therefore, *that it is* BAD.

"No! no!" cried the owner of "The Cave," in unfeigned con-

sternation, as he caught, for the first time, the drift of his tormentor's arguments; "what is hers is *mine*, and what is *mine* is hers."

"Are you in partnership?" asked Whyatt calmly.

"No! no!" roared Rumbelow, "and never were! — never! — never!"

"Then, in *that* case, money cannot have two owners: it cannot be yours and hers at one and the same time. Will your lordship look at the indictment? I submit that it cannot be sustained."

The instrument was handed up and examined.

"Who drew it?" asked his lordship gruffly, as with a jerk, and no gentle one, he returned it to the Clerk of Arraigns. The name was duly given. "He ought never to draw another; it is so much waste parchment." To the jury: "You cannot convict on it, gentlemen: it is worthless!"

And again Herman Whyatt triumphed.

There was a pause while the counsel for the prosecution consulted. It lasted so long, that the impression became general that no further evidence was to be tendered. At length the judge became impatient, and called upon the counsel to declare their course.

"There are three other indictments against the prisoner, two of which we shall press," was the reply.

To the astonishment of the auditory, Whyatt, after listening to their tenor, to these indictments deliberately pleaded "*guilty*."

He admitted, he said, the gross and grievous errors of his conduct; lamented the course he had pursued; declared the royal personages alluded to had no knowledge of his practices, direct or indirect; and threw himself on the mercy of the court. That, by so doing, he hoped to escape with a lighter sentence; and that there were particulars forthcoming which he did not care to be disclosed, —was surmised, but never ascertained.

If this unexpected course was pursued in the hope of securing some mitigation of punishment, and of disarming the displeasure of the judge, the address of that learned functionary must have terribly undeceived him.

His lordship condemned in the severest terms his dishonest career; dwelt upon his audacity in using for his own fraudulent purposes such illustrious names; declared that he was far too dangerous a character to be allowed to remain in this country; affirmed that his plausibility of manner and quickness of intellect only rendered the humbler classes of the community more securely his prey; and then—passed sentence of transportation!

Whyatt listened to his sentence unmoved, bowed submissively to the judge at its close, and, amid a buzz of comments on the coolness and quickness he had displayed, passed from the court to his cell.

"Who and what can that fellow be?" was the inquiry of more than one member of the bar. "His nerve would have graced a better cause."

"His face is familiar to me," drawled out a man upon town, one of those omnigenous characters who herd with all classes, and pass their life—a very useless one—perpetually in public; "I fancy I have seen him more than once as a mute, and a capital one he makes, at the various royal funerals."

How far this conjecture was correct must be left to the reader's consideration. Mr. Whyatt withholds all information. He passed, and "made no sign."

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH SHEPHERD MUNDEN, COMEDIAN.

BY HIS SON.

Drury Lane, 1816—17. First night of the season, "School for Scandal," (Munden played Sir Peter Teazle,) and the farce of "Who 's who?" Mrs. Davison recited a monody on the death of Sheridan, written by Lord Byron; the last couplet, in which the point consisted, being a literal translation from Ariosto. On the 22nd, Mr. Kean made his first appearance this season in Sir Giles Overreach. His fame continued to increase with each fresh performance. He played successively Richard the Third, Sir Giles, Othello, Bertram, and Macbeth; after which was revived, not acted for thirty years, O'Keefe's humorous farce, "The Blacksmith of Antwerp." October 5th, "The Rivals"; 7th, "King Henry the Fourth," Falstaff, Mr. Stephen Kemble. Mr. S. Kemble was not new to the London boards, as he had played at Covent Garden in 1783. He was a sensible and well-read man, but not great in his profession. The only remarkable circumstance in his Falstaff was, that he played it without stuffing. 28th, Kean performed Timon of Athens. Munden was solicited to study Apemantes, but declined; perhaps, he exercised a wise discretion. Timon added another to the number of Kean's successful parts. On the 23rd, Kean played, for the first time, Sir Edward Mortimer, in "The Iron Chest." If Mr. Colman had not been satisfied with Mr. Kemble, and *was* satisfied with Mr. Elliston, he must have been very fastidious indeed, if he beheld Mr. Kean's performance without approval. In the trial scene, the look of agony that preceded his reply to Wilford's interrogatory, the searching power of which he seemed at once to feel, his forced calmness, and attempt to smile when he replied, "I answer—no!" formed one of those striking commentaries on the text which were the triumphs of Kean's acting. The imitation of these effects is the stock-in-trade of second-rate actors. "The Iron Chest" continued to be performed to crowded audiences. Munden played Adam Winterton in his chastest style, and dressed it admirably.

January 3rd, 1817, Mrs. Alsop, a daughter of Mrs. Jordan, appeared in Violante, in "The Wonder." This lady remembered and preserved all Mrs. Jordan's points. She was plain in person; but she possessed her mother's animal spirits, and, above all, her voice. February 20th, Kean performed Othello to Booth's Iago. The circumstances of Mr. Booth's engagement, and not very creditable retreat to Covent Garden, which occasioned a rupture between the managers of the two theatres, are well known. Never did Mr. Kean play Othello so finely; and never was a competitor so thrown into the shade. March 11th, Maturin's tragedy of "Manuel" was produced. Kean played the chief part; but the incidents were not well worked out, and, after being performed a few nights, the tragedy was suffered to drop. There were some poetical passages in "Manuel": this among the rest:

"Joy comes to us, a splendid, hurrying stranger,
And 'ere we bid him welcome, Joy is gone!

But Sorrow is a dull and daily guest,
Who near us long his wonted seat hath taken,
Until his heaviness no burthen seems.*

The deficit in the receipts of the theatre now became so serious, that at a meeting of the Drury Lane proprietors in March, it was resolved that the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, be let upon a lease, provided that an adequate rent, and a valid security, can be obtained.

Mr. Incledon, who had long been the most popular singer on the English stage, becoming advanced in years, and on the wane, was at length unable to procure an engagement at the London theatres. He was advised to try his fortune in America, and, previously, to take a benefit, bidding adieu to the English public. Under these affecting circumstances, his theatrical brethren flocked around him, and the Italian Opera-house, which was offered to him for the night, was crowded by his admirers, to witness the performance of "Love in a Village," and "Three Weeks after Marriage." The writer of these pages had the gratification of contributing, by Mr. Incledon's desire, an address in verse, which was spoken with great feeling by Mr. Dowton, holding the "Wandering Melodist" by the hand, and encircled by the performers of both theatres. Mr. Incledon, in his prime, was, perhaps, the most successful ballad-singer ever heard in this country; and in nautical songs altogether unrivalled: he had, also, the good fortune to have Shield for a composer. But, as the taste for Italian music became prevalent, those who had formerly dwelt with rapture on his accents, affected to consider his style of singing vulgar. He returned to England, and died in 1826.

Not long after, the stage was deprived of Mr. John Johnstone. In some points there was a resemblance between the history of these eminent performers. Incledon had been a common sailor, and John Johnstone a common soldier. Both rose to distinction in consequence of the fine quality of voice they possessed. Johnstone, who came out in 1783, sank before the rising genius of Incledon, who made his appearance at the same theatre (Covent Garden) in 1790. Incledon was a far superior singer to Johnstone; his voice combined uncommon power, sweetness, and flexibility, and he was no mean musician, having been originally articled to Jackson of Exeter, and received some instruction from Ranzzini; but he, in his turn, was eclipsed by Braham. Here the parallel ceases. Jack Johnstone was fond of saving money, and Charles Incledon of spending it. With the same prudence which distinguished him in private life, Mr. Johnstone, when he found he was losing ground in one branch of the profession, relinquished it at once, and assumed the Irish characters, in which it is doubtful if he ever had an equal; for he played the well-bred Milesian gentleman and the coarser Pat, with equal approximation to nature. He was superior to Moody in Major O'Flaherty, as he was to Rock in Murtoch Delaney, and to our late favourite, poor Power, in Dennis Bulgruddery. He retained still such powers of voice as enabled him to sing

* The contrast of Joy and Sorrow seems a favourite theme with Maturin. His novel of Eva contains a beautiful passage (we quote from memory): "In joy we sympathise with strangers; but we weep only over those we love. The green leaves, which the ancients scattered before their doors in their hours of mirth, have long since faded away; but we still find the phial of tears which they buried near the urns of their friends."

his Irish songs,* with inimitable effect, heightened as it was by his pure brogue and genuine humour; whilst in the gentlemanly parts his handsome face and person, and genteel carriage, rendered him at once the individual he represented. He died in 1828.

Simmons died about the time that Johnstone retired. He was the best second-rate comedian of late years, and sometimes trode closely on the heels of the first stagers. His fate was melancholy; he fell down an area in Hanover Square, and was killed.

April 28th, 1817, Mr. Dowton had for his benefit the comedy of "The Rivals," with the characters reversed, Mrs. Sparks playing Sir Anthony Absolute, and Dowton, Mrs. Malaprop; the farce was a new one, called "John Gilpin," in which Dowton performed Johnny Gilpin, and Munden a cockney, named Anthony Brittle. It is to this performance of Munden's that Mr. Lamb alludes in his letter to the editor of the Athenæum, which will be found in the sequel. May 29th, he played, for his own benefit, Trappanti, Grub (contrarieties in one act), and Cockletop; 17th, for Spring, the boxkeeper's benefit, he performed "for that night only," Governor Tempest in "The Wheel of Fortune;" Dowton playing Penruddock for the first time.

On the 23rd of June Mr. John Kemble took his leave of that stage which he had so long adorned; his last part was Coriolanus. Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture met to contemplate the setting of that sun

> "Whose parting presence (made) more bright
> Our memory of the past."

A farewell dinner was given to this great actor at the Freemason's Tavern, at which Lord Holland presided, supported by a host of nobility, and the still more distinguished names of Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, West, Lawrence, Flaxman, and Chantrey. The actors, too, crowded together to hail the departure of their master. "If," said Mr. Kemble, on returning thanks, after his health had been drunk with enthusiasm, "if I should live to after-times, it will be that my memory has been celebrated by the Muse that dictated 'The Pleasures of Hope.'" Never was impassioned verse, like Campbell's splendid ode, recited with such force and feeling, or listened to with more mute attention, than when Mr. Young, rising, and pointing towards the table, where sate the object of universal admiration, bade to the

> "Pride of the British stage, a long, a last farewell!"

When the impressive ceremony of the evening was over, and conviviality resumed, some merriment was excited by two trivial circumstances. Mr. Flaxman's health was proposed and responded to by the company; but, being of a retiring disposition, he could not summon resolution at the moment to acknowledge the compliment, and his presence was not perceptible, as he was seated at the further end of the large room. A glee had accordingly commenced, when a diminutive figure walked up towards the cross-table, holding in his hand a huge silver-goblet, to address the chair. There were few who knew

* It was whilst singing one of these songs, finishing with "a heigh down derry," that Johnstone was astonished by an echo from the gallery in the same note: "Pay me, Jack Johnstone, my ten and a penny;" which proceeded from a billiard marker, whose *little account* he had omitted to settle.

what was meant, as his thanks were delivered in a low tone of voice, and the fame of Flaxman was better known to Europe than his person to the miscellaneous assemblage there present. Charles Incledon, who was one of the company, sang some of his songs with the energy of his early days. Talma inquired who he was, and hearing a name which had so long been celebrated in theatrical annals, jumped up from his seat, and embraced him *à la Française.*

Drury Lane, 1817—18. First night of the season, "School for Scandal." September 29th, was revived Johnson's "Cobbler of Preston," which had not been acted for forty years. "It turns chiefly upon the circumstance of Kit Sly, the cobbler, being, while in a drunken mood, conveyed to the splendid apartments of Sir Charles Briton. Here Kit, upon his waking, is, as may be supposed, surprised out of his wits; but, being fond of ale, he soon calls for some, and recovers, among his jolly servants, a consciousness of his existence. He is told that he has been asleep for fifteen years, and that he waked a Spanish grandee, all of which he soon believes; the consequences are, that for awhile he forgets his business and his wife Joan, and that he is cured of his democratic politics. Munden, in this droll character, raised a loud and continued roar of laughter.

Christopher Sly is the subject of one of "Elia's" eloquent encomiums "On the acting of Munden." "Can any man *wonder* like him?—can any man *see ghosts* like him?—or *fight with his own shadow,* 'Sessa,' as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the Cobbler of Preston? where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment as if some Arabian night were being acted before him."

Drury Lane, 1818, 1819. This season opened under the management of Mr. Stephen Kemble, who brought forward his son, Mr. Henry Kemble, in several principal characters in tragedy, but with indifferent success. Equally unsuccessful was the experiment of lowering the prices of the boxes to 5*s.* and pit to 3*s.* There was little of novelty this season. Our actor continued to play his usual parts. The affairs of the theatre began to grow worse and worse, and at length it was obliged to be closed; the company playing, by virtue of a license granted by the Lord Chamberlain, for a short period at the little theatre in the Haymarket, under the superintendence of Messrs. Munden, Rae, Holland, and Russel. Kean and Elliston performed for their brother actors one night each, it is believed gratuitously. The Duke of Sussex patronised a night's performance, and the Duke and Duchess of York gave their sanction to another representation.

July 13th. Miss O'Neil acted for the last time. Mrs. Haller, her most successful part, was the character in which she appeared. It was not formally announced that it was this young lady's intention to quit the stage; but she was shortly afterwards united in marriage to a gentleman of fortune, and now fills that rank to which none of her predecessors in the profession, who were so fortunate as to attain it, have lent a truer nobility, than Miss O'Neil. Mrs. Charles Kemble also retired, having, during the long period she had graced the boards, scarcely had a competitor in the line wherein she chiefly excelled,—melodrame. Those who recollect her as Miss De Camp will hardly expect to see her equal in such characters as Edmund, The Blind Boy, Theodore (Deaf and Dumb), and Morgiana (Forty Thieves); and she

added varied accomplishments (and some of an intellectual order) to the charm of her acting. Mrs. Charles Kemble played once more, of late years, for the purpose of introducing to the public her daughter, Miss F. Kemble.

The period had now arrived when, as had been long predicted, the committee had no alternative but to let the theatre; and, as "all men think all men mortal but themselves," it was not difficult to find victims to self-immolation. The first was Mr. Elliston. If ever there was a man led away by vanity, it was Robert William Elliston. With talents of a very high order in the strict line of his profession, he was ambitious to excel in every other. His tragedy, which was never very good, became at last intolerable; but he

"Was a man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

He tried all sorts of experiments,—building, book-writing, book-selling, and the freak of management. He took the Circus, and altered its name to the Surrey Theatre; and now became lessee of Drury Lane, with Mr. Russel for his stage-manager, and Mr. Winsten acting manager. Previous to opening the theatre, he wrote in these terms to our actor:—

"T. R. D. L. Sept. 26th, 1819.

"Dear Munden,

"I am going to make your fortune. Tell me whether Tuesday or Thursday for 'The Dominie' will suit you best.

"The part is six lengths, and little or no music. We shall rehearse it Monday and Tuesday, or Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

"The house is beautiful, and all going on well.

"Yours most truly,

"R. W. Elliston."

"Mr. Munden, &c."

Notwithstanding this cool, off-hand sort of way of taking everything for granted, Munden chose to decline the proffered "fortune." He was quite satisfied with the laurels he had gained, and did not covet an interference with Mr. Liston's well-merited reputation. The theatre opened with "Wild Oats" and "Lock and Key," on the 4th October; and on the 7th, "Guy Mannering" was performed; Dominie Sampson by Mr. Oxberry.

Oct. 26, Munden played Caustic; Nov. 1, Sir Abel Handy; 2nd, Old Dornton, to Mr. Elliston's Young Dornton. Mr. Elliston played this part and Rover, in "Wild Oats," in a style of lively, buoyant humour, which elicited applause sufficient to gratify any reasonable ambition. In the serious parts of Harry Dornton he was likewise affecting, natural, and impressive. Perhaps, altogether, he was the ablest representative of the character, superior even to the original, Holman. In Rover, latterly, he grew prosy towards the end. When describing his departure from India with an empty pocket, instead of the rattling levity of Lewis, he *declaimed*; and as he slapped Munden on the shoulder, and in a lengthened tone exclaimed, "Wouldst thou have done so, little Ephra—im?" the latter would raise his eyebrows, which were very fully developed, and cast a significant glance at a fellow-performer on the stage.

Munden revived for his benefit (30th May) the comedy of "Fashionable Levities," in three acts, which had not been acted for

twenty-five years. Sir Buzzard Savage, Munden; with "The Cobbler of Preston," in one act, and "Past Ten o'clock." June 19th, he played Harmony for Elliston's benefit; and (29th) John Moody, for that of Mrs. W. West and Mr. Knight. The theatre closed for the season on the 8th July; but was reopened on the 15th August, in order that Mr. Kean might perform his principal characters, previous to his departure for America. The foolish practice of printing this tragedian's name in large characters at the foot of the bills, with similar puffs in red and black ink, was carried to its highest pitch of absurdity at this juncture.

Munden concluded a fresh engagement with Mr. Elliston for the ensuing season.* We find it thus drawn up in his own hand-writing. As it is unsigned, we are not certain it was the agreement acted upon:—

"Memorandum of agreement between Mr. Elliston and Mr. Munden, both of Drury Lane Theatre, this 27th day of October, 1820.

"Mr. Munden agrees to perform the ensuing season until the close of next May, for which he is to receive 20*l.* a-week.

"Mr. Munden to have the privilege of writing two box-orders for the theatre every night during the season; and, if orders go generally, Mr. Munden to write two more; and, if any performer is allowed more, Mr. Munden to have the same privilege.

"Mr. Munden's benefit to take place in May, with the notice of one month; but if the said benefit should be so fixed as to take place in the Epsom race-week, then to be deferred to the week next ensuing, viz. June, 1821, unless the Monday previous to the said race-week should be offered to Mr. Munden.

"Mr. Elliston agrees with Mr. Munden that no forfeiture or deduction from the said salary shall, on any pretence whatever, be taken from him during the above period.

"If Mr. Munden should be ill more than one week, he will not claim any salary after that week until he is able to perform again.

"Mr. Munden's benefit not to be fixed on a Friday or Saturday."

The theatre opened on the 30th Oct. with "The Road to Ruin." Munden played his customary parts. Nov. 20th, he performed the character of Pigtail, a tobacconist, formerly a sailor, in a new farce by Jameson. Jan. 2, 1821, "Moll Flaggon." This ought to have been a rich performance. A new singer (Miss Wilson) was now brought forward with great *éclat*, in "Rosetta;" Justice Woodcock, Munden. His benefit took place on the 30th of May ("Secrets Worth Knowing," and "The Turnpike Gate"). July 3rd, a Mr. Mackay, from Edinburgh, appeared in Baillie Nicol Jarvie. He was a very chaste actor, possessing a great fund of dry humour, and played the character, in which he had received the high approval of Sir Walter Scott, admirably, but was not engaged beyond a few nights.

Sept. 20th. Gattie performed Monsieur Tonson, in the farce founded on John Taylor's tale, and displayed extraordinary abilities in the part. He was not exceeded by the late Mr. Mathews in the humour of the delineation, and his French accent was very pure. Drury Lane was, very unwisely, kept open during the summer.

* I apprehend that our actor had always received the same salary since he joined the Drury Lane Company. It is observable that he herein modifies his claim to his salary during illness, as his fits of gout had now become so frequent that he could not reasonably require it.—T. S. M.

The season 1821–2 commenced with "The Dramatist." Nov. 3rd, "Folly as it Flies;" and on the 27th was revived the tragedy of "De Montfort." This was a play which the critic, the poet, and the general reader had concurred in considering as one of the highest efforts of human genius; but, unhappily, the witchery of the enchantress was confined to the closet. Scott has described Miss Baillie, the authoress, in glowing terms:—

She, the bold enchantress, came,
With fearless hand, and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,*
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rang the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again.

Sheridan took credit to himself for having recommended it to the stage; Kemble and Siddons studied the two principal parts with deep attention; but on its first representation it was listened to with cold approbation. Mr. Sheridan declared in the House of Commons, that "De Montfort" "failed, he must say, through the perverted taste of the public." The noble bearing of Mrs. Siddons in Jane de Montfort was a living commentary on the text, wherein the accomplished authoress had sketched her with a skilful and flattering pen, as if she had sat for the model. Kemble's stately person and melancholy, expressive countenance, were finely adapted to De Montfort; and the look of horror he displayed when, after the murder, he was brought to the front of the stage, and a light held up to his countenance, is said never to have been surpassed. Still the play failed. Yet a sanguine expectation was entertained by every lover of literature that, one day or other, "the perverted taste of the public" would be amended; and the powers of Mr. Kean were brought in aid of that desirable result. Nothing could be finer than his acting, particularly in the scene where he throws the dagger against the wall. Wanting the dignity of his predecessor, the open frankness of his manner on the reconciliation with the object of his hatred,—his relapse,—the deep remorse with which he uttered the lines,

"Tis done—'tis number'd with the things o'erpast—
Would!—would it were to come!"

were all that the authoress, who was present, could desire. But she saw her offspring "drag its slow length along," and drop a lifeless corpse. It was evident that verse, mighty as it is, could not compensate for want of incident, arising from the ethical nature of the drama's construction. "De Montfort" was only performed five times.

Munden played Old Dornton, Sir Francis Gripe, Ephraim Smooth, Marrall, and Feb. 23rd, 1822, General Van, in "The Veteran," an opera, in three acts, by Mr. Knight; also in "The Cure for the Heart-ache," and "Secrets Worth Knowing," (twice acted). May 18th, "John Bull" was acted, for the benefit of the distressed Irish, Mr. Dowton, who had not played this season at Drury Lane, offering his services, and Mr. Johnstone returning to the stage for this night only. The farce was "Two Strings to your Bow;" Lazarillo, Munden, whose engagement expired.

* Shakspeare's lyre.—*Marmion, Introd. to Canto* 3.

Our actor's performances during the years 1822 and 1823 were not very frequent. Emery died in July, 1822, in distressed circumstances, and "The Rivals" was represented at Covent Garden, for the benefit of his aged parents and widow, with seven children. Mr. Colman wrote an address, which was spoken by Mr. Bartley. Munden played Sir Anthony Absolute; and Messrs. Charles Kemble, Young, Liston, Jones, Wilkinson, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Egerton, Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Kelly, &c. &c. came forward with their powerful aid. Many of Munden's old parts were played during his illness this season at Drury Lane by Mr. Terry, who had been engaged at that house, Munden declining to study new ones, as the fits of gout, which occurred more frequently, and became more prolonged, rendered him incapable of great exertion. He entered into an engagement with Mr. Elliston, for a limited number of performances, in 1823–4, with the avowed purpose of bringing his theatrical life to a decent termination. The lessee was not insensible, as appears by the subjoined letter, to the advantage which was likely to arise from the exhibition of the final efforts of a comedian, who formed the last link between the present and the older actors.

"T. R. D. L. Oct. 13th. 1823.

"My Dear Sir,

"I congratulate both myself and you that the arrangement for your performances with me is completed, and I think that we shall show them some of your comedies with a cast such as they have never witnessed before.

"Macready makes his *entrée* this evening; and, thinking that your family might like to witness a brilliant house and reception, I have enclosed you a ticket for a private box, and remain,

"Dear Munden, yours most sincerely, R. W. Elliston."

"To Joseph Munden, Esq."

The season commenced on the 1st October with "The Rivals;" Sir Anthony Absolute, Munden. Oct. 16th, he played Old Dornton; 18th, Sir Peter Teazle; 21st, Crack. Nov. 1st, Caustic; 3rd, Autolycus. Feb. 6th, 1824, Marrall. March 10th, for Mr. Bunn's benefit, Nipperkin. May 15th, Old Rapid, 20th and 22nd, Old Dornton; 25th, Sir Peter Teazle; 27th, Sir Abel Handy, (the free list suspended); 29th, Old Dornton; 31st, Sir Robert Bramble and Dozey, being for his benefit, and last appearance on the stage.*

The ticket for admission to our actor's farewell benefit, represented a Muse, resting on a lyre, and displaying an open book, with the inscription, "All 's well that ends well." The play-bill ran as follows:

"New Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

For the Benefit of Mr. Munden, and positively the Last Night of his appearance on any stage.

This Evening, Monday, May 31, 1824,

His Majesty's Servants will perform the Comedy of the

POOR GENTLEMAN.

Sir Robert Bramble, . Mr. Munden.

Sir Charles Cropland, Mr. Browne. Lieut. Worthington, Mr. Powell.

* The receipts amounted to 577*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

Frederick, Mr. ELLISTON. Ollapod, Mr. HARLEY.
Corporal Fop, Mr. OXBERRY, (his only appearance this season.)
Farmer Harrowby, Mr SHERWIN.
Stephen Harrowby, Mr. KNIGHT. Humphrey Dobbins, Mr. GATTIE.
Warner, Mr. WEBSTER. Valet, Mr. TURNOUR.
Emily Worthington, Mrs. W. WEST.
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, Mrs. HARLOWE. Dame Harrowby, Miss GREEN.
Mary, Miss CARR.

In the course of the evening, the following entertainments:—
The favourite Ballad of "Kelvin Grove," . . by Mr. BRAHAM.
The admired song, "Bid me discourse," by MISS STEPHENS.

A CHINESE DIVERTISEMENT.

The principal characters by Mr. NOBLE, Mrs. NOBLE, Mr. OSCAR BYRNE, Mrs. OSCAR BYRNE, and the whole of the Corps de Ballet.

In the course of the evening, Mr. Munden will attempt to take leave of his Friends and the Public.

To conclude with the admired Farce of

PAST TEN O'CLOCK, AND A RAINY NIGHT.

Sir Peter Punctual, Mr. HUGHES. Old Snaps, Mr. GATTIE.
Young Snaps, Mr. WEBSTER. Captain Wildfire, Mr. MARCU.
Harry Punctual, Mr. PEULEY. Corporal Squib, Mr. FITZWILLIAM.
Bantam, Mr. KNIGHT, and Old Dozey, Mr. MUNDEN.
Nancy, Miss CUBITT. Lucy, Miss S. BOOTH. Silence, Mrs. HARLOWE.

In turning over the pages wherein we have noticed the rise and departure of the most celebrated performers who shed a lustre over the close of the last and first quarter of the present century, we read with a melancholy curiosity the long catalogue of names, all famous in their day, most of whom have disappeared from the stage of life, and not one of whom will again appear on that stage, the peculiar sphere of their brightness,

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."

Shuter, Yates, Parsons, Edwin, Quick, Suett, Wilson, (Miss) Young, (Miss) Farren, John Palmer, Crawford, Abington, Smith, Lewis, Mattocks, Cooke, Siddons, Jordan, O'Neil, Bannister, Incledon, Johnstone, Emery, and Kemble, have departed from us in succession. Few of the earlier names in this extended list are known to the present generation but by report: the fame of their immediate successors is fast fading into oblivion: to the next generation the echo of *their* fame will scarcely be audible; and to that common oblivion will be consigned the memory of their contemporary, and, in some instances, their successful rival, Joseph Munden.

The reader will, reasonably, expect to be informed what became of the man who had filled so large a space in the public vision, now that he had ceased to have a public existence; what were his habits, his amusements, in early and in after-life, and the whole history of the eight years which elapsed from the date of his retirement from the stage, until he yielded up his mortal being. In the very nature of things it is impossible to furnish much information on such a subject.

Actors "come like shadows, so depart;" they are nothing if not acting: on them, whilst on the stage,

"the public gaze
Is fixed for ever to detract or praise;"

but with the mass of their audience they have only a scenic existence, and are better known as the admired Hamlet, Richard, and Dr. Cantwell of the day, than as Mr. Kemble, Mr. Kean, or Mr. Dowton. Of Munden little more can be said than that, to borrow Mr. Lamb's language, "he walked the town, paced the pavement, ate, drank, and nodded to his friends." His infirmities prevented him from mixing much in society; latterly they confined him, for months together, to his bed, and almost always to his room. He was accustomed, when health permitted, to pass some time in the summer season in Wiltshire, with his kind daughter, Alice, who, as well as her husband and his relatives, did everything to contribute to her father's comfort. After her death he rarely left his home. His chief amusement was, skimming over the newspapers; indeed, he read nothing else: we doubt whether he had ever in his life-time read a book throughout, excepting a play-book. The quantity of matter he had been required to study when engaged in his profession, and to repeat, occasionally with short notice, and at long intervals, made him averse from burthening his memory with any subject foreign to his pursuits. But that memory was very retentive, and, largely as he had mixed in society, it was not surprising that he had amassed a deal of information. The ambition of attaining excellence, which had raised him to such a rank in his profession, rendered him careful not to forfeit it by an error in pronunciation, or defective emphasis, and his good sense suggested the means of information. He was punctual at rehearsals. In his early days rehearsals were held frequently, both of new plays, and revivals; and, in cases where much was expected from the performance, it was not unusual to have a dress-rehearsal. Mr. Harris, who prided himself upon the perfect manner in which his Christmas pantomimes (great sources of emolument) were brought forward, always had them represented in his presence, before they were submitted to an audience. At a later period a comedy was sometimes read in the green-room one day, rehearsed the next day, and played the day after. The performers came upon the scene as if they had never seen each other before, each intent upon his particular part only; and hence that perfect grouping and harmony of action, the effect of which the public, without being aware of the preparation, had formerly so admired, was totally lost sight of. Munden was most attentive to his stage engagements. We remember but one instance in which he was absent when wanted, with the exception, of course, of actual illness—sham-illnesses he disdained to resort to. On the occasion in question he was advertised in two farces, and they were represented in an order different from that in which they were printed in the bill of the preceding day. He explained to the satisfaction of the audience, that, as he resided out of town, and had not been apprised of the change in the representation, he had come to the theatre at the precise hour when he thought his services were required. He seldom needed the prompter, and was never imperfect. The critics are right in assuming that he studied deeply and carefully. He was, unless engaged at rehearsal, a late riser, and meditated for hours in bed. He repeated his new parts

to his wife, in whose judgment he placed a deserved confidence, and who, being a diligent reader, was of service to him by her knowledge of books. If Munden had not recourse to authors, except dramatic, he had little inclination to take up the pen himself. He wrote only letters upon business, and as few as needful; but he expressed his meaning clearly, with terseness and propriety. It has been noticed that he wrote a very fine hand, and till within a few years of his death his signature was firm and neat. He was not fond of parting with his money; and, when the difficulty he had experienced in acquiring it is taken into consideration, it is not surprising that he should have retained it with a strong hold. Strange to say, he once lent Tom Dibdin an hundred pounds, and, stranger still, Tom repaid the sum. Munden lived in no golden days. When he was a young actor, his salary was low, and the habits of the society in which he mixed were convivial and expensive. He began by spending, and ended by hoarding. Few of us can avoid extremes; and, if the truth must be told, the final result was — parsimony. Many humorous stories are told of his addiction to this "good old gentlemanly vice;" the best is, that, after he quitted the stage, meeting an old acquaintance, he was solicited to bestow upon his admirer some relic of so great an actor: he is represented to have gravely tendered his old cotton umbrella, in exchange for the handsome silk one of his enthusiastic friend. This was told by the late Mr. Yates, in one of his entertainments. Munden was very wroth, and would not speak to Yates, denying the fact; whether it was true or not is of little consequence, since it is a good story; and in such cases one is not disposed to say, *magis amica veritas*. This same umbrella was exhibited in a painting of the green-room, we think by Sharp, wherein the performers are represented in their private dresses at rehearsal. The likeness of Munden is a good one, and that of his umbrella perfect. It was not like "Mr. Whittington's, a new nine-and-sixpenny umbrella," but an old five-and-sixpenny, with the thin whalebones bent from their position; and, when the writer looked at the picture, he would have made affidavit to the umbrella's identity. Still, though Munden was near, he was very honest. He paid slowly, but he paid surely; and the debts remaining at his death were very trifling.

For another story, which is well told, we suspect he was indebted to Mr. Leigh Hunt. It is likely enough to be true, for he was fond of good eating, though he did not keep a very luxurious table at home. "The heart and the stomach seem to have had fair-play in Munden. A gentleman told us some years ago that he was on board an Indiaman when Munden came into the vessel to meet a son, whom he had not seen for a long time, and who was expected every moment up the river. There happened to be no better refreshments to set before him than hung beef, which he sat down to, and eat heartily, exclaiming every moment, with the emphasis of his stage-accent, 'Excellent hung beef!' Meantime his son comes up the river, and is descried by Munden, who, getting up, still eating the beef (which had been served to him on deck,) cries out, between eating and weeping, 'My boy! my dear boy!'"

Munden began, as we have before stated, to save rather late in life; yet the passion for accumulation enabled him to amass a handsome fortune, a considerable portion of which was invested in the Five per cents. When the Chanceller of the Exchequer reduced that fund to another, bearing a lower interest, Munden submitted to be paid off.

The plethora of money, which enabled the minister to make that reduction, drove a great deal of British capital into foreign *securities* (so called by courtesy), and many wild schemes abroad and at home. Munden's timidity saved him from embarking in adventures abroad; but he could not resist the high interest which the speculators in building at home, offered. One of these sagacious persons, possessing more than building-craft, affixed, as a lure, "Munden Terrace," to a row of houses in the Hammersmith Road, but the retired actor was insensible to vanity when his pocket was concerned; so he enjoyed the immortality without the expense. To another person, however, he was induced to advance a considerable sum of money, by way of mortgage, on houses at Islington. He was thoroughly ignorant of business himself, and had not experienced advisers. He advanced more than the value of the property; the builder failed; Munden was obliged to foreclose his mortgages, and thus became what he never intended to be, the actual proprietor of the bricks and mortar. By this necessity he lost about two-fifths of his advances; but that was not the only irritating circumstance. The houses had been built to sell, and our unlucky actor was obliged to put them in substantial repair, which he did in the most expensive way. Being only second or third rates, they could not be let on lease; and were most of them occupied by needy tenants from year to year. These persons calculated upon living rent-free by letting lodgings, and, to enable them to do so, wanted their rent laid out in mere embellishment. When Munden, therefore, whose amusement it was to calculate his hoards beforehand, counted upon Mr. A. or Mr. B.'s quarter becoming due, they either could not pay, or, if they did, considered that they conferred the money as a kind of boon, to be laid out for their advantage. "They expect me," said Munden, "to let them have the houses for nothing, and to put a pipe of wine in the cellar into the bargain."

The extravagant requisitions they made, either by themselves or their wives, who were more unreasonable, and more difficult to be answered, would have been amusing to a man of business, who would speedily have got rid of such harpies, or of the property; but in Munden's case it was a serious annoyance, for he was chained by the leg to his bed-side, dreaded the vision of an empty house, and the whole host of auctioneers and agents. Petty as these annoyances may seem, they certainly had the effect of shortening his life; for he brooded over them until his sensibilities became morbid. Still he had enough of money, and more than enough. What might have been added to his fortune, had he lived in these palmy times, or crossed the Atlantic, it is impossible to conjecture. He sometimes talked of visiting the United States. He had a heavy insurance on his life at the Equitable, and might have thought that an impediment; but the Insurance Company had always given him permission to go over to Ireland, on paying an extra premium, and the remuneration would have been amply sufficient to defray any additional expense. Possibly his constitutional disease rose in his remembrance, and rendered him nervous, as he had never been abroad. There can be no doubt that he would have been very popular in America. Hodgkinson and Bernard had met with great success. Bernard, who had been at Covent Garden, and quitted England at the time of Munden's first triumphs, returned to see the last of him. They were both sound actors, but not equal to Munden, nor in his line. Nothing that approached to him in comedy or farce

had ever reached the American shores. The breadth of his acting would have told with our Transatlantic brethren; and nobody could discern the taste of his audience sooner than Munden. The reputation of a quarter of a century would have preceded him; and, if he had played there as well as he did the last night he appeared in London, he would not have derogated from that high reputation.

Other offers were made to Munden: one to take leave in Dublin, (he had taken a formal leave at Liverpool,) through the instrumentality of the author of "Folly as it Flies," "The Dramatist," &c.

"My dear Munden,

"The bearer of this letter is Mr. B——, agent to Mr. Abbott of Dublin, who wishes you to take leave of your Irish admirers, and play three weeks, to commence on June 19th next. Now forget the gout (as I do,) and be 'the bold thunder.' "Very truly yours,

"F. Reynolds."

"Warren Street, Saturday."

It was also suggested to him, in Dec. 1825, by a gentleman connected with the Drury Lane property, that his retirement, like that of Mr. Johnstone, had been premature, and he was pressed to return to the London stage. His answer is a very sensible one.

"Dear Sir,

"I received yours, and felt much flattered by your request that I should once more appear on the boards of Drury Lane theatre; but, having taken leave of the public in so marked a manner when I quitted, it is impossible, consistently, to put on the sock again;—added to which, I have such frequent attacks of gout, that no dependence could be placed on me. I have been confined these six weeks, and unable at this moment to quit my bed. "Yours truly,

"Jos. S. Munden."

If he ever entertained the idea for a moment, it must have been in conversation with Mr. Stephen Price. Mr. Price writes thus:—

"T. R. D. L. July 16th, 1826.

"My dear Sir,

"Since I last had the pleasure of writing you, a change has taken place in Drury's concerns, and it has come into my hands as sole lessee. Now, have the goodness to say, will you oblige me by opening the theatre for me, and performing thirty nights during the season, for which I am perfectly willing to accede to the terms you suggested,—ten pounds per night, a benefit on a Monday in May, and two double orders. Your early answer will oblige me, as I leave town on Thursday. I am, my dear sir, yours truly, Stephen Price."

It appears that Munden declined the engagement, and an offer from Mr. Dunn, who was empowered, on the part of Mr. Price, to increase the terms to 15*l.* per night for thirty nights. We doubt whether he ever had any serious thought of returning to the stage, though he might have suggested the terms hypothetically.

Munden's debility now began to increase rapidly. He rose only to take his dinner, and retired very early to bed. He had always, when he was on the stage, partaken freely of wine; but latterly he abstained from it entirely, and denied himself those comforts which his age re-

quired, and his situation in life enabled him to afford. He was attended diligently and affectionately by his wife, who, though older than himself, cheerfully endured many privations to which his disease —for it *was* a disease—of penuriousness subjected her. We wish we could add that he bequeathed to her (she survived him) a larger sum than the trifling annuity of one hundred pounds for the term of her life. Upon the other dispositions of his will, which was made two-and-twenty years previous to his death, with occasional codicils, we do not desire to enter, and they would not interest the reader. About the end of January, 1832, he suffered under a derangement of the bowels, for which he took his own remedy, and increased the malady, being unable to retain any nutriment on his stomach. He sent, when too late, for Mr. Robarts, of Great Coram Street, Brunswick Square, who knew his constitution, and on whose ability and experience he had the most perfect reliance. The eminent physicians, Dr. Roots and Dr. Bright, also attended, and everything which medical skill could effect was tried, but in vain. He sank beneath a gradual decay of nature on the 6th February, and was buried in the vault of St. George's, Bloomsbury, where the remains of his widow were deposited five years afterwards. The death of Munden is thus announced in the daily papers, all of which contain feeling and flattering allusions to his public and private life:—

"DIED.

"On the 6th inst., at his house, in Bernard Street, Russel Square, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, Joseph Shepherd Munden, Esq., formerly of the Theatres-Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane."

THE EPICURE; OR, WOODCOCKS NO GAME!

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"Colui che compra gatta in sacco,
Merita traversia, per Bacco!"

METHINKS I 've heard some stories blown about
  Touching the great Sir Isaac Newton,
That he on some occasions hath gone out,
  Having one slipper and one boot on;
And that he caused an aperture
  To be cut through his study door,
So that his favourite cat could get in;
  And, when 'twas finish'd, told the man
  To make another, half the span,
That puss might also bring her kitten.
Nay, I myself once knew a wight,
Who made as gross an error quite,
Though he 'd as good a share of wit and sense
As has your bard, or (pray don't take offence)
  Even the learn'd reader may be.
Bound on a long sea-trip, he took the boat,
And went on shore to buy his wife a goat,
  To give her milk to feed her baby.
He soon return'd; but when the prize
Met the delighted lady's eyes,

It proved a male!
But to my tale,
Which, like the anecdotes above,
Will have a tendency to prove,
That men whose genius and sagacity
Almost inspire their friends with wonder,
Sometimes, despite of their capacity,
Are caught in some egregious blunder.

There dwelt within a country town,
A man well known amongst the peasants,
For wondrous skill in knocking down
Partridges, woodcocks, snipes, and pheasants.

His accuracy was so great,
His friends would scarcely hesitate
To stake the bulk of an estate,
Or take an oath,
That, when preparing to let fly,
He cock'd his piece, and *shut one eye*,
The fated game as certainly
Forthwith *shut both*.

But this prodigious deadly aim
Was not the compass of his fame;
He was renown'd, in many a court of law,
For length of head and nimbleness of jaw;
For depth of reading,
And skill in pleading.

And framing many a fine-drawn quibble,
The cash of litigants to nibble;
Who oftimes found that, though their *suits* were gain'd,
Their *suits* were lost;
That is, their purses were in contest drain'd;
And, though their *causes* might go well,
Their *clothes* they were obliged to sell
To pay the cost.

I 've known full many a skilful shot,
Who almost made the chase his sole employment;
Yet cared not for the game a jot,
Being contented with the mere enjoyment
Of walking twenty miles a-day,
And lugging home a bag of prey;
Then sending round in presents to his friends,
The hard-earn'd spoil;
Thinking the pleasure amply made amends
For all his toil:

The more especially if those who got it
Praised the precision of the hand which shot it.
But this was not the temper of our hero:
He for the *pastime* scarcely cared a zero;
For, whatsoever his pursuit,
He loved to taste its *solid fruit*.

Whether in practice or in sport;
Whether in thicket or in court;
Whether conveying lands and moneys,
Or shooting pigeons, hares, and coneys;

Whether he wielded tongue or gun,
Trigger or brief, 'twas all as one.

It was not for the empty satisfaction,
That friends of his dexterity might brag;
No: he endured the labour of each *action*,
To try what *game* or *cash* his hand could *bag*.

Of all the furr'd or feather'd throng,
And, faith, he loved them all full well!
(Few epicures will deem him wrong,)
He thought the Woodcock bore the belle.
Through copse and bog he 'd grope and wade,
His little favourite's haunts to trace;
And think his trouble well repaid
When he obtain'd a single brace.
Then, with some cozy neighb'ring squire,
It often was his evening boast
To roast them at his parlour fire,
And spread the trail on butter'd toast:
The which, he said, required such watchful care,
That he the office always undertook,
Ne'er trusting so momentous an affair
To the dull talent of his clumsy cook.

At length, one year it so befel,
He traversed every swamp and dell,
But not a woodcock could be found
Within the space of ten miles round.

It seem'd as if they had deserted,
With one consent, their former favourite spot,
And 'mongst themselves a scheme concerted
To leave off flocking thither to be shot.
Whether this really was the reason
I know not; but for one whole season,
Of every other bird he had his fill,
But ne'er could set his eyes on one *long bill*;
Which (as he held them in such estimation)
Was to *his* mind a source of great vexation.

Though all his wrangling clients, I 'll be sworn,
Such disappointment cheerfully had borne,
Nor e'er had taken huff;
For, whatsoe'er his fortune in the field,
His *law-game-bag* was always sure to yield
For them *long bills* enough.

It chanced, one morning, as he sat,
Correcting this, and conning that;
Now culling from some learn'd philologist
Choice terms to deck his next oration;
Now skimming o'er some ornithologist,
On *woodcocks*, and their strange migration;
A letter summon'd him to roam
Some five and twenty miles from home;
To wait upon a wealthy friend,
Whose thread of life was nearly spent;
And make arrangements for his end
By drawing up his testament.

Mounting his fleetest horse, away he rode,
And hasten'd to the invalid's abode;
Quickly perform'd his business of attorney,
And wish'd his dying friend a pleasant journey,
Then, to return, restrode his steed,
And urged him to his former speed;
  Being engaged at home to meet,
Within three hours, a man for whom he pleaded
  Of efforts in his cause to treat,
And tell with what success his suit proceeded.

But, ere a dozen miles he could complete,
(Passing a certain city's busy street,)
Finding the winter blast too biting,
  He stopt before a well-known inn,
And ate and drank (without alighting)
  A biscuit and a glass of gin.
Which done, his palfrey's side he spurr'd,
But at the very juncture heard,
Behind the house, a pedlar cry,
"Come, buy my woodcocks! cocks! who'll buy?"

"Bless me!" the man of law exclaimed,
"I've ofttimes heard this spot was famed
For woodcocks; but could ne'er have thought
That they of hawkers could be bought!
Hostler! methinks (although my ears I doubt)
I heard a man cry *woodcocks* hereabout!"

"Ees," said the lad, "I knows the man as cries 'em;
He brings 'em faster nor the people buys 'em;
And yet, for one as brings 'em to your door,
Sixpence a piece is cheap enough I'm sure."

"Sixpence a piece!" replied the cavalier,
"Egad! to-night I'll have delicious cheer!
Here, take this money—I've no time to waste—
I shall but be in time with utmost haste—
Buy me six brace—get them pack'd up with care,
And send them by the coach this evening—there—
That's my address—now, for your life, don't fail;
Here's half-a-crown to get yourself some ale."

The clown, delighted, promised to obey;
And Latitat, delighted, rode away.

Arrived at home, and business past,
He took a chop to check his fast;
Still leaving ample appetite
To grace his dainty meal at night;
Then sent a pressing invitation
  To an old crony 'cross the street,
Adding, by way of stimulation,
  That he'd procured a certain treat,
Which for their supper should be drest,
Crown'd by a bottle of *the best*.
And, to fulfil his generous design,
  He from his cellar brought a full supply,
Cull'd from the strongest ale, and oldest wine;
  For both the codgers loved to wet an eye.

The willing guest made not a moment's pause,
But brought his answer in his watering jaws;
His hand the happy host with fervour prest,
And thus his welcome visitor addrest:
"My good old friend, 'tis thirteen months, at least,
Since you and I enjoy'd our favourite feast;
But, as I've had the fortune now to light on't,
Faith, I'm resolved we'll have a jovial night on't.
Betty, by my express desire,
Has made us up a roaring fire,
And brought my parlour-spit and dish,
That we may cook to our own wish.
Here's ale in prime
To 'guile the time,
Tables, dice, box, and bread for toast;
So, here we'll sit,
And play our hit,
And tipple while we rule the roast."

They sat, and play'd with various luck,
Till twice the tedious clock had struck;
And now they watch'd the dial's hand,
And almost thought 'twas at a stand;
So tardily it seem'd t' approach
The hour appointed for the coach.

At length the hour and coach together came,
When, anxious as a longing, pregnant dame,
The lawyer sent a servant for the game.

Ere long the breathless messenger return'd,
Bearing beneath his arm the neat rush-basket;
His master seized the prize, as much concern'd
As if 't had been of precious stones a casket;
Praised to the skies the hostler's punctuality,
And hasten'd to explore his bargain's quality.

The vivid fire burnt clear and red;
Betty brought up the toasted bread;
The package on the table laid,
Master and friend, and man and maid,
Forming an eager group around,
Ope'd it; and, what d' ye think they found?
You'll recollect, to aid your divination,
He purchased them by ear, and not by eye:
Nor gave his agent any explanation,
Save the mere mention of the vendor's cry.

Six brace of *cocks*, 'tis true, there were,
But such as ne'r had flown in air.
Woodcocks they were, in honest truth,
But somewhat hard for human tooth.

In short, the lawyer blush'd, and all the rest
(Stifling their feelings, though to laughter moved)
Look'd blank as cossets:
For, 'stead of dainties of the promised zest,
To their astonishment, the WOOD-COCKS proved
SPIGOTS AND FAUCETS!

ANECDOTES OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIFLEMAN HARRIS.

EDITED BY HENRY CURLING.

A GUINEA FOR ANY MAN WHO WILL PICK UP MY WIG.

It was just at the close of the battle of Vimiero. The dreadful turmoil and noise of the engagement had hardly subsided, and I began to look into the faces of the men close around me, to see who had escaped the dangers of the hour. Four or five days back I had done the same thing at Roliça. One feels, indeed, a sort of curiosity to know, after such a scene, who is remaining alive amongst the companions endeared by good conduct, or disliked from bad character, during the hardships of the campaign. I saw that the ranks of the riflemen looked very thin; it seemed to me one half had gone down. We had four companies of the ninety-fifth, and were commanded that day by Major Travers. He was a man much liked by the men of the rifles, and, indeed, deservedly beloved by all who knew him. He was a tight hand; but a soldier likes that better than a slovenly officer.

I had observed him more than once during this day, spurring here and there, keeping the men well up, and apparently in the highest spirits. He could not have enjoyed himself more, I am sure, if he had been at a horse-race, or following a good pack of hounds. The battle was just over; a flag of truce had come over from the French; General Kellerman, I think, brought it. We threw ourselves down where we were standing when the fire ceased. A Frenchman lay close beside me; he was dying, and called to me for water; which I understood him to require more from his manner than his words (he pointed to his mouth). I need not say that I got up, and gave it him. Whilst I did so, down galloped the Major in front, just in the same good spirits he had been in all day; plunging along, avoiding, with some little difficulty, the dead and dying, which were strewed about. He was never a very good-looking man, being hard-featured and thin; a hatchet-faced man, as we used to say. But he was a regular good 'un,—a real English soldier; and that 's better than if he had been the handsomest ladies'-man in the army. The Major just now disclosed what none of us, I believe, knew before; namely, that his head was bald as a coot's, and that he had covered the nakedness of his nob up to the present time, by a flowing Caxon, which during the heat of action had been somehow dislodged, and was lost, so that the Major was riding hither and thither, digging the spurs into his horse's flanks, and just as busy as before the firing had ceased. "A guinea," he kept crying as he rode, "to any man who will find my wig!" The men, I remember, notwithstanding the sight of the wounded and dead around them, burst into shouts of laughter at him as he went; and "a guinea to any man who will find my wig," was the saying amongst us long after that affair.

Many a man has died in crossing a brook, it is said, who has escaped the broad waves of the Atlantic half-a-dozen times; the Major had escaped the shot and shell of the enemy in many a hard-fought field, and came off with credit and renown; but it is somewhat singular that

Punch and Judy were the individuals who by the Fates were destined to cut his thread of life, for his horse was startled one day as he rode through the streets of Dublin city by the clatter those worthies made with their sticks in one of their domestic quarrels, and swerving to one side, that noble soldier was killed.

THE FAMILY OF THE COMYNS.

In the band of the first battalion of the rifles, we had a father and seven sons, of the name of Comyns. The elder son, who was called Fluellyn, was the best musician of them all, and on the regiment going on service to Portugal, he was made band-master. Whilst fighting against Massena, Fluellyn Comyn, one night, took offence at a man named Cadogan, also belonging to our band, and, catching him at advantage, beat him so severely that he left him for dead. The transaction having been seen by some of the soldiery, Fluellyn Comyn was fearful of the consequences, and, supposing he had committed murder, fled to Marshal Massena's army, where he was received kindly, and, in consequence of his musical knowledge, promoted to a good situation in the band of one of the French regiments. After a while, however, he made some mistake or other *there*, and the French army being no safe place for him any longer, he once more changed service, and returned back amongst his old companions, the rifles, where he found, to his surprise, Cadogan in the ranks, sound and well again. This species of inconstancy not being approved of by our leaders, he was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. Two or three other men, who had also committed heavy crimes, were in orders at the same time, I recollect, to undergo the same punishment. Colonel Beckwith was at that time our Lieutenant-colonel, and having a great respect for Comyn's father, made application to the Duke of Wellington for a pardon for his son Fluellyn. Accordingly, when he was brought forth amongst the other criminals, it was notified to him that, taking into consideration the interest made by his Lieutenant-colonel, he should be forgiven; but the Duke, I understood, desired it to be expressly stated to him, that if he ever detected him in that country again, in the garb of a soldier in the British service, nothing should save him from punishment. Comyn, therefore, left Spain, without the good wish of a single man in our corps, for he was pretty well known to be altogether a bad subject. Meanwhile, the news had reached his friends in England that he had been shot, and his wife, having quickly found a substitute, was married again, when he thought proper, somewhat tardily, to seek his home. At first the meeting was rather a stormy one, and the neighbours thought that murder would ensue, for Comyn found himself provided, not only with a *locum tenens*, but also with a little baby, neither of whom he could possibly have any great liking for.

However, matters were eventually amicably arranged, and Fluellyn Comyn, having made out his claim, and satisfied the second husband that he had never had a musket-ball in his body, broke up the establishment, and took his wife off to Hythe in Kent, where he again enlisted in the *third* battalion of the rifles, and joined them at Shoreham Cliff. In the third battalion he once more displayed his art, and from his excellence as a musician, was made master of the band. Not satisfied with his good fortune, he again misconducted himself, and was once more reduced to the ranks. After awhile he succeeded in getting exchanged to the eighty-fifth regiment, where he likewise

managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of the commanding officer, and by his musical talents, also, once more into the situation of master of the band. Here he might even yet have retrieved himself, and lived happily, but he began again to cut fresh capers, and his ill-disposition and drunken conduct were so apparent the moment he got into an easy way of life, that it was found impossible to keep him in the situation, and he was again reduced, and eventually entirely dismissed, as *too bad for anything*. One of his brothers had, meanwhile, obtained the situation he held in the first battalion of the rifles, and was greatly respected for his good conduct. He was killed, I remember, at Vittoria, by a cannon-ball striking his head from his shoulders. The other five Comyns, as far as I ever knew, lived and prospered in the service. The old father was eventually discharged, and received a pension. What was, however, the ultimate fate of the bad sheep of this flock (Fluellyn Comyn), and whether he ever succeeded in becoming a band-master in the service of any other country, or whether he ultimately reached a still more elevated situation, I never heard, but should think from all I knew and have related, that it was not likely he ever came to good.

GENERAL NAPIER.

I remember meeting with General Napier before the battle of Vimiero. He was then, I think, a major; and the meeting made so great an impression on me, that I have never forgotten him. I was posted in a wood the night before the battle, in the front of our army, where two roads crossed each other. The night was gloomy, and I was the very out-sentry of the British army. As I stood on my post, peering into the thick wood around me, I was aware of footsteps approaching, and challenged in a low voice. Receiving no answer, I brought my rifle to the port, and bade the strangers come forward. They were Major Napier, (then of the 50th foot, I think,) and an officer of the rifles. The major advanced close up to me, and looked hard in my face.

"Be alert here, sentry," said he, "for I expect the enemy upon us to-night, and I know not how soon."

I was a young soldier then, and the lonely situation I was in, together with the impressive manner in which Major Napier delivered his caution, made a great impression on me, and from that hour I have never forgotten him. Indeed, I kept careful watch that night, listening to the slightest breeze amongst the foliage, in expectation of the sudden approach of the French. They ventured not, however, to molest us. Henry Jessop, one of my companions in the rifles, sank and died of fatigue on this night, and I recollect some of our men burying him in the wood at daybreak, close to my post.

During the battle, next day, I remarked the gallant style in which the 50th, Major Napier's regiment, came to the charge. They dashed upon the enemy like a torrent breaking bounds, and the French, unable even to bear the sight of them, turned and fled. Methinks at this moment I can hear the cheer of the British soldiers in that charge, and the clatter of the Frenchmen's accoutrements, as they turned in an instant, and went off, hard as they could run for it. I remember our feeling towards the enemy on that occasion was the north side of friendly; for they had been firing upon us rifles very sharply, greatly outnumbering our skirmishers, and appearing inclined to drive us off the face of the earth. Their lights and grenadiers I, for the first time,

particularly remarked on that day. The grenadiers (the 70th, I think) our men seemed to know well. They were all fine-looking young men, wearing red shoulder-knots and tremendous-looking moustaches. As they came swarming upon us, they rained a perfect shower of balls, which we returned quite as sharply. Whenever one of them was knocked over, our men called out, "There goes another of Boney's Invincibles." In the main body, immediately in our rear, was the second battalion, 52nd and 50th, the second battalion 43rd, and a German corps, whose number I do not remember, besides several other regiments. The whole line seemed annoyed and angered at seeing the rifles outnumbered by the Invincibles, and as we fell back, "firing and retiring," galling them handsomely as we did so, the whole line cried out (as it were with one voice) to charge. "D—n them!" they roared, "charge! charge!" General Fane, however, restrained their impetuosity. He desired them to stand fast, and keep their ground.

"Don't be too eager, men," he said, as coolly as if we were on a drill-parade in old England; "I don't want you to advance just yet. Well done, 95th!" he called out, as he galloped up and down the line, "well done 43rd, 52nd, and well done all. I'll not forget, if I live, to report your conduct to-day. They shall hear of it in England, my lads!"

A man named Brotherwood, of the 95th, at this moment rushed up to the general, and presented him with a green feather, which he had torn out of the cap of a French light-infantry soldier he had killed.—"God bless you, general!" he said; "wear this for the sake of the 95th." I saw the general take the feather, and stick it in his cocked-hat. The next minute he gave the word to charge, and down came the whole line, through a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry,—and dreadful was the slaughter as they rushed onwards. As they came up with us, we sprang to our feet, gave one hearty cheer, and charged along with them, treading upon our own dead and wounded, who lay in the front. The 50th were next us as we went, and I recollect, as I said, the firmness of that regiment in the charge. They appeared like a wall of iron. The enemy turned and fled, the cavalry dashing upon them as they went off.

After the day's work was over, whilst strolling about the field, just upon the spot where this charge had taken place, I remarked a soldier of the 43rd, and a French grenadier, both dead, and lying close together. They had apparently killed each other at the same moment, for both weapons remained in the bodies of the slain. Brotherwood was lying next me during a part of this day; he was a Leicestershire man, and was killed afterwards by a cannon-ball at Vittoria. I remember his death more particularly from the circumstance of that very ball killing three of the company at the same moment, viz. Lieutenant Hopwood, Patrick Mahon, and himself. Brotherwood was amongst the skirmishers with me on this day. He was always a lively fellow, but rather irritable in disposition. Just as the French went to the right-about, I remember he d—d them furiously; and, all his bullets being gone, he grabbed a razor from his haversack, rammed it down, and fired it after them.

During this day I myself narrowly escaped being killed by our own dragoons, for, somehow or other, in the confusion, I fell whilst they were charging, and the whole squadron thundering past, just missed me, as I lay amongst the dead and wounded. Tired and overweighted

with my knapsack, and all my shoe-making implements, I lay where I had fallen for a short time, and watched the cavalry as they gained the enemy. I observed a fine, gallant-looking officer leading them on in that charge. He was a brave fellow, and bore himself like a hero; with his sword waving in the air, he cheered the men on, as he went dashing upon the enemy, and hewing and slashing at them in tremendous style. I watched for him as the dragoons came off after that charge, *but saw him no more;* he had fallen. Fine fellow! his conduct indeed made an impression upon me that I shall never forget, and I was told afterwards that he was a brother of Sir John Euston.

A French soldier was lying beside me at this time; he was badly wounded, and hearing him moan as he lay, after I had done looking at the cavalry, I turned my attention to him, and getting up, lifted his head, and poured some water into his mouth. He was dying fast; but he thanked me in a foreign language, which, although I did not exactly understand, I could easily make out by the look he gave me. Mullins, of the rifles, who stepped up whilst I supported his head, d—d me for a fool for my pains. "Better knock out his brains, Harris," said he; "he has done *us* mischief enough, I'll be bound for it, to-day."

After the battle I strolled about the field, in order to see if there was anything to be found worth picking up amongst the dead. The first thing I saw was a three-pronged silver fork, which, as it lay by itself, had most likely been dropped by some person who had been on the look-out before me. A little further on I saw a French soldier sitting against a small rise in the ground, or bank. He was wounded in the throat, and appeared very faint, the bosom of his coat being saturated with the blood which had flowed down. By his side lay his cap, and close to that was a bundle containing a quantity of gold and silver crosses, and which I concluded he had plundered from some convent or church. He looked the picture of a sacrilegious thief, dying hopelessly, and overtaken by Divine wrath. I kicked over his cap, which was also full of plunder, but I declined taking anything from him. I felt fearful of incurring the wrath of Heaven for the like offence, so I left him, and passed on. A little further off lay an officer of the 50th regiment. I knew him by sight, and recognised him as he lay. He was quite dead, and lying on his back. He had been plundered, and his clothes were torn open. Three bullet-holes were close together in the pit of his stomach: beside him lay an empty pocket-book, and his epaulette had been pulled from his shoulder.

I had moved on but a few paces, when I recollected that, perhaps, the officer's shoes might serve me, my own being considerably the worse for wear, so I returned again, went back, pulled one of his shoes off, and knelt down on one knee, to try it on. It was not much better than my own; however I determined on the exchange, and proceeded to take off its fellow. As I did so I was startled by the sharp report of a firelock, and at the same moment a bullet whistled close by my head. Instantly starting up, I turned, and looked in the direction whence the shot had come. There was no person near me in this part of the field. The dead and the dying lay thickly all around; but nothing else could I see. I looked to the priming of my rifle, and again turned to the dead officer of the 50th. It was evident that some plundering scoundrel had taken a shot at me, and the fact of his doing so proclaimed him one of the enemy. To distinguish him amongst the bodies

strewn about was impossible; perhaps he might himself be one of the wounded. Hardly had I effected the exchange, put on the dead officer's shoes, and resumed my rifle, when another shot took place, and a second ball whistled past me. This time I was ready, and, turning quickly, I saw my man: he was just about to squat down behind a small mound, about twenty paces from me. I took a hap-hazard shot at him, and instantly knocked him over. I immediately ran up to him; he had fallen on his face, and I heaved him over on his back, bestrode his body, and drew my sword-bayonet. There was, however, no occasion for the precaution, as he was even then in the agonies of death.

It was a relief to me to find I had not been mistaken. He was a French light-infantry man, and I therefore took it quite as in the way of business—he had attempted my life, and lost his own. It was the fortune of war; so, stooping down, with my sword I cut the green string that sustained his calibash, and took a hearty pull, to quench my thirst.

STANZAS.

The winds are hush'd on mead and moor,
The bird sleeps on the tree,
And like a tranquil summer lake
Reclines the star-lit sea;
And hark! adown the mountain side,
In low and liquid tone,
Chant sprites of rill and rivulet
Their dirges clear and lone.

Bud, leaf, and flower are bending low
Their heads, as if in prayer,
Around them clinging, perfume-sick,
Live things of earth and air;
While gallantly the kingly oak
Uprears his forehead green,
As on his bosom ling'ring smiles
Night's pale and dewy queen.

And like a maiden's timid kiss
To him she loves the best,
A gentle breath comes thrillingly,
Fresh from the balmy west,
Steeping the soul in sense so sweet,
In joys of such wild power,
That we can only sigh, not speak,
The rapture of the hour.

Then oh! when coldly creepeth on
Old age with stealthy tread,
That, like a bribeless monitor,
Will whisper of the dead;
As memory, sun-like, clears away
The clouds that dim the past,
Behind, like this fair eve, be all
Unsullied to the last.

Edinburgh. K. J.

HYDROMANIA.

WE are not of the number of those sneering cynics who wantonly throw cold water upon every novel project. We have great faith in the inventive faculty of man, and admire the versatile ingenuity of the human mind. We have indeed an affectionate predilection for water —in the *main*, and entertain the greatest respect for Sir Hugh Middleton.

We applaud the unadulterated and unexciseable *spirit* with which Priessnitz and Father Mathew carry on their operations, and regard them both as the great *rectifiers* of society. There is every prospect of their success; for "There is a *tide* in the affairs of men," and they having both wisely "taken it at the *flood*," we have no doubt it will "lead to fortune." The war they wage against "publicans and sinners" goes on prosperously. The publicans are (blue) ruined, and must not only abandon their "bright and glittering palaces," but will soon be incapable of keeping a BOOTH! for the sinners, instead of pledging each other in a "quartern and three outs," or pledging their "duds," now pledge themselves!

Irish bogtrotters, who formerly could not boast a shoe to their "fut," now affect "*pumps!*"

It is said that the ladies, (dear creatures!) who are always inclined, like water-lilies, to bend with the *stream*, are about to give employment to the Spitalfields weavers in the manufacture of *watered* silks!

It is extraordinary the influence of the Apostle of Temperance. Many gentlemen who have been brought up to the *Bar* have lately been *admitted* to practice in the "Queen's Bench,"—being compelled to attend to the bailiff's *tap* instead of their own!

The word "still," in all modern editions of a dictionary, will be summarily explained as "quiet;" for Father Mathew must candidly be regarded as a great *engine*, who has played with such effect upon the multitude, that the "still" distillatory must ultimately be still, and the "worm" cease to be regarded as the "worm that never dies!" The proverb that every Jack has his "*gill*" will be proved false, even among grog-loving sailors; for all who "follow the sea" will, no doubt, "take to the water" as naturally as web-footed fowl!—and the command to "splice the main brace" will be obliterated for ever from nautical slang-dictionary, and "all hands to the *pumps!*" generally substituted throughout the British navy.

It is said that "Every dog has his day," but the dog-days of Priessnitz and Father Mathew will not, of course, afford a single case of hydrophobia, or the dread of water! By the law of Mahomet wine and spirits are only allowed to be dispensed medicinally, and, in like fashion, the doctors of England will alone be allowed a *tap*, and that will be for the dropsy!

At all events "water on the chest" will be very prevalent! For our own part we confess our addiction to water, and, therefore, the "Apostle" will do us great injustice if he should blame us for making a *butt* of it!

The injurious custom of drinking healths, to the detriment of our own, will be abolished, obliterated, and forgotten, and

" Drink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will *pledge* with mine,
Leave but a kiss within the cup,
  And I 'll not look for wine," &c. &c.

will, consequently, become a favourite duett, and all banquets water-parties. Fashion rules everything, and even has an influence upon the mob, who have become so vastly genteel, that they have latterly looked with contempt upon the vulgar brewer's-*dray*, and now vie with each other in *lauding* a STANHOPE!

Those who were accustomed "to put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains" have abandoned their bibulous propensities, and now edify their comrades with orations upon the delights of temperance, pouring forth a stream of eloquence like a water-*spout!* *Thin* men are exhorted to abandon malt-liquor, and assured that by drinking water they will get *stout.* *Fat* men, that the pure element will diminish their *shadow*, and at the same time increase their *substance!* Medical men already feel the influence of the prevailing fashion, the use of the new febrifuge of cold water* causing a rapid *decline* in the *consumption* of their drugs and chemicals.

Many among the lower orders were ignorant that they had livers, they are now enlightened by the Temperance and Teetotal orators, and, convinced by these " new *lights*," are determined to preserve their *liver*, and save their *bacon!*

* * * * *

Reader! did you ever see a pond in a country-village, a pleasant nook, overshadowed by the green branches of spreading-trees, full of placidity and quiet, wherein a lot of snowy-plumaged ducks, with yellow bills and leggings, were floating over the still, dark waters. There is a tranquillity about such scenes that is almost sure to arrest the steps of the contemplative man.

How frequently have we dropped with a noiseless caution upon the green bank, and watched the motions of the web-footed water-party, and regretted our ignorance of their language, for they "discoursed upon the water" with such philosophical gravity that we imagined there must be something in it; but we could make nothing of it but —*quack! quack! quack!*

HAL WILLIS,
Student-at-Law.

* In Spain, long before Preissnitz was born, the efficacy of copious draughts of cold water was well known, and the remedy universally applied, and almost invariably with success.

REGULAR HABITS.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

Pity, that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!
COLMAN.

ANTHONY FUBKINS was admitted at a very early age into the counting-house of Messrs. Borax, Box, and Fustic, as an underling; his business being to sweep its floor, dust the desks, fill the inkstands,—in short, to fulfil that incomprehensible duty of making himself generally useful. This he had, however, managed to perform to everybody's satisfaction; and he gradually rose until he sat in the seat of honour, and became chief where he had originally been a drudge. He was the very pattern and model of correctness and precision. He never entered the counting-house either one minute before, or half a minute behind, half-past nine o'clock in the morning; and never again quitted his desk to return home until the clock at 'Change had struck the hour of four. On his reaching the important station of principal clerk,—important to him in every way; first, from the increased station it conferred upon him, and next, from the addition it made to his yearly salary; a most momentous and important event—nay, an epoch!—occurred in the monotonous existence of Anthony: he married!!!

It must be a matter of astonishment how a man constituted like Fubkins could have fallen in love; and it may be doubted, indeed, whether the inclination he suffered under that denomination really was love. His preference for the favoured lady originated in his predilection for order and regularity. Previously to his rising in the world, he had been an inhabitant of a two-pair back-room in one of the narrow streets leading from the Minories, which looked upon the backs of some other houses of a similar description in an adjoining parallel street. The only time he had for looking out of his *only* window was during the operation of shaving in the morning, before he left for business. He observed a young woman constantly sitting at the window of a little back-parlour in the next street, industriously occupied in plying her needle. For a very considerable period he paid not the slightest attention to the sempstress, not even by remarking to himself—for he was his own confidential adviser—his admiration of her persevering industry.

At length, however, his curiosity became excited; and, after some roundabout inquiries, he found out that she was the daughter of a retired exciseman, one Aminadab Tapps, whose whole earthly possessions consisted of his superannuation pension, a few odd pieces of furniture which had descended to him from his father, and of his only daughter, Tabitha by name. Dab Tapps, as he was irreverently called by his familiars, frequented in the evening the parlour of a small public-house in the same street, called "The Wigged Pig;" and it was with the hopes of becoming ultimately acquainted with the daughter that Fubkins ventured, through this means, to scrape an intimacy with the father. He entered the precincts of this fane

of Bacchus with fear and trembling, lest by use it should become customary, and by habit a necessity, and thus sap the foundation of the very superstructure of his character, the height of his pride,—*his regular habits.* He, however, stooped to conquer. Anthony at first became on terms of conversable acquaintance with Tapps; then on those of familiarity and friendship; until, at length, he saw him home every evening after the termination of his libations,—for, alas! it is not to be denied that Tapps *fuddled!*

He now had passed the Rubicon, and from that time his wooing prospered. He, however, much to the indignation of Tapps, now forsook "The Wigged Pig," and left him, the aforesaid Tapps, to find his way home, drunk or sober, how he could. Fubkins, like all men of regular habits, kept his passions (if he had any) under perfect control. He therefore told Tabby, that, as she had no earthly goods, and as he had at that precise period only a salary of fifty pounds per annum, they must defer their marriage until he should have a rise; and they did wait until Fubkins was promoted to the chief stool in the counting-house. Very shortly after this he married Tabitha.

Dab was no sooner relieved from filial control than he spent the greater part of his time at his favourite resort, "The Wigged Pig;" in fact, he was constantly drunk, as he expressed it, "for company's sake;" and, just at the period he was about to become a grandfather, he died, having been found drowned in the gutter. It was given in evidence before the coroner that he was returning home from his daily potations at "The Wigged Pig," and in his usual condition,—very drunk; that there had been a heavy shower of rain, and that the gutter in the middle of the street had overflowed its banks; and it was supposed that the unfortunate Tapps, in crossing the street to his own house, had fallen on his face, and, being incapacitated by inebriation from assisting himself, he had been choked by the dirty puddle. The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against "The Wigged Pig," with a deodand of one shilling upon the gutter. Fubkins buried Tapps; and Mrs. Fubkins produced a son and heir on the same day.

Fubkins, having such an example of the sad effects of *irregular* habits, determined that *his* boy should be a man of *most regular habits.* Our hero was first introduced to his mother on the eleventh day of November 1811, at eleven minutes past eleven o'clock at night; which, as has been previously stated, was the very day on which poor Tapps was consigned to *his* mother-earth. After much discussion, it was settled that he should be named Jeremiah Augustus, and so he was christened. His infant and boyish days passed pretty much as they do with other children, excepting that he was more orderly than is habitual with other juveniles; and this was attributed to his having constantly repeated to him the necessity of order, and the excellence of regularity.

The high character which his father held with the firm procured for Jeremiah Augustus admission into the counting-house; and, thus fairly launched into life, he kept on the even tenor of his way, and never was troubled with any of those fancies, those desires for novelty, which are so destructive to the regular habits of other young men. His feelings and passions had been so thoroughly blunted both by precept and example, from living with his parents, that he was monotonous both in thought and speech. He shot up "from infancy to youth, from

youth to middle age," without possessing a single idea but such as had been previously engendered by his worthy parents.

He thus passed on the voyage of life perfectly tranquil until he was twenty-four years old, when the methodical arrangement of his existence was interrupted by the sudden death of his father, which occurred at twenty-three minutes fifteen seconds past two o'clock on the morning of the twenty-second day of December, 1834. It is necessary here to digress a little, for the purpose of commenting upon the sad effects of irregularity. The twenty-second of December was the anniversary of Fubkins's marriage; and on this particular occasion he had felt more jovially inclined than usual, and had expressed his wish to Tabby at dinner-time that, instead of the mutton-chops with which they usually concluded the business of the day, she should provide pork chops, and that an addition of half a pint of ale should be made to his usual quantity. He usually ate one chop, and drank half his pint of ale with his supper; reserving the remainder to clear the smoke of the one pipe, with which he regaled himself after this meal, from his throat. On this unlucky day he ate two pork-chops, drank the whole quantity of the ale at supper, and then insisted upon toasting Tabby's health in a tumbler of gin-and-water. This unhappy deviation from his regular habit, cost him his life; he went to bed, was seized with apoplexy, and died.

Tabitha, being a woman of regular habits, very soon dried up her tears; for she found that revelling "in the luxury of woe" interfered too much with her accustomed duties. One Sunday afternoon,—that being the only day on which Jeremiah Augustus was unoccupied,—she began seriously to talk to him upon the melancholy loss they had both sustained; and lamented that, whenever she should be called to join her dearly-beloved and departed Anthony, her darling son, would be left alone in the wide world, without a soul to care for him, or one to care for. To obviate such an evil, she observed that it was a duty on his part, to seek out a young woman of congenial disposition, but, above everything, of *regular habits*, to be his partner for life; in fact, that it was imperative upon him that he should marry!

This species of advice, nearly amounting to a command, and coming from his mother,—whose slightest wishes he had always been accustomed to obey,—staggered Fubkins; but, as he never questioned the propriety of her behests, he stammered out an assent to her proposition; being at the same time most perfectly bewildered as to the manner in which it could be possibly brought about. Such had been the strictness with which our friend Jeremiah Augustus had been brought up, that he had never been able to surmount that natural diffidence which would not allow of his looking *any one* in the face; far less had he ever contemplated the indecorum of looking at a woman.

Unfortunately for him, his mother had never kept up any female acquaintance, and her advanced years prevented her now from seeking them. Surrounded and beset with such difficulties, Fubkins was not merely at a loss, but absolutely in despair of being able to find the best mode of proceeding. He was ever anxious to obey his only parent; and his dilemma was how he should be able to prove the readiness of his acquiescence to her wish.

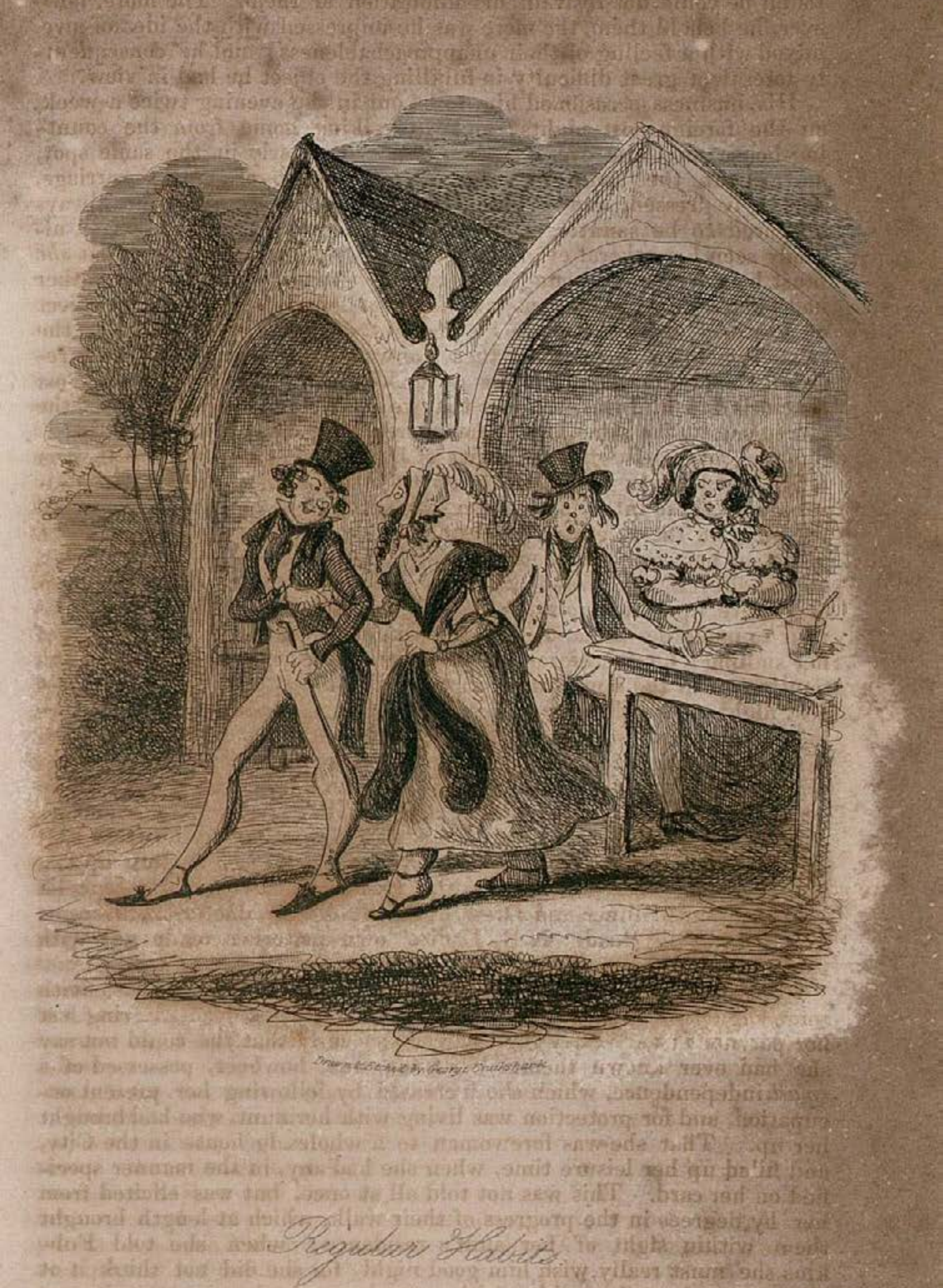
"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute," says the adage, and it was well illustrated in Fubkins. He had no sooner conquered his *mauvaise honte*, and made up his mind to look females in the face, than he

found he could not restrain his admiration of them. The more, however, he beheld them, the more was he impressed with the idea of awe, mixed with a feeling of their unapproachableness; and he consequently foresaw a great difficulty in fulfilling the object he had in view.

His business occasioned him to be out in the evening twice a-week, on the foreign-post nights; and, in walking home from the counting-house on those evenings he often met, nearly in the same spot, and about the same hour, a young woman of jaunty carriage, dashingly dressed, and of rather a prepossessing person, who always appeared to be sauntering along merely for recreation. He had already seen her several evenings, when it suddenly struck him that *she* must be *one* of those young women for whose acquaintance his mother had bidden him so anxiously to seek, as being so desirable an object of his love; and, the more he thought of this, the greater was the conviction in his own mind that she was one of those women of regular habits for whom he was to look; and what rendered it most conclusive to him was, the fact that he always met her walking at the same spot, at the same hour, whenever he had seen her.

Duly impressed with the verity of his opinion, he determined upon looking at her more particularly on their next rencontre. In accordance with these intentions, the very next foreign-post night he was on the alert for the meeting; and, in passing her, he ventured to cast a glance at her, and, to his great pleasure and astonishment, he thought, or he believed, she smiled at him. Being a modest man, he was not quite sure upon this point, and he consequently deferred any endeavour to make her acquaintance until he was certain as to the fact of her smiling; he therefore waited—it must be owned, somewhat impatiently—until the opportunity should occur for its verification. Next post night at length came; and, in walking home, Fubkins again came in contact with the lady, and, on looking at her, he was convinced that he was not deceived, but that she had, indeed, really and truly *smiled upon him!* Thus encouraged, he determined on speaking to her; and at their next encounter, addressed her with, "A fine evening, Miss!" This led to a desultory conversation, and at length terminated by her giving him her name and address very neatly written upon a smallish sort of a card; it was to this effect: "Miss Araminta Ophelia Sylphington, Milliner and Dress Maker, No. 3, Wilhelmina Crescent, Bagnigge Wells Road. N.B. Ladies' own materials made up, with the greatest dispatch, and in the newest fashion."

In the course of their ambulatory conversation she favoured him with some slight account of herself,—that she was an orphan, having lost her parents in very early life, indeed, so early that she could not say she had ever known them. That she was, however, possessed of a *small* independence, which she increased by following her present occupation, and for protection was living with her aunt, who had brought her up. That she was forewoman to a wholesale house in the City, and filled up her leisure time, when she had any, in the manner specified on her card. This was not told all at once, but was elicited from her by degrees in the progress of their walk, which at length brought them within sight of her aunt's residence; when she told Fubkins she must really wish him good night, for she did not think it at all proper to be seen walking with a gentleman in the evening, who was an entire stranger to her, that she must consider it as very imprudent, and that her aunt, should she know it, would never forgive her. This



Regular Habits.

London, Richard Bentley

extreme anxiety of guarding against even the appearance of impropriety, put Jeremiah in ecstasies, and, notwithstanding he could but applaud her prudence, he was loath to leave her; but at length they parted, upon a mutual promise of meeting again. During the whole of his return home, he was like a man walking on air; he was not only enraptured with her person, but still more with her propriety of conduct; and the more he reflected, the more was he convinced that she was the very woman his respected surviving parent had desired him to win and wear. Her every expression went to convince him of the fact.

On the following foreign-post night, the only night, by the by, on which he was ever absent from the presence of his mother, he sauntered leisurely towards the place where he had been accustomed to meet Miss Sylphington, and, to his great joy, he had not waited long before he saw her coming. Claiming the privilege of previous acquaintance, he offered her his hand, and after gently shaking hers, he, without leaving it, drew her arm within his own, and proceeded with her towards her home.

Their conversation was at first desultory; but, after some little time, it became more interesting, and finished by being confidential; for our friend Jeremiah found himself imperceptibly detailing to her all his present hopes and future prospects, and was only prevented from putting the eventful question by having arrived at the spot where she compelled him to say farewell; at least, she said she could not permit him to come any further with her, until she had introduced him to her aunt. This he very much pressed her to do, and at length she consented; and it was arranged he should come and take tea with her on the following Sunday.

Notwithstanding Fubkins had but two days to wait, it seemed an age! and his patience was nearly exhausted by the time the happy day arrived. No sooner had he swallowed his dinner than he started upon his anxious, but pleasurable expedition. He had taken great pains in adorning his person, and was dressed in a grass-green coat, with a velvet collar of the same colour, embossed metal buttons bearing a faint resemblance to silver; a brimstone-coloured waistcoat, and lightish drab trowsers. The collar of his shirt was very erect, and round his neck he wore a flame-coloured satin stock, of that kind denominated a tie, and in which was inserted a very large garnet-pin;—whether this last article of dress was symbolical of the ardour of his passion, or whether it was merely a matter of taste, was never exactly known.

No sooner was he out of sight of his mother's house than he hastened towards the residence of his fair friend. On reaching Bagnigge Wells Road, he commenced his search for Wilhelmina Crescent; and, on finding it, was much surprised at the smallness of the houses. He knocked at No. 3, and on inquiring for Miss Sylphington was desired to walk in by an elderly female, who was short and stout, and dressed very flauntily; her red face being surmounted by an enormous cap, decorated with a profusion of cherry-coloured ribbons. He was ushered into a very small room, in which everything was small in proportion; a diminutive glass was suspended over the fire-place, a very small table was in the centre, and four equally petite chairs were placed at regular distances round the apartment. By the side of the looking-glass on the mantel-piece were two plaster casts, painted black,

and purporting to be resemblances of two of our greatest poets, Shakspeare and Milton, each pointing with a finger to a tablet, on which had once been visible a quotation from their works, though then effaced. Beside these were two vases of common green earthenware, intended by the maker to contain flowers, but appropriated by the possessor to the reception of every description of stray articles, for which no other receptacle could be found. Araminta soon entered the room, and received Fubkins with a simper, and downward look, which she meant to represent bashfulness at the novelty of her situation, and the greatest possible modesty of demeanour, all of which did not lose their effect upon our friend, who took it as she intended.

The short, stout, red-faced elderly lady, now brought in the tea-things, and was introduced to him by Araminta as her aunt, Mrs. Pimpleby. Nothing occurred during tea, except a discussion between the ladies as to the relative merits of the performances at two very celebrated places of amusement in that locality, "White Conduit" and the "Eagle"; and as to whether Mr. M'Muffin or Mr. Snarl played the hero of their respective melodrames, in the most imposing style. Jeremiah could not assist in the debate, as he was totally unacquainted with the respective merits of the gentlemen, but he listened with the greatest attention and admiration. The conversation having at length flagged, Mrs. Pimpleby proposed a walk, which being assented to, the ladies retired to put on their things; and he was left in the interim to his own joyous reflections. After some time they returned, fully equipped, and Fubkins gallantly offering an arm to each, they strolled towards the suburban brickfields of the north of London. As they approached the "Mother Red-Cap," Araminta was suddenly seized with a fit of rurality, and began a dissertation upon the beauties of the country, and how

"Well she loved the woods and the groves,
They raptures put her in;"

while, on the other hand, Mrs. Pimpleby began to complain of the heat, exclaiming how dry she was. It was at length determined they should extend their walk to the "Load of Hay" on Haverstock Hill, a renowned tea-garden, where they could rest and refresh themselves. With this arrangement all parties were delighted, and they proceeded merrily, when a thought suddenly flashed across the mind of Jeremiah, that in all probability he should be called upon to pay for the refreshments, a circumstance he had entirely forgotten when he had so readily concurred with Mrs. Pimpleby's proposition. He, however, resolved, as he could not avoid it, that the pecuniary damage should be as small as possible. Among other of the wise saws which his respected mother had instilled into him, was one, which experience had taught her was of great value, and which was, "that sixpence frequently saves a shilling." In compliance, therefore, with her advice, he always kept the money which he carried about him, and which never exceeded five shillings, in this small coin. When, therefore, he discovered this overt attempt upon his sixpences, which the requiring of refreshment evidently was, he determined to separate as few of his darlings from each other's society as he possibly could, without appearing mean in the eyes of his lady-love.

They at length reached the desired spot, and Mrs. Pimbleby, whose face from exertion had become redder than her own ribbons, grunted out her satisfaction at being able to sit down, while Araminta whispered forth in gentler accents, "Well, I declare, how very pleasant!"

They had not been long seated, when the waiter came up, and inquired "Whether they called for any thing, or, was any one serving them?" This most effectually broke the ice, and Jeremiah found himself compelled, for his character's sake, to order something; and, having an eye upon his exchequer, had made up his mind to call for sixpennyworth of gin-and-water, "cold without," and plenty of water, thus hoping to escape with the expenditure of only *one* sixpence. His intentions were, however, soon frustrated by both Araminta and Mrs. Pimpleby exclaiming together, that "they hated gin-and-water, it was so low; that rum-and-water warm, with a bit of sugar and lemon, was the nicest." Thus overwhelmed, Fubkins could but accede, and the rum-and-water, as ordered, was soon produced, the waiter holding it in his hand until the shilling which he demanded for it was paid; and on receiving which, he asked for something for himself. Fubkins, quite aghast at having to expend double the amount he originally calculated upon, was completely crushed by this new attack upon his pocket, and in the fury of despair drew forth a third sixpence, and threw it on the table of the box in which they were sitting, when it was as immediately snatched up by the waiter, who, making a low bow, said, "Thankye, sir, I sees *you are* a real gentleman."

This glass of rum-and-water was soon dispatched, when he hoped the ladies would resume their walk, but this neither of them appeared inclined to do, instead of which they gave continual hints of their being very hot and thirsty; so that, at length, he was most reluctantly compelled to make a further draft upon his finances, and order another glass of rum-and-water.

By the time this was disposed of Fubkins had become animated, for, although his portion had not been large, yet, from being entirely unaccustomed to the use of spirits, it had caused an unusually exhilarating effect; and he became more tender in his attentions to Araminta. He was just on the point of getting serious, when the lady's notice was drawn to another part of the garden by her aunt's exclaiming,

"Why, bless me, if here ain't Ephraim!"

To Jeremiah's dismay, he saw approaching them a young man of swaggering air, very showily dressed, who was received by both ladies with great satisfaction. He was mentioned, rather than introduced to him, as Ephraim Sniggsby, a nephew of Mrs. Pimpleby, and a cousin of Araminta's. After inquiring how they were, and how long they had been there, he proposed they should have something to drink, and immediately ordered two glasses of rum-and-water, with some biscuits, and insisted that Fubkins and himself should pay for these between them, or, as he expressed it, "go a Yorkshire."

Notwithstanding the exhilarating effects of his previous potations, Jeremiah did not all at once forget his parental lessons of thrift, and he very reluctantly acquiesced in Sniggsby's proposal. When this additional quantity of refreshment had disappeared, Mrs. Pimpleby said, "It was time to be off, for it was growing dusk, and it was wery unproper for respectable young women to be out late at night."

Fubkins, on hearing this, prepared himself for walking homewards with Araminta, with the twofold intention of resuming the important conversation, which had been interrupted by Sniggsby's appearance, and also to ask some explanation from her of the great warmth of manner with which she received him.

Although he had remained silent during the time of Sniggsby's presence, he had not forgotten to participate fully in the rum-and-water;

and, upon attempting to rise, he found a very peculiar sensation in his head, together with an incapacity for directing his limbs, which he could not account for. While he was making this painful discovery, he saw, with dismay, Sniggsby draw Araminta's arm within his own, and walk away, leaving him to solace himself with Mrs. Pimpleby. Fubkins and the old lady proceeded to leave the gardens as soon as possible after their companions.

The action of walking soon completed what the first attempts at rising had commenced; and they had not advanced far down the hill when Fubkins evidently showed evident signs of inebriation.

Poor Mrs. Fubkins waited tea for Jeremiah Augustus from five o'clock, her usual hour, until half-past six, when, he not returning, she sat down to take it alone; wondering, at the same time, what had become of him, and where he could be gone,—but consoling herself that he could not possibly be doing wrong, as his habits were so regular. At length nine o'clock, her supper-hour, came, and still he was absent: she now became somewhat uneasy, and began to conjure up visions of death by thieves, running-over, and drowning, not being able to determine to which of these causes she was to attribute his absence. Time now wore on to near midnight, and she was considering what steps should be taken for finding her missing lamb, when her attention was attracted by a confused murmur of voices at the door of her house, like persons in altercation. This was followed by several single raps at her door; and, on opening it, she beheld her darling son, hopelessly and helplessly drunk, in the arms of some policemen, who had found him lying senseless in the Hampstead-Road, without his watch or money; and having discovered his address in his hat, had brought him home. At her request they put him into his own bed, and she then, to her horror, found that he had two black eyes and a broken nose.

He rambled incessantly during the night; he murmured forth some words, the import of which was incomprehensible, but which seemed to her to sound something like "rum!" "Araminta!" "stand treat!" Towards morning, after sleeping heavily though uneasily, his senses returned. After some importunity, he proceeded to give his mother a faithful account of all the adventures of the preceding night; but he could not make out or remember how he had lost his senses, together with his watch and pin, or how he had become possessed of two black eyes. At length he came to this conclusion, that Sniggsby had watched him arrive at Miss Sylphington's, and had waylaid him on his return, beaten him, and deprived him of his watch. His mother confirmed him in this opinion by assuring him, from what she knew of women in general, that no woman of regular habits, such as he had described his Araminta to be, could possibly be cognisant of any such transaction; and that it was solely to be attributed to the jealousy of this less favoured rival, who dreaded the effects of the handsome person and fascinating manners of her Jeremiah Augustus. She, however, recommended him not to go to No. 3, Wilhelmina Crescent, again, for fear of the consequences; but advised him to seek the lady at her accustomed spot, and tell her how he had been used.

With this counsel Jeremiah Augustus Fubkins was satisfied, and determined on following it. But, alas! he never had an opportunity; for, from that time, Miss Ophelia Araminta Sylphington was never found walking at the usual place, and Jeremiah Fubkins never saw her afterwards, and so he lived and died—a "regular" bachelor!

TERRY O'DALY'S VISIT TO THE CHATEAU D'EU.

COMMUNICATED BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I go through this world remembering well, and acting up to the wise old sentiment of wondering at nothing, and least of all am I astonished at the tricks and turns of Fortune. I have seen greatness pulled down, and humility raised up. I have seen the blind lady of the wheel play many strange pranks in my day, taking away with one hand what she gave with the other, now playfully "chucking" some favourite under the chin, now surprising the same object of her consideration with a knock-down blow, well planted under either ear or the pit of the stomach, as the case might be, and, by way of "a *settler*," as they do in Cunnemara, "kicking him for falling, to save further inconvenience." I have seen cowards reap the meed of the brave, and the high-hearted and the generous left to pine in obscurity by mobs and ministers, when their services were forgotten. I have seen scamps, and blockheads, and—*proh pudor!*—fellows as ugly as mortal sin win the hearts of beautiful, and even intellectual women. On the other hand, as a small set off, I have now and then seen the palm borne off by those who deserved it; I have seen singleness of mind and simplicity of heart acknowledged and appreciated, and, on the "*post funera virtus*" principle, virtue crowned with a bright reward. My spirit of even-handed justice would go still farther, and acknowledge that, as far as this favoured land at least is concerned, it is highly probable that the foul play and wanton incongruity which have been too long exhibited towards too many of its great men, will no longer be permitted to stain our national annals after the opening of the Valhalla in the new Houses of Parliament, which I understand is to take place with an apotheosis of the spirit of Ambition exhibiting the ductile physiognomy of the most honest politician of the age, invested in the habiliments of our exquisite friend Punch.

My simple foster-brother, from whom I have just received the following strange communication, little thought, when he cast his last parting look on

"His cabin door fast by the wild wood,"

that he was born to such greatness, or that such greatness should be thrust on him in so brief space as that which he describes in the best way he can. Poor fellow! he had as much idea of ever seeing what he calls "a raal Queen" a few months ago, as Jeannie Deans had before the sad catastrophe which fell upon her father's house of being in the "stately presence" of Queen Caroline, with her "een like a blue huntin' hawk's, whilk gaed throu' and throu' her like a Highland durk." The canny little Scotchwoman, with all her shrewdness, and the great Duke of Argyle at her elbow, had much more trouble in obtaining a *draft** from "the fountain of honour" than my scattered-

* "'This is eloquence,' said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. * * * * 'Take this housewife's case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeannie's hands, 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'"—*The Heart of Mid-Lothian.*

brained countryman, who seems to have achieved the brilliant feat by a "*coup de main*," or both hands together and his elbow. "It was the pipes, sir," he observes in his postscript, "it was the pipes did all—an Irish instrument is a wonderful national interprether." Poor Terry! I hope that Fortune won't give him the slip also. Much depends upon his learning to be a courtier. I have given him a strong advice to take the pledge at once, fearing that he might, in a moment of overflowing spirituality, play a party air, or boast of his principles. Here he is in his proper person.

"Chapeau D'U, Threeports,
September the 8th, year of Grace, 18 hundred and 43.

"MY DARLING MISTHER PAT,

"Little did I think, when I came all the way from Kildare to replevin the bit of praperty that my poor grandfather left me that died in furrin parts in the French sarvice,—the heavens be his bed!—that it would ever come to my fine turn to be in the thick of such grandeur and great company-keeping. From the time that we haard of the poor ould man's desolation from the troubles of this dirty world, you may dipind upon it I didn't let the grass grow under my brogues, for fear the spalpeens abroad mightn't carry him out in the ould style, and bury him daycent. Well, you see, I got to Dublin, and from Dublin to Southampton, on boord one of Mr. Hartley's steam-packets.

"When we got to the quay at Southampton, or whatsomdever they call it, where they get out and shake themselves,—for it's not like the quay of Dublin, or Dunleary harbour,—they tould us that it was all over, like the Fair of Athy; for the Queen was just gone a quarter of an hour ago on the road to France. 'Have we turf enough aboord,' says the captain, 'to ketch the Queen?'—'Plinty, your honour,' says the stoco man from the oven below.—'Then fire away, Flanagan,' says the captain agin; and we all gave three cheers. Oh! if you could only see the beautiful thing, my jewel,—throth, myself pitied her as if she was a Christian, after her long trip from Dublin,—spanking, and snoring, and powdhering, and smoking through the wather, as if the divil was behind her, and she had no regard for his company. 'We'll get a sight of her anyhow,' says the captain; 'the Duke of Cornwallis can run round them,' says he, 'and come back by tay-time, and that's worth the trying for, boys and girls,' says he to the gintlemin and ladies, says he. It would do your heart good to see how the *kimmeens** of boats, that were everywhere like cockle-shells, kept out of her way, when the captain roared out through his telescope, 'Mind your corns there, you haythens, and take care of your shins, I tell ye's.' But, with all our caution and perseverance not to ride over the omedhauns, we were nearly the death of the Corporation, and the Clerk of the Crown, and the Protestant Minster, that were coming home to their wives, after praything a sarmint to the Queen, and seeing her safe outside the lamps. One ould man put on his spectacles, and took our number; and the Clerk o' the Crown swore blazes to him, if he wouldn't have us all thransported to Botany Bay. 'Why don't you keep your own side of the road, you drunken divils?' says the captain. Howsomdever they were more frightened than hurt; and 'on we went with our maiden smiles,' at the rate of a mail-coach or a fox-hunt,—

* *Kimmeens*, "Trifles, light as air."

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first jim of——."

"'A quare world,' says I to myself; and I began to think I might be a diamond in it, after all. Little did myself ever drayme that I'd live to see a raal Queen, and one that bates Banagher for beauty and gintility. Maybe I won't, too,' says I, 'before long, and tickle her with my bagpipes into the bargain.' Many a joke turns out in earnest, and so it was with myself. We didn't overtake the Queen, d' ye see, bekaise we couldn't, for she got many milestones the start of us, and the women go mighty fast when they have the reins in their hands; but we came into the harbour of Threeports as bould as rams, clearing all before us, the captain standing on the top of the deck, and myself stuck up near him with the pipes, playing up 'The Seedge of Bellile,' and afther that I gave them 'Patrick's day in the morning.' I forgot to tell you that I didn't lave the pipes behind me; for I was determined to play my way through France, and live upon the enimy.

"I wasn't twinty minutes wandering about, and divarting myself with the quare sights, and stretching my limbs like a crockadyle,—the captain, you see, said he'd change his mind, and stay up all night to see the Queen in the morning,—when up comes a chap to me, all powdhered and puffed, and as much goold lace on him as would spanchell a bull, and says he, 'Misther Pat, if you can play Inglish tunes, come up to the Chapeau, that's the palace,' says he, 'and play for the sarvints. The master, that's the King of France,' says he, 'ordered us bread and cheese,' says he, 'but he forgot the piper.'—'With all the veins in my heart,' says I; and off I went with the joker. Well, I had the hoighth of good usage in the kitchin; and, after the Majesties and the quality went to bed, we got up a rukawn of our own in the housekeeper's room; and maybe we didn't coax the dust out of the linsey-woolsey that was nailed to the flure. Those Inglish sarvints are fine daycent sperrited boys, and the women are all so well fed, and have got such haypes of blood in them. By my sowl I never saw such dancing since the divil danced the hornpipe at Ballyragget; for I thought they'd all leap out of their leather entirely, and break down the boords over the people's heads into the bargain. They were very good-natured to me, and every time I played a tune they gave me a pull at the bottled porther, and then I went on agin, and they went on, and tore away all before them, till it was time to wash up the crokery for the Queen's breakfast. Well, you wouldn't believe it, but my fame travelled up stairs; for the Frinch sarvints took share of a jig with us towards the heel of the night, and one of them towld the King all about the twist I had in my wrist, and how I made the pipes spake. Maybe you won't believe it, but, as sure as I'm your foster-brother, I played the next night before all the Majesties, and the lords and ladies, in the parlour, and gave them all a taste of my quality. The rights of the thing was this. The King, who has a slight taste for larning, and the likes, bekaise he once kept a hedge-school in Tipperary, they say, when he had to run away from his own country, wanted to give the darling little Queen of England a grand lilt in allusion to the classics. But his grand musicianer said he hadn't time; and if he had that same, sure he had no varses; and his poet swore he couldn't make none in a jiffey like that, barring they made him blind drunk, and thin he would write that, maybe, that wouldn't plaise the com-

pany. 'If I was disguised,' says he, 'I'd write poetry to the tune of 'Bad luck to the English every day they get up.' — 'That's what I wishes Johnny Bull in the regard of Waterlyoo,' says the naygur.— 'Blur an' turf! then,' says the poor King, scratching his eye-brow, 'what are we to do at all at all?'—'We must do the best we can with the bit of luck that's left us, plaise your Majesty's glory,' says Mounseer Varny, the King's currier.—'And what's that same, Varny?' says the King.—'An Irish piper, your Majesty,' says he.—'An Irish piper!' says the King.—'Indeed and that's the truth,' says the currier, standing up for me like a little man; 'and he plays,' says he, 'as sweet as a lark or a blackbird, and as loud as all the wind instruments in a oilcaster to boot, sir,' says he. — 'The divil a better,' says Lewy, 'and sure he'll amuse us, the divarting vagabond, afther we take our tay; — so, whin I give the wink,' says he, 'rowl up the Irish piper!' —'I will, plaise your Majesty,' says Mounseer.—And that was my trip to grandher.

"When it was time for them to carry me up—I must tell you I got the best of usage in the kitchen first, and maybe I didn't astonish the pastry-cook! — my friend Varny came for me, and says he, 'Now, you must play for your life, your sowl,' says he, 'for the King's blazing mad, in the regard of a divil's limb of a foot-boy, that let drop a butther-boat full of musharoons and b'iled ingins into his lap,' says he, 'and sp'iled his grand riband of the Star and Garter, motty and all,' says he.—'I'll bring the poor man back to his sinses wid the sootheriug system, sir,' says I.—And, while we were talking, I found myself in the thick of the grandest sight that ever mortal man clapt his living eyes on before. 'Oh, Terry O'Daly, you thief,' says I to myself, 'if your mother could only see you this blessed night, it would be a proud day for the poor ould woman.' — 'Don't be afeard,' says Mounseer, 'but bother them with your purty behaviour.'—'Then,' says I, taking the hint, 'your sarvint, ginteels, the lord save all here, and the divil blow the roof off the house that the Queen's not welcome in,' says I; and they all laughed at my nonsense. But there was the raal royalty, and no mistake, and the beauty and grandher, such jewels and di'monds, and goold lace, and such silks, and satins, and bustlers, and such a power of mould candles, the whitest I ever saw, and stuck up in great big branches, like the one that's hanging from the roof of the chapel at home. I'd like to see the likes of all this in ould Ireland,' says I to Mounseer Varny, 'for it'd do good to the thrade o' the country; bad luck to the absentees, the blagaards!' says I.—'Whisht,' says he; 'the King is going to spayke to you;' and I looked at a fine fat ould man that was beckoning to me. 'That's he,' says Varny: 'howld your prate; he's going to give you your ordhers,' says he. Well, I was extonished, you see, to find that he had no crown of goold on his head, and no skeptre in his hand, as the kings and queens have in the poppit-shews.

"'Well,' says King Lewy to me, 'Misther Piper, this is your Queen,' pointing to our own little darling; and sure, I knew her by the arch little smile of comfort she gave me, and I saw her purty face a hundred times in the pikthers at home. 'God bless her! every day she aytes a praytie, sir,' says I: 'and it's good feeding for rich and poor; maybe, if you stuck to them in France, you'd have a better way of thinking,' says I.—'Faith; and may be so, piper, my boy,' says the King, and they all began to break their hearts laughing at me. 'We

want to try what your pipes are made of,' says the King, 'so I 'll trouble you, Misther O'Daly, to rouse your chanther, and let us have a *node*, or a *noration*, or something opprobrious to the present occasion,' says he.—' What 'll yes have me play, Majesties all, great and small ?' says I ; 'and what 'll it be ? 'The Humours of Glynn,' 'Carolan's Receipt for dhrinking Whiskey,' 'The Rakes of Mallow,' 'Youghall Harbour,' 'The Pride of Kildare,' 'March, brave boys,' 'Rory O'Moore,' or 'Kiss my lady ?' 'Them are all fine tunes, and the best of good music,' says the King, 'but we want something quite Inglish in honour of the Queen that owns you,' says he.—' Well,' says I, 'I 'm not up to the turns of the Inglish tunes, although, God help them, they haven't many to bounce about, but something about the roast-beef and plum-pudding, or the oak-tree, I suppose, will stop a gap, for them, Majesty,' says I.— 'That 'll do, Pat,' says the Queen herself, and 'Leather away, you divil !' says the King of the Frinch. With that I took the hint, and tuning up the pipes, I sung and played them a grand coronation lilt, the words of which I send you, to get them into the news. Everybody knows the air that knows B from a bull's-foot, or A from the gable-end of a hen-roost, and them that doesn't, I pities them.

"LEATHER AWAY WITH THE OAK-STICK.

" Descend, ye bright Nine, this grand scene to delight,
And in praise of Victoria my verses indite !
Och ! she 's Queen of the country, the say, and the sky,
For if they said 'black was the white of her eye,'
She 'd leather away with the oak-stick !

" Of all the bould nations that's under the sun,
They 're mighty polite to her, every one ;
Bekaise, when she steps out in pride down the town,
Let them stand on the tip of the tail of her gown,
She 'd leather away with the oak-stick !

" She set sail for France, for she laughs at the *say*,
In September, I mind me, 'twas near quarther-day ;
The boatswain and saymen were all in fine glee,
And Lord Dolly Fitz-Clancy steered the ship, d'ye see,
And leathered away with the oak-stick !

" Says brave Lewy Phil., 'Och, you 're welcome to me
As the flowers of May ;' by bright Cushla ma Chree !—
He 's a jolly ould chap, and, to see him, you 'd say,
When they dish up the frogs, faith ! he 's not far away ;
But leathers away with the oak-stick !

" Phil. politely and qui'tly slipp'd his arm round her waist,
And he gave three loud smacks, and three more, the ould *baste*.
But the blue-jackets cried, 'Mounseer Parly Voo,
Thry it on somewhere else, with your 'How do you do ?'
And leather away with the oak-stick !'

" Through the town she paraded in grandeur and pride,
To the great *Chapeau D'U*, where King Phil. does reside ;
There the tents were all spread, like ould Donnybrook fair,
With *ceade mille failthe*, and plenty to spare,
And leather away with the oak-stick !

"We 'd *consartos* by night, and *sham* shindies by day,
And the King trayted every mother's sowl to the play;
'Ma'am,' says he to the Queen, 'you 'll come home and take tay;
Plaise your Majesty, 'tis all in the family way,
And leather away with the oak-stick ?'

"Och ! the fine town of Paris shines under the sky,
And a beautiful *skrimmage* took place there hard by;
The sodgers fought shy, and the boys fought it out—
'Pon my sowl, I don't know what it all was about;
But they leather'd away with the oak-stick.

"They jamm'd up the streets with hack-cars and po-chaises—
'Fire again,' says the colonel, 'fire at them like blazes !'—
'Brave boys !' cries Fayette, 'don't stay here to be kilt,
But give them your tooth-pickers starch to the hilt,
And leather away with the oak-stick !'

"Then success to the stout roving boys of July,
And mate when they 're hungry, and drink when they 're dry,
To drink Lewy's health, and the Queen's, d' ye see,
And the rest of the Frinch Royal Fam-i-lee,
And leather away with the oak-stick !

"When the *ruction* was quash'd, and the people was quiet,
Some blag-gaards in the North thought to kick up a riot;
Says Roossia to Spain, 'Sure, we won't stand all that !'—
'Arrah be aisy,' says England, 'and mind what ye 're at,
Or I 'll leather away with the oak-stick !'

"God save Queen Victoria, and bless her with joy !
Och ! Albert, my jewel, you 're the broth of a boy !
Three cheers for ould Ireland, and Dan, and Saint Pat,
And Repayle, Father Mathew, and *send round the hat*,
And leather away with the oak-stick."

"There 's no use in telling the fun and the divarsion that followed: sure, Kings and Queens are only like other people when they 're off their thrones, or not driving in their goold couches. I didn't stop after the song, but played away to shew them I wasn't done up, and, to plaise the King, it was 'Vooley voo, dansy, madymosel !' but before I got through it twice, and was coming to the *Da Caput* ag'in, Lewy laughed, and winked, 'Thank ye for nothing, Misther O'Daly,' says he; 'but, let us have an Irish jig, for your pipes are setting me mad for a caper.' With that I struck up 'Tatthered Jack Welsh,' and King Lewy took hoult of Queen Victoria's hand; and Prince Albert, by way of being even with them both, led out the Queen of the Frinch. Then the young Princesses got partners for themselves, and, by dad! we comminced spinding the evening in earnest. Our little Queen is one of the purtiest dancers you 'd meet at fair, wake, or patthern, in a day's walk; but she soon tired down Lewy, and lessened a stone of his fat. I wish that myself could have took his place, and shewed her how they do the 'cover the buckle' step in Munster. When they were all done, and the last couple had sat down, the Queen (I mane our own Queen) says to me; 'Don't take any money, Misther O'Daly, from these foreigners, for the sake of the ould country; and if you don't,' says the darling beauty of the world, 'you may come home in my ship to England, and play for me all the way, and after we get home to the palace too, says she.'—'Does your Majesty,' says I, seeing I was to

be a man or a mouse, 'want a daycent honest boy to sarve you well, the divil a spalpeen of them all that would fire even a child's bownarrow at you would live five shakes to tell the story, if his brain-box was in the neighbourhood of my shilelagh, plaise your Majesty,' says I.—'I'll be after thinking of that same, Misther O'Daly,' says she; 'and you might have a good chance if you could tayche the Prince of Wales how to spayke Irish.—'Maybe I couldn't,' says I; 'and, more than that, I could tayche him what would break the hearts of all the women in England when he's of age,' says I, winking at the Queen, and pointing to the pipes.—'Well, upon my word and credit,' says the Queen, 'I like your Irish instrument better than the Duke of Buckloo's.'—'Oh, they 're not pipes at all at all, saving your presence, Majesty,' says I, 'they 're only fit for calling the turkeys home out of the stubbles. Their softest notes reminds a body of a say-horse in a consumption, and their loud ones like a stuck pig, that won't howld its tongue and die aysy.'

"While the Queen was laughing at myself, my little friend, Mounseer, comes up to me, and takes me off to get the rounds of the panthry after my purfessional exartions. So I bowed most politely as mounseer kept backing me out towards the lobby. 'Remember you come home to England in my ship,' says the Queen to myself, Terry O'Daly;' and, 'Remember me to Dan,' says Lewy Phil.—'Troth I will, Majesty,' says I, with my tongue in my cheek at his banther; 'and may be you 'd like a loan of some of the Repayle *rint* to carry out your beautiful *fortyfikations*?'—'*Bethershin*,'* says the King of the Frinch, laughing quite hearty.

"So no more at present, but that the sarvants nearly kilt me the second night with kindness again. I feel my head to-day as sore as if there were rats running about in it, and I therefore take the opportunity of writing to you to tell you of my uprising now that the Queen and the King, and the party, and all but myself, are gone into the woods to pick nuts, and hunt for birds' nests. We set sail to-morrow for England, which I long to see; for by all accounts it's a wondherful place for eating and drinking. And I have no scruples of conscience in layving this quare place, for they put the ould man to bed with a shovel three days before I landed. I've great depindance on the pipes; and I think they 'll stand my friend at coort, barring some blagaard out of jealousy doesn't stayle the leather of the keys, or stick a pin-hole in my bellus. Heaven bless you, Misther Pat, every day you see a paving stone, or drink a bottle of port-wine, and may you never die till you're as ould as Kate Kearney's cat, which is the loving prayer of your fosther-brother, to command till death,

"TERRY O'DALY."

"PO SKRIP. I 'm thinking my mother, poor woman! would like a new gown, if she got it, to remind her of the Queen and myself, so you 'd do the family a kindness, sir, if you 'd have your eye out for the newest cut ag'in we home to Lundin. Something of a red stripe, and such a green ribband as they never saw in Ireland afore, to take the coal of my sister Molly, the manty-maker's pipe, and bid them all "lave that" the first fine Sunday the ould woman draws it over her shoulders. And, d' ye know that the bayver is all burnt off of my new felt hat wid the say-water; but they say that the Queen will give me a bran-new one when we come to coort, with fur enough on it to make a tippet, and a fine goold band, and a cock in it."

* *Bethershin*, wait awhile.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MARIA CHILD.*

" Of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak."

Mammoth Cave is situated in the south-west part of Kentucky, about a hundred miles from Louisville, and sixty from the famous Harrodsburg Springs. The word *cave* is ill calculated to impress the imagination with an idea of its surpassing grandeur. It is, in fact, a subterranean world, containing within itself territories extensive enough for half a score of German principalities. It should be named Titans' Palace, or Cyclops' Grotto. It lies among the Knobs, a range of hills, which border an extent of country like Highland prairies, called The Barrens. The surrounding scenery is lovely—fine woods of oak, hickory, and chesnut, clear of underwood, with smooth, verdant openings, like the parks of English noblemen.

The cave was purchased by Dr. John Croghan for ten thousand dollars. To prevent a disputed title, in case any new and distant opening should be discovered, he has likewise bought a wide circuit of adjoining land. His enthusiasm concerning it is unbounded. It is, in fact, his world; and every newly-discovered chamber fills him with pride and joy like that felt by Columbus, when he first kissed his hand to the fair Queen of the Antilles. He has built a commodious hotel near the entrance, in a style well suited to the place. It is made of logs, filled in with lime, with a fine large porch, in front of which is a beautiful verdant lawn. Near this is a funnel-shaped hollow, of three hundred acres, probably a cave fallen in. It is called Deer Park, because when those animals run into it they cannot escape. Troops of wild deer are to be met with in the immediate vicinity of the hotel, bear hunts are frequent, and game of all kinds abounds.

Walking along the verge of the hollow, a ravine leading to Green River is approached, whence a view of what is supposed to be the main entrance to the cave is commanded. It is a huge cavernous arch, filled in with immense stones, as if giants had piled them there to imprison a conquered demon. No opening has ever been effected here; nor is it easy to be imagined that it could be done by the strength of man.

In rear of the hotel is a deep ravine, densely wooded, and covered with luxuriant vegetable growth. It leads to Green River, and was probably once a water-course. A narrow ravine, diverging from this, leads by a winding path to the entrance of the cave. It is a high arch of rocks, rudely piled, and richly covered with ivy and tangled vines. At the top is a perennial fountain of sweet, cool water, which trickles down continually from the centre of the arch, through the pendant foliage, and is caught in a vessel below. The entrance of this wide arch is somewhat obstructed by a large mound of saltpetre, thrown up by workmen engaged in its manufactory during

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the last war. In the course of their excavations, they dug up the bones of a gigantic man ; but, unfortunately, they buried them again without any memorial to mark the spot. They have been sought for by the curious and scientific, but are not yet found.

Opposite the entrance of the cave, in summer, the temperature changes instantaneously from about 85° to below 60°, and you feel chilled as if by the presence of an iceberg: in winter the effect is reversed. The scientific have indulged in various speculations concerning the air of this cave. It is supposed to become completely filled with cold winds during the long blasts of winter, and, as there is no outlet, they remain pent up till the atmosphere without becomes warmer than that within, when there is of course a continual effort toward equilibrium. Why the air within the cave should be so fresh, pure, and equable all the year round, even in its deepest recesses, is not so easily explained. Some have suggested that it is continually modified by the presence of chemical agents. Whatever may be the cause, its agreeable salubrity is observed by every visitor, and it is said to have great healing power in diseases of the lungs.

The amount of exertion which can be performed here without fatigue is astonishing. The superabundance of oxygen in the atmosphere operates like moderate doses of exhilarating gas. The traveller feels a buoyant sensation, which tempts him to run and jump, and leap from crag to crag, and bound over the stones in his path, like a fawn at play. The mind, moreover, sustains the body, being kept in a state of delightful activity by continual new discoveries and startling revelations. This excitement continues after the return to the hotel ; no one feels the need of cards or politics. The conversation is all about the cave ! the cave ! and " What shall we see to-morrow ?"

The wide entrance to the cavern soon contracts, so that but two can pass abreast. At this place, called the Narrows, the air, from dark depths beyond, blows out fiercely, as if the spirits of the cave had mustered there to drive intruders back to the realms of day. This path continues about fourteen or fifteen rods, and emerges into a wider avenue, floored with saltpetre earth, from which the stones have been removed. This leads directly into the Rotunda, a vast hall, comprising a surface of eight acres, arched with a dome one hundred feet high, without a single pillar to support it. It rests on irregular ribs of dark grey rock, in massive oval rings, smaller and smaller, one seen within another, till they terminate at the top. Perhaps this apartment impresses the traveller as much as any portion of the cave, because from it he receives his first idea of its gigantic proportions. The vastness, the gloom, the impossibility of taking in the boundaries by the light of lamps,—all these produce a deep sensation of awe and wonder.

From the Rotunda the visitor passes into Audubon's Avenue, from eighty to one hundred feet high, with galleries of rock on each side jutting out farther and farther, till they nearly meet at top. This avenue branches out into a vast half-oval hall, called the Church. This contains several projecting galleries, one of them resembling a cathedral choir. There is a gap in the gallery, and at the point of interruption, immediately above, is a rostrum, or pulpit, the rocky canopy of which juts over. The guide leaps up from the adjoining galleries,

and places a lamp each side of the pulpit, on flat rocks, which seem made for the purpose. There has been preaching from this pulpit; but, unless it was superior to most theological teaching, it must have been pitifully discordant with the sublimity of the place. Five thousand people could stand in this subterranean temple with ease.

So far all is irregular, jagged rock, thrown together in fantastic masses, without any particular style; but now begins a series of imitations, which grow more and more perfect, in gradual progression, till you arrive at the end. From the church you pass into what is called the Gothic Gallery, from its obvious resemblance to that style of architecture. Here is Mummy Hall; so called because several mummies have been found seated in recesses of the rock. Without any process of embalming, they were in as perfect a state of preservation as the mummies of Egypt; for the air of the cave is so dry and unchangeable, and so strongly impregnated with nitre, that decomposition cannot take place. A mummy found here in 1813, was the body of a woman, five feet ten inches high, wrapped in half-dressed deer-skins, on which were rudely drawn white veins and leaves. At the feet lay a pair of mocassins, and a handsome knapsack made of bark, containing strings of small shining seeds; necklaces of bears' teeth, eagles' claws, and fawns' red hoofs; whistles made of cane; two rattlesnakes' skins, one having on it fourteen rattles; coronets for the head, made of erect feathers of rooks and eagles; smooth needles of horn and bone, some of them crooked, like sail-needles; deer's sinews, for sewing, and a parcel of three-corded thread, resembling twine. I believe one of these mummies is now in the British Museum.

From Mummy Hall you pass into Gothic Avenue, where the resemblance to Gothic architecture very perceptibly increases. The wall juts out in pointed arches, and pillars, on the sides of which are various grotesque combinations of rock. One is an elephant's head. The tusks, and sleepy eyes, are quite perfect; the trunk, at first very distinct, gradually recedes, and is lost in the rock. On another pillar is a lion's head; on another, a human head with a wig, called Lord Lyndhurst, from its resemblance to that dignitary.

From this gallery you can step into a side cave, in which is an immense pit, called the Lover's Leap. A huge rock, fourteen or fifteen feet long, like an elongated sugar-loaf running to a sharp point, projects halfway over this abyss. It makes one shudder to see the guide walk almost to the end of this projectile bridge, over such an awful chasm.

As you pass along the Gothic Avenue narrows, until you come to a porch composed of the first separate colums in the cave. The stalactite and stalagmite formations unite in these irregular masses of brownish-yellow, which, when the light shines through them, look like transparent amber. They are sonorous as a clear-toned bell. A pendant mass, called the Bell, has been unfortunately broken by being struck too powerfully.

The porch of columns leads to the Gothic Chapel, which has the circular form appropriate to a true church. A number of pure stalactite columns fill the nave with arches, which in many places form a perfect Gothic roof. The stalactites fall in rich festoons, strikingly similar to the highly-ornamented chapel of Henry the VIIth. Four columns in the centre form a separate arch by themselves, like trees

twisted into a grotto, in all irregular and grotesque shapes. Under this arch stands Wilkins' Arm-Chair, a stalactite formation, well adapted to the human figure. This chapel is the most beautiful specimen in Gothic in the cave. Two or three of the columns have richly-foliated capitals, like the Corinthian.

Turning back to the main avenue, and striking off in another direction, the visitor enters a vast room, with several projecting galleries, called the Ball Room; here the proprietor intends to assemble a brilliant dancing-party this season. In close vicinity, as if arranged by the severer school of theologians, is a large amphitheatre, called Satan's Council Chamber. From the centre rises a mountain of big stones, rudely piled one above another, in a gradual slope, nearly one hundred feet high. On the top rests a huge rock, large as a house, called Satan's Throne. The vastness, the gloom, partially illuminated by the glare of lamps, forcibly remind one of Lucifer on his throne, as represented by Martin, in his illustrations of Milton. It requires little imagination to transform the uncouth rocks all round the throne into attendant demons. Indeed, throughout the cave Martin's pictures are continually brought to mind by the unearthly effect of intense gleams of light on black masses of shadow. In this Council Chamber the rocks, with singular appropriateness, change from an imitation of Gothic architecture to that of the Egyptian. The dark, massive walls, resemble a series of Egyptian tombs in dull and heavy outline. In this place is an angle, which forms the meeting-point of several caves, and is therefore considered one of the finest points of view. Here parties usually stop, and make arrangements to kindle the Bengal lights, which travellers always carry with them. It has a strange and picturesque effect to see groups of people dotted about, at different points of view, their lamps hidden behind stones, and the light streaming into the thick darkness through chinks in the rocks. When the Bengal lights begin to burn, a strong glare is cast on Satan's throne, the whole of the vast amphitheatre is revealed to view, and you can peer into the deep recesses of two other caves beyond. For a few moments gigantic proportions and uncouth forms stand out in the clear, strong gush of brilliant light! and then all is darkness. The effect is so like magic, that one almost expects to see towering genii striding down the steep declivities, or startled by the brilliant flare, shake off their long sleep among the dense black shadows.

If you enter one of the caves revealed in the distance, you find yourself in a deep ravine, with huge piles of grey rock jutting out more and more, till they nearly meet at top. Looking upward through this narrow aperture, you see, high above you, a vaulted roof of *black* rock, studded with brilliant spar, like constellations in the sky, seen at midnight, from deep clefts of a mountain. This is called the Star Chamber. It makes one think of Schiller's grand description of William Tell sternly waiting for Gessler among the shadows of the Alps; and of Wordsworth's picture of

"Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding scars;
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars."

In this neighbourhood is a vast, dreary chamber, which Stephen, the guide, called Bandit's Hall, the first moment his eye rested on it; and the name is singularly expressive of its character. Its ragged roughness and sullen gloom are indescribable. The floor is a mountainous heap of loose stones, and not an inch of even surface could be found on roof or walls. Imagine two or three travellers, with their lamps, passing through this place of evil aspect. The deep, suspicious-looking recesses, and frightful crags are but partially revealed in the feeble light. All at once a Bengal light blazes up, and every black rock and frowning cliff stands out in the brilliant glare! The contrast is sublime beyond imagination. It is as if a man had seen the hills and trees of this earth only in the dim outline of a moonless night, and they should for the first time be revealed to him in the gushing glory of the morning sun.

But the greatest wonder in this region of the cave is Mammoth Dome—a giant among giants. It is so immensely high and vast that three of the most powerful Bengal lights illuminate it very imperfectly. That portion of the ceiling which becomes visible is three hundred feet above your head, and remarkably resembles the aisles of Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the top of this dome is near the surface of the ground.

Another route from Satan's Council Chamber conducts you to a smooth, level path, called Pensacola Avenue. Here are numerous formations of chrystallized gypsum, but not as beautiful or as various as are found further on. From various slopes and openings, caves above and below are visible. The Mecca's shrine of this pilgrimage is Angelica's Grotto, completely lined and covered with the largest and richest dog's-tooth spar. A Presbyterian clergyman, who visited the place a few years since, laid his sacrilegious hands upon it while the guide's back was turned toward him. He coolly demolished a magnificent mass of spar, sparkling most conspicuously on the very centre of the arch, and wrote his own insignificant name in its place. This was *his* fashion of securing immortality! It is well that fairies and giants are powerless in the nineteenth century, else had the indignant genii of the cave crushed his bones to impalpable powder.

If you pass behind Satan's Throne, by a narrow ascending path, you come into a vast hall, where there is nothing but naked rock. This empty, dreary place, is appropriately called the Deserted Chamber. Walking along the verge, you arrive at another avenue, enclosing sulphur springs. Here the guide warns you of the vicinity of a pit, one hundred and twenty feet deep, in the shape of a saddle. Stooping over it, and looking upward, you see an abyss of precisely the same shape over your head; a fact which indicates that it began in the upper region, and was merely interrupted by this chamber.

From this you may enter a narrow and very tortuous path, called the Labyrinth, which leads to an immense split, or chasm, in the rocks. Here is placed a ladder, down which you descend twenty-five or thirty feet, and enter a narrow cave below, which brings you to a combination of rock called the Gothic Window. You stand in this recess, while the guide ascends huge cliffs overhead, and kindles Bengal lights, by the help of which you see, two hundred feet above you, a Gothic dome of one solid rock, perfectly overawing in its

vastness and height. Below is an abyss of darkness, which no eye but the Eternal can fathom.

If, instead of descending the ladder, you pass straight alongside the chasm, you arrive at the Bottomless Pit, beyond which no one ever ventured to proceed, till 1838. To this fact we probably owe the meagre account given by Lieber, in his Encyclopædia Americana. He says, "This cave is more remarkable for extent than the variety or beauty of its productions; having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves."

For a long period this pit was considered bottomless, because when stones were thrown into it, they reverberated and reverberated along the sides, till lost to the ear, but seemed to find no resting-place. It has since been sounded, and found to be one hundred and forty feet deep, with a soft muddy bottom, which returns no noise when a stone strikes upon it. In 1838, the adventurous Stephen threw a ladder across the chasm, and passed over. There is now a narrow bridge of two planks, with a little railing on each side; but, as it is impossible to sustain it by piers, travellers must pass over in the centre one by one, and not touch the railing, lest they disturb the balance, and overturn the bridge.

This walk brings you into Pensico Avenue. Hitherto the path has been rugged, wild, and rough, interrupted by steep acclivities, rocks, and big stones; but this avenue has a smooth and level floor, as if the sand had been spread out by gently flowing waters. Through this, descending more and more, you come to a deep arch, by which you enter the Winding Way; a strangely irregular and zigzag path, so narrow that a very stout man could not squeeze through. In some places the rocks at the sides are on a line with your shoulders, then piled high over your head; and then, again, you rise above and overlook them all, and see them heaped behind you, like the mighty waves of the Red Sea, parted for the Israelites to pass through. This toilsome path was evidently made by a rushing, winding torrent. Toward the close, the water, not having force enough to make a smooth bed, has bored a tunnel. This is so low and narrow that the traveller is obliged to stoop, and squeeze himself through. Suddenly he passes into a vast hall, called the Great Relief; and a relief it is to stretch one's cramped and weary limbs.

This leads into the River Hall, at the side of which you have a glimpse of a small cave, called the Smoke-house, because it is hung with rocks perfectly in the shape of hams. The River Hall descends like the slope of a mountain; the ceiling stretches away—away before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. No one who has never seen this cave can imagine the feelings of strong excitement and deep awe with which the traveller keeps his eye fixed on the rocky ceiling, which, gradually revealed in the passing light, continually exhibits some new and unexpected feature of sublimity or beauty.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world is to see a file of men and women passing along these wild and scraggy paths, moving slowly—slowly—that their lamps may have time to illuminate the sky-like ceiling and gigantic walls,—disappearing behind high cliffs, sinking into ravines, their lights shining upward through fissures in the rocks, then suddenly emerging from some abrupt angle, standing in the bright gleam of their lamps, relieved against the towering

black masses around them. He who could paint the infinite variety of creation can alone give an adequate description of this marvellous region.

At one side of River Hall is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad black sheet of water, eighty feet below, called the Dead Sea. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory. He who has seen it will have it vividly brought before him by Alfieri's description of Filippo: "Only a transient word or act gives us a short and dubious glimmer, that reveals to us the abysses of his being; dark, lurid, and terrific as the throat of the infernal pool."

As you pass along, you hear the roar of invisible waterfalls; and at the foot of the slope the River Styx lies before you, deep and black, overarched with rock. The first glimpse of it brings to mind the descent of Ulysses into hell,

> "Where the dark rock o'erhangs the infernal lake,
> And mingling streams eternal murmurs make."

Across these unearthly waters the guide can convey but two passengers at once, and these sit motionless in the canoe, with feet turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance. Three lamps are fastened to the prow, the images of which are reflected in the dismal pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for new adventures, you can leave your companions lingering about the shore, and cross the Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices overhead. In order to do this, you must ascend a steep cliff, and enter a cave above, from an egress of which you find yourself on the bank of the river, eighty feet above its surface, commanding a view of those passing in the boat, and those waiting on the shore. Seen from this height, the lamps in the canoe glare like fiery eyeballs; and the passengers sitting there, so hushed and motionless, look like shadows. The scene is so strangely funereal and spectral, that it seems as if the Greeks must have witnessed it before they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the dim regions of Pluto. Your companions, thus seen, do indeed

> "Skim along the dusky glades,
> Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades."

If you turn your eye from the canoe to the parties of men and women whom you left waiting on the shore, you will see them, by the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picturesque groups, looming out in bold relief from the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon meet another stream, appropriately called Lethe. The echoes here are absolutely stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful choir; and could an organ be played, it would deprive the hearer of his senses. When you have crossed, you enter a high level hall, named the Great Walk, half a mile of which brings you to another river, called the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks in one place descend so low, as to leave only eighteen inches for the boat to pass through. Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on each other's shoulders, till this gap is passed. This uncomfortable position is, however, of short dura-

tion, and you suddenly emerge to where the vault of the cave is more than a hundred feet high. In the fall of the year this river often rises, almost instantaneously, over fifty feet above low-water-mark: a phenomenon supposed to be caused by heavy rains from the upper earth. On this account, autumn is an unfavourable season for those who wish to explore the cave throughout.

If parties happen to be caught on the other side of Jordan when the sudden rise takes place, a boat conveys them on the swollen waters to the level of an upper cave, so low, that they are obliged to enter on hands and knees, and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory. People on the other side, aware of their danger, have a boat in readiness to receive them.

The guide usually sings while crossing the Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever found in the cave are fish, with which this stream abounds. They are perfectly white, and without eyes; at least they have been subjected to a careful scientific examination, and no organ similar to an eye can be discovered. It would, indeed, be a useless appendage to creatures that dwell for ever in Cimmerian darkness; but, as usual, the acuteness of one sense is increased by the absence of another. These fish are undisturbed by the most powerful glare of light, but they are alarmed at the slightest agitation of the waters, and it is, therefore, exceedingly difficult to catch them.

The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been made to discover whence they come, and whither they go; but, though the courageous Stephen has floated for hours up to his chin, and forced his way through the narrowest apertures under the dark waves, so as to leave merely his head a breathing space, yet they still remain as much a mystery as ever,—without beginning or end, like eternity. They disappear under arches, which, even at the lowest stage of the water, are under the surface of it.

From some unknown cause, it sometimes happens in the neighbourhood of these streams that the figure of a distant companion will apparently loom up to the height of ten or twelve feet as he approaches you. This occasional phenomenon is somewhat terrific even to the most rational observer, occurring as it does in a region so naturally associated with giants and genii.

From the Jordan, through Silliman's Avenue, you enter a high narrow defile, or pass, in a portion of which, called the Hanging Rocks, huge masses of stone hang suspended over your head. At the side of this defile is a recess called the Devil's Blacksmith's Shop. It contains a rock shaped like an anvil, with a small inky current running near it, and quantities of coarse stalagmite scattered about, precisely like blacksmith's cinders called slag. In another place you pass a square rock, covered with beautiful dog's-tooth spar, called the Mile Stone.

This pass brings you into Wellington's Gallery, which tapers off to a narrow point, apparently the end of the cave in this direction; but a ladder is placed on one side, by which you ascend to a small cleft in the rock, through which you are at once ushered into a vast apartment, discovered about two years ago. This is the commencement of Cleveland's Avenue, the crowning wonder and glory of this subterranean world! At the head of the ladder you find yourself surrounded by overhanging stalactites, in the form of rich clusters

of grapes, transparent to the light, hard as marble, and round and polished, as if done by a sculptor's hand. This is called Mary's Vineyard.

From the Vineyard an entrance to the right brings you into a perfectly naked cave, whence you suddenly pass into a large hall with magnificent columns, and rich festoons of stalactite, in various forms of beautiful combination. In the centre of this chamber, between columns of stalactite, stands a mass of stalagmite, shaped like a sarcophagus, in which is an opening like a grave. A Roman Catholic priest first discovered this, about a year ago, and with fervent enthusiasm exclaimed, "The Holy Sepulchre!" a name which it has since borne.

To the left of Mary's Vineyard is an inclosure like an arbour, the ceiling and sides of which are studded with snow-white crystallized gypsum, in the form of all sorts of flowers. It is impossible to convey an idea of the exquisite beauty and infinite variety of these delicate formations. In some places roses and lilies seem cut on the rock in bas-relief; in others, a graceful bell rises on a long stalk, so slender that it bends at a breath. One is an admirable imitation of Indian corn in tassel, the silky fibres as fine and flexile as can be imagined; another is a group of ostrich plumes, so downy that a zephyr waves it. In some nooks were little parks of trees, in others gracefully curved leaves, like the acanthus, rose from the very bosom of the rock.

Near this room is the Snow Chamber, the roof and sides of which are covered with particles of brilliant white gypsum as if snow-balls had been dashed all over the walls. In another apartment the crystals are all in the form of rosettes. In another, called Rebecca's Garland, the flowers have all arranged themselves into wreaths. Each seems to have a style of formations peculiar to itself, though of infinite variety. Days might be spent in these superb grottoes without becoming familiar with half their hidden glories. One could imagine that an antediluvian giant had here imprisoned some fair daughter of earth, and then, in pity for her loneliness, had employed fairies to deck her bowers with all the splendours of earth and ocean; like poor Amy Robsart in the solitary halls of Cunmor. Bengal lights kindled in these beautiful retreats produce an effect more gorgeous than any theatrical representation of fairy-land; but they smoke the pure white incrustations, and the guide is, therefore, very properly, reluctant to have them used. The reflection from the shining walls is so strong, that lamp-light is quite sufficient. Moreover, these wonderful formations need to be examined slowly, and in detail. The universal glitter of Bengal lights is worthless in comparison.

From Rebecca's Garland you come into a vast hall of great height, covered with shining drops of gypsum, like oozing water petrified. In the centre is a large rock, four feet high, and level at top, round which several hundred people can sit conveniently. This is called Cornelia's Table, and is frequently used for parties to dine upon. In this hall, and in Wellington's Gallery, are vast deposits of fibrous gypsum, snow-white, dry, and resembling asbestos. Geologists, who sometimes take up their abode in the cave for weeks, and other travellers, who choose to remain over-night, find this a very pleasant and comfortable bed.

Cornelia's Table is a safe centre, from which individuals may diverge on little exploring expeditions; for the paths here are not labyrinthine, and the hall is conspicuous from various neighbouring points of view. In most regions of the cave it is hazardous to lose sight of the guide. If you think to walk straight ahead, even for a few rods, and then turn short round, and return to him, you will find it next to impossible. So many paths come in at acute angles; they look so much alike, and the light of a lamp reveals them so imperfectly, that none but the practised eye of a guide can disentangle their windings. A gentleman who retraced a few steps near the entrance of the cave, to find his hat, lost his way so completely that he was not found for forty-eight hours, though twenty or thirty people were in search of him. Parties are occasionally mustered and counted, to see that none are missing. Should such an accident happen, there is no danger if the wanderer will remain stationary; for he will soon be missed, and a guide sent after him.

From the hall of congealed drops you may branch off into a succession of small caves, called Cecilia's Grottoes. Here nearly all the beautiful formations of the surrounding caves, such as grapes, flowers, stars, leaves, coral, &c., may be found so low, that you can conveniently examine their minutest features. One of these little recesses, covered with sparkling spar, set in silvery gypsum, is called Diamond Grotto. Alma's Bower closes this series of wonderful formations. As a whole, they are called Cleveland's Cabinet, in honour of the professor of mineralogy and geology at Bowdoin College.

Silliman, in his American Journal of Science and Art, calls this admirable series the Alabaster Caves. He says: "I was at first at a loss to account for such beautiful formations, and especially for the elegance of the curves exhibited. It is, however, evident that the substances have grown from the rocks, by increments or additions to the base; the solid parts already formed being continually pushed forward. If the growth be a little more rapid on one side than on the other, a well-proportioned curve will be the result; should the increased action on one side diminish or increase, then all the beauties of the conic and mixed curves would be produced. The masses are often evenly and longitudinally striated by a kind of columnar structure, exhibiting a fascicle of small prisms, and some of these prisms ending sooner than others, give a broken termination of great beauty, similar to our form of the emblem of "the order of the Star." The rosettes formed by a mammillary disk, surrounded by a circle of leaves, rolled elegantly outward, are from four inches to a foot in diameter. Tortuous vines, throwing off curled leaves at every flexure, like the branches of a chandelier, running more than a foot in length, and not thicker than the finger, are among the varied frost-work of these grottoes; common stalactites of carbonate of lime, although beautiful objects, lose by contrast with these ornaments, and dwindle into mere clumsy awkward icicles. Besides these there are tufts of 'hair salt,' native sulphate of magnesia, depending like adhering snow-balls from the roof, and periodically detaching themselves by their own increasing weight. Indeed, the more solid alabaster ornaments become at last overgrown, and fall upon the floor of the grotto, which was found covered with numbers quite entire, besides fragments of others, broken by the fall."

A distinguished geologist has said, that he believed Cleveland's Avenue, two miles in length, contained a petrified form of every vegetable production. If this be too large a statement, it is at least safe to say that its variety is almost infinite. Among its other productions, are large piles of Epsom salts, beautifully crystallized. Travellers have shown such wanton destructiveness in this great temple of Nature, mutilating beautiful columns, knocking off spar, and crushing delicate flowers, that the rules are now very strict. It is allowable to touch nothing except the ornaments which have loosened and dropped by their own weight. These are often hard enough to bear transportation.

After you leave Alma's bower, the cave again becomes very rugged. Beautiful combinations of gypsum and spar may still be seen occasionally over-head; but all round you rocks and stones are piled up in the wildest manner. Through such scraggy scenery you come to the Rocky Mountains, an irregular pile of massive rocks, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. From these you can look down into Dismal Hollow—deep below deep—the most frightful looking place in the whole cave. On the top of the mountain is a beautiful rotunda, called Croghan Hall, in honour of the proprietor. Stalactites surround this in the richest fringe of icicles, and lie scattered about the walls in all shapes, as if arranged for a museum. On one side is a stalagmite formation like a pine-tree, about five feet high, with regular leaves and branches; another is in pyramidal form, like a cypress.

If you wind down the mountains, or the side opposite from that which you ascended, you will come to Serena's Arbour, which is thirteen miles from the entrance of the cave, and the end of this avenue. A most beautiful termination it is! In a semi-circle of stalactic columns is a fountain of pure water spouting up from a rock. This fluid is as transparent as air, all the earthy particles it ever held in suspension having been long since precipitated. The stalactite formations in this arbour are remarkably beautiful.

One hundred and sixty-five avenues have been discovered in Mammoth Cave, the walk through which is estimated at about three hundred miles. In some places, you descend more than a mile into the bowels of the earth. The poetic-minded traveller, after he has traced all the labyrinths, departs with lingering reluctance. As he approaches the entrance, daylight greets him with new and startling beauty. If the sun shines directly on the verdant, sloping hill, and the waving trees, seen through the arch, they seem like fluid gold; if mere daylight rests upon them, they resemble molten silver. This remarkable appearance is doubtless owing to the contrast with the thick darkness to which the eye has been so long accustomed.

As you come out of the cave, the temperature of the air rises 30° instantly (if the season is summer), and you feel as if plunged into a hot vapour-bath; but the effects of this are salutary and not unpleasant.

Nature never seems so miraculous as it does when you emerge from this hidden realm of marvellous imitations. The "dear goddess" is so serene in her resplendent and more harmonious beauty! The gorgeous amphitheatre of trees, the hills, the sky,

and the air, all seem to wear a veil of glory. You feel that you were never before conscious how beautiful a phenomenon is the sunlight, how magnificent the blue arch of heaven!

There are three guides at the service of travellers, all well versed in the intricate paths of this nether world. Stephen, the presiding genius of Mammoth Cave, is a Mulatto and a slave. He has lived in this strange region from boyhood; and a large proportion of the discoveries are the result of his courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. His vocation has brought him into contact with many intellectual and scientific men, and as he has great quickness of perception and a prodigious memory, he has profited much by intercourse with superior minds. He can recollect everybody that ever visited the cave, and all the terms of geology and mineralogy are at his tongue's end. He is extremely attentive, and peculiarly polite to ladies. Like most of his race, he is fond of grandiloquent language, and his rapturous expressions, as he lights up some fine point of view, are at times fine specimens of glorification. His knowledge of the place is ample and accurate, and he is altogether an extremely useful and agreeable guide. May his last breath be a free one!

THE FOREIGN MUSIC-MASTER.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

And who is the well-looking mustachiod young man, who springs lightly up stairs with the conscious ease of a favoured friend, when every one else has been refused admittance? It is the Signor Valambrosa. Miss Trevellyan is at home, and alone; for mamma, who should be at her side, has driven down to Howell and James's, and papa is in the city. The young lady, however, has been left *chez elle* to receive the instructions of Signor Valambrosa in the art of music. From the blush that mantles in her cheek, as he presses eagerly forward to receive her extended hand, it is to be feared he has taught her more than the mere rules of harmony, or the best method of modulating her voice. The Signor is far too highly bred instantly to sit down to the Piano, and there commence a series of mere common teaching. He first places himself for a quarter of an hour beside Miss Trevellyan on the sofa, and, beginning by mere nothings, at length succeeds in chaining her attention; then bursting out into fits of enthusiasm, he paves the way to a confession that he is more than he actually seems. Politics, unhappy politics, have compelled him to quit his own country, where he once ranked high amongst the nobles of the land. Personally disliked, and even envied by the sovereign, he had been pursued with more than common persecution by the royal despot. Determined, however, to be independent, he had privately sought England, and, under the guise of a music-master, concealed himself from his pursuers, who were still rendered more hostile and persevering in their endeavours by their sovereign, who, to confess the truth, (*and during this part of his confession the Signor seems much embarrassed, and hesitates a good deal,*) had some little right to be jealous, since her Majesty (*this is said with great modesty,*

and apparently only wrung from him) had been pleased to look upon him somewhat favourably. Poor Miss Trevellyan! Her ears tingle with delight when she is made aware that she is the pupil, the favoured pupil of one on whom queens have smiled. Presently the condescending noble is bending over her at her piano. Their breaths are mingling in song, while his cheek slightly touches her luxuriant ringlets. She wishes the beautiful, the impassioned Italian romance translated into English. He instantly repeats it to her in the most glowing terms, while his bright eyes gaze in warm admiration on her. A false note is played; he seizes her hand to correct it, and, as if by accident, slightly presses it. The Signor is enabled, by his intimacy with some bookseller or musician, to offer his pupil an opera box on some particular night. In return for this civility, *Il Maestro,* whose secret history, for it has been only told to Miss Trevellyan under the seal of confidence, is invited to dinner. A sort of equality is thus established.

He accompanies the family to a morning-concert, and piques his innocent scholar to a feeling almost amounting to jealousy by his attentions to Lady Maria Martin, a young lady of the free-and-easy school, who would just as soon flirt with her habit-maker as her cousin; provided he was as handsome. Miss Trevellyan appears annoyed. The Signor attempts an explanation in Italian, a language he has slightly taught her. Mademoiselle, however, is not to be pacified, and Valambrosa reads his power. The following week he appears at the house of his pupil. She is alone; her lesson begins. The Signor is so melancholy, so absent, that he is unable to continue his instruction. Miss Trevellyan asks him the cause. The tears mount to his fine eyes, but he positively denies that anything is the matter. She, however, presses, and at length he reluctantly confesses that letters from Italy have arrived. The Marchioness, his aunt, is dying. It is her last request that he instantly sets out to receive her last sigh, and take possession of his vast estates. His noble relative, it is true, is nearly eighty years of age, and he has not seen her since boyhood. The tears are not, therefore, for her, nor do they flow because he is about to become rich and powerful. Whence, then, their cause? Miss Trevellyan presses him to tell her. After a long hesitation he does so, and, throwing himself on his knees, pours forth his adoration for the fair English girl, his despair at leaving her. She listens, and, need we add? is lost!

The elopement takes place. She glories in her act, and, though she never reaches Italy, for pretended letters stop them at Paris, she still believes herself to be allied to a noble, and a man of honour. In three months her father dies. He has disinherited her. Her grief is excessive, but it is suddenly dried up on receiving a letter from her husband, stating that he has left Paris for Spain, and that, as she is now a beggar, the sooner she returns to her maternal roof the better. She does so, humbled and abashed, pitied, yet blamed, and never again knows a happy or a proud hour. Some ten years subsequently she learns the whole history of the swindler, which has come out on a trial, the result of which has been the galleys for life to Valambrosa, remorse and misery to the victim of the music-master.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER LII.

The pass of the St. Gothard.—Ledbury and Jack arrive at Milan.

The screams of the French *gouvernante* at the unexpected intrusion of Mr. Ledbury and his companions threw the whole of the hotel into an instantaneous state of alarm. But, the moment our friends saw the terrible mistake they had committed, they lost no time in explanation or apology, but bolted from the room as speedily as they had entered it, and gained their own adjacent chamber, just as a head protruded from every door along the corridor. And no sooner were they assured of their safe retreat than Jack broke out into an uncontrolled fit of laughter, which entirely took away his breath, to the great agony of Mr. Ledbury, who was perfectly scared; whilst Mr. Crinks, hastily pulling a nightcap over his head, peeped out of the door, and inquired, in tones of great flurry and unconsciousness, the nature of the disturbance, or, as he more simply put the question, "What's the row?" To his great delight, nobody appeared capable of giving him any information thereupon, and he closed the door again. But the old lady still cried out with great force; and, having waited until some one came to her assistance, went into hysterics, from which, as violent attacks require violent remedies, she was only recovered by the exhibition of a powerful dose of lump-sugar in water; of which saccharine drug three knobs were discovered in her purse by the chambermaid and her pupil, who had by this time returned. For your sugar is, with the French, a medicine of great importance; and, independently of its therapeutical properties, forms, with water, a convivial beverage, which cheers without intoxicating; and is, from its comparatively small expense, amazingly popular at private reunions.

But, although they had not yet been discovered, Johnson thought there was no occasion to run the risk of being identified; so they finished their toilets with great speed, and came down to the *salle-à-manger*, where several of the travellers were already at breakfast. Fresh eggs, delicious honey, cottage-bread, and excellent coffee, were delicacies not to be trifled with at an elevation of six thousand feet above the level of the sea; and, although Titus was amazingly nervous, and anxious to get off, yet Mr. Crinks was bent upon breakfast, in which resolve he was seconded by Jack. But, however, the meal was soon despatched, and then paying their bill, and taking up their knapsacks, they once more started off upon their pilgrimage.

It was a fine bright morning, and the fresh mountain wind was blowing and roaring round the Kulm, as if it wished to annihilate the Rigi, for daring to lift its summit to so high an elevation in the

clouds, which were the wind's own peculiar dominion, and now and then hurried across the path in misty volumes, one after the other, until they sailed far off with the breeze to hide themselves from the sun in the deep shadows of the peaks on the Bernese Oberland. Then at times the clouds shut out the surrounding mountains altogether from the view, and directly afterwards they rolled away like the scenes of some pantomimic vision, revealing the snowy tops of the neighbouring Alps, glittering in the morning sunlight against the azure sky.

Intending to descend to the village of Weggis, upon the Lake of Lucerne, our tourists left the path they had followed on the previous evening at the Staffel,—an inn some fifteen minutes' walk from the Kulm,—and struck out into a new route. Mr. Crinks, who had not been to bed at all, did not appear in any way fatigued, but was quite as lively as when they had met him on the Zurich steamer the day before. Jack Johnson bore him excellent company in his various concerts; and Mr. Ledbury's self-possession returned in proportion as they left the Kulm behind them, until at last he triumphed over all his fears of being arrested for an assassin, and forthwith hung upon the spot, or shot by bows and arrows,—not being exactly aware what course Swiss law usually took in similar cases. So they went merrily down the mountain, making a much shorter journey of it than they had done in ascending, and being enabled to watch the progress of a steam-boat on the lake below them, as it left its tiny track of white behind it, stretching far away over the deep blue water, and was gradually making for the little village of Weggis, where they intended to embark for Altorf.

Mr. Crinks promised them his company to the top of the St. Gothard pass, where he said he must quit them for the road to the glaciers of Grindewald; and, in about twenty minutes after they got to Weggis, the steamer came up from Lucerne, and took them on board. There was previously a great deal of trouble to get the boat alongside the pier, for she seemed to have a tolerably independent method of her own with respect to her course; but at last this was accomplished, and then the captain who stood on the paddle-box, wearing a straw hat with a tin anchor tied on to it, which he appeared, in the words of Mr. Crinks, to think no inferior malt beverage of, cried out,

"Turn hed—forvuds!"

"What does he call that?" asked Titus: "it sounds like English."

"It is meant for it," replied Jack. "You may depend upon it the engineer is an Englishman."

"I hope he is," returned Mr. Ledbury: "we shall get some information from him."

And to his gratification, as soon as the boat was fairly started, a very black face appeared through one of the iron coal-shoots upon deck, and then the entire man rose through it, after the manner of Mr. Wieland, when he comes up a circular trap where nobody expects him. Any doubt as to the country to which the individual belonged was immediately dispelled by his touching his hat to the tourists, and observing,

"Fine morning, gentlemen."

"What time shall we get to Fluelyn?" asked Jack, in reply.

"Not afore the middle of the day, I reckon," answered the engineer. "They don't put themselves out of way much here: they gives you plenty of time to see the scenery, they does."

"Is the captain a Swiss?"

"Regular born," answered the man; "only I've learnt him English. He knows three words capital: you heard two of 'em when we set off."

"I thought that was meant for English," observed Titus.

"In course it was. When I first come here, and he wanted to stop, he used to call me 'long sam.' 'Do you want it to stop?' says I; 'Long sam,' says he. I always laughs when I thinks of it. 'Stop,' says I, 'Long sam,' says he—ha! ha! ha!"

At which facetious reminiscence the engineer laughed aloud—our friends joining, as people often do, from courtesy, although they did not see the exact piquancy of the joke.

"Have you been here long?" inquired Mr. Crinks.

"Above a bit," answered the other. "I was first on the Chivity Vecchy station, and then in the Gulph of Venus to Triest; but I likes this best, there's so many of our country people always about here."

"I suppose you have a great number constantly passing backwards and forwards?" said Jack.

"Not much else, I reckon," answered the engineer. "Lord bless you, it's all very well to say nature made Switzerland what it is: I mean to say it's the English. Them big hotels would all be teetotally bamboozled if we was to go. I see some queer sorts here, though, sometimes."

"I presume," said Mr. Ledbury, "that there are several varieties."

"Uncommon. The best part hav'n't the least notion of what they have seen, or where they are going; but they think they must be obligated to push on, as if they were doing a match against time, and so they don't stop nowheres ever."

"There's a lady in the after part of the boat with a little dog," observed Mr. Crinks. "I dare say she brought that from England with her."

"Oh! that's nothing," said the engineer. "One lady last week brought a averdupoise with her in a cage."

"A what?" inquired Jack.

"A averdupoise—them little birds from foreign parts."

An attendant imp of darkness emerged from the depths of the boat at this moment, and requested the assistance of the engineer, who sank through the circular opening in the same mysterious manner as he had risen, and finally disappeared.

The lake of Lucerne, with its deep still reaches, and border of grand and sombre mountains, is perhaps the most calculated of all the *lachen* of Switzerland to excite the admiration of the traveller; and Mr. Ledbury, who was of a romantic nature and enthusiastic temperament, sat at the head of the boat, as he had done upon the Rhine, with a guide-book in his hand, finding out the different localities. At last his face assumed a glow of animation, and he hummed an air from *Guillaume Tell*, at the close of which he turned to Johnson, and observed,

"That is the meadow of the Grütli, Jack. I begin to breathe the air of liberty."

"So do I," said Mr. Crinks; "and should like it much better, if we were not to leeward of the dead flax there."

"That is Tell's chapel," said Mr. Ledbury, not heeding the remark, and pointing to a little building like a summer-house, at the edge of the lake, on their left. "It was there he leaped ashore from Gessler's boat."

"Do you believe all that, Leddy?" asked Jack.

"Of course I do," replied Titus. "We have got some pictures about it at home."

"I suppose you are aware, though, there never was such a person as William Tell is represented?"

"Oh, you are joking, Jack," said Mr. Ledbury.

"I am not indeed. The whole story is one of the most singular make-ups that ever attained universal credence.

"But there is the meadow of the Grütli," said Mr. Ledbury, pointing to a verdant platform of some sixty acres, "where he met the conspirators."

"He never did, I can assure you," continued Jack. "Three conspirators *did* meet on the Grütli, and plan the revolt; but their names were Furst, Stauffach, and Melchthal."

"And who was Tell, then?"

"Nobody can find out. It is very doubtful whether there ever was such a person at all; and if there was, nobody knows where he was born, lived, or died."

"He must have been something like his effigy at Rosherville Gardens," observed Mr. Crinks, "a man of straw. I have shot at him often,—seven arrows for twopence. By the way, I never believed that ripstone-pippin business myself."

"How very sorry I am that you have told me this, Jack," said Mr. Ledbury. "You have destroyed all my romance, and I was looking forward to seeing the market-place at Altorf."

"Well, you can see it now, just the same," replied Mr. Crinks. "There is no law against looking at it as long as you like. We shall be there in a couple of hours.

At last the steamer came to Fluelyn, the port of its destination, where our three tourists disembarked, and, without heeding the pressing invitations of the innkeepers to remain there for the night, pushed on at once towards Altorf. Mr. Ledbury, whose ideas of that village had been taken from a theatrical diorama, was somewhat disappointed at its forlorn appearance in reality; and the tall painted tower in the market-place ceased to interest him, as he was reassured by Jack that the apple fabled to have been shot from the head of juvenile Tell by his father was as unsubstantial as the apple of his eye,—all his eye, indeed, and nothing else.

It was still afternoon when they passed through Altorf. Not caring to stop there, they followed the St. Gothard road, and about six o'clock in the evening arrived at Amsteg, where the ascent of the pass may be said to commence. Here a comfortable *auberge* received them; and, after a dinner of hashed chamois, trout, and cutlets, they retired to rest in a large three-bedded room. The early hour at which they had risen, and the change of scene they had experienced throughout the day, somewhat wearied them. Even Mr. Crinks confessed that he was fatigued; and the trio were soon

lulled to sleep by the brawling of the Reuss, which tumbles over rocks and precipices for twenty or thirty miles, including its terrific leap at the Devil's Bridge, and roars and chafes through the gorge of Amsteg with an unceasing tumult, that has obtained for it the name of the *Krachenthal*, or "Resounding Valley."

But Mr. Crinks was all alive before daylight the next morning; and the sun had scarcely risen when they started for the ascent of the St. Gothard, one of the finest of the Alpine roads, and perfectly worthy to rank on a level with the Simplon. It was a toilsome journey; but the succession of wonderful objects which every turn of the road presented, banished all thoughts of fatigue. Now they rested on the parapet of some bridge so high above the torrent, and with apparently such little attachment to the rock, that the architect might have undertaken a contract very plausibly to build castles in the air; now Jack amused himself with rolling enormous blocks of granite to the edge of the precipices, over which he launched them, tearing and thundering down the gorge, snapping off young trees that came in their way like reeds, until they cleared the torrent in the extreme depth of the ravine with a bound, that sent them some distance up the opposite side. And Mr. Ledbury, who occasionally chose the old mule-track in preference to the carriage-road, distinguished himself in several daring conflicts with obtrusive goats respecting a question of right of way, greatly to the diversion of his friends, who watched his progress from the heights. So that altogether, with deviations and loiterings, the journey took twice the ordinary time to accomplish, and it was nearly dark when they passed the awful span of the Devil's Bridge, and traversing the mere cornice of roadway leading from it, at last perceived the lights of the inn at Andermatt about half a mile off, where they once more halted for the night.

On the following morning Mr. Crinks wished them good-b'ye, and started on his road to Meyringen, with an interchange of respective addresses in England, and all sorts of mutual promises to rout one another up on his return. A light snow had fallen in the night, and Ledbury's feet were somewhat galled with the hard walking of the previous days; so that he prevailed upon Jack to arrange with a return *vetturino*, who offered to take them down the pass for a comparatively small sum, and deposit them that same evening at Magadino on the Lago Maggiore. The driver, who was something between an image-man and a bricklayer's labourer, smoked pipes and sang songs all the way, in which he was joined by Jack Johnson, who sat on the box with him to see the country; whilst Mr. Ledbury, who had the inside of the voiture all to himself, put his legs on the opposite seat, and wearing his cap knowingly on one side, assumed the bearing of an English traveller of distinction. His reason for this proceeding was to attract the attention of the female peasantry, who now gradually discarded their Swiss appearance, and assumed the dark eyes, olive skins, bright dresses, and sparkling head-gear of the south. And then one by one the *châlets* disappeared, and were replaced by white cottages and tall square towers, until every trace of Helvetia had departed, although they were still in one of its cantons. Next the names and signs changed. The *Hôtel de la Poste* became *Albergo della Posta*,—the "general

shop" mounted a small board, upon which the traveller read *Negozio di Vino;* and finally at Bellinzona, the town assumed every characteristic of Italy.

"We are a long way from home, Leddy," observed Jack to his friend, as they were seated at supper in the inn of Magadino, overlooking the lake.

"I begin to doubt whether we shall ever get back again," said Titus. "Let us drink all their healths."

A creaming bottle of vino d'Asti formed the libation; and Jack drank to the Ledburys by name, but secretly felt that the whole pledge was meant for Emma. And then they were shown into a grand bed-room, with a fine fresco ceiling and a very dirty floor, wherein they remained until morning. We cannot say slept; for the night was so sultry, that they were compelled to have the windows open, through which a legion of musquitoes, and other winged abominations, entered from the lake, and carried on a determined war upon the travellers all night long, until Mr. Ledbury, for whom they appeared to affect a preference, knocked his face black and blue in fruitless attempts to immolate them on the altar of their idolatry,—his own proper head.

The worn-out tub which creeps from Magadino to Sesto Calendo, across the Lago Maggiore, is certainly the worst steamboat in the world. The engine is justly called a low-pressure one, inasmuch as it cannot be trusted with more than two pounds and a half upon the square inch without exploding; and, as there is only one cylinder, if the piston-rod chances to stop when perpendicular, there is no sustained momentum to bring the crank down again. This was the case when Jack and Titus embarked, and the crew ingeniously remedied the defect by opening a trap-door at the top of the paddle-box, and kicking the wheel on with their feet until they got it to go. But still the rod worked a little out of suit, coming down every time with a thump against the bottom that shook the entire boat, and deranged the complacency of everybody on board; except two priests, who took out their well-thumbed cornerless books the moment the boat started, and established a mass all to themselves at the side of the bowsprit, occasionally indulging in a little vocal harmony, for the edification of the passengers. And as the engine took eight hours to do about fifty miles of work, although the scenery on the edge of the lake was very picturesque, yet its monotony became wearisome after a time, and Jack was not sorry to land with his companion at Sesto Calendo, where they first put their feet on Italian ground.

A large, unwieldy diligence, like an omnibus with a double row of seats on its roof, was waiting at the door of the hotel to start for Milan, and, to their great annoyance, they learnt that all the places were taken. But, as it was market-day, and there were a great many country carts about, Jack thought that it was not improbable some of them were going back on the road, so he started off to see if he could make a bargain, leaving Titus to superintend the examination of their knapsacks at the custom-house. Mr. Ledbury was exceedingly polite to the officials, imagining Italy to be one vast country of bridges of sighs and brigands, and answered "*Oui*" to everything they said, although he did not understand them, especially in some long injunction, in which the word *passa-porta* was

very prominent. But he caught the sound, and, looking in his pocket, found the document was all safe, and so imagined everything was right and proper.

By the time he had packed up the knapsacks again, Jack returned, with a light cart, the owner of which had agreed to take them both, for a small sum, as far as Rho, a village seven or eight miles from Milan, and twenty from Sesto Calendo. This was about a four hours' trip, through a flat country, bordered with rice-fields and villages; and, when they arrived at their journey's end the heat was so intense, that Mr. Ledbury declared all thoughts of marching under his knapsack to Milan in the dust and glare, were quite out of the question. With some little trouble Jack procured the solitary mule of the village, and mounting Titus thereon, he slung the knapsacks over the crupper, like panniers, and walked by his side, an urchin running behind, to bring back the animal.

At last the traceried pinnacles of Milan cathedral were visible before them in the glowing sunset; and a fine straight road, bordered with trees, led up to the magnificent *Arco della Pace*, at the end of the great Simplon *route*. As they passed through the barrier, a *douanier* came out, and demanded their passports, which were directly furnished. The man returned to the office; and, after some delay, appeared again, telling them that they must consider themselves in custody, as their credentials had never been *visée'd* at Sesto Calendo! In an instant Mr. Ledbury's ideas of Austrian dungeons and life imprisonments returned with terrible force; and he felt so extremely nervous that he almost fell from his mule.

"Why, how is this?" asked Jack, somewhat enraged. "I thought you would see to everything whilst I looked after the cart at Sesto. Here's a scrape you have led us into."

"I see it all," said Mr. Ledbury wildly, clasping his hands in despair, and trying to move the pity of the guard by an imploring look. "They told me something about my passport, but I could not understand them. I thought they asked if I had got it. What will they do to us? Oh! dear! dear! to think of such an end to our excursion!"

"They will send us to prison," returned Jack, half in joke, half serious, "perhaps the galleys—who knows?"

Mr. Ledbury gave a groan of anguish, and remained silent. A small body of the guard, in their curious blue-tights and lace-up boots, now turned out of the *caserne*, and forming into order, requested our travellers to accompany them. Jack stuck his hands in his pockets, and walked on, somewhat angrily, closely followed by Titus on the mule; whose additional burthen of knapsacks gave the police an idea that they had arrested some deserters. In crossing the Piazza d'Armi they fell in with the band, who were returning to the barracks, and falling into their wake, constituted an imposing procession. As the music kept playing, a crowd of people collected, fixing all their attention upon the prisoners; and, in this manner they were escorted through all the principal streets, until the convoy stopped at the grim-looking portals of the General Direction of Police.

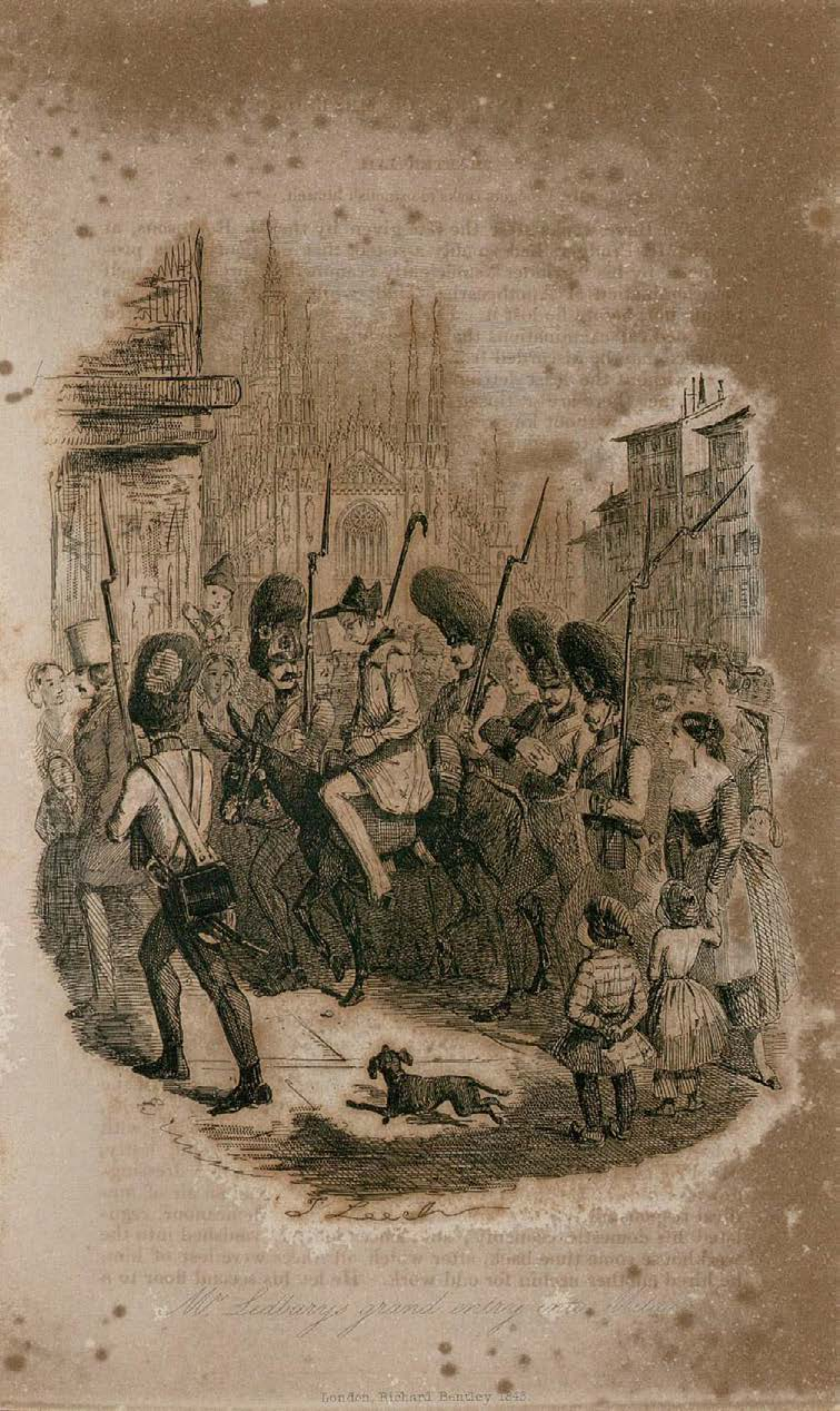
CHAPTER LIII.

Mr. Prodgers seeks to establish himself.

About three weeks after the fête given by the De Robinsons, at which Mr. Prodgers had so ably assisted, that gentleman was pronounced by his "grinder" sufficiently crammed to present himself for examination at Apothecaries' Hall, whilst his knowledge was piping hot, before he lost it. For it is a pleasant thing connected with medical examinations that nearly all the subjects which they embrace may be discarded from the mind the instant the ordeal is over, without the least detriment to any future professional career. And, since there are at this day individuals sufficiently talented to cure measles without knowing the difference between dandelions and buttercups; or, to reduce dislocations, without being able to make thermometers, the rest is as well forgotten. Neither is there the least occasion to know where rhubarb and bark come from, beyond where it can be retailed cheapest.

Mr. Prodgers obtained his diploma; and, after a month's holiday in the country, in which he saw quite enough of the discomforts of rural practice to dissuade him from ever having anything to do with it, returned to town in search of a settlement. A great many "eligible opportunities" presented themselves; but the majority were from individuals whose only property was a brass plate, with their name thereon: and with this they migrated about, screwing it upon their doors, until they enticed somebody to buy a practice "capable of great improvement;" when they moved somewhere else, and established another with the same view. At last, one morning, he received a note from Mr. Pattle, the successor to Mr. Rawkins, stating that his health would not allow him to practise any longer — the usual plea in cases of commercial atrophy, or wasting away; and that he should be happy to make arrangements with Mr. Prodgers, who already knew the neighbourhood, for the disposal of his business.

The transfer was soon concluded; and in three weeks Mr. Prodgers was master of the concern to which he had served his apprenticeship. Mr. Pattle, who had grand ideas, had removed all the retail portion of the surgery, in consequence of which he got nothing to do; but Mr. Prodgers, who began to think seriously of maintaining himself, restored the shop to its pristine state, in the total absence of pride from his character. A new plaster-of-paris horse was put in the window; and the teeth, arrayed upon fresh black velvet, occupied the centre pane. Alluring boxes of "Prodgers's Pill of Vitality," in envelopes so gay that they looked as attractive as *bonbons*, were piled one upon the other in elegant pyramids; all the strengthening plasters, from twopenny infantiles to sixpenny adults, were displayed to public view: the large bottles were refilled with coloured liquids, and their hieroglyphics newly gilt; and, lastly, Mr. Prodgers invested himself and twenty shillings in a dressing-gown of imposing pattern, every button of which had an air of medical responsibility. An ancient woman, of staid demeanour, regulated his domestic economy; and, since Bob had vanished into the workhouse some time back, after which all traces were lost of him, he hired another urchin for odd work. He let his second floor to a



Mr Ledbury's grand entry into Milan

London, Richard Bentley 1843.

[illegible] in one of the hospitals, [illegible]
himself quietly at home, to wait for [illegible]
his old friends of the [illegible], or their [illegible]
those into a species of [illegible]

The first morning he regularly [illegible]
of salts and a black draught, which he [illegible]
list of the day-books, and the next night he [illegible]
[illegible] about two o'clock, [illegible]
into the company of ill-conducted [illegible] and having [illegible]
reverend friends had committed [illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible] station-house [illegible]
[illegible], and the next night he [illegible]
[illegible]. On the [illegible] morning the [illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible] was produced from the [illegible]; and, [illegible]

[illegible]

On the [illegible] [illegible]
to the counter, and [illegible]

But the past three [illegible] looking at a Dutch
clock with a [illegible] who [illegible] nothing perpetually over the dial
that hung in a corner of the surgery.

pupil at one of the hospitals, fresh from the country; and then seated himself quietly down, to wait for patients: not informing any of his old friends of his abode, or they would have directly turned his house into a species of gratuitous tavern.

The first morning he regularly opened his shop he sold two ounces of salts, and a black-draught, which he formally entered in the first leaf of his day-book; and the first night the bell roused him from his slumbers about two o'clock, to go and bail his lodger, who had fallen into the company of ill-conducted students, and having indulged in fermented drinks, had committed various feats of unwonted valour, finally bivouacking in the Clerkenwell station-house. The next day he sold nothing; and the next night he was rung up by mistake to a parish patient. On the third morning the top box of the "Pill of Vitality" was purchased from the pyramid; and, besides this, he took out a tooth for Mrs. Pym's housemaid next door, sold her a plaster for her cough; and was even spoken to, to attend a case which might require his services some two months hence, for fifteen shillings—underselling Mr. Koops by five, who had refused to come for less than a sovereign. This had been his best day, and, consequently, at night he smoked two principe cigars, ordered oysters for supper, and made merry.

It was not long before he became known, for he had been a favourite with most of the patients in the time of Mr. Rawkins, and some of his old friends began to rally round him. A dyspeptic policeman chose to pay him out of his own pocket for advice and medicines, doubting whether Mr. Koops understood his constitution; and this induced Mr. Prodgers to hang out a board, inscribed "Advice gratis from ten till eleven," by which means he got to make up several of his own prescriptions; for, of course, he always advised physic.

He had been in practice about a month; when, one night, or rather morning, he was awakened by a violent peal of the night-bell, which sounded as if it never intended to leave off. Jumping out of bed, and going to the window, he opened it, and asked who was there, and what they wanted."

"Is Mr. Prodgers at home?" inquired a muffled voice from one of two figures whom he discerned below.

"Yes—I 'm Mr. Prodgers—who is it?"

"Please, sir, I want to see you directly," replied the voice.

Mr. Prodgers immediately hurried on his clothes, and catching up the rushlight, went down to the surgery, making sure an important new patient required his services. Upon opening the door two gentlemen entered, one of whom immediately exclaimed,

"So it is! I say, Prodgers, old fellow! you 're a sly fox—rather. But we 've found you out, you see. I thought we should dig you up, some day. How d' ye do?"

"Tweak!" cried Prodgers, as he recognized his friend, and did not know whether to be friendly or annoyed. "And Mr. Simmons too—what has brought you here?"

"Oh, we have come to make a call," said Mr. Tweak, vaulting on to the counter, and sitting upon it, as if he intended to stay.

"But it 's past three," yawned Mr. Prodgers, looking at a Dutch clock, with a skeleton who mowed nothing perpetually over the dial, that hung in a corner of the surgery.

"Yes, we know," said Tweak; "'tis the only leisure time we have for paying visits. Come—don't be blinking at that rushlight—eh?"

"I think you had better go," observed Prodgers gravely.

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Tweak. "What are you going to stand?"

"I have not got anything."

"Oh yes, you have," continued his visitor. "Light the gas, and boil some water. Here 's a saucepan."

"Don't do that," exclaimed Prodgers; "that 's fresh black draught. Now, Tweak,—there 's a good fellow,—go home, and come again to-morrow."

"We can't," remarked Mr. Simmons; "we have lost the key. Tweak threw it at a cat, and broke a kitchen-window, so we couldn't ask for it."

"I sha'n't go home," continued Tweak. "Let 's drown care in a flowing bowl, and wreath our brows with chamomile flowers."

And, perfectly recollecting the position of the different drawers, he pulled out a handful of the chamomiles, and threw them at Prodgers's head.

"Now, come, boys," said Prodgers, trying the persuasive, "don't make such a noise: I 've got a lodger."

"We 'll go and rout him up," cried Tweak, seizing the rushlight.

"No, no," exclaimed Simmons; "get a bit of string, tie his toe to the bed-post, and then cry fire. I have done it often—it 's out and out."

"But, look here now," interposed Mr. Prodgers, arresting the rushlight, "what do you really want?"

"Want?—nothing," replied Tweak.

"Well, I don't keep it," answered the other. "What else shall I give you to go away?"

"Can you lend us two shillings?" asked Tweak.

"With great pleasure," returned his friend, delighted at the chance of getting rid of his visitors. Here they are, and there 's the door. Any other time I shall be delighted to see you. Good night."

Mr. Prodgers conducted his two friends to the doorway, and, with many expressions of gratitude to them for their departure, drew the bolt, and put up the chain after them, as they emerged from his surgery into the street. He then took his rushlight, and was returning up stairs to bed, sorry that the visit had not proceeded from a new patient, but glad to get to sleep again, in a conflict of indolent and industrious feelings, when another violent ring at the night-bell sounded before he reached his chamber. He therefore descended again to the surgery, and inquired through the door, what was wanted.

"It 's us," exclaimed a voice,—"Tweak and Simmons. We have come back all in hurry. Open the door, Percy."

"Oh! don't!" cried Mr. Prodgers, in accents of despair. "Now go on—do."

"No, no," continued Tweak, speaking somewhat earnestly. "Here 's a job—really—joking apart. Such a row!—there 's somebody dead. Open the door."

"It won't do," said Prodgers. "Besides, if they 're dead, what is the use of a doctor?"

"Why, a guinea for the inquest," replied Tweak. "Indeed, Percy, it is no sell. Open the door, and make haste, or Koops will be there before you. The police are sure to go to him first. They say it 's a woman."

There was something so anxious in the student's address, that Prodgers directly unfastened the bolt, and allowed them to enter. Again assuring him that no deception or practical joke was intended, Tweak took his friend's hat from the counter, and forcibly thrusting it on his head, half dragged him into the street.

"Round here," said he, as they turned the corner, "where you see that man going. Look at the lanterns!"

In effect, several lights appeared collected together at the end of a narrow thoroughfare, which led towards the New River; and, as they came up to the spot, they perceived a crowd of people surrounding the door of a public house, composed chiefly of the police, and such idlers as were about at that advanced hour of the night.

A bystander soon gave Prodgers information as to the nature of the occurrence:—a body had been taken from the river, and they were conveying it on a shutter to the nearest inn.

"I heard the splash," said the man, "when I was at the corner of St. John's Street, and I says to my pardner, 'There 's some'dy a throwed thesselves into the water;' so we went back."

"And how did you get the body out?" asked Prodgers.

"Ah! there was the job, along of the railings. How she got in I can't tell; but they poor things must be desperate when they comes to this."

"It is a woman, then," observed Prodgers; and, pushing through the crowd, he continued, "I am a medical man: let me into the house."

A surgeon is always treated with deference by the crowd at an accident, and the people fell back, allowing him to enter, followed closely by Tweak and Simmons. The body had been placed upon the table, and the innkeeper was now squabbling with the police upon the impropriety of its being taken there.

"Now, don't be so crusty," said the inspector, who appeared to know the host. "If she 's quite gone, you get the inquest; and if she ain't, you has a guinea."

"Was she long in the water?" asked Prodgers.

"A matter of five minutes," replied a man.

"Then there may still be a chance," said Prodgers. "Now, will you be good enough to clear the room," he continued to the police. "These gentlemen can assist me in all I want; and everybody else is in the way. Have you any females in the house?" he asked, addressing the innkeeper.

The man answered in the affirmative,—his wife and the servants were up stairs.

"Then let them both be called, and tell them to bring down their blankets," said Prodgers. "Put a few chips in the fire-place—the boiler is still warm; and, for the second time, clear the room."

Besides the importance attached to every word which falls from the lips of a medical man in moments of pressing urgency, the al-

most supernatural power which he is supposed at such times to possess over the balance of life and death; besides this, his remarkable composure, when all about him is disordered and uncertain,—his steady forethought and unruffled intelligence, which ceaseless intimacy with scenes of suffering and uncertainty can alone induce, tend still further to augment his influence. The people were directly ordered from the room, the proprietor rekindled the fire on the still incandescent embers, and Prodgers, assisted by his friends, now orderly and tranquil, commenced his preparations for endeavouring to restore animation to the body before them.

"She 's been a pretty girl," said the policeman, as he parted back the long wet hair from her face. "Poor thing!—the old story, too."

As he spoke, he drew his finger over her cold cheek, on which a dull red was visible upon the livid flesh below. The paint came off, and a white mark followed his hand.

The females who had been called in the mean time now came into the room. They were decent elderly women, and, notwithstanding their extreme flurry, appeared anxious to afford every assistance. By the advice of Prodgers they quickly undressed the body, and enveloped it in the blankets they had brought down with them; whilst the others made up the fire, and filled some bottles with hot water.

"Poor young creature!" said the landlady; "there is not a great deal in the pockets. Yes—here is some money and a letter."

"Give it to me," said Prodgers. And taking the document, he carefully unfolded the wet paper, and read the following note, bearing the date of the day before, and written in an irregular, but apparently disguised, hand:—

"Dear Ned,

"'Pigey' will be with you to-morrow, and seems like to bleed. If you lift up the cloth of the table and scrape the wood, you can make the middle pockets draw for the hazards. I have done the new moulds; send Letty for them after dark to-morrow night to the crib,—they are slap up.

"Yours,

"The Miller."

"To Mr. Morris, at Matthew's beer-shop,
Steven's Rents."

"That 's the house as we have been looking after, I 'm certain," said the policeman. "The money 's as bad as can be," he continued, taking up the half-crown and biting it, "and all from the same stamp, with the same flaw. We 've got 'em at last."

"Well, we have something else to think about now," said Prodgers. "You can keep the door, and I will call you when I want you."

And, thus speaking, he turned his attention towards the body, commencing a series of simple operations, which the landlady, whose sole ideas of recovering drowned persons were confined to rolling them upon tubs, and holding them up by their heels, watched with incredulous expression of countenance.

They alone upon whom the responsibility has fallen of attempting to arrest the last gleam of flitting existence in its darkening tene-

ment,—to kindle by their own breath the dull remaining embers of life, which too eager or precipitate a course might extinguish for ever,—who have felt they were regarded by the surrounding crowd as dispensers of life or death, upon whose will it depended whether the senseless object of their earnest care became once more a thing of vitality and reason like themselves, or a clod of decaying earth, —they alone can understand the deep and all-absorbing feelings of the surgeon, whilst superintending the process of restoring suspended animation. The fearful anxiety which attends the result of each essay, as the clammy grasp of death seizes with firmer embrace upon its victim, until the last sad conviction that all is finished forces itself upon his mind; and the painful suspense ere the least throb of returning pulsation calls for renewed hope and exertion,—those trying moments can be but faintly imagined beyond the circle of that profession, whose pilgrimage on earth is doomed to pass but amidst the most distressing scenes of anguish and mortality.

And long and earnestly did Mr. Prodgers apply himself to his important task. The hand of the clock in the corner of the room crept round the smoke-discoloured dial; and as it progressed, hope ebbed away with every heavy beat of the pendulum, which still kept on its dull, unchanging swing, as if to mark the triumph of time over mortality. But still no plan was left untried,—no zeal relaxed that appeared likely to assist the process. With the fingers of one hand upon the pulse, and the other placed upon the chest, from whence it was but now and then removed, to examine the pupil of the half-closed eye, he directed his companions in their attempts to produce an artificial respiration; and for upwards of an hour did they persevere.

"Hush!" whispered Prodgers, as if fearful of disturbing the silence even by his own voice. "I think the hand seems warmer Perhaps it is only my fancy."

As he spoke he placed his ear upon the chest, in close contact with the skin, and listened attentively. You might have heard the spiders creep along their lurking-places.

"There is a beat!" he cried joyfully, after a few seconds' pause, "another—the heart is acting! Now—do not lose an instant—she will come to, after all."

And, indeed, before long the girl showed signs of returning life. The skin lost the livid hue that had overspread it, and a few rapid convulsive sobs shook the chest. Then the temperature of the hands increased,—slowly, it is true, but progressively; and the action of the pulse commenced, first in the irregular beating of a small, thread-like vessel, faint and intermittent, until it was distinct and regular. And in a few minutes a series of deep-drawn sighs ended in a copious flood of hysterical tears, which were cheerfully hailed as the signs of returning consciousness.

The women placed a pillow underneath the head of the patient, and covered her with fresh blankets, converting the table into a rude bed. It was some little time before she became clearly sensible of her situation; but, when the truth broke upon her, she again burst into tears. This time, however, they were natural.

The girl started up as the light broke upon her, and cast a wild glance round the room, and at its occupants. And then, as the coverlids fell from her shoulders, she gathered them hastily around

her, and clung towards the landlady, who was standing at her side, as if she claimed protection from some impending threat.

"Don't be frightened, deary," said the hostess, in a kind tone of assurance. "You are with friends here—nobody will harm you."

As she spoke, the girl fixed her eye upon the policeman who was standing at the door. She gave a slight start of apprehension, and looked anxiously about the table.

"Where are—my clothes—my pocket?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"They are all safe," returned the landlady. "I have taken care of them. Do you think we may give her a little drop of cordial, doctor?" she continued, addressing Prodgers.

"It must be a very little," he replied. "And now, see if you cannot get her to bed. She will still require some care."

"She shall go in mine," said the servant; "for it will be morning soon. I can stay with her till then."

"And I will come and see her again to-morrow," said Prodgers. Then turning to the proprietor, he added, "I suppose you can carry her to her bed-room."

The man raised her in his arms, and prepared to carry her up stairs; but, as he did so, the girl once more asked for her clothes, some of which were steaming on the back of a chair before the fire. The landlady took them in her hand, and then the party went slowly from the room.

In two minutes the owner of the house returned, and tendered "a drop of something to drive the cold away" to Prodgers and his companions. Then, assuring him that every care should be taken of the unhappy girl, he supposed there was nothing more to be done, and wished them good night, as they departed with the policemen.

"And now I shall go home to bed," said Prodgers sleepily; "for I am very tired. You fellows had better come too."

"Well, I don't mind," said Mr. Tweak. "I don't see that I can go anywhere else."

"You are very lucky, gentlemen, to have finished all your work," observed the policeman, as they stood in the open air again. "Ours is just beginning."

"How so?" asked Prodgers.

The man took the note from his pocket which had been found upon the girl, and, throwing the glare of his lantern upon it, replied,

"Because this puts us up to somebody we have been after for the last twelvemonth. We must be off directly to Somers Town."

"I hope you will be successful," replied Prodgers. "Good night."

And, as the police turned off along the side of the river, Prodgers, Tweak, and Simmons bent their steps, with weary limbs and half-closed eyes, towards the residence of the first-named gentleman.

CHAPTER LIV.

Good fortune comes to Jack.—A dangerous dilemma at Milan.

Upon being introduced to the police, it required all Jack's knowledge of foreign tongues to make the authorities understand that

Ledbury and himself were not deserters, but that the irregularity in the passports were solely attributable to their own ignorance of the *visées* that would be required, having forgotten that they had passed from Switzerland into Lombardy. But the Austrian police are not very easily satisfied; and, after much wrangling and uncertainty, during the whole of which time Mr. Ledbury believed the next minute would see him being escorted to the galleys, the authorities finally determined that our travellers should deliver up their present informal passports as hostages, and should consider themselves, at the same time, under the *surveillance* of the police, without permission to leave Milan, until the pleasure of the government should be made known to them. They were then allowed to depart.

By the recommendation of an Anglo-Italian courier who was waiting at the *bureau*, they proceeded to the *Albergo della Croce Bianca*, a neat second-rate inn in the Corso di Porta Vercellina, one of the gendarmes accompanying them to note down their residence. Jack was at first exceedingly annoyed, for it was uncertain how long they might be detained in the city; but the feelings of Titus still bordered upon despair. The master of the inn, however, a comfortable Milanese, who spoke the worst French possible, assured them they had nothing to fear, and at the same time ventured to suggest that a good dinner might somewhat tranquillize their excitement. And this had the desired effect, as much from its excellence as its novelty; for they dined in the open air, in the court of the inn, which had galleries running round it, like our coaching hotels in London, but covered with luxuriant grape-vines. The evening was so lovely, that the flame of the candles on the table never wavered; and *vetturini* were arriving and departing the whole time; whilst several small tables were placed about, at which visitors were drinking, chatting, or playing endless matches of that peculiar Italian game of fingers, which somewhat resembles our schoolboy sport of "Buck, buck—how many horns do I hold up?" All this afforded great amusement to Jack and Titus, who, after a short stroll in the city, always gay and well-peopled in the evening, returned home to bed, and slept very soundly after the toils and annoyances of a very long day.

The next morning, having made their toilets with as much nicety as their slender wardrobes would allow, they started off to fulfil the object of their journey, and procure the required signature to the document with which old Mr. Ledbury had intrusted them. Mr. Howard, who had a pleasant *casina* just within the *Porta Orientale*, received them very politely; and, when he heard of their awkward situation, begged that during their stay at Milan they would make his house their own. He was much taken with Jack's intelligence and frank manner; and so well did they agree, that before two days had passed, having questioned Titus somewhat closely as to his friend's testimonials, it was arranged that, upon their return to England, if Johnson chose to become Mr. Howard's agent in London, there was a clear two hundred a-year for him as long as he proved deserving of the trust. And this was a piece of fortune Jack never in his wildest dreams looked forward to. Indeed, he went back to the inn in such a whirl, that passports, police, and Austrian prisons were alike forgotten: he thought only of his return to England, and, above all, the opportunity of making a proud and independent pro-

posal to old Mr. Ledbury for the hand of his daughter. And Titus, with his good heart, entered into all his friend's happiness. It was fate, he was sure, that had first thrown them together, and that had induced them to take this lucky journey; and, if he had only got his passport all comfortably *en règle*, he would not have one thing else in the world to care about.

In a day or two after their arrival Mr. Howard was compelled to leave Milan for Padua, where his presence was required upon the projected line of railway. Our travellers dined with him the last evening, and he then gave Jack the necessary introductions and documents for him to enter upon his new office when he returned to England. Jack, who had attended every day at the passport-office without effect, made some allusion to the probability of their still being detained at Milan when he returned, but was again assured by Mr. Howard that all would be settled well, although they did not hurry themselves about such things. And, having accompanied him to the office of the *Velociferi*, or conveyances at six miles an hour, they saw him into the diligence, which left for Verona, Padua, and Venice, at eleven at night, and then went back to the *Croce Bianca*.

A lively scene awaited them at the inn. A party of wandering minstrels, consisting of three men and a girl, had just come to Milan from the fair at Breschia, one of the largest in northern Italy, and were playing on guitars in the court. Several of the young men who had been enjoying themselves in the *café* attached to the inn, now came out, and, pushing the tables on one side, asked the girl to waltz, which she did with them, one after another. Then two or three more females made their appearance—chiefly grisettes, or rather those who would have been called grisettes in Paris—from the adjacent shops; and at last the dance became general, involving so many flashing eyes and ankles, that Mr. Ledbury was well nigh beside himself. The girl who accompanied the musicians was very beautiful,—so handsome, indeed, that, with an attendant goat, she might well have passed for a second Esmeralda; and the men who were with her took advantage of her comeliness to send her round for money after each performance. Ledbury was drinking wine at a table with Jack, and, with his usual susceptibility, the girls' eyes so shot him through and through, that the *zwanzigers* and *krëutzers* were falling into the small tray she presented for contributions as fast as he could take them from his pocket, in return for which she gave him such bewitching smiles, such mellifluous "*Grazie signore's*," that Jack soon saw his interference would be necessary to keep Titus within bounds.

"Now keep cool, Titus," said Jack. "Recollect what I have so frequently told you. Your love-making always brings you into trouble."

"I know," remarked Mr. Ledbury; "it 's all right. Have some more wine, Jack. I shall ask her to dance the Tarantella."

"My good fellow," returned Jack, aghast, "what on earth do you know about the Tarantella?"

"I have seen it danced in Masaniello, at the theatres," answered Mr. Ledbury. "I think I should make a hit."

"You would make a fool of yourself, Leddy, and get into the same scrape that you did at Paris. Let me recommend you not to try any such thing."

"Well, I suppose I may ask her for a quadrille?" resumed Titus.

"Oh, quadrille away," said Jack, laughing at his friend's pliant disposition. "Dance hornpipes, or anything you like. I see you are a lost man."

As Ledbury rushed forwards to request the girl's hand, or rather her waist, such being the prevailing style for the quadrille, another gentleman approached her at the instant for the same object. The second cavalier was very handsome; but the girl's affections inclined towards Mr. Ledbury's liberality, and, although the other certainly had the start in addressing her, she put down her guitar, and took Mr. Ledbury's arm. The set immediately formed, and the rejected gentleman returned to the table, rather cross than otherwise.

Mr. Ledbury could not speak to his partner with any remarkable fluency, so, in lieu of conversation, he assumed his most distinguished positions to create an impression, and danced with much elegance. All went on very well until the fourth figure, when the top and bottom couple were to go hands four round,—not quietly, as we do it at home, but, laying hold of each other with a tight grasp, and spinning round and round with considerable velocity. Titus kept up for the first revolution or two very well; but presently he felt his hand slipping, and directly afterwards leaving go his hold, he was whirled off by the centrifugal force, and shot, like a cinder from the fire, right on to the table where the rejected cavalier was sitting, amongst all the glasses and wine-bottles.

Of course there was a "row" immediately. The man commenced abusing Ledbury in no very measured terms; and Titus, from his ignorance of the language, could return no answer. Whereupon Jack took up the cudgels for his friend as well as he was able, and turned all the wrath of the Italian upon his own head, which at last got so excessively gross and ungoverned, that Johnson would have nothing more to say to him. As he left the table, however, the man collected all his anger for an outbreak of passion, and applied such unpardonable epithets to his antagonist, that Jack, without more ado, turned back again and knocked him down. And then, seeing that he did not appear in any hurry to get up again, for fear of a repetition of the attack, Jack left him where he was, and, taking Ledbury by the arm, elbowed his way through the rest of the party before they well knew what had occurred, and marched up to their bed-room.

"We should have had to fight against long odds," said Jack, "if we had waited there a minute longer."

"You have hurt your knuckles, Jack," remarked Ledbury, calling his friend's attention to his hand.

"Never mind," said Jack, "it has given them a lesson. We shall be treated with respect in future, you may depend upon it. I see they are breaking up below," he continued, looking out of window. "No matter,—we will not go down again."

As soon as their excitement was over, they prepared to go to bed, and were commencing to undress, when they heard a low, hurried tap at the door of the room. Upon opening it, to their great surprise, they perceived the music-girl, who, apparently much flurried, begged Johnson to step down stairs for a minute or two. There was something so earnest in the request, that he accompanied her directly, leaving Mr. Ledbury in a state of great wonder and uncertainty.

In three minutes he returned, evidently much embarrassed, as he replied to Mr. Ledbury's anxious question of what was the matter.

"Here's a devil of a business!" said Johnson, "as unlucky an affair as can well be."

"How?—for goodness' sake, Jack, tell us what you mean!" exclaimed Titus, much alarmed.

"The fellow we had the row with is in the *bureau* of the police, and recollected us. One of the men who belongs to the music party heard him say as he left that we were detained here as it was, but three months in prison would not do us any harm."

"What for, Jack?" cried Ledbury, in an agony of terror.

"For the assault. It seems a blow is an awkward thing at Milan, and not likely to be looked over."

"We must leave the place immediately," said Titus.

"And where are our passports?"

This simple question destroyed all Mr. Ledbury's hopes at once. He asked wildly two or three times what would be done, and, throwing himself on the bed, groaned aloud.

"Come, come, Leddy," said Jack, "this is of no use: let us see what chances are in our favour. The man with the guitar, seems a good fellow enough. He says his party are off this night for a fête at Arona, on the Lago Maggiore; and that, if we can get clear of the city, he will take us on in his *carrétta*. All the lot travel together."

"But how can we get away from the inn? It's nearly one o'clock in the morning."

"That is soon settled," replied Jack. "I will go and see about that part of the story, if you will pack up the knapsacks."

And so saying, Jack went down stairs, whilst Mr. Ledbury, in great confusion, collected their effects, and stuffed them into the knapsacks, as well as his intense fright and *bouleversement* would allow him to do.

"I have made it all right at the inn," observed Jack, as he returned. "The landlord thinks we are merely going with these people to see the fête at Arona, and shall return with them. He did not want me to pay him, but I insisted upon doing so. Are you all ready?"

"Quite," said Ledbury, as pale as death, and buckling the last strap of his knapsack.

"Then *en avant*," cried Jack, whom the danger had excited until he was ready for anything, "and the devil catch the hindmost. I don't know whether he is not preferable to the Austrian police."

CHAPTER LV.

The Flight over the Simplon.

As they turned into the street leading to the Piazza D'Armi,—the Hyde Park of Milan, if it may be so called,—everything was still as the grave. The night was dark, but a few lamps were glimmering in the distance round the boundary-wall of the esplanade; and a light in the small building at the barrier gate guided them towards the arch at the end of the great Simplon road, through which their journey lay. As they approached it, great caution was necessary to avoid being seen by the guard; for their appearance and the late hour would have certainly caused them to be arrested.

"We must not go through the gate," said Jack; "they would be safe to see us."

"Then how are we to get out?" asked Ledbury.

"Climb the wall," was the laconic answer of Johnson.

Titus looked aghast at the wall, under whose shadow they were now consulting. It was twelve feet high, and perfectly plain.

"We can never get over that, Jack," he murmured, in despair.

"Nonsense, man; see how I shall manage it. We must look out as sharply as we can for a tree that grows against it."

Still keeping close to it, they crept along until they came to one of the trees forming the inner belt of the inclosure, that was planted nearly close to it, with some overhanging branches. To run up it almost like a squirrel was to Jack the work of half a minute, and then hooking up the knapsacks with the chamois horn at the end of his staff, he proceeded to hook up Mr. Ledbury, which was a task of no ordinary difficulty. But Titus's long legs and arms somewhat aided him in the ascent, and at last they both crept along a limb, and got to the top of the wall.

"Hush!" cried Jack suddenly; "for God's sake don't move an inch! The patrol is coming round to change the guard. I can hear them."

"We shall be shot!" gasped Titus.

"Nonsense — lie down at full length upon the top of the wall. They will be gone directly."

It did not take Mr. Ledbury much time to follow the directions of his friend. He clung to the wall, as Jack observed, like a brick, and appeared almost a portion of it. After two minutes of keen anxiety the guard passed, and then Jack prepared to descend.

"What must we do to get down?" asked Titus. "I can't see the ground."

"We can't help that," replied Jack; "we must drop at all events. Let us send out a pilot first."

So saying, he threw down the knapsacks, which fell noiselessly upon the grass; next, letting himself down as far as his hands would allow him, he dropped safely to the ground; and then broke Ledbury's fall, who was so exceedingly nervous that he could scarcely lay hold of anything. This accomplished, they took up their knapsacks, and, cutting across a field to the Simplon road, found the party waiting to receive them, as agreed upon.

All Mr. Ledbury's gallantry had vanished, and, although he sat next to the handsome singing girl in the *fourgon*, he never said a word, but remained in great terror all the journey. They did not travel very fast, and day was breaking when they arrived at the banks of the Lago Maggiore. Here their companions parted with them, after Jack had remunerated them somewhat liberally; and then he hired a boat to take them on board the steamer, soon after she had left Sesto Calendo, by which means all chance of their being asked for their passports would be avoided.

As luck had it, the morning was very foggy, and in half an hour they were once more on board the rickety *Colombo*. When she arrived at Baveno, they hired another boat immediately, as if to see the Isola Bella; because, Baveno being in Piedmont, if they had gone on shore they would have been discovered immediately. But, instead of going to the island, they ordered the man to proceed up the

river Vedro, which flows into the lake from the Simplon. On arriving at a sequestered part of its bank they landed, and proceeded onward, having already cleared three *visées*, from either of which they would have been sent back under an escort to Milan.

It was now between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, so they strapped on their knapsacks, and walked along the road until they were overtaken by a travelling carriage. As the inmates were asleep, the postilion smoking, and looking only over his horse's ears, and the rumble empty, Jack proposed that they should take possession of it, which, after running behind for some little distance, they did, and were carried as far as Vogogna by one P.M. Here they crept down unperceived, and trudged on until the *voiture* again passed them, when they got up again. And, following this plan at the different villages, they finally reached Domo Dossola about four, when they were both so fatigued, that Jack determined to wait two hours for rest and refreshment; although Ledbury, in spite of being very exhausted, was anxious for them to keep still on the move.

The sun had gone down when they left Domo, and large dark patches of clouds were coming angrily up from the windward, giving promise of a stormy night. For the first time, Jack felt uncomfortable, although he kept his inquietude to himself; for he knew that the instant Ledbury saw his misgivings it would be all over with him. But yet he did not disguise the fact that an arduous journey was in prospect.

"Do you see those mountains?" he asked, pointing to the terrific Simplon before them, whose outlines were now rapidly fading in the approaching darkness. "Well, we must cross them before to-morrow morning. They do not look very inviting."

The dinner had somewhat refreshed them, and they speedily traversed the last of those highly-cultivated plains, which form so remarkable a contrast to the mountain-road directly beyond them. It was soon dark, and, by the time they had got to the foot of the pass, and ascended the first rise to the magnificent Pont de Crevola, they could not see the turbulent Vedro, which rushes past the mighty single pillar of masonry, although its deafening roar told them that it was still hurrying on its rapid course. Neither of them spoke much, for the commencing ascent made heavy demands upon their breath, without wasting it in words; and, in addition to this, Mr. Ledbury was in a state of such extreme terror, as the scenery became wilder, and the brawling of the torrent at the side of the road more angry, whilst it leaped over and amongst the huge blocks of granite which intercepted its course, that he did not feel at all inclined to open his mouth, but kept close to Jack, especially when they passed any of the gloomy galleries under which the road is carried at several parts of the passage. And then the scenery got still more wild and savage,—doubly frightful by the gloom in which it was enveloped. The last traces of cultivation which here and there clung in patches about the sheltered places on the rocks disappeared,—one by one the chalets and mountain-inns were left behind, until no buildings appeared but the dismal Refuge, or the small and lonely chapel,—both tokens of hazard and uncertainty. And still they kept ascending,—unalteringly, steadily ascending, until they entered the appalling gorge of Isella, impaled by its perpendicular barriers of granite, from whose summits cascades of water, icy cold, were tum-

bling in all directions, now carried under the road to increase the already swollen Vedro, and now rushing across the pass, with a force that threatened to carry them off their legs, did they slip from the perilous stepping-stones, whose situation they could scarcely determine by feeling with their poles before they ventured forward. And then their path ran close by the side of the torrent, which overleaping its bounds, or impeded in its course, threatened every minute to engulf them in its whirling hell of waters, that every now and then swept over what was three years ago a fine and level carriage-way.

At length the road quitted the river, and climbed up the side of the gorge, leaving the water far beneath it. As the noise diminished in the distance, Mr. Ledbury felt somewhat reassured, and hazarded a few questions about the localities. A few stars, too, were beginning to peep out from the sky above the ravine, and presently the hour of ten sounded from some steeple in the direction they were journeying.

"We have been four hours on the road, Jack, already," observed Titus. "I am glad we are coming to something like life again."

"You would not be so happy if you knew what place it was," replied Johnson. "This must be Gondo, the Sardinian frontier. Now we shall have to look sharp enough. How are your eyes, Leddy?"

"Rather sleepy," returned Titus, giving a yawn in confirmation.

"Oh, come," said Jack, "you must not think of anything of that sort yet. We have scarcely done a third of our journey."

As they turned an angle of the road, a bright ray of light shot across the path from a building a little way ahead, and the dark outlines of one or two military-looking figures were plainly visible.

"There they are!" exclaimed Jack hurriedly.

"Who?" asked Mr. Ledbury; "the Austrian Police?"

"No, no,—the *douaniers*. If they see us, we are done for. We must try and pass the customhouse some other way."

"I do not see how," said Titus.

"Nor I neither," returned Johnson. "Let us reconnoitre."

At first he thought of attempting to climb down from the carriage-way to the level of the river, and keep along its side until the frontier was passed; but the descent was so deep and precipitous, that this plan was directly abandoned. Going along the road was to insure instant detection; for the authorities on boundaries have sharp eyes and ears, so that the only plan left was to endeavour and pass behind the *douane*, which was built nearly against the high granite rocks that hemmed in the gorge. Telling Ledbury to use every caution, Jack led the way, walking with no little difficulty upon the slanting ground which rose directly from the road. They soon came up to the building, and passed so closely behind it, that they could look into the room, where one or two of the officials were lying carelessly down upon a wooden couch, or huddling round a fire. Ledbury followed Jack in silence, but quite mechanically. The whole business had brought about such an overturning of his ideas, not suited to such exciting excursions, that if any one had asked him whether he was marching upon his head or his heels, it would have taken some little time for him to collect his intellects and return a proper answer. Jack was less flurried; and when they

once more gained the road on the other side of the station, and felt somewhat assured, he indulged in a little pantomime, less elegant than expressive, spreading his thumb and fingers into radii, and raising them to a level with his nose, in the direction of the *douane*, indicative of triumph and intellectual superiority.

"So far so good," observed Jack. "Now, Leddy, brisk up. Take a pull at the wicker bottle, and start off again.

A small quantity of cognac infused a little fresh energy into Mr. Ledbury, and he walked on with his friend through the gloomy and miserable village of Gondo, and by its high, prison-like inn, now wrapped in repose. There was a building which Jack supposed to be the office on the Swiss frontier; but no lights were visible, and they passed by without any interruption.

As they left the wretched chalets of the hamlet behind them, they appeared to take leave of the habitable world, and advanced into the celebrated, but awful, Gorge of Gondo. It was now nearly midnight, and quite dark; whilst, to increase their perplexity, it began to rain, as the stars went in. On arriving at the Grand Gallery, Jack proposed that they should rest for a short time under its shelter, to which Ledbury gladly agreed, taking off their knapsacks for the ten minutes they were there, and sitting upon them.

"Well, this is an excursion we never anticipated," said Jack. "However, it will be something to talk about when we get home."

"Home!" exclaimed Mr. Ledbury despondingly. "I only wish we may. How cold it is getting."

"Because we are up very high," said Jack. "You will find the rain will turn to sleet before long, and finally to snow. Have a pipe, Leddy,—I shall."

"No," answered Titus, "I can't smoke — I can't do anything. What a dreadful journey this is!"

"Much better than the prison at Milan, where we should have had a chance of being by this time. There, look at that tobacco—it makes you warm to watch it."

And Jack, having lighted his pipe, appeared in two minutes just as much at his ease as if he had been in Mr. Rawkins's old back-parlour.

"Halloo, Leddy,—don't go to sleep," he cried, as he spoke twice without receiving any answer. "If that's it, we must be off. Here, —I'll help you with your knapsack. On it goes again."

Very unwillingly Titus left the gallery, and they once more started, walking on until they came to the seventh and eighth houses of refuge. Had there been any tokens of life within, Johnson might perhaps have been induced to stay; but everything was dark and quiet. So they went on, traversing the valley of Algaby, and then ascending one of the steepest parts of the road, encumbered with blocks of granite and gneiss, which the torrents are constantly detaching from the mountains.

Singular as it may appear, their sense of weariness became less acute as they proceeded. Both had relapsed into silence, and they kept on one dogged, unchanging pace, for two hours, after quitting the ravine of Algaby. Once Titus proposed that they should take another rest, but this Jack would not hear of; he knew if they once sat down what the difficulty would be in getting up again.

His prediction about the snow turned out correct; for, when,

about three in the morning, they reached the village of Simplon, nearly at the summit of the pass, it was lying some inches in depth upon the ground. Poor Titus, whom Jack had plied with brandy as the only means of getting him on, until, under other circumstances, he would have been very intoxicated, could hardly drag one leg before the other; and, but for Jack's earnest lecture upon the impolicy of knocking up a post-house at that hour so unlikely to be chosen for legitimate travellers, he would have alarmed all the inmates of the hotel. Jack was scarcely less distressed than Ledbury; but his frame was stronger built to bear up against it; besides, he knew that if he gave way it would be quite up with his friend.

It began to snow very heavily as they left Simplon, and continued to do so for upwards of an hour, until the first dull grey of morning appeared, slowly breaking over the waste before them. As the increasing light shewed the dreary expanse which they had yet to traverse, the remnants of Ledbury's courage entirely forsook him, and, sinking down upon a square block of granite at the side of the road, he gasped out,

"It is of no use, Jack; I can go no further, if I die for it."

In vain Johnson attempted to rouse him: he was fairly "dead beat" with cold and fatigue, and had not an atom of further exertion left.

"But, what are we to do, Titus?" asked Jack. "We cannot remain here."

"Oh! yes, we can," replied Ledbury, faintly. "I can, at least; and you go on. I shall go to sleep."

And, putting his knapsack on the ground, he threw himself down upon the snow.

"For Heaven's sake, do not shut your eyes!" cried Jack, in alarm. "If you do you will never open them again. Titus, do you hear me? You must be mad to think of going to sleep."

"Oh! leave me alone! pray let me go to sleep; only for five minutes," said Titus; "and then I can go on again."

"No, no!" cried Johnson, shaking him violently. "I tell you it is death to do so! What must be done?"

He looked round in despair; but nothing but barren rocks met his view. They were nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

But, just as he was about making a last strenuous effort to rouse Titus once more, the deep bay of a dog sounded in the quietude, and immediately afterwards a fine mastiff came round the angle of the road, and bounded towards them. Jack recognized the animal directly—it was a dog of St. Bernard, and was now at his side, barking at him as if in great wrath, but the next instant licking his hand.

Scarcely another minute elapsed before two figures followed in the path which the dog had made through the snow. One was evidently a monk; but the other had the air of a traveller; and they both hastened towards our friends as Jack beckoned them. But the mutual surprise of recognition may be very well imagined when Mr. Crinks and Jack Johnson met each other's gaze!

"Mes étoiles et jarretières!" said Mr. Crinks; "here's a go! Why, what on earth brought you here!"

"I'll tell you all directly," returned Jack: "but first look to Ledbury. Where can we take him?"

"Close at hand," said Mr. Crinks. "The Simplon convent. I've been staying there a week; jolly cocks! This is Father Maurice, whom I was going with to early mass at Simplon. I like to see all I can, you know, for money."

"What a providential chance to find you here!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Isn't it?" replied his vivacious acquaintance. "I came over the Gemmi to Brieg, and here I am. But we can talk about all that presently.

The good monk, who had acknowledged the hurried introduction of Mr. Crinks with mild courtesy, was now endeavouring to get poor Titus upon his legs; whilst the dog, whom he called "*Turc*," as if pleased to find the traveller in the hands of his master, was rolling about on the ground, revelling in the snow, which he threw about him in all directions.

"Here, give me the knapsacks," said Mr. Crinks, taking up both of them, and slinging one over each shoulder. "What the deuce have you been about to have tired yourselves already, at this unholy hour of the morning."

"A long story," answered Jack; "but you shall know it all by and by. First of all, where are we to go?"

"Not two minutes' walk: the convent is just round the bend of the road. You would have seen it if you had kept up your courage a little longer."

The monk, who was, as Crinks had observed, on his way to the village of Simplon, now apologized for proceeding: but begged them to return to the convent directly, which is a branch of the far-famed establishment on the Great St. Bernard. And then, with dog leaping and barking before him, he went on his way.

"Now, steady," observed Mr. Crinks, as Ledbury at last rose. "Keep all right upon your pins, and lean on me. We shall be all safe directly."

Nearly hanging upon their shoulders, Mr. Ledbury staggered down the road until they reached the convent. Two or three dogs bounded out to meet them; and upon being conducted by one of the brethren to the large room, where a fire was blazing on the hearth, Mr. Ledbury fainted outright, whilst Jack threw himself at full length on the floor, and in three minutes fell fast asleep.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRISON CHAPEL.

Those most conversant with the history of mankind will have no difficulty in coming to this conclusion, that, of all the convulsions of nature, those produced by the conflict of human passions are the saddest to gaze upon!

SIR JAMES M'INTOSH.

IF there be one period more than another when the hardening effects of crime are, *en masse*, forced upon one's notice, it is, I have often thought, during the Church of England service in a gaol chapel.



Mr. Ledbury escapes from the authorities.

London, Richard Bentley 1843

With what a *tableau* of the lost, the degraded, and the fallen, does that array present you! Around are gathered the forger, the burglar, the highwayman, the coiner, and the homicide. It is a saddening spectacle! They who talk of the dignity of human nature, of "the lofty aspirations of which it is capable," of "its inherent nobleness," of "its glorious and heavenward tendencies," should pause long and anxiously over this picture. Some look stolid, reckless, and even amused; others, hardened, fierce, and desperate. Here you meet the glance of stern defiance; there the ferocious scowl of deeply-seated malignity. Many appear sullen; others careless. Alas! where are the submissive, penitent, subdued, resigned? And yet these once were innocent! Once could look up to Heaven with a calm brow and a trustful spirit! Once they could think of the past without shame, and of the future without fear. Once their young hearts beat high, and their early musings foreshadowed a long career of usefulness and honour! And, even now they are partakers of a common humanity, are children of the same great Father, are bowed beneath the same resistless control, and must lie down in the same narrow dwelling, ay! and claim at our hands every effort we can make to soften, subdue, reform them!

Among this group was an old woman, whose demeanour during the hour of prayer had more than once ruffled me. The restlessness of her manner was incessant, and, unhappily, contagious. No part of the service seemed to have power to chain down her attention. Her light-blue eye roamed from one object to another, but rested on none. She shifted her position, adjusted her dress, moved her hands, her feet, her arms,—five minutes more, *da capo!* It made one nervous and fidgety to look at her! Now, some experience in these matters has convinced me that this restlessness of manner is capable of a twofold explanation: it arises, in some instances, from the recollection of quenchless sorrow; in others, from the pressure of undivulged crime.

In either case it was my duty to visit her. I found her in the aged women's apartment, knitting quickly and expeditiously, but with that nervous, anxious, restless air before adverted to. Her dress was that of a style common in bygone days, now almost exploded. There was to be seen the trim, close cap, *guiltless of bow*, with its narrow border and single riband; the well-plaited 'kerchief, crossed over the bosom, and carefully secured at the corners; the pin-cushion and scissors, depending by a narrow string from the waist, and the snowy hair nicely braided over the wrinkled brow. But for the restless, anxious, troubled eye, her appearance would have been truly venerable and impressive.

Addressing her, I expressed my regret at having to visit a person of her age and appearance under such circumstances.

"Yes," she replied briskly, "a woman of fourscore, within the walls of a prison, is rather an unusual spectacle."

"What is her offence?" was my inquiry, purposely directed to the head matron, in so low a tone as to preclude, I thought, the prisoner's overhearing me. To my astonishment, her instant reply ran,—

"*Suspicion* of stealing—stealing a watch which I never saw; and which none of the five who swore that I had taken it could trace to my possession. But I 'm here; *though not for long!*"

"For four months, I'm afraid," was my rejoinder. "Your trial cannot come on till the spring assizes!"

"It will never come on!" said the old woman, firmly. "Four months! ha! ha! ha! I haven't so long to live! Try ME! No *earthly* judge will do that! No! no!"

"Why, Mrs. Waldron," interposed the head matron, "life is—"

"My name is Winifred Waldron," interrupted the prisoner shrilly and fiercely; "as to master and mistress, all that is quite out of place here!"

"Well, sir," continued the female functionary in a deprecating tone, and, turning to me, "my heart warms to this aged woman. We belong to the same county, and were brought up at the same village: and if she would only let me advise her!"

"Counsel should do that," I suggested; "but, perhaps she is too poor."

"Poor, sir? oh! no! she is well off; has means, great means, and children, who—"

"Shall never see their mother within a gaol!" shrieked, rather than said, Winifred; "that disgrace shall never be theirs. *Here* I'll see none of them. And, as to means, my industry got those together. I never begged, borrowed, no, nor—let my accusers swear what they will—STOLE! To my fellow-creatures I owe nothing—"

"But to my God much," said I, finishing the sentence for her; and instantly diverting the conversation into a different, and, let me hope, more appropriate channel.

She listened to me for a few moments; and then, with a scornful, weary, and dissatisfied air, turned away.

"Who is that wretched woman?" was my involuntary inquiry; "and what is her previous history?"

"One that will hardly bear telling," replied my informant; "for, if half be true of what is laid to her charge, few have greater cause to dread death, or more urgent need to provide for its consequences."

"The greater necessity, then, on my part, for information respecting her!"

"She has not sinned from ignorance. *Her's has been forbidden knowledge*. But, sir, form your own opinion of the past from what I venture now to tell you."

With this strange preface she commenced her narrative.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DEVONSHIRE SORCERESS.

"There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, 'Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity, which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines of more polished society?'

"'We pretend to it,' said Hayraddin, 'and it is with justice.'

"'How can that be, that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?' said Quentin.

"'Can I tell you?' answered Hayraddin. 'Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath not power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which

seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring what fruit it will bear in harvest.' "—*Quentin Durward.*

"WINIFRED WALDRON," said my informant, "has been all her life long under that fatal influence,—a passion for accumulation. Left by her husband in easy circumstances, with a family young, it is true, but not unprovided for, she might, in her calling as a sick-nurse, have speedily become independent, had she but heeded the eighth commandment. Her sleepless attention in cases where danger was apprehended, her gentleness and good humour, the firmness with which she would combat the wayward humours of the invalid, and the fidelity with which she would carry out to the very letter the directions of the medical attendant, insured her constant employment among those who could afford her ample recompense. Had she possessed principle, all would have been well; but this was wanting, and no cheerfulness of manner, no habits of wakefulness, could atone for its absence. From various quarters, on a sudden, painful rumours arose. It was whispered that property disappeared in an unaccountable manner from those whom Winifred nursed. The dying, it was hinted, were stripped of their valuables long before the last breath was drawn. Rings were missed; lockets were sought, and sought in vain; the purse of the departed was invariably found empty; and on one occasion, a pair of diamond ear-rings, which were known to have been on the person of the deceased lady an hour before she died, vanished a few minutes after the event had taken place. The strictest subsequent inquiry failed to recover them. All these circumstances created deep and general distrust towards Winifred, which soon became fatal to her calling; her attendance on the sick was gradually dispensed with; another nurse became the favourite; and with herself, at length, was associated a feeling of horror and aversion, which ere long embraced the whole Waldron family, and which in a manner put them out of society. Perhaps in the bitterness of spirit with which she watched the decline of her popularity, as well as in her craving desire for gold, that scheme originated, which afterwards well replenished her purse, and provided for her family. She had it whispered about that she was capable of foretelling the future; and, to those who could pay her well, did so."

"Now," said I, interrupting, much to her vexation, my grave-visaged informant, "understand me as merely listening to you, and giving no credence by so doing to the tissue of imposture which I presume is forthcoming."

"What!" exclaimed she, with a mortified air, "do you believe that the future is always hidden from mortal eye?"

"I believe the future to be known to the Supreme alone, and that none have either ability or commission from Him to disclose it."

"You will find it difficult, sir, to reconcile that saying with what I am about to tell you, and which I know to be true."

"That may be; but still—"

"Only hear me, sir," said she imploringly, "only hear me,"—and she resumed her narrative.

"The clergyman of E—th at that time was an elderly gentleman, of the name of Rhyland. He was an upright, free-spoken old man,

somewhat precise and peculiar in his habits, and rigid in exacting the deference he thought due to the cloth; but very charitable to the poor, and delighted to serve the meanest and humblest among them. He had, it is true, his foibles, and one of them was a very mean estimate of '*womankind.*' That 'incomprehensible part of the creation,' he used laughingly to say, 'had never been a trouble to him!' Many a man on life's voyage 'womankind' had 'wrecked!' his had been 'a happier fate.' He had 'eschewed the kittle creatures!' He 'never could comprehend them; and he rejoiced in the confession.' This strain he had indulged in more than once to Nurse Waldron, during the hours of illness, and she by no means relished the avowal. The subject roused some painful recollections. Her eldest daughter's conduct had given occasion for much malicious comment; and though the world, as is its charitable wont, had drawn the severest conclusions from the slightest premises, still there remained reasonable grounds of censure, and Winifred's peace and comfort had suffered proportionably. The theme itself, the associations it revived, were each and all hateful. Prudence slept; the mother and the woman rose within her, and she said harshly,

"'Wait, Mr. Rhyland, wait; your race is not yet run. Lets and hindrances may lie before you, ay, and raised up by those whom you most despise.'

"'How?'

"'I never yet knew a man who spoke contemptuously of women who did not, sooner or later, rue their influence. This is the general law of retaliation; and you,' said she, looking sternly at him, 'will form no exception.'

"'Tell me my weird, Winifred; tell it me, by all means.'

"'I could, if I would,' returned the nurse.

"'Let me hear it now: no time like the present.'

"'A future day will do: it's not so agreeable.'

"'Out with it. You've mystified many, Winifred; now try and humbug me.'

"'Be ruled for once, and let coming days bring coming burdens.'

"'No, no,' said he jestingly, 'my weird, my weird!'

"'Well, then,' said the nurse firmly, 'since you are peremptory, you shall be obeyed. The peaceful part of your life, Mr. Rhyland, is over; the stormy period fast approaches. You will die of a broken heart, and WOMEN *will cause it!*'

"Mr. Rhyland shook with laughter.

"'Capital! At my time of life,—without one single female relative,—living in such strict seclusion,—and so rarely presenting myself in female society,—to ME such a catastrophe is most probable! Ha! ha! ha! Winifred, you're an amusing woman! And when I die of a broken heart, such death being caused, remember, by the softer sex, my will shall contain marked record of you: I will make you my residuary legatee.'

"'*You'll have nothing to leave,*' said Winifred coolly.

"Month after month rolled away, and left Mr. Rhyland in the calm discharge of his daily duties, wearied by no cares, and menaced by no misfortune. Repeatedly did he taunt Winifred with her prediction, and inquire 'when the ladies were to arrive who were to bring about so woeful a catastrophe?'

"'They are at hand,' was her reply.

"'Ay! and so is my mitre!' was his sly rejoinder.

"About this time the little community of E—th (at that period its pretensions were those only of a small fishing village) received an addition in the persons of two ladies, whom I shall christen Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Beaufoy. They were inveterate card-players: with them play was not an amusement, but an occupation. Existence was insupportable without a rubber; it was the main business of life; the day was lost on which cards were unattainable. The astonishment with which their habits were viewed in a retired village like E—th may be imagined. But what scandalized the quiet and thoughtful portion of the community the most was this,—that these independent ladies (they lived together) generally contrived to collect a party on the Saturday evening, and invariably played deep into the Sabbath morning. Mr. Rhyland was fairly roused. The moral habits of his flock were, to his mind, endangered by the example set by these industrious and indefatigable ladies, and he preached boldly on the value of time, and the sin of gambling. He might just as well have whistled! It would have been equally beneficial to the lady-sinners, and much less injurious to himself. Great exception was taken at his proceedings. 'Bigot,' 'Inquisitor,' 'Mawworm,'—such were the nicknames freely assigned him; and very speedily a small, but influential party, was arrayed against him in the very parish he had so long and so faithfully guarded. He redoubled his efforts, preached longer and more vehement sermons; and the 'independent ladies,' to be provided against all casualties, took with them sandwiches, and ate them in their pew. They protested that 'Mr. Rhyland's sermons were so lengthy, that they required luncheon.' Nor was this all. They used to groan at each fresh division of his discourse, and sigh audibly when any particularly pointed sentence, any 'palpable hit,' was made at them. But still they came to church, and still they held their Saturday card assemblies, and still these lasted past midnight! Their policy was crooked; but it completely baffled Mr. Rhyland. To many it seemed pointless; but, in the end, all admitted it to have been well-considered.

"At length, one fatal Sunday morning, when the groans had been deeper and the sighs heavier than usual, the preacher warned his auditors against the example set by '*those disorderly females in pew* 49!' This was sufficient. His words were taken down; a report was made of them to the bishop. Proceedings were commenced against him in the Spiritual Court, and Mesdames Barker and Beaufoy announced their intention of teaching the curate of E—th a lesson, which he should remember to his dying day. He laughed at the idea of their being able to injure him, and, strong in the conviction that he had simply discharged his duty, neglected at the commencement of the suit to defend himself so effectually as he might have done. The oversight was great, and his wary enemies never permitted him to repair it. The words were ill chosen, and told terribly against him. Unfortunately they would bear more than one meaning, and the ladies chose to understand them in the worst. Had he called them 'noisy,' 'talkative,' or 'thoughtless' females, the result might have been more favourable; but as the words 'disorderly house' describe a dwelling of the worst description, so did these card-players maintain, and their lawyer insist, that the words

'disorderly females' implied women of an abandoned calling. In vain did Mr. Rhyland disclaim any such meaning; he had understood the ladies too late. They held *the winning cards*, 'played,' as Mrs. Beaufoy declared, 'for *a slam,* and meant to have it.' The day was theirs. Mr. Rhyland was suspended from his sacred calling, and condemned in costs of suit. It killed him. He never left his room after the sentence was made known to him. His friends tried to comfort him, but in vain. He invariably answered, 'When the ceaseless labours of thirty years, and an unblemished character for the same period, go for nothing, it tells a man too plainly that the world is weary of him.'

"*He died broken-hearted, and all but a beggar!*"

The narrator paused, and looked up inquiringly, as if she would ascertain the impression which her statement had produced.

"A lucky hit!" was my comment; "Winifred's random shot told well."

"Indeed! Is that all! Is it thus lightly that you regard the fulfilment of her strange prophecy?"

"I deny that it was a prophecy."

"Listen, then, to this. You must, you will view it seriously, I'm convinced."

"Most probably not. A trivial play upon words, perhaps? All these matters are of slight importance."

"Not to the party," cried she warmly, "for sad mischance befel him; nor to Winifred, whom it for life established—"

"As an impostor?"

"No, no,—as a weird woman. But listen. The week after Mr. Rhyland's death a wealthy family, of the name of Muriel, came to E—th. It comprised, independent of the father, five grown-up daughters, and a youth about eleven, an only son. He was a misshapen, ill-conditioned boy, spoiled by over indulgence; somewhat clever and quick-witted, but sadly foul-tongued; one of those, in fact, (and they are many,) who are ever sowing with the lip the seeds of future bitter enmities. As the Muriels had come to E—th for the special benefit of the young boy's health, a large portion of each morning was spent by Basset upon the sands, and it happened that one day, returning from the beach, he encountered Nurse Waldron. She reproved him for his cruel treatment of a most patient pony; and he, unaccustomed to reproof or censure of any kind, reviled her bitterly. She again expressed her opinion of the cruelty of his conduct. Of his abuse she had sufficient self-control to abstain from all notice. Arrived at home, Basset speedily made himself master of the name of his monitress, and certain dark facts of her history; while his father, arrogant and purse-proud, instead of following up Waldron's reproof, and pointing out its justice, added fuel by his comments to Basset's anger, and inflamed it still more strongly against his courageous monitress.

They met again on the morrow, and Basset commenced the conversation—surely there are people sent into this world specially commissioned to wound the feelings of others—by the malicious inquiry of

"Who stole Miss Ancaster's diamond ear-rings?"

She was silent, and he repeated the question. She replied,—he rejoined; and, after some sarcastic inuendoes as to the various thefts

imputed to her, the malignant urchin expressed his 'hope that the gallows would not be cheated of its due, and that he should live to see her hanged!'

"'You will live to see nothing of the kind, young sir. Look to your own account.'

"'What! must it soon be rendered?'

"'Sooner, mayhap, than you now expect.'

"'Well, be it soon or be it late, WITCH, *you*,' alluding to Winifred's ostensible calling, 'shall not make my shroud!'

"'No!' said she, 'you will require no shroud from man or woman either! God will provide you with one—one sufficient to cover your whole proud family.'

"With a laugh, which it chilled one's blood to hear, she turned and left him."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DOOM OF THE DEVOTED ONE.

"Can it be that those who are permitted to read certain facts in the book of fate, are blinded to the right interpretation of that which they discover? Perhaps it may be. Nought that I have ever calculated has proved false; but often it has been verified in a sense so opposite to my expectations, that it seems as if heaven held the search presumptuous, and baffled the searcher even with the knowledge he acquired.—*Darnley, by* JAMES.

"I WITNESSED the interview. I heard the burst of frightful mirth with which Winifred turned towards her cottage. I heeded young Muriel's contemptuous smile; and the grave, not to say alarmed, look of the listening bystanders. In vain I repeated to myself, ''Tis but the passionate remark of an angry woman!' The conviction seized and possessed me that young Basset's days would be few; and that a violent death would end them. Still it was not easy to foresee how misadventure could possibly befal him; and, in truth, if attendant hirelings could have warded off mischance, the personal safety of the young heir was fully secured. Independent of the groom, whose main duty was to look after his young master's sure-footed but sadly used pony, a staid, observant, middle-aged man, was in constant attendance upon the capricious boy when abroad, with orders, 'never to lose sight of him.' And well, with but one omission, were they obeyed. Walk where young Basset would, and let his pace be what it might, Mason was behind him. Many a laugh, and many a joke did this companionship cause among the nobility; at length jest and jeer ceased, or, at least, yielded to a deeper and more compassionate feeling. The summer had passed away, and the Muriels were on the point of quitting our sunny sands, when, a day or two previous to their intended departure, Basset, followed by Mason, strayed down to the beach. The morning was fine; and the youth, in his eager search for shells, extended his walk, till he arrived at a place called the Point — a part of the sands little frequented — at the back of the town, and much out of sight. Observing his young master completely occupied, as he thought, in turning over the shingle in search of agate, the attendant sat down on a sand-hillock to rest. It was presumed — for Mason could give no account of this part of the transaction—that, over-

come by the heat of the day, and previous exertion, he slept. It was generally believed that, detecting his guide's situation, a freak suddenly seized the youth that he would bathe; that he hastily stripped, and plunged into the water. The shore shelved very gently, so gently that he would have had to wade a considerable distance before he could get out of his depth. On this head no danger was to be apprehended. But a greater lay concealed. Near that spot was a bank of light, soft sand, which yielded to the slightest pressure. It was of no very great extent; shifted occasionally after an equinoctial gale, or a very high tide, and the closest observer gained no indications of its existence either by change of current, colour, or increased depth of water. Still it was there. The older fishermen were aware of it. Among them a tradition was rife that, forty years before, two women and a boy, with a horse and cart, had been lost in its bed by the inadvertence of the driver. And yet no precautions were taken to warn the unwary against it; for a spot more uninviting, more unlikely to be the resort of bathers could not well be imagined. Thither, by some fatality, this unhappy youth was guided. He was heard to scream twice, loudly and fearfully, by a pilot who was returning in his skiff from a vessel which he had conducted over the bar. The second shriek roused from his slumber the drowsy attendant. He rushed towards the spot, and saw the hands of his young master waving wildly above the water, as if for help. But that help no mortal arm could render. His shroud of sand enclosed him, and holds him till the last great day!"

The narrator paused, as if awaiting some comment.

"The coincidence is curious," said I; "but it leaves the main question untouched: you surely do not connect Winifred's angry speech with the unhappy boy's end?"

"I do, though!"

"Strange that an educated person like yourself—for your manner of telling this tale convinced me that no common pains had been bestowed upon your childhood — should have so superstitious a bias!"

"Yes," said she sadly, "better prospects once were mine: *once* —but—but—" then in a calmer tone—"tell me, sir, where does belief end, and superstition begin?"

"That is a question more easily asked than answered. The best mode of dealing with it is—"

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Winifred, who had sidled up unperceived, "I have a favour to ask before you leave the ward. Time here passes wondrous slowly; and, to speed him on his way, I should be very glad of a book. You lend some, I believe, occasionally?"

"I do: you shall have one."

"Now, sir, don't misjudge me — pray don't," continued the aged crone, "I declare I mean to give no offence—none—none whatever, but, if I *am* to have a book, let—let it be one with as little religion in it as possible."

CLUBS AND CLUBMEN.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

IN the hope of producing a definition of a CLUB worthy the lexicographic pen of the great Johnson, we have been sitting these five minutes with our chin resting on our hand, our elbow on our desk, and a face as long as that of a physician in consultation, or a donkey over a gate. But it may not be. Chaos itself is not more unsusceptible of terse and compact illustration; and the definition of a club, to be really definitive, must be couched in Thompsonian rather than Johnsonian English; or, in other words, must be vulgar, diffuse, and a bundle of contradictions. For clubs are as many-sided as any of the great political questions viewed and reviewed by those parliamentary tyros of the day, who mistake every gradation of prismatic tincture for a new and distinct colour. But let us remember that we have promised to be Thompsonian, and eschew fine writing.

We were rashly about to enter upon the description of a club, having the beau-window of White's in our mind's eye; that elect and select concentration of the finer, if not more refined particles of society, too conscious of their value to waste themselves by amalgamation with the mass of human nature; a measure of thrice-winnowed corn, whereof every grain has its separate existence, secured in a casket of club-exclusiveness, like the Crown jewels behind their iron-grating in the Tower, or, Thompsonianly speaking, like the daily bread behind the barred windows of a *boulanger* in the panivorous kingdom of France.

But the definition of a club, thus derived, would be White's by itself—White's; *the* club from which men have died of exclusion, as Keats, of the Quarterly,—killed on the spot by a black-ball; *the* club where, in dandy existence, "either you must live or have no life;" where everything thought may be said, because thought only by right-thinking people; but where nothing said should be repeated elsewhere, lest it tend to a too speedy civilization of the common herd of mankind; to write yourself M.P. being far less distinctive than M.W.

But, to have presented the sketch of this Eleusinian temple of fine gentlemanism as the portrait of a London club; to have enlarged upon its unostentatious but luxurious arrangements, its combination of jockeyism and politics, Old England and Young England; nay, to have jotted in the very carriages and horses waiting before its door, sound, solid, and impeccable in taste, because a matter of service, rather than of vulgar ostentation; and immediately afterwards conducted some inexperienced foreigner to the flashy fashionability of Crockford's, or the dull humdrummery of St. James's Square, as brethren of the same family, would have sorely discredited our discernment.

There are, in fact, as many classes of clubs as of society. England is the land of clubs. A club is a natural excrescence of English social life, as the gall-apple on the oak. Introduced into other countries, the system has been rarely known to flourish; and you might as well expect a really clubbish French or Russian club, composed of natives, as

an authentic oak-apple grown on an elm or alder. No nation but the English is capable of the social solecism of excluding women from their society as a matter of luxury. No other nation finds delight in the freedom from restraint engendered by the absence of the gentler sex. No other nation makes a boast of its satisfaction in dirty boots, coarse language, cigars, and their adjuncts. Such things find open favour in America; but, when enjoyed in any civilized country, it is, and ought to be, in fellowship with the people, rather than in the exclusive sanctity of club retreat.

Not but that, with all this seeming misogyny, John Bull entertains as high a reverence as his politic neighbours of the continent, for the petticoated moiety of human nature. But his veneration is so great that it assumes the sanctity of altar-worship. While admitting woman to be a divinity, he chooses to conceal his idol in the Holy of Holies of domestic life. Duly to enjoy the society of Mrs. Bull, he chooses a smoking tureen, and cod's-head and shoulders to intervene between them; and their olive-branches to be around their table. Then, after prosing her into a becoming doze by the narrative of his morning's occupations, whether of business or idleness, he leaves her to the enjoyment of her arm-chair, takes his hat, hurries into his Brougham, and off to whist and his club, secure from the intrusion of the sex.

For John adores woman in the singular, and hates her in the plural; John *loves*, but does not *like*. Woman is the object of his passion, rarely of his regard. There is nothing in the gaiety of heart, or sprightliness of intellect of the weaker sex, which he considers an addition to society. To *him* women are an interruption, both to business and pleasure.

The play of features, the graceful countenance, the sweetness of voice and expression, which lend a charm in foreign countries to the conversation of the fair, are in fact, too often wanting among ourselves. English women, certified beforehand that the men with whom they are discoursing feel them to be a bore, and are waiting for an opportunity to steal off to their clubs, become dull and dispirited; either too proud to fight against the attraction of the smoking-room, and whist-table, or depressed by the suspicion that all they are saying will be turned into ridicule by the habitual scoffery of a club-man.

The evil is, consequently, one of re-action; and reproduces itself so effectively, that, year after year, new clubs arise to dignify the purlieus of Pall Mall, and assign the ladies of London a still more Turkish subjection of mind and habits. For, on the whole, we are not sure but that the sex enjoys higher honour in the harems of Constantinople than in the drawing-rooms of London; being guarded in the one as a precious treasure; in the other, treated like a piece of ornamental china, pretty, fragile, useless,—not worth locking up, only because of insufficient value to become an object of temptation,—and which the owner is sure to find glittering on his chimney-piece on his return from his club.

At the commencement of the present century, London contained a scarcely larger allotment of clubs than at the commencement of the century preceding. The intervening age, of a peculiarly domestic character, engendered little to demand an extension of the Wills's and Button's, the chocolate-houses and coffee-houses, where people loved to prose in public, and obtain by talking the reputation now sought in print. At that period the fashionable institutions of the day

partook of a French rather than an English character. Almack's, at first accounted a club, comprised both sexes in its lists, as attested by the letters of Horace Walpole; and the pleasures of the Pantheon and Ranelagh were neither exclusive nor misogynic.

But, with the political fervour awakened by the French Revolution, arose a new order of things. Society was in a state of ferment. The leading politicians of the day experienced the desire of prolonging in social life the discussions for which the long ears of parliament were insufficient. The ferocity of Whigism and Toryism became incompatible with petticoat presence; and, in order to call names and bandy arguments to their hearts' content, the clubs of the day were made the arena of its political warfare. Already, the fashionability of the heir-apparent had imparted a certain vogue to the clubs of St. James's Street; and, as they affected the gallantry of celebrating public events by brilliant fêtes, there was still absolution for them from the hands of beauty.

The excitement arising from public causes soon became perceptible in the enactments of social life. Desperate play was made to succeed to furious argumentation. The frame of society was out of joint; and a variety of changes, "pleasant, but wrong," were suffered to diversify the monotony of London life. Suffice it to consider those which attach to the natural history of the club.

From that period, to belong to Brookes's or White's was a declaration of political opinion; but, whereas politics and play, however necessary their excitement to palates satiated by the enjoyments of luxury, or lost in the enervation of aristocratic leisure, appear "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," that is, nothing but what is offensive and pernicious, to the more sober-sided class of the community. Boodle's and Arthur's began to concentrate a highly-estimable order of London-kind; the Cocoa Tree extended its window to faces of insufficient interest to appear behind the panes of White's; and, by degrees, the dull Albion and solemn Alfred afforded a refuge for the solid sense of professional, and the drowsiness of middle-aged man.

Nothing could be more eminently respectable than the new clubs. The epidemy of witty sarcasm lingered like a malaria at White's; while the growing dissipations of the times created for themselves a glowing focus at Watier's. But there was a world elsewhere; a world of buzz-wigs and solemnities, so becomingly behind the maddening race of the times, that one day, when Canning, in the zenith of his fame, dropped into the house-dinner at the Alfred, so pure were the eleven worthy individuals of whom it was composed, from the sophistications of the West End world, that, on the departure of the stranger, each loudly expressed his wonder "*Who* that *very* agreeable man could be?" Just as if Lord Palmerston were at this moment to startle the dulness of the —— by the vivacity of his *bon-mots*, and provoke on his exit a similar inquiry!—

By this time, the rage for clubs had become a sort of bubble-speculation. On the re-opening of the Continent at the close of the war, travelled Englishmen became for the first time aware of the insufficiency of tavern accommodation in this metropolis. The excellent *restaurants* and brilliant *cafés* of Paris inspired them with contempt for the tough and scorched mutton of the Piazza, or the British; and, conscious of the necessity of reform, they wisely judged that a better *cuisine*, combined with a more auspicious *locale*, might be obtained by

New Harmonizing their hunger, thirst, and love of newspapers, by the institution of additional clubs. The places in White's window, or Brookes's whist-tables, were becoming as hereditary as the stations of beggars in the streets of old Madrid; and the soldier and sailor, the lawyer and physician, the painter and architect, no less than the country baronets, and estated esquire, began to feel it indispensable severally to secure a cenobitium for their leisure, or a retreat against the bickerings of domestic life. Under this club-making influence, Pall Mall grew and grew, and Charing Cross gaped with an extended yawn to make way for a succession of palaces; till King Charles must have wondered on his brazen steed what could possibly be going on behind his back. The United Service, University, Athenæum, Union, and many more, vied with each other in the richness of their furniture, and commodiousness of their arrangements. Eventually, the Carlton and Reform clubs set up their rival nurseries of political corruption and legalized illegality. The Travellers' spread its tent for the benefit of foreign wanderers in the desarts of London, and such as are fond of cultivating their society. Crockford having already upraised a pandemoniacal temple on a scale of brilliancy; and free-and-easiness, such as might have called up the shades of Buckingham, Rochester, and Killigrew, to preside over its committee.

From that period, the utmost club wants of the metropolis may be said to have been appeased. Others have arisen, and are arising, as offsets shoot up from every oak, but of neither value nor moment; and it is now apparent that the mania has reached its climax; for several of the older clubs have been on the eve of bankruptcy, and several others compelled to make the acquaintance of those strange bedfellows said to be the inseparable companions of misery. Even White's was for a moment brought down from its stilts; and, after straining for years at gnats, compelled to swallow more than a single camel; though the fluctuations of fashion, and disorganization of Crockford's consequent on the retreat of the proprietor, is said to have restored to its more classical rival its former privilege of gnat-straining.

The region of the clubs now constitutes an almost admitted quarter of the town; and if London had ever the audacity to contend with St. Petersburg for the title of City of Palaces, or with Paris for architectural distinction, the pretension would rest far more decently on the splendour of its clubs, than of its royal residences or national museums and academies. The Palladium *façade* of the Reform Club is one of the boasts of the West End.

The habitual London lounger is, probably, an incompetent judge of the merits of these mammoth establishments; with their enormous cellars, their ogre-like kitchens, and daily hecatomb; their regiments of scullions, and light-infantry brigade of waiters. It is only by sojourn in cities where clubs are rare or inaccessible, that we are enabled to estimate the mightiness of advantage afforded thereby to men of moderate means, destitute of a domestic establishment. Those who have neither lares nor penates are, consequently, permitted to worship the club.

It must be, at the same time, admitted that the monastic and scholastic institutions of our ancestors partook not of a more decidedly anti-matrimonial character. The monk, or fellow of a college, is not a more obstinate bachelor than the man of many clubs. Therein is his city of refuge; therein abides his Palladium. *There* does the cold

man, the reserved man, the selfish man, the dull man, create an ample field for the cultivation of his egotism ; *there* does the woman-hater find elbow-room for his hatred, and the woman-lover a case-mated refuge from his love.

The club-man is in a position to resist the tyrannies of mother, sister, wife, or mistress. The snail, or tortoise, in its shell, enjoys no surer impunity. Hunt down your victim as ye will, oh ! ye women of little faith ! he defies you at last by earthing himself in the sanctuary of his club. *There* he may eat, drink, read, play, from morning till the morning following. There, you cannot deprive him of his billiards, cannot disturb his whist, cannot interdict his cigar, cannot want the first volume of the novel he has just opened, or taunt him by looking over his shoulder when absorbed in the debate, or remind him of the gout when enjoying his turtle, or talk of cupping, when the glass of madeira is at his lips. There he may eat his asparagus "*tout à l'huile!*" *There* he may pepper his cream-tart ! *There* he may damn the sex, and be happy !

It is often contended by women, on the other hand, that the advantage is reciprocal ; that the man capable of finding his happiness in a club is unworthy to enjoy it elsewhere ; and that those who expend the greater portion of their day in laying down the law at a club, or accepting the law when laid down by the council of ten into which every club resolves its conscript fathers, constitute precisely the bores from whose company society ought to render thanks for deliverance.

According to these fair jurists, the clubs form an invaluable safety-valve for the effervescence of ill-humour, which serves to relieve many a family from its domestic tyrant ; and the stingy sensualist, who writes his letters at his club, luxuriating there in the newspapers and periodicals he refuses to his family-circle at home, spunging on its snuff-box, and gathering up its crumbs of comfort, would only contribute the growl of a bear to the colloquialities of his own fireside. Let it be established as a rule, that the man who is a club-fixture, who dines there more than three days in the week, or sulks there more than three hours in the morning, is one little cared for elsewhere. It is as rare to find one of the favourites of society club-logged, as it is indispensable for even the most popular man to appear for twenty minutes of every day at the club in fashion.

For clubs, like dogs, have their day. During a Whig administration, for instance, the Carlton was the thing. A party in opposition is a united party ; weakened by no jealousies, disturbed by no mistrustings. Aware that it is only by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether the common object can be achieved, every man flatters himself that, when its head shall be premier, he shall be secretary of state. No snarler on his own side is rash enough to probe his vanity ; no superior man pretends to gainsay his assertion. Everybody is in the right, because all are in the wrong. All is hypothesis, all is expectation ; and the club, concentrating the noes against any existing government, comprises the *élite* of a party, a body of men active in talk, because timid in action ; vivacious, brilliant, and united.

But, no sooner does the party attain office, than the said club becomes divided against itself. Petty feuds and discontents arise. The court-cards of the pack are too much in request in higher places to have leisure for club-lounging ; the deuces and trays are sulky on finding themselves discarded from the winning hand. The club has no

longer a common aim. It is composed of men striving to outwit each other on the course of preferment, out-talk each other in the gabble of debate. The same men who, a few months before, crossed the threshold as if throwing themselves into the arms of their family, with open hearts and familiar voices, have now come to regard it as an enemy's camp, and become cynical or taciturn. They husband their anecdotes for the minister from whom they have hopes; they reserve their information for the member to whom they are jackal; they husband their wit for their own speeches, their criticism for those of others. The Carlton of to-day is, consequently, no longer what it was two sessions ago. The crest of many a cockatoo is depressed; the wing of many a goose has been stripped of its pen-feathers; nay, the swan has turned out a goose, and the game-cock been over-crowed by the pert bantam. The Carlton club is now laid nearly as low as Carlton House.

But even as one club differeth from another in glory, one may be said to form the peristyle to another; while some assume importance when conjoined with others, which, singly, have little credit. As the name of John becomes aristocratic when coupled with Lord, though vulgar in a footman, it is good to be a member of Crockford's, if you are authenticated in society as belonging to White's, Brookes's, or The Travellers', but scampish if you belong to Crockford's alone. The Athenæum, on the other hand, is a sort of neutral territory, where the learned in law, physic, or divinity, the arts, or the sciences, go to criticise all that is said, done, or projected in other clubs, and other places; to review the newspapers, and talk leading articles on the debates;—a club of big-wigs, as the former of empty pates.

White's we have presumed to define as of somewhat dowagerly dandyism, its door abounding in Broughams rather than cabs, and having ten boiled chickens to one *à la Tartare*, in the daily service of its dinners. On entering the room, you hear people complain of the draught, and hint at rheumatism. In process of time, it will grow as fusty as Boodle's; and when its present sable-silvered heads shall have become white as the poll of Polonius, panada and toast and water will probably succeed to *riz à la Turque*, and Badminton mixture, in its daily fare.

The flash of fashion of the day decidedly rests with Crockford's. Hazard has, of course, its part in this, but cookery more; and the dynasty which came in victorious with Ude, holds its own with honour under Francatelle. Crockford's is the finish of every fashionable day. After the dull family-dinner,—after the opera,—the soirée,—nay, after the brilliant ball terminating at five o'clock in the morning, it is still necessary to smoke a cigar on the steps of Crockford's. It is there the crocodile's eggs of those airy nothings the scandals of the hour, are hatched into existence. It is there reports originate,—it is there the petty spites of society find vent in barbed words. If White's be the pleasanter dining-house, for supper there is only Crockford's. The effervescence of folly's fermentations explode nowhere with a smarter detonation. To a man between thirty and fifty, *sans* White's *point de salut;* but there is no salvation, between twenty and thirty, for a young fellow who does not run the daily gauntlet of Crockford's. It is there the rust of homeliness will be soonest rubbed off. It is there he will get rid of his inconvenient sense of right and wrong, and learn to mistake black for white, as well as to discriminate between *rouge et*

noir. At Crockford's he will make pleasant acquaintances; so as to enable himself to discard his friends and disown his relations.

Of all the juries into which society resolves itself, the verdict of the clubs goes farthest, perhaps, in determining a man's character, and assessing the value of his understanding. Half of the untraceable opinions of society emanate from these masculine strongholds, like the mephitic gas engendered by the Grotta del Cane. No one can exactly say who decided the great Sophronius to be a pedant and a bore. It is a fact that few would have dared to be the first to whisper in Grosvenor Square, or to write from some aristocratic castle. But, by a simultaneous murmur of the Carlton, Boodle's, and Arthur's, oppressed each in turn by the burthen of his company, the accusation transpired into the world, became repeated from echo to echo; and nobody invites Sophronius to dinner this season, on the plea of—"all the world thinks him a bore: we will ask a more popular man." But for the plain-speaking of the clubs, in the mealy-mouthed days of Addison, for instance, Sophronius would have gone to his grave with the reputation of being a very superior man, and the best talker of his day.

Lord Harry, too;—but for the unholy inquisition of the clubs, *who* would have found out the Lord Harry? A century ago, he would have lived and died a man of wit and pleasure about town, telling the very best stories in the very best manner, secretly assassinating the reputations of his friends, with a degree of spirit and address worthy a Neapolitan brigand, and publicly tomahawking and scalping only such of his enemies as the world is at no pains to defend, hitting those in the eye who had no friends, and kicking the man who was down without a chance of getting up again.

Till he was five-and-twenty, Lord Harry was pronounced to be the best fellow in the world; and at thirty, had progressed into the reputation of the most agreeable. No dinner complete without Lord Harry and his *bon mots*, no party to the moors perfect without his capital stories; and lucky was the park or castle which had secured him for its Christmas festivities or Easter fêtes. When a royal party was expected,—that severest calamity which can befall a country house,—the first thing done was to implore the early arrival of Lord Harry, undauntable by even the unamusability of royalty, and possessed of a fund of gossip not only inexhaustible, but adapted to ears polite, ears politer, and ears politest.

Just, however, as his lordship had attained the zenith of his fame as a wit and a charmer, White's was undergoing one of those spasmodic attacks which, once or twice in the course of its existence, have caused it to relax in rigidity. A succession of east winds one March, accompanied by a severe influenza, had carried off an unusual portion of its dowager dandies, and delicate lordlings, and Lord Harry, instead of the five premonitory black-ballings he had anticipated from jealous compeers, got in without a struggle! About the same time Crockford founded his princely *Académie des Jeux*, and, from a mere man about town, Lord Harry became suddenly established as a club-man. Three months afterwards, and he was a lost mutton! It was not Hazard through which he fell from his high estate. He became a martyr neither to whist, écarté, nor piquet. But no insolvent sifted by the Commissioners, no bankrupt cross-examined in Basinghall Street, endures

a rougher system of browbeating than he who attempts to maintain the reputation of being supremely amusing among those whose business in life is to be supremely amused; and Lord Harry, on being weighed in the balance, was found wanting.

Lord Harry was convicted of appropriating other men's stories,—of pilfering other men's jokes,—of fathering other men's puns,—of repeating other men's mystifications. The first time he attempted at White's one of those capital anecdotes which had been wont to set the dowager dinner-tables in a roar, he was assailed by twenty voices with "A Copley, a Copley! Sir Joseph, Sir Joseph!"—the thing having originated in that very room, three seasons before. By degrees, as his budget became unfolded, every article it contained was recognised as stolen goods, and appropriated to the rightful owner. The capital song was O'Callaghan's,—the epigram Luttrell's,—the hoax Sneyd's,—the pun Alvanley's;—not so much as the smallest joke of which he stood possessed could he venture to call his own;—and the hitherto triumphant Lord Harry was denounced as an impostor by those among whom wit must be spontaneous, and the impromptu, if *fait à loisir, fait à point;* the Helicon of White's being licensed to be drunk on the premises.

But if some jays be plucked of their borrowed plumes on appearing among the proud peacocks of St. James's Street, a still severer fate attends those efflorescent talkers who would pass in society for habitual liars, unless protected by the habits of gentlemen. At all times, London possesses one or two pleasant fellows, privileged by their ten thousand a-year, or peerage, or seat in Parliament; whose inventive genius devotes itself to talking novels and romances, instead of writing them. For a certain number of seasons they are voted "excellent fun;" by degrees, approval deepens into wonder; people venture to appear surprised at such *very* extraordinary adventures having befallen, or come to the knowledge of a single individual; the world begins to smile, but aside, and politely. Unable to convict, it dares not accuse.

But let such a man take up his parable in a fashionable club, and he will be called Lying So-and-so within a week. The name will not banish him from society. As "Lying So-and-so," on the contrary, he will be oftener invited, and more complacently listened to, than when presuming to impose himself on society as matter-of-fact. But the world is on its guard. Nobody is obliged to believe. The verdict of the club has exercised the influence of an Old Bailey conviction; and to have one's pocket picked by the notorious Barrington is a greater disgrace to oneself than to the perpetrator of the act.

It is amazing the evil influence that may be produced in a club by the persistency of an obnoxious member,—some recognised bore,—some obstinate button-holder,—some touchy fire-eater,—some man of slovenly or offensive habits,—who, having by oversight crept in, is there for the remainder of his days, neither useful nor ornamental, like the brazen statue in Hyde Park, which everybody wishes away, and no one is privileged to remove. Troubled at home, rebutted in society, such an individual becomes permanent in his club. The more popular members put their heads into the room, and make a hasty exit on beholding him. The very waiters loathe the sight of him, as fatal to their interests. Night after night, they find him clear the gallery. The club becomes thin, cheerless, deserted. Nothing but death can stand its friend; for an obnoxious member is sure to be as punctual in

the payment of his subscription as though it were included in the Queen's taxes. And yet in an extreme case like this, homicide is not justifiable!

Not that the fellowship of a club begets any more acquaintance between parties, otherwise strangers, than if they met in the pit at the opera. On the contrary, a man is more on his guard against an individual of whose acquaintance he is undesirous, whom he constantly meets at his club, than if further removed. Among foreigners it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, for persons to sit year after year in the same room, perusing the same newspaper, dipping into the same snuff-box, and warming themselves by the same fire, yet preserving total alienation. But English phlegm is an unfailing amulet. Even as the sulphur of our seacoal fires is a preservative against the humidity of the climate, the reserve of our nature forms an antidote, or preventive check, to the sociability of the clubs.

During the prevalence of the balloon mania, it was no uncommon thing for one or more of the ten individuals who chose to hazard life and limb for the pleasure of fluctuating a critical hour between time and eternity, to endure the novel sensations of the ascent and descent, —the risk,—the excitement,—the enjoyment,—without one syllable of intercommunication with their fellow aëronauts;—and there are Englishmen who have been known to suffer shipwreck, without any increase of familiarity with their companions in peril! And, but for this impervious coat of mail, this buffalo-skinned habit of reserve, many fine gentlemen would be as shy of entering a club as a cholera hospital!

Some men identify themselves with their club, as though it constituted for them a second family. The country baronet puts down the name of his son at Boodle's the day he is breeched; and the London banker is as jealous of the credit of Arthur's as of his own firm. The admittance of some flashy man of fashion goes as much against the grain with him, as to the colonel of an infantry regiment the arrival of a new ensign, with horses, grooms, and a French valet. The United Service, the Oriental, possess an *esprit de corps*, naturally arising from their specific nature; and the man who says, "Yes, I belong to the Cocoa Tree, and so did my father and grandfather before me," pronounces the words in a spirit of conservatism worthy the nobleman who adheres to his pigtail, and the nobleman who still adheres to his Hessian boots, fifty years after their abolition by the acclaim of the civilized community.

Others devote themselves to their club, as though it constituted one of the duties of life;—and never does the legislative boss of John Bull,—the organ which causes him to enact statutes for the peeling of turnips, and render penal the ringing of dustmen's bells—develop itself more strongly than in the fussiness of club committees. There are certain tritons of the minnows who, having no establishments of their own to regulate, or being excluded from the regulation thereof by their own Xantippes, find their chief delight in bullying the house-steward, and examining the items of kitchen accounts,—organizing the cellars, or lecturing the fishmongers of the club to which they officiate as ædiles.

Officious members of this description appear invaluable to those more indolent epicureans, thankful to anybody who will assist in greasing the creaking wheels of life, to render their own progress the

easier. But the rising generation of the club,—the movement party, —the *jeune Angleterre* of the community in its *paletots* and Chesterfield wrappers,—is sure to regard them as a drag-chain on the vehicle, —a nuisance to be put down by act of parliament.

To men of business, a club is a relaxation; to idle men, part of the business of life. The great unpaid of rural legislation, born, if squires, for the quorum, if yeomen, for churchwardens,—have in London life their prototypes in the monsterers of nothings of a club committee.

To others the club is a whetstone for their wits. They frequent the Carlton or Reform to pick up political opinions, as pigeons peas; they go to the Athenæum for their sententiousness, to the Garrick for their jokes; and, if kept at home by indisposition, become as dull as a great man, like an actor imperfect in his part, who cannot catch the prompter's word. This accounts for the extraordinary variations in the quality of town or country conversation in certain persons. The same individual, as stagnant in Hampshire as the lake in his own park, becomes lively and agreeable in Berkeley Square. In the country, he wants the spur of his club, and lacks the varnish requisite to bring out his colours; it is there he cuts the birch, or gathers the bunch of nettles wherewith to stir up the vivacities of others. Among his brother squires, he is too apt to have his own way, which is anything but the way of the world.

Next to freemasonry, there is no species of delusion through which the fair sex is so grievously imposed upon by the dark, as the great mystery of clubs. It is a word flung in the teeth of women by father, brother, husband, friend. The polytheism of the bad old times assigned to the weaker sex a variety of religious duties or pleasures, secured from male intrusion. Now-a-days, there is not a single temple, the threshold whereof is sacred to the foot of man. *He* may intrude at all times, in all places; yet has arrogated to himself a sanctuary secure as the thrice-hallowed solitude of sovereignty. The most angry, the most jealous, the most injured woman in the world, would not find courage to beard the lion in his den, and follow him with her reproaches or menaces up the majestic steps of White's, or storm the citadel of the United Service. Imagine a wretched wife pursuing her truant husband into the play-room at Crockford's, or the muzz-room at the Athenæum! After torturing her very soul out at home, Sir John Brute defies retort or reproach, by taking up his hat, and driving down to his club! No redress—no retaliation! He may remain there till the following day—leaving her ladyship to burst with rage at home, or sink under her mortifications!

Even in lesser particulars the club-man obtains undue advantage over; his female acquaintances. Lælius, for instance, imposes himself upon the mediocracy of the Regent's Park as a man of wit and fashion: grieves with important familiarity for "poor Hook," quotes the aphorisms of Fonblanque, and talks of having "just left Bulwer." How are the Irish dowagers, and Mrs. Brown Greens, to surmise that all these pretences begin and end in belonging to the Athenæum? In the same spirit, the half-pay colonel pushes his way at Cheltenham by having familiar in his mouth as household words the sacred names of those with whom he never stood between an Axminster carpet and the ceiling, save in the United Service club; secure, in fact, from detection of the cheat by the very distinctness of position which must prevent them from coming into collision.

Be not, however, these casual strictures interpreted into any disrepect for an institution so essentially English as the club; so essentially English, indeed, that, on whatever savage territory the Union Jack is planted, the first symptom of British colonization is to set up a depôt of British compounds; the second, to build a church; and the third, to form a CLUB.

Clubs may be estimated as the fourth estate of the British Constitution: a moral exchange, for the traffic and barter of opinion. No man would be stupid enough to cry down clubs unless he had been blackballed at half-a-dozen. Of those now flourishing in the metropolis which are free from the stamp exclusive or professional, if White's be the most select, Brookes's the most distinguished, and Crockford's the most brilliant, the Travellers is the most amusing, because the most fluctuating. Every season brings its novelties from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Naples, Constantinople, Petersburg; its *cuisine* is the most original, its habits the most desultory. The cut-and-very-dry old gentlemen of more stereotypical clubs would scarcely endure this. But we trust we have said enough to point it out as the daily haunt and ancient neighbourhood of

ALBANY POYNTZ.

A FLEET MARRIAGE.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

LADY C. was a beautiful woman, but Lady C. was an extravagant woman. She was still single, though rather passed extreme youth. Like most pretty females, she had looked too high, had estimated her own loveliness too dearly, and now she refused to believe that she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she still remained unmarried.

Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world. She owed about forty thousand pounds; so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there.

Now, in the time I speak of every lady had her head dressed by a barber; and the barber of the Fleet was the handsomest barber in the city of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex: and where 's the wonder? Sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took it into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest, and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you 're not married, Pat;" says she.

"Divil an inch! your honour's ladyship," says he.

"And, wouldn't ye like to be married?" again asks she.

"Would a duck swim?"

"Is there any one you 'd prefer?"

"Maybe, madam," says he, "you niver heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyant Doneraile? Her father 's cousin to O'Donaghew, who 's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under-agent to my Lord Kingstown, and—"

"Hush!" says she; "sure I don't want to know who she is. But, would she have you, if you asked her?"

"Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thrying that same."

"And why don't you?"

"Sure I'm too poor." And Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"

"Does a dog bark?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell ye?"

"Mille murthers! your honour, don't be tantalizing a poor boy."

"Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen. How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, lave alone a poor divil like Pat Philan."

"Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to-morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"Oh! whilabaloo! whilabaloo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," says Lady C. "After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife."

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But, remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go, and marry her."

"That's thrue," says he. "But, thin, the bigamy?"

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after to-morrow, and never to go telling all the story."

"Divil a word I'll ivir say."

"Well, then," says she; "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a licence, and leave the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentlemen already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the licence?" says she.

"Here it is, my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then, calling in her two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading.

"Perform the ceremony," says she.

And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband, the legal husband, of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now, sir, give me my marriage certificate." The old gentleman did so, and, bowing respectfully to the five-pound note she gave him, he retired with his clerk; for, sure enough, I forgot to tell you he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she; and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be good enough," says Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be good enough to send and fetch me a hackney-coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I can let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me." And she smiled at Philan, who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where 's your husband?"

"There, sir!" and she pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can peruse at your leisure. My servants yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumb-founded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding how they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat for ever. But as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in going through the Insolvent Court, they made the best of a bad bargain, and let him out.

Well, you must know, about a week after this, Paddy Philan was sitting by his little fire, and thinking over the wonderful things he had seen, when as sure as death the postman brought him a letter, the first he had ever received, which he took over to a friend of his, one Ryan, a fruit-seller, because, you see, he was no great hand at reading writing, to decipher for him. It ran thus:—

"Go to Doneraile, and marry Kathleen O'Reilly. The instant the knot is tied I fulfil my promise of making you comfortable for life. But, as you value your life and liberty, never breathe a syllable of what has passed. Remember you are in my power if you tell the story. The money will be paid to you directly you inclose me your marriage-certificate. I send you fifty pounds for present expenses.

"C."

Oh! happy Paddy! Didn't he get drunk that same night, and didn't he start next day for Cork, and didn't he marry Kathleen, and touch a thousand pounds? By the powers he did. And, what is more, he took a cottage, which perhaps you know, not a hundred miles from Bruffin, in the county of Limerick; and, i' faix, he forgot his first wife clean and entirely, and never told any one but myself, under a promise of secrecy, the story of his "Fleet Marriage."

So, remember, as it 's a secret, don't tell it to any one, you see.

OTHĒE;

OR, THE FISHERMAN OF THE PULK.

A TALE OF THE COAST OF NORFOLK.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

In a strange little out-of-the-way seaport town, on the coast of Norfolk, I remember there lived a very odd little fellow, whom everybody knew under the nickname of Othēe. What his real name was I don't know, and I question whether he knew it himself, so completely had the false title taken the place of the true one,—a case, by the way, of very common occurrence in the remote parts of this and other counties. Who his father and mother were it would be difficult to say, and of little importance if it could be said; but his godfathers and godmothers "who gave him *that* name" were pretty numerous, since they consisted of every man, woman, and child, in the little community in which he lived.

If a stranger had met this odd little fellow in the street, and asked him his name, he would have answered at once, Othēe. Yes; but that is not your *name*, it might have been remarked. "Very well," would have been the reply, "if you don't believe me, ax somebody as knows better than I do."

The vocation or calling of Othēe was that of a fisherman, when fish were to be caught in the waters, which was not always; but upon occasion he was amphibious enough to cast his net upon land and take whatever came to it. When the vessels of the merchants,—and there were a good many at that time going to and fro, laden with all sorts of commodities,—were to be loaded or unloaded; grain, coal, or other matters to be put on board or put on shore, Othēe was then a porter, and was to be seen wearing the garb of that fraternity. That is to say, his head, shoulders, and back, were covered in a peculiar way. A common sack was turned bottom upwards, and after having been doubled lengthways, the two corners were made to meet together, and the space from them to the centre sewn up: it was then put over the head, and in this way it looked something like the cowl of a monk; it hung all down the back, and with the brotherhood in general it reached to about the hams, but with Othēe it reached to the heels. I have often had my doubts as to whether Othēe liked hard work or not; but at all events nobody could accuse him of being over nice, for he did not object to take anything that offered. Of the two natures, I think Othēe inclined rather to the fish than the flesh, particularly as the catastrophe we are about to relate arose out of the element proper to the first. Poor little fellow! he is dead and gone long ago; but his fate was a strange one, and he has left a curious tale behind him.

The reader must be made acquainted with his outward man; he may have seen some such, but he never saw Othēe. I forget what sort of a hat he wore; but I remember his head perfectly—that is, his face; it was a regular and complete triangle of the equilateral sort, no right-angled triangle, with the hypothenuse equal to this or that; it was an exact lozenge, and might have served for a shield even for Medusa herself, with the aid of a few snakes,—or what was more in

Othēe's way, a few eels. His two cheek-bones were nobs, and his chin was a nob that exactly corresponded, and measured from each the distance would have been found equidistant. His eyes were deep sunk into his head, and of course they were grey, because all the people on the coast of Norfolk have grey eyes, the fishermen in particular; and between them there stood, or rather dropped, a nose; a nose, indeed, that was always dropping; it dropped from his forehead, and after descending a little, it began to drop again, and from thence it went on dropping until it reached his mouth. At the end it was as sharp as the nib of a pen when we bend it inwards, in order to unite the two sides which have got dry, and stick out from each other like the nippers of an earwig. His mouth protruded, and one lip shut down upon the other like the lid of a snuff or tobacco-box; they were almost as thin as if they had been made of tin, and as difficult to open. It required more than one effort to separate them; and when it was done very little was to be got by it: not the *quid pro quo* by any means, for whatever was offered him in the way of conversation met no equal return, so that in comparison of what was offered and what was obtained it was pig-tail to short-cut, as one might say. The fact was, that Othēe seemed to have an extraordinary aversion to many words, and never used more than he was compelled. You could not detain him a moment; he was always on the go, as if he had some important affair in hand; and there was a somewhat anxious look which accompanied his quick step, and seemed to say, as if in confidence, "Pray don't stop me!" His hair was grizzled, and his beard was small; but his shoulders were broad, and from thence he went tapering off downwards to the ends of his great toes, so that he resembled an instrument the dentists use to lift out the milk-teeth of the rising generation, to make room for the canine and carnivorous, so necessary for after-life occasions. His arms were finny and short, and at the ends of them were hands, I forget of what shape, but I know they hung a long way out of the sleeves of his jacket; the colour of which was of course blue. His smalls were also blue — at least they had been; now they were become a sort of sea-green, or an invisible green, or an invisible blue. They were always open at the knees, for sufficient reasons, which will be assigned, and from the opening there issued a pair of legs—such legs! curved like a parenthesis, but not so parallel! so beautifully bowed that Cupid himself might have made use of them. Indeed, they were pretty generally the sport of a host of little urchins, full as mischievously bent as Cupid himself, whose favourite illustration of their form and capabilities had relation to a wheelbarrow passing between them.

Othēe never laughed, however much he might be laughed at. If he said anything it was very short and pithy, and said in a short manner; but on occasions when he was beset he did as he always appeared striving to do, he shuffled off as quick as possible. If any one had asked him, I don't know how he would have accounted for the curves in his legs. Everybody is ready to account for defects, provided they are merely personal and not mental, in some way or other; and Othēe's might have been a curious explanation, but I never heard that he gave any. Had he even been tied upon the back of a mare, and then sent with her to drink her fill at a pond, the matter might have been most philosophically explained, as that poetic philosopher and artistic wit

we all so much admire has explained it; or it might have been but a common case, happily typified in the following beautiful reflections:—

"There 's some as is born straight by Nature,
And some is bow-legged from the first;
And some would be a great deal straighter
If they wasn't so badly nursed."

Without meaning any reflections upon the mother of Othēe, who perhaps nursed him in many straits, and set him upon his legs as soon as it was convenient for him to go,—perhaps rather before,—it is certain they answered the purpose very well, and got him on in the world, although at the same time they got him laughed at. If they were not so straight as the legs of a mahogany-table, they were at least as brown or browner, for he seldom wore any stockings or shoes either, and the sun and the salt-water are sad enemies to a fair complexion.

Little heeding the cut or colour of his legs, whether his toes turned in — which they did, — or whether they turned out,— which they did not,—Othēe continued to go about his business as if nothing was the matter, until an unlucky affair happened—until, indeed, he would go and fish in the Pulk. Where, in the name of wonder, is the Pulk? the reader will ask. Let him wait a little, and he will know, and perhaps wish he had never been made acquainted with so terrible a place.

In despite of all impediments Othēe continued to pursue his manifold occupations with very much the same results, until he reached that age, and about ten years beyond it, at which a man is said to become a fool or a philosopher. As has been said, he was sometimes a porter, sometimes a husbandman, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another; but he was always a fisherman. Yes; this was the pursuit most congenial with his nature. He appeared made for it, and it for him. There is something of a sage and reflective character in the occupation of a fisherman which would have suited our hero exactly; but that his habits of the mind, such as they were, tended rather to the ruminative and the dreamy than the thoughtful. Without ever thinking at all, he had, or appeared to have, something always running in his head. This was evidenced in more ways than one, perhaps, but particularly by a habit he had of constantly talking to himself. In whatever he was employed his lips were observed to be in motion; and there were certain actions also observable which indicated the character of the discourse carrying on, as well as the nature of his feelings under it. Frequently he would shake his head, as if he did not exactly agree to the proposition, look incredulous, angry, disdainful, or toss up his nose, as if he denied the assertion, and the conclusions to which it led, and objected to it altogether. Then he might be seen to give his sea-washed nether garment a hitch, or a hoist, as he would have said, give a knowing jerk with his head, push out his chin, wink his eyes, and hold himself up with the air of a man who has just posed his opponent, and make a remark that cannot be answered. In this way he went on; whether upon land or in the water it was the same; being exceedingly communicative to himself, but to nobody else. I don't recollect whether or not Othēe was bred to the sea; but, if not entirely, yet, in a great measure, it is certain that the sea was bread to him, as some punster has said; and there was a branch of it that suited

his purpose most completely, and supplied him with a crust, at least, at all times.

This branch, or arm of the sea, was an offset from the main body, which lay at about two miles distance. It came off from the trunk, much as the arm of a man comes off from the shoulder, large at first, but getting smaller and smaller until it ended in creeks and ditches, resembling the hand and fingers. There was a bend in this limb of ocean, whose carcass lay tossing and tumbling in his restless bed, and whose motion might be felt pulsing to the end of it, which resembled, and might be aptly called, an elbow; and this happened just where the little town, as well as the operations of Othēe, began. It then went on a little, and turned back again towards the main body, which it nearly joined at some distance many miles lower down. The figure thus given resembled the side of a man with his arm a-kimbo.

It was in the fore-arm of this figure that the grand theatre of Othēeian operations was to be found. It is said that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, *if* (confound that if!) taken at the flood, leads on—God knows where! However true this may be as regards other men's fortunes, Othēe, whose destinies appear to have been very differently or indifferently cast, found this period of the tide in his affairs the least possible favourable to his fortunes, for it was that in which he could catch no fish. When any of the many who were watching and waiting to have a good turn done them, and were heard to exclaim, in a voice full of expectation and hope, "Oh, here comes the tide!" Othēe was heard to sigh as he stood in the midst of his occupation, and, knee-deep in salt-water, put aside his implements, gather together the fish he had caught, separate them according to the class of his customers, taking the very smallest and most worthless, dead or half dead as they might be, and throwing them back into the water with a disdainful air, as if he meant to have no more to do with that restless element that must be rising and sinking twice in every twenty-four hours, and disturbing his harmless doings, and waking him from his dreams; he would then shoulder his basket, turn his back, pull his hat over his eyes, and go up into the town, seeking those whom he might find disposed to devour what he had caught.

The coming of every tide was a *bore* to Othēe, however others might view it, or feel its influence; and the moment it came he took himself off. It was curious to see the way in which he took the interruption offered to his pursuits. Everybody knows that the flow of the tide is in ordinary cases marked with a line of white, yeasty froth, which comes smiling along in the course it has to travel, and bringing with it all sorts of light, floating substances. Othēe knew the time of its coming as well as anybody, but it always appeared to take him by surprize. As he bent over his employment half-leg deep in water, looking down earnestly, and muttering to himself, all at once he would wake up, as the scum and the bubbles surrounded and broke against his shins, and he felt the warmth which the new tide always brings, look about him, and then look down with an angry face, and give his chin a jerk on one side, much as people do when they exclaim, "Well, I'm sure!" In this way he would continue for a minute or so, but at last, seeing that nothing was to be done, he summoned all his philosophy, and calling to his aid the old adage, which says that the tides

don't wait for anybody, he muttered to himself, " Well, I must go, I suppose." But he still stood still, as if he had not quite made up his mind whether he should contest the point or not; but presently, with a hoist of his nether garments, and an angry look, he took his fish, his basket, and went off in a huff.

Othēe did not appear to advantage in this particular trial of his fortitude and his patience. It was necessary to see him in his element, and in the happiest moments of his professional career; for this low water, the ebb-tide, by an odd sort of destiny, was the *flood* which led Othēe on to fortune, and furnished forth the future with — fish. It was amusing to see him, with his fishing-rod in his hand, take his stand among the scaly tribe: they doing all they could to escape, he to catch them. This implement of his calling was of the most simple construction possible; it was nothing more nor less than a common walking-stick, about a yard long, with a two-pronged fork stuck at the end of it, or if the reader like, a common table-fork, with a very long handle! This instrument, the basket, a pocket-knife, and a small bit of deal-board usually carried within it, and which served as a sort of execution-block, for beheading and befinning his prey, as well as some other mangling operations, comprised the whole stock-in-trade of our fisherman. Happy had it been for him had he been content with these!

While reflecting with admiration on this simple machine as the means of furnishing a living man with meat, drink, washing, lodging, and so on, we must not omit to describe the subtle and ingenious mode in which it was employed. It was this. Waiting the retreat of his enemy, the tide, Othēe walked, with a quick, short step, and a determined look, down to the edge of the sandy, salt-water river, now in a cold and stagnant condition. His basket he put over his head, after the manner of a helmet, and the rod, like a lance, he carried in his hand. Thus armed, the knight of butts, dabs, plaice, and flounders, stood for a minute to select the spot he meant to make the theatre of his exploits. First he waded slowly across the water, a distance perhaps of twenty yards, where he deposited his basket, containing his execution-block, and perhaps a strip of woollen rag, used for making good his hold upon his slippery prey when he should catch them. These things were left here that they might not be meddled with by curious youngsters, who would sometimes walk down to superintend what the fisherman was about.

Having reached the middle of the cold, retiring stream, Othēe put on a face of much consideration; he then gave his nether garment a hoist, drew the back of his hand across his nose, gave his chin a peculiar jerk, and holding his rod perpendicularly, went creeping on with a sly look and a stealthy motion; his sharp, little grey eyes, fixed upon the sandy bottom of the shallow deep. What he particularly looked for were little round holes in the clean sand, by the side of which there lay *worms made of sand*, as one might say—for the resemblance was so good, that any one would have declared they were real natural worms; but, on touching them, they turned out to be mere imitations. From this same little round hole there issued bubbles of air, the which Othēe eyed with a peculiar expression of face, because underneath, and thinly covered with sand, there lay a fish,—a flounder, or a plaice, or something more worthless. These said bubbles came from the head of the fish, that was certain; but in what direction his body chanced

to be placed, east, west, north, south, or in any other of the thirty-two points of the compass, was very, very doubtful indeed, and was only known after the blow had been struck, and when the fish had escaped. Going upon certain signs and suppositions, guided by some experience, Othēe took it for granted that the fish had disposed of himself in a certain direction, so, raising his right hand, and his expectations at the same time, he let the first fall plomb over the chosen spot, the fork entering the sand.

By a peculiar sensation about the two prongs, which it is as well to leave undescribed, Othēe knew at once whether he had caught anything or nothing. If unsuccessful, he would give his chin his own peculiar twist, and mutter to himself, "Well! you had better take kear e' yarselves, I can tell ye!" and on he went creeping, and looking out for little round holes in the sand, bubbles, and so on. Presently he made a halt, elevated his spear again, and letting it descend, held his hand still upon the end of it, while he stooped down, and with the other felt to ascertain what sort of a capture he had made. It was a plaice! Othēe smiled as he took it off the fork; and, as it beat about from side to side, he observed, "Ay, ay, I told ye so! I knew I should have ye in a minute or two. Lard bless ye, ye can't escape!" And then, as he walked to put it into his basket, he observed, "There, now, you may jist as well be quiet; you arn't worth much, and arn't be worth nothing if I don't git some moar to keep ye company." Here he put the ill-starred fish into the basket, adding other words of consolation and reflection.

Thus occupied, we view Othēe in the full exercise of his prowess, and, as his fortunes were, always to be found at low water in the high tide of his success, as the ebb and flow of the ocean was so arranged as to interfere with his operations not more than twice in twenty-four hours. Othēe had it all his own way for a good while at a stretch; and an observer of the earnestness with which the fisherman pursued his avocation would have seen at once that he was determined to make the best of the indulgence allowed him. When once in the thick of the fight, Othēe exhibited the full extent of his character both in length and breadth, and it was very amusing to watch him when he was successful as well as when he failed. He continued to paddle about with a sort of childish fondness for the sport, but at the same time with a grave and anxious face. Little ebullitions of feeling would now and then escape him, and show themselves in words and actions; but he appeared always, if not to have made up his mind, at least to have made up his face, for whatever might happen. A peculiar jerk of the head, a few sniffs of that peculiar nose, and an incipient muttering and whispering made up the whole range of signs and manifestations in use, except, indeed, an occasional hoist of the nether garment. A small space of sand and water served as the field of operations for the whole time between tides, and here he continued jobbing away with his fork, and never leaving the spot until fairly ejected. Whether Othēe wanted conscience or not is uncertain; but the number of fish caught appeared "niver," as he would say, "to make no difference"—more or less fish, dabbs, butts, flounders, and plaice, or an occasional small crab; as long as they would submit to be caught, and the tide remain out at sea, so long would he continue his exertions. Othēe used to pretend that his fish were better than anybody's else, which might have been but a

mere commercial prejudice; certain it is nobody else caught so many. Perseverance will do much; but there were people who fancied, and said, that Othēe had a trick of charming his prey by certain words he addressed to them; for he continually muttered, as if using some incantation over them, and went on talking, muttering, whispering, and coaxing; so that, in fact, it might fairly be imagined he persuaded them to be taken.

In this way things continued for some years, and Othēe went on floundering, and placing his main reliance on his scaly friends, yet seeking still other means to mend his condition, while yet his fortunes and his best hopes remained at low water. Industry and care, as sometimes it happens in this world, did nothing for him; no man watched the turn of the tide with more anxiety; but neither time nor tide showed any disposition to do him a good turn, notwithstanding what is commonly said about one good turn deserving another.

At last there appeared something strange in the manner of the fisherman. He was less often seen in his places of business; he was seldom seen in the water, and not often out of it, in the streets. When he did make his appearance, he was observed to be hurrying along with extra speed, as if some new and urgent affair spurred him on. He appeared more absorbed than usual; and it was noticed that his fish were not so good, and the number of plaice and flounders was greatly exceeded by that of the dabbs and butts, and even these just now were not quite such nosegays as Othēe pretended his fish always were.

As if the affairs of our fisherman were doomed ever to be attended with something extraordinary, and to excite wonder, his absence from the water, from the streets, and from public observation was soon accounted for in a rather singular way: it was discovered that he was staying at home! Of course the reader wishes to be told what he was doing there. He shall know all about it, and also what sort of a place this home of the fisherman's was.

Othēe was what they called an east-ender,—that is, he lived at the east end of the strange little sea-port mentioned. His habitation was the last one you could find in a sort of bye-road leading out of town, and its situation was as wild and singular as the odd little creature himself. Extending to a distance of some miles towards the sea there was a long stretch of marshy pasture, over which the salt water had formerly made monthly excursions, during what are called the spring-tides; but now long banks of earth were built up, the sea kept out, and the cattle of the grazier and the haymaker let in. To divide these fields from the road, and one field from the other, long ditches were cut and kept full of sea-water, and by the side of these ran many a sandy path, faintly worn by the wayfarer among the scanty grass. On the other side of this road was a hedge with corn-fields.

It was a singular, and rather a dreary spot, and here stood the residence of Othēe. This residence was not a house, nor a cottage, nor a *lean-to*, properly speaking, but a sort of land-carboose, or sea-cabin terrestrialized. It stood attached, sheltered, and in a great degree supported, by a small cottage, rather substantially built of brick and flint-stones, with here and there an occasional lump of chalk, making a forcible contrast with the coal-black flint. Against the gable of this humble dwelling the still humbler one of Othēe was reared. A couple of poles put into holes in the wall held the ends of two spars, looking as if they had once been parts of the yards of a merchant-vessel, and

these rested on two stoutish posts of unequal height driven into the ground. For about a yard up at one end of this hut there was an old wall, and upon the top of this some old planks full of holes, denoting their former use; whilst at the other end were boards and planks, plastered, and pitched, and patched in all sorts of ways, in which a small window was inserted, which kept out the weather and let in the light.

All round these dwellings were gardens and potato-plots, sandy and unproductive, with ragged hedges surrounding, and paths of shingle dividing them. Othēe's portion of this paradise, like his lot in this world, was a very small and a very inferior one: it was a space of about twelve yards square. In the upper corner of it there were some old and distorted elder-trees; and there was a post or two, upon which a strange-shaped basket and some ropes, and a disabled block or two, were hung; there were some broken oars, and sundry pieces of shattered board, and fragments of some ill-fated wreck. But the object most worthy of observation was a kind of arbour, bower, or summer-house, fashioned out of the remains of a boat turned bottom upwards. It was the stern and a portion of the fore-part of the boat which formed the roof of this snug retreat. The after-part of it rested upon some branches of the old elders, while the fore-part was held up by a stout stake driven into the ground. There was a seat most ingeniously contrived, the back of which was formed out of the stern or after-part of the same boat, or some other. Part of an old tattered sail and a bit of matting served to fill up, and make the back of the bower complete; whilst on each side, and arching over the whole, the friendly old elders sent out their branches, twigs, and dark green leaves, inclosing all with a close embrace, and occasionally putting forth branches of white flower and black berries, by way of ornament.

It was here in other days that Othēe used to sit, filling the air with the smoke of his pipe and the sounds of mirth; it was here also that that voice was heard which once filled the now desolate heart of Othēe with joy, and of which nothing was now left but the painful remembrance, except, indeed, the broken stem and a few sickly shoots of a honey-suckle, which still clung with a faint embrace to an upright spar, to which some remnant of a trellis was still attached, and then hung pendant and sad. This spar was then a tall and aspiring pole, many feet high, with a vane at the top to show the direction of the wind; and the cottage to which Othēe's present dwelling was now a mere parasite then belonged to him, and the whole garden was then his, and also many things more, of which the reader will be told in due time. When the change took place, Othēe took to this hovel and the twelve square yards of garden, which he chose because the bower, the conservatory of many dear and dreary recollections, stood upon it.

No longer the occupier of the cottage himself, Othēe enjoyed the next best advantage to it,—he saw it in the possession of a good neighbour. An old fisherman died who had been lucky enough to make money while he lived, leaving sufficient to make the old woman, whom fate had made partner of the world's cares, independent of it.

The old widow was a tidy sort of body enough, hale, hearty, and comfortably off, possessing a good deal of that womanly virtue, sympathy, and fellow-feeling, upon which Othēe's lonely condition might have made large demands. Good intentions, too, she had in abundance; but these were often frustrated in their operation from the

circumstance that Othēe wanted so little—for, in spite of every privation, Othēe possessed everything he wanted.

Othēe's neighbour had among her virtues one *leetle* fault, if that can be called a fault which is inherent and common to the whole sex—call it what you please—it was anything but a peculiarity—she had rather a strong inclination to curiosity, and made but slender attempts to restrain and keep it within bounds. As Othēe possessed little, it followed that he had but little to care about or to conceal. His candour, therefore, was much of a piece with his moderation. He had generally shown few desires, because he had few wants; and he had hitherto exhibited no secrecy, because he had nothing to hide. But just at this period these virtues appeared to forsake him all at once. He was *observed*, as all people who act in secret are, to sneak in and out of the hovel he inhabited with a stealthy movement, and to look about him as he closed the door of the hut, or the latch of his little garden, as if he did not wish to be seen. He walked on tiptoes, looked shy, and frequently he carried something under the skirts of his jacket. His wants also increased, so that he made repeated applications to his neighbour for this thing or that. Sometimes he wanted a nail; then he wished to borrow a hammer, a gimblet, a few pieces of rope, some pack-thread, a sewing-needle, and sundry other things; and once or twice—a sign of the change in him—he asked to borrow a few pence! Although a person somewhat above the world in certain of its usages, the old lady's magnanimity was not quite proof against this: so that she conceived she had a fair right, without any fear of indelicacy, as Othēe asked for money, to ask him what he was going to do with it, and how he came to be in want of such a thing? Othēe, never disposed to be over communicative, gave a sharp look and a short answer, and turned away.

"Umph!" said the old dame, "'e might jist as well a told a body. Not as I wish to know nobody's bisinis; but 'e needn't a' been so *sneasty*."

Then fumbling in her pocket, and rattling some loose coppers, she called to Othēe; but he was nowhere to be found.

The next morning the bower we have described was somewhat altered in appearance. Bits of shattered board were piled up against one side of it, and an old mat and bit of sail-cloth were hung over the other, so that the interior could not be looked into.

When the old lady made her appearance, as was her custom, early in the morning, she was struck with this change, and, on seeing it, said to herself,

"Umph! I wonder what this is there?"

As there was no one to reply to her, she went on looking and wondering, and then took up a convenient post of observation, from whence she could watch, and draw her own inferences from what she saw. A low hedge divided her from her neighbour, and the bower was but a few yards distant. It was clear some one was within it, and, from certain signs, it was clear *that* some one was Othēe, and nobody else: what he was doing was the wonder. The old dame listened attentively, and heard the well-known muttering, and every now and then a sort of grunting noise, like that made by a person who is performing a difficult operation. Every now and then the matting and the sail moved as it was pressed against. Sometimes it showed marks of an elbow pushing it out, or a head, or a part still more ob-

tuse; and frequently a word was spoken, and came out of the mass of muttering pretty intelligibly, something in this way:—

"No — that won't do — not half strong enough. Lord bless ye!— these ain't like them! Ten times—a hundred times as big, I should think."

"'Od bless us and save us;" said Betty Dyer, (for that was the old lady's name,) "what can the man be at? How busy he is, to be sure!"

Fearing to lose the opportunity of watching if she spoke and disturbed the operations of her neighbour, she continued to keep her post and her eye upon him for some hours, until she was tired and hungry, when she went in to breakfast.

When she came out Othēe had departed, no one knew whither. The bower was searched, of course, but nothing was found; and the door of the hovel had a padlock upon it, of which Betty had not the keys nor any one that would fit it.

The next morning similar operations were observable within the secret bower of Othēe, and, after an hour or two's watching, the old lady's curiosity rose to such a pitch, that it cost her the expense of a breakfast. It happened in this way. Othēe appeared busier than ever, and, finding that no clue could be got to what he was about Betty resolved to speak to him; so raising her voice, and giving it a somewhat insinuating tone, she called—

"Othee!"

The busy man did not hear at first; but, upon the next call, he answered in his usual way.

"Yes, missis; what is it?"

"Oh! nothing," replied the dame; "but I want to know if you will like to have some breakfast with me?"

"Thank ye, sure," said the man; "I don't care if I do have a moffal. Come direckaly."

Othēe then bundled together his contraptions, took them under his jacket, carried them into the hut, and locked the door; he then walked round to the little gate of his neighbour's garden, entered, and in a minute after was busy discussing his meal.

Many questions were asked, and either evaded, or answered with a mouth so full, that little information was to be obtained; and, as soon as the meal was finished, Othēe thanked his neighbour, took his hat, and went off with his usual quick step.

"Well, I sure," said Betty, giving her head a bit of a toss, "that is the oddest little being as ever was seen! Dear me! there's no getting a word out of him. Well, I niver!"

It was the second or third day after this that the curiosity and impatience of Betty Dyer had been raised to such a pitch of excitement as to be no longer bearable. She had been constantly on the watch, and had several times caught Othēe as he passed in and out, and could not forbear asking what it was that he was so busy about.

"Oh! nothing, missis," he would say, "as matters."

Thus foiled, she resolved to watch the opportunity, steal softly upon the fisherman, and see with her own eyes what was going on;—so, choosing the occasion when Othēe little suspected a spy upon his actions, the old lady crept slowly round, stole gently to the bower, and pulling aside a bit of sail-cloth, Othēe and his doings stood revealed before her!

DAINTY FARE; OR, THE DOUBLE DISASTER.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra."

Soho, my Pegasus! gently, my boy!
  The bard, in serious mood, designs to talk:
Cease for a while your pinions to employ
  In fitful, freakish flights absurd,
And bear me in a calm, majestic walk!

Now! off we go,
  At measured pace,
Stately and slow,
  To show the place
At which the mirthful scene occurr'd.
'Midst the recesses of a Cambrian vale,
Long famed for mutton, pedigrees, and ale,
Where many an *Ap*, of princely lineage born,
His wealthy *nameless* neighbours laughs to scorn;
Instead of palace, some lone hut inhabits,
And daily dines *in state* on headless rabbits.
Where Nature, like a gay coquette, displays
Her choicest charms to court the stranger's gaze,
Whose eyes enraptured o'er the landscape glide,
And find some beauteous trait on every side:
On that a blushing orchard—and on this
Some grassy slope or break-neck precipice.
There ocean's wide expanse, bespeck'd with shipping;
Here playful goats o'er craggy passes skipping.
Copses where feather'd songsters warbling flutter,
And towns whose names 'twould break one's jaws to utter.
Oxen and cows in verdant meadows lowing;
Or some bold river, in blue mazes flowing,
With glassy surface, round the mountain's bases,
Where pretty milk-maids view their pretty faces;
Where pretty skiffs expand their pretty sails,
And "pretty fishes wag their pretty tails,"
While angling peasants watch, with fell intent,
To snatch them from their native element.

Hills piled on hills in crescent form recede,
Where bleating flocks in dewy pastures feed,
And alpine mountains bound the eye's extension,
Bedeck'd with hues *too numerous to mention.*

'Midst the recesses of this Cambrian vale
Had dwelt from birth the hero of my tale.

Observe! this scene is not a mere creation,
Coin'd in the die of my imagination,
Like empty puffs of London auctioneers,
(To trap the cash of thoughtless wealthy peers,)
Who with such skill descriptive subjects handle,
When they 've *estates to let by inch of candle;*
"Romantic sites! tall woods! meand'ring streams!
Extensive plains!" and twenty idle dreams:
Fictions invented to enhance the rent,
And only found *in the advertisement.*

My picture 's drawn from nature, gentle friends,
Which for its faults perchance may make amends.

Methinks full plain my mental optic sees
The russet steeple peeping o'er the trees;
And now, approaching nearer to the spot,
I see the snug farm-house,—the smart white cot,
Whose sign proclaims, to all who read or spell,
That 'tis inn, tavern, alehouse, and hotel,—
The ruddy clowns returning from their tillage,
And all the objects of the rural village.

Thanks, my good steed! you 've shown obedience readily,
And o'er the *heavy road* have march'd so steadily,
That, by Apollo and his female cronies,
  I ne'er was better *borne* since I was born.
(Excuse me, gents, but, to *poetic ponies*,
An ounce of praise is worth a ton of corn.)
I 'll give you now a looser rein,
  Nor longer regulate your journey's measure,
But let you play your pranks again,
    And flit at pleasure!

Just in the centre of a straggling street,
  (The only one our hamlet's name possest,)
As if resolved each wandering eye to meet,
  One small neat house advanced beyond the rest:
Its window was—i'faith I can't tell what,
  For buildings rules afford no term to call
    Its figure whereby—
'Twas not a bow or bay, nor was it flat,
  But modestly projected from the wall,
    Enough to swear by.

Three globes of colour'd liquor graced its panes,
  Whose brilliant hues of crimson, blue, and green
  Look'd wondrous pretty; e'en in daylight seen
By truant children from the fields and lanes.
But in the night three meteors they seem'd;
  For then, (with farthing candles stuck behind 'em,)
Full in each passing plough-boy's eyes they gleam'd,
    Threat'ning to blind 'em.

Over the door was placed a board, to teach
The sick and maim'd that there lived DOCTOR LEECH.

Within his shop, a sightly show to make,
  Shone drawers and jars, each with its classic label;
But, as the drawers were *shut*, and jars *opaque*,
  No passenger nor customer was able
Whether they full or empty were to tell,
Though Doctor Leech the *latter* knew full well.

These, with some bullocks' bladders,
    And half a dozen adders
      Preserved in spirits,
      Beyond their merits,
With empty phials, a prodigious host,
Were all our pharmacopolist could boast.
In med'cine's science and chirurgic art
  His studied mind and practised hand were skill'd;
Nay, I have heard it said (reader, don't start!)
  He cured a greater number than he kill'd!

For not alone the human race
His patient-list conspired to grace;
He doctor'd horses, sheep, and cows,
Cropp'd terriers' ears, and physic'd sows;
Besides attending at the labours
Of all his breeding female neighbours;
And curing gripes amongst the male,
When they perchance had drunk sour ale;
Or making lotions for their sprains,
And bruises, and rheumatic pains.

"Why," you 'll exclaim, "with such extensive practice,
He surely must have thriven!" But no; the fact is,
The country was so *cursed healthy*,
He could not for his soul grow wealthy.
Nay, *au contraire*, though from his youth he 'd follow'd
The Æsculapian trade in all its branches,
So far from riches,
His fees scarce furnish'd the coarse meals he swallow'd,
Or suffer'd him to clothe his bony haunches
In decent breeches.
And, though he kept his credit pretty level,
Striving to make the best of his affairs,
The which invariably he made a rule, yet
He was, in truth, almost as poor a devil,
As thread-bare, woe-begone, and full of cares,
As Shakspeare drew in "Romeo and Juliet."

Year after year he starved and wrought,
Nor ever would admit a thought
Of quitting that dear spot of earth
Which gave his meagre carcase birth.

Somewhat resembling a domestic cat,
Left in a house where first he saw the light,
Who, having murder'd every mouse and rat,
Still hugs his native place in famine's spite,
And stalks from room to room with hunger gaunt,
Rather than wander from his favourite haunt.
By Jove, the meanest slave or poorest bard
Could scarcely hold his life on terms so hard!
Sometimes he lived on porridge made of leeks
For weeks;
Or toasted cheese,
Or boil'd grey peas.
Nay, in extremity, he sometimes fed
For many a cheerless day on barley bread.

Yet, when dame Fortune (the capricious beldam)
Deign'd him a savoury meal, which was but seldom,
Our son of Galen thought it no iniquity
To gormandize like Heliogabalus,
Or any other glutton of antiquity,
Real or fabulous.
And now the goddess, in propitious mood,
Vouchsafed to glad his sight with luscious food;
But who bestow'd the choice donation
Requires some farther explanation.

I should have told you that the doctor's soul
Bore to his fortune great disparity;
And, though his scanty purse forbade a dole,
He oft perform'd some act of charity.

One deed above the rest conspicuous shone;
He took beneath his care a widow's son,
    To teach him *gratis* how to read
    And write, and tug out teeth, and bleed;
    Blister, and purge, and hack, and heal,
    And in galenicals to deal;
    With all the arts and mysteries he knew,
    Which, as I said before, were not a few.
    But not to give his pupil board;
    For this his house could not afford;
    Nor did the grateful youth desire it,
    Nor did his mother's means require it;
    For, though not affluent, she had enow,
    Lived prettily, and kept a breeding sow,
    On one of whose portentous farrow
    Hinges in part our story's marrow.

    The anxious widow's heart had spent
      Many a tedious hour, and day, and week,
        Anticipating the event,
When she should hear the new-born porklings squeak,
That she with *solid thanks* her friend might greet,
And give his stomach a delicious treat.

At length the day of parturition came,
To crown the hopes of the expectant dame:
    When straight, with exultation big,
    She mark'd the largest, healthiest pig,
With which her sow's fecundity had stock'd her;
    And made it her diurnal care
    To see it suck an ample share
    Of milk, to make it plump and fair,
A worthy present for the worthy doctor.
Full well her charge repaid her assiduity;
  For, ere he thirty days of life could boast,
His fat had grown almost to superfluity,
  And every mouth pronounced him "fit to roast."

    But here I beg you to excuse
    One small omission of the muse.
    Do not compel me to dilate
    Minutely on the sufferer's fate;
Describe the *piercing* steel and *piercing* cries,
  Rending the atmosphere with din infernal;
The sanguine gurgling wound! the staring eyes!
  And the responsive grunts of agony maternal!
    For, to be plain, I'm not in cue
    Such tragic subjects to pursue.
Let it suffice to say, the butcher's knife
Deprived the *tender innocent* of life.
And now suppose him in a basket pent,
And by our youngster to his patron sent,
About that juncture of a Sabbath day
When the church-bells were chiming, "Come and pray!"

    Kind reader, did you ever see
    Th' inside of a menagerie
    About the usual feeding-time,
    When all the beasts, with hunger prime,
Roll their fierce eyes upon the man who caters,
  As if the paroxysm of famine's rage
  Would make them burst the limits of their cage,
And swallow half a score of the spectators?

If not, I pray you to walk up,
And see the rampant rascals sup;
For, lest you do, I must take leave
To say you never can conceive
How Doctor Leech's glaring optics gloated
On the tid morsel to his maw devoted.

It seem'd for once benignant Heaven's behest
To give the dainty a superior zest,
And make his craving paunch supremely blest.

Methinks I need not tell the reader,
That Madam Fortune, when we need her,
Oft sends her eldest daughter in her stead,
And pays *her* visits when we least expect her.
Thus, though she ne'er had been our hero's friend,
Yet now, to make a semblance of amend,
She shower'd a *double dose* upon his head,
And crown'd his rich *ambrosial* feast with *nectar*.

Amongst his patients, one Lucretia Lloyd,
An antique maiden, long had Leech employ'd;
But rather as her friend, or old acquaintance,
Than her physician;
For all the patching of her crazy health
Had never added sixpence to his wealth.
Yet he ne'er breathed a disapproving sentence
Of his condition;
And, though he could not *bleed* the female miser,
He still remain'd her body's supervisor,
Made all her fancied ills his constant care,
And kept her nervous system in repair;
While she, at every autumn when she brew'd,
Pickled, preserved, prepared her wines, *et cetera*,
Sent him, (by way of annual *douceur*,
In token of her ardent gratitude,)
Back'd by a most conciliating letter, a
Full pint of that delectable *liqueur*
Elixir vitæ, alias cherry-brandy;
Which every country housewife who is handy
Makes once a-year to grace the Christmas frolic,
Or, by its sweet exhilarating power,
To cheer her spirits in a languid hour,
Or cure the colic.

That two such presents should be centred
In one short day, could ne'er have enter'd
The wrinkled tenant of the doctor's wig;
Yet so the busy fates contrived,
The cordial beverage arrived
E'en at the self-same moment with the pig.

Forthwith an ample fire was raised,
Spread to the utmost of the grate's expansion,
More fierce than e'er before had blazed
Within the gloomy walls of Leech's mansion.
The meat, suspended from a rusty hook,
Revolved before its glowing front;
While orphan Davy was appointed cook,
(A trade to which he 'd ne'er been wont,)

And in an easy chair was posted,
To watch the dinner whilst it roasted,
To baste it well, and keep it turning,
And guard its tender skin from burning.

For Doctor Leech esteem'd it most convenient
To go to church—not to the call obedient—
  Or that he strove t' avert celestial ire
      By worship's law ;
But lest his hunger, if he stay'd at home,
(Like the Imperial epicure of Rome,)
  Should make him snatch the viand from the fire,
      And eat it raw.
Yet, ere he went, one difficulty rose :
  To place his brandy in a secret station,
To leave it safe from every prying nose,
  And shield the precious draught from depredation ;
For neither cupboard, drawer, nor chest,
In all his house a lock possess'd,
And well he knew 'twould not be prudent
To trust its keeping to his student ;
For e'en the promise of a basting
He fear'd would not prevent his tasting.

At length he hit upon an odd invention,
To rid his mind from further apprehension,
And obviate all cause for his detention.

He recollected having chanced to see,
When autumn's gifts hung ripe on every tree,
That cautious gard'ners, to preserve their hoard,
Wrote in large characters upon a board,
(To terrify the predatory chaps,)
" Within these grounds beware of guns and traps !"
  And though nor trap nor gun were found
  Within the teeming garden's bound,
  Yet, by their stratagem acute,
  They managed to protect their fruit.

  " Egad," thought he, " if such deceit
  A set of practised knaves can cheat,
    Spite of their pilfering avidity,
  With confidence I may employ
  Such means to guile an artless boy,
    And check his lickerish cupidity."

  So, lest the treasure he should lose,
  (Resolving to adopt the *ruse*,)
  He from a dusty shelf took down
  An ample square of *whited-brown* ;
  And, folding it at one end taper,
  He wrote " RANK POISON " on the paper,
  In letters almost large enough
  To grace a glaring London puff ;
  Then, taking Miss Lucretia's bottle,
  Affix'd the placard to its throttle,
  Placed it within the cupboard-door,
  And gave these orders o'er and o'er :
  " Davy, beware ! this potent mixture
  Must on this spot remain a fixture !

You must not dare yourself to broach it,
Nor suffer mortal to approach it;
For 'tis so virulent, that half a gill
Were quite sufficient instantly to kill
The strongest man that ever wore a head
'Twixt Snowden's ice-clad top and Severn's mud-clad bed!"

This task achieved, with caution due,
He soon arrived within his pew;
But had the seat been stuck with pins,
Or swarms of hornets stung his shins,
Or had his ears been full of fleas,
He scarcely had been less at ease.
Alternately he sat and rose,
Wriggled, and writhed, and blew his nose,
And rubb'd his beard, and scratch'd his jazy,
As if he 'd been bewitch'd, or crazy.

He seem'd to care no more for Paul's Epistles
Than for his roasting grunter's useless bristles;
Nor for the Sermon, Litany, or Creed,
A fig;
So much his yearning bowels long'd to feed
On pig.
And though he felt his restlessness was wrong,
Yet all his consciousness could nought diminish it;
He thought the service irksome, flat, and long,
And wish'd, with all his soul, the priest would finish it.

Here, then, we 'll leave him for a little space,
(As happy as an owlet in a rookery,)
While on the wings of fancy we change place,
To take a peep at Davy and his cookery.
'Tis passing strange! but so it oft'imes chances,
That when some wretched being fondly fancies
Of Pleasure's cup he 's just about to sip;
The Destinies (a set of squabbling elves)
Proceed to loggerheads amongst themselves,
And snatch the goblet from his pouting lip.
E'en so it fared with ill-starr'd Doctor Leech;
For (ere the pious parson ceased to preach)
Old Somnus in their service they enlisted,
Whose leaden powers no mortal e'er resisted.

One tedious hour the lad obedient sat,
Twirling his charge, and bathing it with fat;
When from the soporific god,
Morpheus, descending, waved his rod,
And made him blink, and yawn, and nod.

But all the dire effects of sleep's indulgence
Burst on his frighted soul with dread effulgence;
And, swearing not to yield without a battle, he
Rummaged the shop for snuff, or sal-volatile;
But not a single particle could find
To drive the hideous spectre from his mind.

He, therefore, ceasing from his fruitless search,
Reeled to his station, and resumed his ladle;
But, long before his master came from church,
Sunk like a sated infant in its cradle.

For now, resolved no more to be opposed,
  The drowsy god, to smother his alarms,
By force his heavy quivering eyelids closed,
  And lock'd him firmly in his ebon arms.

Then, more to tantalize his fallen victim,
He with a gay delusive vision trick'd him;
Caused him to dream his toils were o'er at last,
And he was seated at the rich repast:
The generous doctor bade him eat his fill,
And eulogized his culinary skill;
While, slice on slice, with apple-sauce and gravy,
Were heap'd upon the plate of *Dainty Davy*.

I know not if my reader be well versed
  In that *delightful* author, Mrs. Glasse:
Nay, banter not, my friend, for I 'll be curst
  But she in sterling merit doth surpass
Many a grave, profound metaphysician,
Who (should his eyes encounter this position)
  Will shudder the comparison to brook;
Although, perchance, his most elaborate folio
Is scarcely worth "directions for an olio,"
  Penned by the fingers of the good old cook.

Whether her book be to your mind familiar,
Or not, I dare presume you not so silly are,
But you are perfectly aware
That roasting meat demands some care;
For, if the person charged to keep
It turn'd and basted, falls asleep,
'Tis seized upon with fury dire
By that unbidden guest, the fire,
And metamorphosed in a trice
Into a *burning sacrifice.*

Thus it befel!—the dangling pig stood still!
No guardian hand was near to ward the ill!
Awhile it crackled, squirted, smoked, and hiss'd,
Seeming to ask the wonted friendly twist,
Till, borne along the streams, ignition came,
And wrapt the unctuous mass in one devouring flame.

Upward the flaring havoc spread,
And sever'd the suspending thread,
    When down it plum'd
      Into the dripping.
    Whose pan, thus thump'd,
      Untimely slipping,
Fell with its ponderous load beneath the grate,
  With grease bedrenching it;
Nor did the copious flood improve its state;
  For, 'stead of quenching it,
It served to aggravate the keen disaster,
And made it burn the fiercer and the faster.

I have remark'd in my short life's dull measure
  The Sisterhood who o'er our actions reign,
Though oft they keep us *fast asleep* to pleasure,
  Take care to make us *wide awake* to pain!
Thus 'twas with Davy, for, the mischief o'er,
He op'd his eyes as widely as before.

Oh! what a spectacle now met his view,
  Contrasted with his late delightful fiction!
He hoped that, like the last, it was not true,
  But found it past the power of contradiction.
Convulsed with fear, the fatal chair he quitted,
  And where he stood could scarcely form a notion;
Yet urchins, when some fault they have committed,
  Never forget their power of locomotion.
Bounce to the door he darted, to elope;
  But, ere his trembling hand could raise the latch,
One instant served to bar his utmost hope;
  For, through an open pane he chanced to catch
A transient glimpse of Leech's earnest face,
  Advancing to the house with rapid pace.

Thus foil'd, he to the cupboard lightly stepp'd,
And, to elude the storm, within it crept;
But, what his frantic rashess perpetrated,
Oh! arduous task! remains to be related.

Oh! that my pen were fashion'd from a feather
    Pluck'd from the wing
  Of Pegasus, 'stead of a goose's!
  Or that Apollo and the Muses
Would jostle their prolific heads together
    To help me sing
The ranting, roaring rage the doctor flew in,
When, entering, he beheld the reeking ruin!
Not e'en the great Napoleon, when he saw
His eagles fall beneath the lion's paw;
And his *invincibles*, or fall, or run,
Before the conquering arm of Wellington.
Not e'en the Guardian of the Tower,
(In that momentous, trying hour,
When Spa-field's rabble braved the state,
And vow'd they 'd force the fortress gate,)
Could with more rancour bluster, rave, and fume,
Than Leech: from room to street, from street to room
Distractedly he paced, and scarce believed
The scene was real which his eyes perceived;
And that his sapid, suckling son of Sus,
Had proved a perfect *ignis fat*uus.

At length (as rapier-blades are wrought;
  First heated to a crimson glow,
Then, to their *perfect temper* brought,
  By wafting swiftly to-and-fro,)
When many a hearty curse, and hasty stride,
Had caused his *red hot* choler to subside,
He found that grief and anger were stolidity,
And made some efforts to regain placidity.
Quoth he, "Though of my meal bereft,
Thank Heaven! a sovereign balm is left;
  And while th' occasion serves,
Lest further ill should come to pass,
I 'll draw the cork, and take a glass
  To tranquillize my nerves."

He op'd the cupboard with a testy jerk:
But, had he been an Algerine or Turk,
Maugre his angry mood, he had relented,
To see the piteous figure there presented.

Forth from his durance vile the culprit crawl'd,
And, while before his patron's feet he sprawl'd,
With streaming uplift eyes and falt'ring speech,
He thus began for mercy to beseech:
"Oh! let my penitence for pardon plead!
I 'll tell the genuine truth! I will, indeed!
But must be brief, while Heaven affords me breath!
One minute more will seal my eyes in death!
I slept—the pig was burn'd—I would have fled—
But, peeping through the window, saw your head;—
And when your frowning brow I set my eyes on,
  Remorse, despair, and terror, fired my brain;
  I hasten'd back, a lurking-place to gain,
Pray'd for my soul, and DRANK OFF ALL THE POISON!!!"

THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY.

DIORAMA.

FAIR shrine of Bethlehem, we own thy power
To stay the careless idler of the hour,
And bid him turn from trifling thoughts away,
To nobler themes, to praise, adore, to pray!

May no vain critic, babbling of his act,
Disturb the silent reverence of the heart;
Such holy scene creative Genius meant
To paint, not only to be *seen*, but *felt*.

A solemn stillness on the spirit falls,
While one sublime idea the soul enthrals,
That *here*, in mortal form a God was given,
To save the world, and win us back to Heaven.

Through the grey twilight, deepening into night,
What prostrate forms appear to mock our sight?
While ever-burning lamps the scene disclose,
From whence man's brightest, holiest hopes arose.

Deem not illusion forms *alone* the spell
Which bids the tears o'erleap their crystal cell,
Pure from the source they spring of sacred truth,
They shame not manhood, hoary age, or youth.

What, though unreal be this pictured show,
Yet no deception such emotions know;
No need to mourn that oceans intervene
Our wishes and that Syrian land between.

A glorious light from revelation streams,
Full on one sacred volume sheds its beams;
Those holy records on the soul imprest,
Have stirred the feelings deep within the breast.

What though our footsteps ne'er may press the ground
Where once the Lord of Life his birth-place found,
Nor to his shrine a purer worship bring
Than clouds of incense to our heavenly King.

From shores far distant,—earth's remotest clime,
Through ages past, or not yet born to time;
Where'er the faithful offer up their prayer
With heart sincere, O Lord! thy shrine is—*there!*

E. F. W.

AN IRISH DETACHMENT.

BY HENRY CURLING.

"The Emerald Isle," said Major Marvel, "as it is familiarly termed, "appeared always to me to be a melancholy and half-deserted spot. 'A precious gem, set in the silver sea,'—it seemed to be an eternal battle-field, in which 'the finest pisantry in the world' loved to keep themselves well-breathed, in order to prepare for whatever might turn up in the way of foreign wars or home invasion. The Irish, indeed, (and I speak it in their condign praise,) are more fond of fighting than any other nation on the face of the earth. The clatter of half a dozen shelaleghs at a fair is as catching as the plague; and it not unfrequently happens that, from the single circumstance of two or three of the boys having a trifling dispute about the price of a half-starved porker, a whole town has narrowly escaped being sacked and burned, and half a dozen lives have been sacrificed in its market-place.

"I met with more adventures, saw more curious scenes, and experienced more hospitality, during the short time of my first being quartered in ould Ireland, than in all my life besides. At first, it was one continued round of marching and countermarching, feasting, rowing, drinking, dancing, and jollification; then came pestilence, misery, discomfort, and all the ills the island is heir to.

"Service in Ireland is intended as a sort of restorative to a regiment, after the sweating sickness endured in the sugar-islands of the West, or the no less embroilment of a twenty years' fry in the hot East. Ould Ireland, indeed, is not so much relished by the gentlemen of the blade as either England or Scotland. Good stations, where a man might mix with the gentry of the island, are few and far between; and a corps being generally obliged to furnish half a dozen different detachments, in the various little villages around the head-quarters, the service becomes a case of continual banishment. Still it has its charms and its adventures, even in the most desolate outpost.

"I remember being sent to a village, on occasion of some 'trifle light as air' having caused a disturbance, which cost some ten or a dozen individuals their lives, and in which case, the peelers having been worsted, the military were called upon. The night was dark as a wolf's mouth, when after a wearisome and hurried march we felt our way into the village of Smashemotoole, which I found in a state of siege, or rather capture, the police having barricadoed themselves within their barrack, not a man daring to show his nose, a blazing bonfire in the square, signal-fires on the hills around, and many hundreds of infuriated Paddies, leaping, screaming, and fighting, like a tribe of Pawnee Indians, and indiscriminately whacking away upon the heads of friend and foe.

"'The army! the army! oh, blood and 'ounds, here comes the army!' was the universal shout, as I halted my power upon entering the scene of discord.

"Pat has, for the most part, a very friendly feeling *towards*, and a wholesome dread *of*, the military. The police he hates with a deadly hatred, and carries murder in his right hand for their especial benefit. I remember passing a curious night on the above occasion. The village

I had thus relieved consisted of a sort of square of hovels, with some five or six outlets, streets, or lanes, running in as many different directions towards the bogs, woods, and mountains and lakes around it. Beautifully situated in this wild and sylvan scene, it was the centre of a most delightful cluster of gentlemen's, and one or two noblemen's seats. At the present moment, however, all was dark, ominous, and dreary, save the glorious bonfire, which, flaring up in the centre of the little square, or market-place, threatened destruction, in the fury of the winter's wind, to the lively village.

"After doing the needful, and driving Patrick at point of fox, by the different outlets, to his favourite bogs and fastnesses around, I proceeded to post my sentries, bivouac my power in some convenient refuge, and, ensconcing myself in the little kitchen of a most miserable and dirty cottage, thrust my feet before the turf fire, lighted a cigar, and made up my mind to an unquiet night.

"Ensign Altamont de Montmorenci was mine ancient in the —th Highlanders at this time. Our commissions might be said to have been 'twin-born,' since we were both gazetted on the same day, his commission being dated but one day later than my own. A miss, however, is as good as a mile, says the ancient proverb. I was the *elder*, if not the *better* soldier, and consequently, the detachment being a subaltern's party, I was its commandant.

"Ensign de Montmorenci was cut out for the service. Descended from a long line of martial ancestry, he was perfectly capable of 'spending half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day.' Like the Master of Ravenswood, he'd his cloak and sword, and high blood, and little else to recommend him to the world. As De Montmorenci was a zealous soldier, being never so happy as when he was either drilling the company, studying the articles of war, or volunteering for every officer's turn of duty besides his own, I generally left the management of matters whilst I was in command to him. Pretty certain that the service would materially benefit by the exertions of a zealous officer, in place of an indolent one, I generally took mine ease in mine inn, whilst he carried out those measures necessary and proper for the matter in hand, during our country excursions and outpost duty.

"Having therefore, as I said, ensconced myself in the most eligible quarter I could find, after putting matters in a somewhat better trim than I had found them in the village of Smashemotoole, I gave to Montmorenci the task of spending the watches of the night in patrolling the streets, lanes, and suburbs; and, thrusting my feet into a hen's nest, which was at the bottom of the truckle-bed I threw myself upon, jaded and fatigued with the toil of the day's march, I should soon have been in the arms of 'nature's soft nurse,' had it not been for the myriads of fleas, which left the pigs and poultry, my fellow-lodgers, in order to make a meal of my unlucky body.

"In such a situation as this, whilst I listened to the occasional hubbub consequent upon my friend Altamont's coercive measures amongst the mob without, it was not to be supposed that I anticipated the pleasure of a visit from any of the gentlefolks resident around the village, and I was therefore proportionably surprised when, the latch of the back-door of the miserable hut I was tenanting being opened, a tall and elegant-looking man, carrying a dark-lantern in his hand, stood before me. A flickering rush, which had been drawn through a saucer of grease, and which was held in an instrument resembling a pair of

forceps upon a stand, the Irish cottager's usual substitute for a candle and candlestick, gave so dubious and fitful a light, that at first I could hardly distinguish the features of my visitor. I stared at him as though I beheld some shadowy ghost standing in the peat-reek of my hearth.

"'The officer commanding the party, I presume?' said my visitor, throwing the focus of his lantern across my lantern-jaws, and addressing me.

"'The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever,' I returned, rising and bowing; conceiving that I saw before me the proprietor of the park and domain which 'there adjacent lay' to the village I was in.

"'My house is beset and beleaguered,' continued the visitor. 'I have half a dozen letters here in my pocket, stating the very hour this night at which it is to be assailed and burned to the ground. Say, can you aid me? I have with some little peril left Castle Carney, traversed the plantations of the park, and admitted myself by the little postern in the wall to the village. Time flies—every moment is now the father of some stratagem. My people are in readiness for the assault; but, hearing of your arrival with a part of the detachment from Clonberry Bog, I determined to visit you. In few, if you like to make Castle Carney the head-quarters of your detachment, we will make you comfortable and welcome.'

"The offer was tempting: I felt inclined to make the noble seat mentioned both 'my head-quarters, and quarters for every other part of my body;' but, considering that my commission extended no further than to the village I was then in, I at first reluctantly declined accepting the proffered hospitality.

"Nevertheless, as I glanced around the squalid misery of the hut I was in, I reflected that, as I had pretty well picketted the dark streets of the village, saved more than one house from being burned, and turned the mob over to the tender mercies of my zealous subaltern, I might venture to return the visit of my noble new acquaintance. His affability and superiority charmed me. There was corn, wine, and oil, in his plenteous face. I was fasting from all but smokey whiskey, and boiled potatoes without butter; and, as I gazed upon his aristocratic bearing, savoury viands, rich sauces, and generous wines seemed to spread themselves before me on his ample board.

"I had been before quartered in the village; but the Lord of Castle Carney was at that time, with his family, sojourning abroad. I, however, knew the localities well, and after writing a few words of instruction to my friend De Montmorenci, I volunteered, after confiding my billet to the care of my sergeant, to escort my visitor back to Castle-Carney, and view the preparations he had made for defence of his home and hearth. We accordingly left the little cottage, traversed the kail-yard in its rear, passed through the small postern, and threading the shrubberies and plantations of the park, reached the mansion.

"The iron tongue of the stable-clock 'sounded one unto the drowsy race of night' as we crossed the dark avenue in front of the building, and, the rain having ceased, the heavy clouds rolled from beneath the moon, and displayed the iron-grey turrets and multitudinous windows of the noble edifice. Altogether it was quite a scene of romance; a sentinel challenged as we approached, my conductor gave the word, and we entered.

"Those who had been used to the peaceful and quiet style of a gen-

tleman's seat in merry England would have been somewhat surprised at the preparation displayed on this night at the mansion to which I was thus paying a visit. The ample hall, on the oak panels of which hung the trophies of the chase, together with swords, bucklers, and several suits of armour, was converted into a sort of guard-room; a dozen stalwart men-at-arms, consisting of the household servants, being ready to man the different stations allotted to them when the assault took place; and my host, ushering me into a library, introduced me to his son, a handsome-looking youth, of about fifteen years of age, whose employment was as hostile and warlike as the scene I had already passed through. He stood before a large table, which was literally covered with fire-arms, from the double-barrelled Manton to the bell-mouthed blunderbuss. His employment was to carefully load and readily arrange these weapons, so as to be handed to the servants when required.

"My introduction to, and the night I spent with that party, I shall not in a hurry forget. The family of my host consisted of his wife, the son I have before-named, and eight daughters — of whom, were I to say they were beautiful as Eastern houris, I might not only fail in rendering them justice, but should also use a trite and common simile. They were of the loveliest of the daughters of the British aristocracy, and 'the might, the majesty of beauty' can no further go. Therein, however, was their smallest recommendation to praise, for they had apparently no overweening pride either of the high station they occupied, or the charms they possessed. They stood one above another, as somebody somewhere observes of a similar bevy of fair nymphs, like the ascent to the gardens of Paradise, and it appeared almost impossible to fall in love with any one of them in particular, from the utter impossibility of giving preference to any particular one.

Glancing at my travel-worn harness and bespattered continuations, 'stained with the variation of each soil' between the bogs of Clonberry and the seat I was visiting, I apologised, upon finding myself in this fair assemblage, for the dampness of my clothing, and the figure I necessarily cut. An officer on detachment is, however, always welcome.

"'We are as secluded here,' said the lady of the house, 'as Sancho in the Sierra Morena, and are always glad to welcome the military when sent to so dull a quarter.'

"In short, there seemed to be no more thought of the threatened assault, than if we had been seated in his lordship's withdrawing room in Grosvenor Square. Music and conversation made the minutes fly; coffee and other refreshments were served; and, but that a report was ever and anon brought to the master of the house, apparently of the proceedings without, I should not have suspected that the family either feared or expected any danger from the rout who had threatened to bring fire and slaughter into their dwelling. That, indeed, which chiefly struck me, was the absence of all alarm amongst the females of the party, and yet the house was well prepared for defence. Feather-beds and mattresses were placed before the windows of the lower apartments, and the male part of the establishment had been engaged during the evening in making ready for a deadly siege.

"'We are not at all timorous,' said the Lady Geraldine; 'we are 'native here, and to the manner born.' Your English ladies, I have observed, whilst visiting us, are sometimes alarmed at the reputation our country has earned. But they soon find that more than half what

they have heard about the ferocity of our good-tempered, generous-hearted, misguided peasantry, is false.'

"Again she struck the strings of her harp as she said this, and warbled two verses of the following old ditty:—

He comes no more!
The flowers are blooming,
Their fragrant breath the bower perfuming.
Even as of yore.
But he who used to gaze enchanted
Upon me when these flowers were planted,
He comes no more!
No more!

He comes no more!
With voice of power
Still thrills my lute at evening hour
Sweet as before.
Ah me! 'tis now the mournful token
Of plighted faith for ever broken.
He comes no more!
No more!

"If music be the food of love, thought I, play on. The Lady Geraldine had the voice of a seraph. 'It came o'er my ear like the sweet south.' The stanzas, however, seemed to call forth in the singer unpleasing remembrances. The Lady Geraldine stopped at the end of the second verse. She leant her cheek upon her hand as she bent over the instrument. Could it be possible, I thought as I gazed upon her chiselled features and perfect form, that the love of one so exquisite has been unpropitious or unrequited.

"'May I ask the question,' I said, as I arose, and took the music from the stand, 'may I inquire where you learned the air to which you have warbled these words?'

"'It was composed in this room,' said the Lady Geraldine, with a sigh.

"'You will pardon me,' said I; 'but an ensign of ours—one of the cleverest scamps that ever belted a broadsword to his waist—not *one*, 'but all mankind's epitome'—I always considered *him* the composer of that air.'

"'And his name?' said the lady, looking as if the heat of the room had overcome her.

"'Altamont de Montmorenci.'

"I saw immediately that, in return for the harmony the young lady had been favouring me with, I had touched a string in her heart that uttered dreadful discord. Curse upon it! thought I to myself; my usual luck. I have somehow let down the peg that made this music.

"My noble host interrupted my reverie. He approached, and touched my shoulder lightly, and we left the apartment together.

"'Are you quite wise,' said he, 'in leaving your detachment so long?'

"'Quite,' I returned. 'When you play your part I'll play mine: I have arranged everything with my ensign before I ventured on this visit. He's a clever fellow, and, I believe, not altogether unknown to you. His name is Montmorenci—Ensign Altamont de Montmorenci, of ours.'

"A dark shade seemed to pass over the Earl's brow as I watched the expression of his countenance. The truth flashed across me,—the favourite song of my friend,— the melancholy of the Lady Geraldine,—the angry look of the Earl; all put together, told the tale, the chivalrous, the high born, the penniless ensign of highlanders had been flirting with the Lady Geraldine.

"As I pondered upon these matters, a yell like what might have been expected from a band of accursed Siouxes, burst upon our ears, and the next minute on came the rout of ruffians. The crash of breaking glass immediately succeeded, and, throwing themselves at the doors and windows of the mansion, the paddies made as much din with their bludgeons and shilelaghs as the Black Knight with his battle-axe at the sally-port of the castle of Torquilstone.

"The Earl took command of one part of the mansion, his son superintended in another, whilst I volunteered to act as General Commanding-in-chief. I had persuaded the Earl not to proceed to extremities until we saw there was actual danger of the château being taken, and we accordingly reserved the fire of the garrison, only singling out one or two of the leaders for punishment.

"'Pick me off,' said I to the young lord, that athletic fellow in the coat of frieze, blackened visage, and the haybands round the calves of his legs. Tickle him with a charge of buck-shot about the shins. One shot will, perhaps, be sufficient to summon my friend Altamont, who will, most likely, bring us off without further 'stroke or wound.''

"Night's candles were burnt out, and the dawn was just appearing as I looked forth. Many hundreds of the finest pisantry in the world were rioting around his lordship's mansion, and preparing for another effort to break in. The shower of brick-bats and stones, under cover of which they advanced, again rattled against the doors and windows. Still I restrained the fire of the garrison, feeling confident in the strength of the defence, and the relief I expected.

"All would have gone well, but that we had treachery within the walls. Well did the Earl say, that in Ireland no man could trust his entire household. One of the helpers in the stables was, like the Ishmaelites of Persia, a member of a secret society, a Ribbon-man. He admitted a party of the assailants by the back entrance, and we were fairly on the eve of capture.

"We heard the rush of this party towards the great hall of the building. There was but one entrance to it from the servants' offices. The Earl seized upon a two-handed sword from the wall, the weapon of one of his crusading ancestors, and, opposing himself to the opening, smote down the on-comers as fast as they endeavoured to rush in. His servants also performed their suit and service well and manfully; whilst I, opposing myself to the assailants without the mansion, gave the word to blaze away in real earnest.

"The females were now in reality alarmed. The din of the affray without doors had completely scared them; the fight was too near to be pleasant, and several of them rushed into the hall amongst the combatants. At this moment I heard the well-known bugle of the highlanders. It sounded like

'the blast of that wild horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne.'

As the smoke of our discharge from the front blew clear of the win-

dows, I looked forth, and beheld the kilts debouching from the wood on the left of the building.

"They took the enemy in flank, came up at the double, and commenced a *file* fire, that was echoed in ten thousand replications from the woods and glades around. *La Voila!* the thing was finished; east, west, north, and south, fled the assailants, leaving the dead, the wounded, and the dying, to be cared for and nursed by the ladies of the establishment. The next minute the hall of the building was filled with plumed bonnets and highland scarfs, and its marble flooring resounded to the heavy butts of the firelock as Ensign Altamont de Montmorenci gave the word to his power to order arms, and stand at ease.

"De Montmorenci soon after this got his lieutenancy in the cavalry, and it was long before I saw him again. On occasion of her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, holding her first drawing-room, I went to return thanks for my majority. One lady, of surpassing beauty, was the observed of all observers there. She leant upon the arm of an officer of the life-guards. I myself had left a leg amongst the passes of the farthest steeps of India. My nasal feature had been frost-bitten on the Canadian frontier, and all the hair of my head had been singed off whilst fighting against the Ashantees. The guardsman, however, knew me again. It was my old friend and subaltern, Altamont de Montmorenci. He introduced me to his wife—the Lady Geraldine."

FRIAR TUCK'S CHAUNT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Oh! brave Robin Hood, thou king of the wood,
  And ye his lieges bold,
Now listen, I pray, while I troll ye a lay
  In the depths of this forest-hold.
A goodlier home than this sylvan dome
  What monarch on earth could boast?
Or where doth the beam of the bright sun gleam
  On a stouter or merrier host?

What savoury cheer is the outlaw's fare;—
  The hind is his own by right,
The pasty rich, and the hearty flitch,
  The stoup of Canary bright!
No pantler's hoard hath a daintier board
  Than the feast we daily see,
And none, I trow, have a lighter brow
  Than the men of the greenwood tree!

No friar, I ween, hath yet been seen
  Who shrive with a heartier zest;
Some sins give way to my potent sway,
  And others—we drink to rest!
No candle and bell we need to tell,
  If spirits of ill lurk here;
For the darkest foe we have yet to know
  Is the moodiest one—Old Care!

SOBER REFLECTIONS ON STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

BY THE IRISH WHISKEY-DRINKER.

I AM under a very strong impression that Beranger the poet of freedom, love, and wine, of whom Prout used to speak with such admiration, notwithstanding the good father's own sound Christian orthodoxy, and the spirit of Deism, with now and then "something more," which speaks brazen-tongued through the Frenchman's writings, must have visited the Irish College in Paris, previously to his having given the world, in his "Le Roi D'Yvetot," that exquisite satire on

"Low ambition and the pride of kings."

Of course it needs no ghost from the tomb to point out the particular king against whom the shaft of the poet's wit was directed. A late revered and much-lamented uncle of mine, who was some years since bursar of the above-mentioned college, an Irish priest of the old school, with a strong propensity to legitimist principles and the polite literature of the ancients, was intimately acquainted with Beranger; and if the Frenchman did not succeed, through means of my uncle's friendship, in getting a glimpse at the Irish manuscripts in the library, amongst which is a very curious one in verse respecting a certain King of Dalkey, although, perhaps, if he did, he could make nothing of them, as he was ignorant of "the native," it does not follow that he did not hear my venerable relative's English translation of the identical one to which I allude.

I can fancy the two kindred spirits communing with each other by the cheering blaze of a November wood fire in the bursar's room, the Irish ecclesiastic pulling away at an honest, well-seasoned yard of clay, its bowl well filled with strongest negro-head, the Frenchman philosophically sucking the amber tube of a meerschaum, containing the perfumed choppings of some milder weed, both drinking their liquors in peace and comfort, differing on many points of discussion in literature, politics, and religion, but violently disputing about none. An infallible incentive to good humour and friendship was always in requisition on such occasions, in the shape of a "black bottle" of *eau de vie d'Irlande*, a good stock of which was always kept up for the honour and convenience of the college, certain consignments of the beverage of Fatherland arriving periodically viâ Bourdeaux from Cork; and, as report said, without being subject to the *octroi* at the barrier of St. Denis. On one of these happy and interesting occasions, when the soul of the bursar felt the fire of inspiration, when his heart was brim full of benevolence, when his conscience reminded him of the full justice of that celebrated canon which says, that even in blackest lent, "*Liquidum non rumpit jejunium*," (Concil. Trident.), thus compounded into Anglo-Irish, "Long life to Counsellor Trent, that wouldn't put a fast upon drinking,"—I fancy, I say, or, as I said before, I *can* fancy the hospitable master of ceremonies extricating the dying embers from his friendly tube by a gentle tapping of its inverted bowl upon the toe of his pump, and at the same

time telling the French republican to replenish his cup of liberty, whilst he gave the following real original and facetious history of Bryan O'Lynn, a Milesian monarch of the olden time:—

The King of Dalkey.

In Dalkey a king of great weight,
 Though his deeds are not *blarney'd* in story,
For he rose, and he *rowl'd* to bed late,
 Lived Bryan O'Lynn in his glory.
With a nate spanchel'd* cawbeen† so gay,
He was crown'd by Queen Sheelah each day
  They say.
 Bryan's praise let us sing!
 What a jolly good king
Was rattling bowld Bryan O'Lynn!
  Hurroo!!

His palace was thatched with straw;
 There he took all his meals and his glass;
And all his dominions he saw,
 When he sauntered along on his ass;
Hearty, simple, and free, to confide,
With no guard but "Dog Tray" would he ride
  By his side.
 Bryan's praise let us sing!
 What a jolly good king
Was rattling ould Bryan O'Lynn!
  Hurroo!!

The nation ne'er groan'd for his table,
 Though he drank rather fast, it is true;
Says Bryan, "If my people are able
 To drink, sure I'll drink whiskey, too.
An income-tax, then, at each door,
A pint to each keg he would score,
  No more.
 Bryan's praise let us sing, &c.

'Mongst the darlings of gentle degree
 He was mighty polite; and 'twas rather
Suspected his subjects could see
 Many reasons to call him their father.
Four days in the year, sometimes six,
To manœuvre the boys, he would fix,
  And their sticks.
Bryan's praise let us sing, &c.

With the neighbours most friendly lived he,
 And sighed not his power to increase;
If with Bryan all our kings would agree,
 The world would have comfort and peace!

* *Spanchel*, noun-substantive,—a hay or straw rope, chiefly used for tying the legs together of cows or pigs, to hinder them, not from trespassing on their neighbour's property, but from roaming too far from home. *Spanchel*, verb,—to tie or fasten with a hay or straw rope.

† A felt hat of no particular shape.

When on high he was called to appear,
Sad Dalkey then shed its first tear
On his bier.
For his death let us cry,
Let us cry, "Arrah, why,
Bryney, jewel, och! why did you die?
Wirrasthrew!!!

Bryan's phiz is preserved to this day,
Hung out o'er a sheebeen-shop door,
Where those that are able to pay
May drink of good whiskey galore.
The house is in Tandragee,
And it 's kept by one Widow Magee,—
D' ye see?
Bryan's praise let us sing,
What a jolly good king
Was rattling ould Bryan O'Lynn!
Hurroo!

What do you think of the foregoing, most pensive public? And what do you think of the following?—

"Look upon this picture, and on this!"

the rough and ready Irish cartoon and the French oil-painting?

LE ROI D'YVETOT.

Il était un roi d'Yvetot,
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire;
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de cotton,
Dit on.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Ah, ah, ah, ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la!

Il faisait ses quatre repas
Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas a pas,
Parcourrait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple, et croyant le bien,
Pour tout guarde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, &c.

Il n'avait de goût onereux,
Qu'une soif un peu vive;
Mais en rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui même à table et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.
Oh, oh, oh, oh! &c.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père :
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban,
Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an,
Au blanc.
Oh, oh, oh, oh ! &c.

Il n'aggrandit point ses états,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple qui l'enterra,
Pleura.
Oh, oh, oh, oh ! &c.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince ;
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête bien souvent
Le foule s'ecrie en buvant,
Devant :
Oh, oh, oh, oh !
Ah, ah, ah, ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la !

After that, if I have not taken the Frenchman down a peg, I shall forego my native nectar, and take to Father Mathew's tea-pot, or drink schnapps for the rest of my life. Talking of schnapps puts me in mind of an *apropos de bottes* anecdote which my uncle told me, observing, at the same time, that he thought schnapps a decent, well-behaved sort of a substitute, when you could not get "the raal thing" for love or pecuniary consideration.

"When I first went to Hungary," said my worthy uncle, the bursar, "as chaplain to the last of the Irish brigades in the service of the Emperor of Austria, I was very much surprised at the facility with which the gentlemen of the country spoke Latin,—not the fine rolling periods of Cicero, of course, nor, need I say, it was altogether as good as the prose of the silver age. My wonder was more especially excited at the cool manner in which some of the lower orders, when they came in contact with a stranger, challenged him to 'a shy' at the classics."

"Is it joking you are, uncle?" said I.

"Faith, and it's no joke, I tell you, sir," replied the worthy man. "I once met a Hungarian ostler, who put me to the pin of my collar to keep saddle-skirts with his Amabœan diversion. I was so delighted with the vagabond, that I took him into my service, where he might have been warm and comfortable to the day of his death, but that, before he swallowed twelve months' bread of the Church, I caught him tripping in his allegiance,—aiming at being a confessor himself!"

"A confessor, did you say, uncle?"

"By my pure faith and conscience I did,—confessor to the wildest

boys in the whole brigade, and that 's saying something,—I mean the junior portion of the officers' mess. The vagabond was the depositary of all the correspondence that passed between the young gentlemen and the young ladies of Buda, oral or epistolary, mouthpiece or Mercury. He was, by all accounts, the naytest hand imaginable at managing a delicate affair. I used to wonder at the reason why the ould people, before we were six months quartered in Buda, used, as he walked after me through the town, to run in and shut their doors, crying out, "There goes Paddy Waag, the villainous dwarf of the Irish Brigade!" The boys called him Paddy, although his Christian name was Fritz, and he liked his auxiliary name the better of the two. I soon found out that it was not to his personal appearance, and he was magnificently ugly, that the hostility of the grave and elderly portion of the population extended, but to his moral obnoxiousness. At last I caught him at his capers, and found out how the cat jumped. I was obliged to take a decisive step in the eyes of the service and the country; so I dismissed him with his wages and my blessing, telling him at the same time, that his neck, although a short one, was well made for suspension; and, if he didn't mend his wicked ways, he 'd come to something mighty disagreeable in this world and the next. I didn't let fly my fallen angel on the parish, however, without a character, seeing that he was willing to earn an honest penny, but got him a good master, in the dare-devil, dashing person of your cousin, Jack O'Dwyer, then a cornet in Nugent's hussars. In troth, they were as nice a pair, master and man, as ever tumbled into an unfortunate town when the firing was over, and the fun was begun. But, as I was going to tell you before I struck into the episode about

'The brave roaring boys,
For wine, women, and noise,
The boys of the Irish brigade,'

I passed a very bad night, the first one I spent within the confines of the ancient Transylvania; for the bed into which they shoved me in the little inn, where they billetted myself and the brigadier, was nothing to crack about, although I had more than I bargained for to crack before morning, if I could only grapple with the enemy. You may talk as you like of your light-bobs, and tirallieurs, and peep-o'-day-boys, and sharp-shooters; and talk of Merryman in the ring, that 's everywhere, and anywhere, and nowhere, like Boyle Roche's cock-sparrow, there 's not such a skirmisher in the universe as a Hungarian flea. He 's nimbleness itself, as 'cute as a cobbler's awl, and all out as diplomatic as Prince Metternich himself. It isn't on the palm of your hand, or the sole of your foot, or on the tip of your nose, that he 'll light for a drop of your well of life; but where the villain knows the chances are a bank-note to an Isle of Man penny you can't catch him. Well, as I was lying awake, and languishing on my bed of martyrdom, very early in the morning, I heard a slight knocking at the bed-room door, and I scarcely had said, 'Come in,' or 'Who 's that?'—I forget which,—when in walks a joker as broad as he was long, and he was only about four feet nothing in his pumps, with a head as big as a battering-ram, or a ten-shilling pot screwed down low between his shoulders, and a red

handkerchief tied round it as elegantly as a duchess's head-dress, and on he came quiet and easy towards the bedside, with a bottle in one hand, and, of course, a glass in the other.

"'Good morrow to you, kindly, sir,' says I. 'It 's yourself that 's up early; and it 's comfort you bring with you when you visit the sick and uneasy. God bless you, whoever you are,' says I.

"'Loquamur Latinè!' said the dwarf, shaking his great woolly head to make me understand that he did not understand English.

"'By dad, and to be sure I will, my boy,' says I, sitting bolt upright in the bed, and turning up my shirt-sleeves for the honour of the Sarbonne.

"'Loquamur Latinè reverendissime,' says the creature, again bobbing his propugnaculum at me, and grinning most politely from ear to ear.

"'With all the veins of my heart—cum toto corde meo,' says I on the spot. 'Go on, my hero—incipe parve puer—and what the devil?—quid agis? vel quid vis, dulcissime rerum?' And then we got into the heat of our parliamentary debate in earnest.

"'Visne *schnapps*, Reverendissime Domine?'

"'Quid est schnapps?

"'Est medicina matutina, præstantissima.'

"'Certe opus est mihi medicinæ,—for my heart 's mighty wake—infirma est anima mea!'

"'En age, schnapps, medicina suavissima, excellentissima, deamatissima ecclesiasticis, episcopis, monachis, patribus, matribus, fratribus, sororibus, sapientibus, militibus, pictoribus atque poetis, sumenda primo galli cantu.'

"'Quando Gallus cantat, Petrus flet,' said I, when I took my breath, giving him a recondite reminiscence of Sixtus Quintus; but the historical illumination was lost on the nebulous pericranium of the jabberer. Still, you see, he wouldn't give in; and, as if he had been squeezed out of the logic of the schools, says he, as bowld as brass,

"'Concedo majorem—nego minorem!'

"'Quid concedis—quid negas, disputatorum facile princeps?'

"'Gallus cantat' (the boy was right, for the cock was crowing away like a May-boy at the time) 'sed tu non es Petrus!'

"'Ego sum Petrus M'Loghlin.'

"'Heus! est altera res—et nullus error?'

"'Nullo errore! and the divil a mistake.'

"'Ergo age, sume Sancte Petre pater, speculum sanctitatis, Hibernicis Hibernior, sume *schnapps*?'

"'Da mihi schnapps!' says I; for I saw it was a case of whether or no, and that there was no escaping from the necromancer. This same schnapps was not to be sneezed at, after all, and, for want of a better, it did very well to clear the cobwebs out of my throat. He then was going away with an 'ave et vale,' but I called out to him,

"'Quo nomine gaudes, vagabunde?'

"'Waag!'

"'Arch-wag would be a better name for you,' says I. 'Est ne tibi conjux?'

"'Quod Deus avertat!'

"'Infantuli?'

"'Non satis reminiscor!'

"'Can you brush a pair of—potesne verrere braccas—breeches, you baste?'

"'Me non solertior alter!' said he *sur le champ*, as if he had the Æneid at his finger ends, which I soon found out he had not. He learned, as he told me afterwards, his scraps of quotations whilst attending to the fires of the humanity classes of an ecclesiastical college in Gallicia; and, having a taste for dialogue and disputation, he gratified his bent by listening at the doors of the theological schools, and working as hard as a nailor at Corderius and Erasmus. He entered the establishment as a pantry-boy, till he got too fat, and then they made him a lay-brother, and then he grew more fat and too hot; for he showed the most flagrant hostility to the principles of primitive poverty and passive obedience; and then they sent him to the road to liquidate some of his spare flesh, and cool his heels, and follow the dictates of his conscience. The end of our interview was, that I pressed him into my serviee; and, to give the devil his due, he was the best care-keeper of a pair of black cassimeres I ever knew. He had a most magical knack of magnetizing the dust and the punch-stains out of them; for he never left the mark of a brush behind him; so much so, that the articles never grew thread-bare like Paddy Malowney's shirt, but fell into dilapidation solely from the action of the external air. As for his style of turning out a hat, no hatter in Europe could come up to it,—that touch of his elbow was brush, block, and smoothing iron altogether.

I am as fond as ever the inimitable Prout was of tracing strange coincidences, and especially that rarest one which the reverend and learned father traced with such droll effect, namely, the similarity of thought, and very often of language, for the length not only of stanzas and sentences, but of whole pages in prose and verse, which is observable in the writings of not a few of those who occupy high places in the world of genius. I have just discovered between the old Gaelic ballad translated by my reverend uncle, which celebrates the peaceful and philosophical reign of an old Irish king before the English Conquest, and one of Beranger's most polished odes, a striking similitude, and this is a strange, perhaps a droll coincidence. The following one is a stranger, and I rather think a droller one still. Speaking of the Irish brigades, for those brave exiles fought for Spain and France, as well as for Austria, in penal times, which, Heaven be praised, with their melancholy spirit, have for ever passed away, I am put in mind of a capital war-song, which the officers of the identical corps to which my uncle was chaplain used to sing after dinner, when they entertained any of their brave companions in arms of equal rank in the native Austrian service. These, of course, did not understand English, and if they did, they would, as foreigners, have found it difficult to discover it, in the disguise of an undiluted Milesian brogue. Those who have ever heard any of the capital Latin songs of the German universities sung in chorus by hundreds of the students will judge of the splendid effect of the following:—

PÆAN MILITARIS LEGIONIS HIBERNICÆ.

Mononiæ spes et solamen,
Juvernæ, juvenes, tutamen;
Ad arma, fortes, surgite!

Gemitus qua triste sonant,
Qua tormenta sæva tonant,
Nulla mora, pergite!
Ave carissima!

Audin'! ait Dux jocose:
"Signa vocant bellicose,
Tympanumq, accedite!
Ite! sursum corda! sursum!
Nulla via est retrorsum,
Nulla, mihi credite!"
Ave dulcissima!

"An parati?" ait legatus.
"Nullus ecce! non paratus,
Agmen si conspexeris.
Præsto nobis en sclopeta,
Præsto sacculusque detur
Pulvis unde dexteris!
Ave fidissima!

Mater inde, "O tenellis,
Precor, parcite puellis!
O misereamini!
Vos, viva usque objurgabo,
Umbra pœnas flagitabo,
Ut miserè plectamini!
Ave rarissima!

O Maria, mei lepores!
Dum revertar amatores
Ut depuleris vide!
Contemne procos, seu relicta
Vivas, obeasve invicta,
Et Romanâ sis fide!
Ave sanctissima!

Quid fles—quid trepidas dolore?
Patriæ vocor amore;
Mitte flere—jubeo!
Victor, si redeam, redibo;
Sive occumbam morte, ibo
In cælum procul dubio!
Ave tristissima!

"My surprise may be more easily imagined than described, on hearing, at an evening party in the West End last winter, the following droll production, given in his best style by one of the best Irish songsters extant, an eminent Irish sculptor, (not Mr. Hogan,) who lives not a hundred miles away from the Horse Guards and the House of Commons. I leave it to the literary world to form their own conclusion; but all I can say, who know no more than the man in the moon to whom to attribute either of the brilliant coruscations of lyrical genius, that the similitude, almost literal between them, is a very striking coincidence. They cannot, it is evident, be sung to the same air, as the 'meterology' is different. I remarked also, in the version given by the Irish Phidias above mentioned, that from the third line, inclusive, of each stanza to the end was repeated, and that the 'Love, farewell!' had nothing, properly speaking, to say to the air, the rythm of which, according to the rules of melody, was perfect without it.

THE WAR-SONG OF THE GALLANT EIGHTY-EIGHTH.

Come now, brave boys, we 're on for marching,
Where there 's fighting and divarsion ;
(*Bis.*) Where cannons roar, and men are dying,
March, brave boys, there 's no denying !
Love, farewell !

Hark ! 'tis the Colonel gaily crying,
" March, brave boys, there 's no denying,
(*Bis.*) Colours flying, drums are bayting,
March, brave boys, there 's no retrayting !"
Love, farewell !

The major cries, " Boys, are yez ready ?"
" Yes, your honour, firm and steady ;
(*Bis.*) Give every man his flask of powdher,
And his firelock on his shouldher !"
Love, farewell !

The mother cries, " Boys, do not wrong me,
Do not take my daughters from me !
(*Bis.*) If you do, I will tormint yez !
After death my ghost will haunt yez !"
Love, farewell !

" Oh, Molly, dear, you 're young and tinder,
And when I 'm gone you won't surrinder,
(*Bis.*) But howld out like an auncient Roman,
And live and die an honest woman."
Love, farewell !

" Oh, Molly, darling, grieve no more, I
'M going to fight for Ireland's glory ;
(*Bis.*) If I come back, I 'll come victorious ;
If I die, my sowl in glory is !"
Love, farewell !

" Talk of

" ' *Τα οπλα ας λαβωμεν !*
Παιδες 'Ελληνων αγωμεν !'

Or the Marsallaise, or Riego's Hymn ; the Irish lilt beats them all to *smithreens*.

' Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt !'

But not till *I* get a drink after so much dry talking ; so (with the immortal Tom Ingoldsby) let me beg leave of you, since you are so very polite and pressing,

' You dear bewitcher,
Just hand me your pitcher,
For it 's myself that 's getting mighty dry.' "

THE HUNTING WIDOW;

OR, A WEEK IN THE WOODS AND PRAIRIES.

Some time towards the close of February last I took my departure from on board the Texian man-of-war brig, Archer, of eighteen guns, lying in Galveston harbour, on a hunting-excursion up the bay of the same name, for the purpose of recruiting myself after a brief cruize to the enemy's coast, with the less-dangerous pursuit of the deer, the opossum, the racoon, and other game with which the prairies and woodlands of this favoured offshoot of Mexico abounds.

The craft in which, as with Yankee caution it was expressed, we "calculated to progress," was the brig's six-oar cutter, rigged into a sail-boat; it contained our guns, horns, shot-pouches, a keg of powder, bags of ball and shot, our blankets, "fixing" for a tent, a demi-john of water, a few bottles of American whiskey, a small sack of biscuit, certain pieces of salt-beef, some coffee and sugar, and ample provisions for the day's journey, as well as an "extensive supply" of tobacco. My companions were Captain Tod, Lieutenant Snow, Judge Bollant, Mr. Baker, and two young midshipmen, who had entered, for glory's sake, the service of the young republic.

The costume of the party was, for the country and the occasion, perfectly suitable and characteristic, but to an European sufficiently novel; my American friends were cased in pantaloons "of rugged woollen," the nether extremities were tucked in their thick hunting-boots, and attached in that position by a rope-yarn; their heads were surmounted by broad-brimmed white felt hats, while a jacket, over which was thrown the picturesque poncho, or Mexican blanket, in addition to the usual amalgamation of arms, horns, shot-bags, &c. completed their hunting habiliments. I myself, though but recently from a land of civilization, yet felt sufficiently the force of example, and the utter destruction of all "correct clothing," to be habited in all things the same, save only that my poncho was Peruvian, and my head surmounted by a sou'-wester, something between a shovel-hat and a coal-heaver's tarpaulin.

The bay at the moment of our departure was covered with a dense and piercing fog, which rendered every object invisible at the distance of little more than twenty yards. We were to leeward of our brig on starting, and scarcely had we propelled our boat so that the sails were filled, and our long red and blue pennant unfurled to the wind by a somewhat stiff breeze, when the vessel in our rear was out of sight, just as the sound of a long twenty-four died upon our ears; next moment another solid object presented itself to our view, and before we could rightly hear and respond unto the cheerful hail of a light-hearted Frenchman, we had shot across the bows of the brig Nomade, of Agde, appearing like a spectral ship upon the ocean, her spars all dripping with wet.

I now proceeded to load a pipe, manufactured in Texan fashion from a reed and an Indian corn-cob scooped out, and then lit it according to the custom of the country. A musket was loosely charged with a small supply of cotton for wadding, gently inserted upon

the top of the powder, and fired into the bottom of the boat, and the burning cotton being picked up, our chibouques, meerschaums, or whatever less aspiring name the reader is pleased to give them, then went through the process of illumination, and we were all in the portals of paradise. Soothed by the influence of the weed, certainly less odoriferous than the "carcanets of rose-pastilles"* worn by the ladies of Hellas, but not less pleasing in its effects, I awaited the result of our peregrination in that state of happy indifference as to where we brought up for the night, satisfied that game would everywhere be found. I then very gravely drew forth my ramrod, and sounded with it once or twice as we proceeded, and found by the scant water obtained, that we were on the centre of Pelican Shoal. While the rest were occupied in tying reef-points, the helm was resigned to me, and in about five minutes the vicinity of land was made manifest by the rising of a vast cloud of birds, whose loud screams testified their annoyance at our approach. Next moment I discovered looming through the fog, the dim outline of certain palmettos and prickly pears, indicating our landfall to be the large oyster-pond on Pelican Island, so called from the vast body of pelicans and cranes which congregate upon and around it. Steering a more westerly course, we soon rounded Shell-bank's Point, and entered upon the open bay, where every now and then the ghostly outline of some boat at anchor met our gaze, and the hoarse sound of welcome and adieu was sounded across the waters. Now and then a song, either in French, German, or English, would catch our ears, warning us ere we could see it, of our proximity to the different craft. Ours was the only boat in motion; we only having a compass.

About two hours of a stiff breeze, which carried us gloriously along, a squall or so now and then disturbing us, enabled me to run in close under Dollar Point, the site of an (*intended*) town (*to be*) called Austinia, of which a few houses were once built, but being removed wholesale to San Luis, the notion was abandoned. Here we were purposing to take refection, when our keel grated harshly, and next instant we were fast aground upon Oyster Reef, over which I expected to find sufficient water. The whole of Galverton Bay, abounding, as it does, in other fish, is yet more plentifully supplied with vast and inexhaustible beds of the most delicious oysters, lying about two or three feet below the surface, from five to twenty in a bunch. One man can, with ease, collect a thousand in an hour. In shape and size they differ from those generally seen in Europe, being long, narrow, and they are eaten only in two or three mouthfuls. Their flavour, particularly when aided by the peppered vinegar so universally used in all parts of Mexico, is most delicious; and oyster stews, fries, and soups, as well as pickles, form a great portion of the food of the inhabitants.

Determined to make the best of a difficulty, we unsheathed our knives, as if to eat a way across the reef, and proceeded in good earnest to add oysters to our morning-meal. Our "white nigger," as anything in the shape of an European servant is elegantly denominated in the refined vocabulary of Texas, soon gathered two or three hundred, and taking from a box the larger half of a stray juvenile boar, which had paid the debt of nature under one of our rifles the

* St. John's "Ancient Greece," vol. iii, p. 137.

preceding day, with molasses for sauce, and Indian corn-cakes, I can assure my readers we made a hearty meal.

Breakfast concluded, we very coolly took to the water, not, however, without some expectation of encountering an alligator, also in search of a morning meal. The boat, relieved of our weight, rose buoyantly, and we led it over the oyster-bank; had the day been warm, and the water smooth, there would have been nothing disagreeable in this involuntary bath, but the fog was piercingly cold, and a short sea breaking over the bank, wetted us from head to foot. Re-entering our boat, we passed through a narrow channel between two islands, and found ourselves in Edward's Bay, where, under the shelter of the land, the breeze fell considerably, and we shook the reefs out of our sails. Just as this was done the wind shifted a few points, the fog rolled away, leaving free passage to the sun's rays, which speedily dried our dripping garments, and about midday I had the satisfaction of seeing the anchor fall at the mouth of Clare Creek, where we resolved to commence operations.

The spot was sufficiently picturesque, both banks of the river or creek being shaded by lofty trees, with here and there a green opening, overhung by the branches of the cedar, the live-oak, the elm, the hacmatack, while yuppăn and peccăn bushes, and hickory-trees, fill up the intermediate spaces between the larger trunks; here and there a wild lemon tree, or the lofty-climbing vine, met the eye, or, casting it some little distance above, it rested upon a grove of young pine-trees, with their deep-green hue, extending far out of sight, until hidden by a bend of the river. Having selected for our camp a slightly-elevated opening, we commenced a clearance, and by cutting stakes and poles, with the aid of our sails, certain tarpaulins, and a spare top gallant sail, brought for the purpose, we soon contemplated in silent admiration the work of our own hands. A large fire was instantly set on foot, and the whole party then dispersed in various directions in search of game. I, and Midshipman Smith, "sloped" together, he having whispered that he would show me some fine sport without much trouble. Wild-fowl, as most comeatable, was what we first sought, in order to obtain a supply for imdiate consumption. Shouldering my heavy double-barrelled gun, I followed my little, active, and intelligent guide along the left banks of the river, for a distance of about two hundred yards, when he sat down upon a log, and I followed his example. He knew that information relative to the country, as well as the character of its inhabitants, was peculiarly my delight, and accordingly informed me that, until the last nine months, he had resided on Clare Creek, in the house of one Esther Simmons, and added, that he was sure I would like to see her; but the visit was deferred by me until the next day.

"I guess," said he, with the rich nasal twang of a true Yankee, as soon as I had made up my mind, "we'll have some sport anyhow; for when I left I stowed my Indian canoe, where I'd venture to calculate, it has never been found, and, now for it, to cross Clare Creek, and walk into the ducks."

At the conclusion of this speech, which rather surprised me, Mr. Smith rose, and walking down the gently sloping bank to the water's edge, suspended his "copposity" in mid-air, lowered himself down amid a thick, overhanging bush, and then disappearing, presently

shot forth, paddling a small Indian canoe, or dug-out, of size barely sufficient to carry two persons and their equipments. Placing our arms carefully in the bottom of the boat, I cautiously entered the fragile bark, and seating myself, was soon paddled to the opposite side. Making fast the painter of our little canoe, we landed, and pushing aside the somewhat thick undergrowth with my left hand, grasping in my right my fowling-piece, I followed Mr. Smith, and, after a quarter of an hour's journey through close timber, we came in sight of one of the numerous and extraordinarily inhabited ponds so common in the lower and more swampy portions of the coast of Texas. The lagoon itself was skirted by the extreme edge of the wood; beyond spread the interminable prairie, flat, smooth as the calm sea, unbroken by any elevation. The surface of the water was, at the moment we approached, completely hidden by ducks, both the diver, the canvas-back, and the common kind, as well as a pretty considerable number of geese. Having with great caution ensconced ourselves at the distance of about forty yards, we startled them by a loud cry, and as the immense body of fowls rose like a thick cloud, they received the contents of four barrels, loaded with a mixture of small and swan-shot. We had chosen our positions admirably, for eleven ducks and two geese rewarded our exertions.

Collecting our prizes, we now retraced our steps, the more readily as we had heard several shots fired on the opposite side, and from experience I knew that there other game had been captured. Though we were first at the camp, yet, as the rest dropped in we found our anticipations verified. Captain Tod had killed an opossum; Mr. Baker, a squirrel and two snipes; Judge B——, several ducks; while Lieutenant Snow was empty-handed, and Midshipman Goodall had "scotched, but not killed" a deer. A huge iron pot, suspended from branches above, over a blazing fire, was now put into requisition, into which, after due skinning and plucking, the whole amount of our chace was indiscriminately cast, to form a stew; to the above a portion of navy beef was added, by way of salt, while Indian corn-meal, and a few sweet potatoes, added not a little so the promised delicacy of our ragout. Certain it is that our Man-Friday, or Leo Americanus, as he was called, from his extensive progression over the New Continent, assured us that the result of his *cuisine* would be " first-rate."

The preparation of our stew, the careful decoction of our mocha, or Rathee Havanna beans, occupied our time and our thoughts so exclusively, that, suddenly raising our eyes, we discovered the sun slowly settling in the west, its rays peering somewhat feebly through the dense mass of foliage which surrounded us. We accordingly supped by the light of a blazing fire of pine and oak logs, which some considerate individual had cut down close at hand, for the less useful purpose, however, of conveying them to Galverton for sale. The only interruption during our meal was the howling of certain *caictoe*, whom the savoury odour of our mess had caused to congregate around. I scarcely ever enjoyed a meal with more *gusto*. Hunger, and the good things before me, so engrossed my attention, that the wolves were for the time unheeded; and, when at length three or four pounds of the stew had been despatched by each of us, we were far too lazy to rise and trouble ourselves by interfering with the noisy neighbours, who promised by their guttular concert to

disturb our slumbers. A pipe of the aromatic weed, as well as the charms of conversation, were to us more powerful influences than the desire of slaughter.

My companions at length fell off one by one to sleep ; but, pouring out a cup of coffee, I replenished my pipe, and wandered in imagination within sight of the metropolis of the world, on the banks of Father Thames, with those who, though many thousand miles from me, were ever uppermost in my thoughts. I was aroused from a sadly-pleasant reverie by the howling of wolves, somewhat too near me to be agreeable ; starting up, therefore, I fired my gun, heavily loaded with buck-shot, in the direction whence the noise proceeded, and then, my vision being scattered, heaped on fresh logs, and resigned myself to slumber.

I awoke, after a few hours' rest, and found Man-Friday and Mid. Smith busily engaged in preparing for breakfast: I arose, and lent a hand by "alembicating" the Havanna. In a few minutes the keen senses of the slumberers, catching hold of the fragrant odour meandering through the air, and "the rage of hunger," to use an Homeric phrase, was called into action. Everything was now bustle : our beds and blankets were rolled up, and converted into stools, and in a few minutes a hunter's morning meal was despatched. Our guns were now shouldered, and the camp was deserted, each following the bent of his inclinations. I and Mr. Smith prepared to pay our promised visit to Esther Simmons, better known as the "hunting widow." During our progress towards her wigwam, I received in detail a history of the circumstances from which had arisen her present somewhat anomalous position. Smith himself was an orphan, who had been reared by the Simmons family, and informed me that, some four years previously, they had resided in the neighbourhood of Austin, some two hundred miles in the interior, expecting to end their days in the wilds, unless, perchance, a settlement should form around them. One afternoon Smith came running with the startling intelligence that a party of Comanche Indians were advancing towards the house, having killed a negro, who had been busily engaged in a small inclosed field planting sweet potatoes.

The hut of the Simmonses was situated on the extreme point of a kind of delta, formed by the junction of two small rivers, which here, in consequence, first became navigable. The front of the house opened upon a small "burn," skirted, at the distance of some two hundred yards, by a fine wood ; while the rear was on the edge of a sloping bank, which led down to the water's edge, where lay a moderate-sized piroque, partly concealed by bushes, and utterly out of view to any one approaching from the timber above alluded to. Defence appearing out of the question, immediate preparations were made for escape ; but this hope was frustrated by the sudden appearance from a forest path of some dozen well-armed and well-mounted Comanches. The crack, the flash of the Western rifle followed, and the foremost of the Indians, who had evidently expected to gain admission under the guise of seeking hospitality, fell to the ground, to rise no more. The Indians, as was their wont, retreated, and halted at a somewhat more respectful distance. By this time the children had been removed to the canoe, where they were for the moment told to remain quiet. The Comanches now commenced a rapid fire on the house from three different directions, which were

severally answered by loud reports from the rifles of the mother and father, as well as of my young friend Smith. Mrs. Simmons had, by long acquaintance with the American rifle, become as sure a marksman as any Leather-stocking of them all. Animated by the combined feelings of love for her offspring and her husband, she, with steady aim and unbending firmness, pointed the terrible weapon, which dealt death around.

The patience of the Indians is a matter of notoriety, and the inhabitants of the log-hut saw that a determined siege was about to be kept up, the result of which, when night came to aid their designs, could not remain doubtful. With infinite pain and sorrow the young husband and wife, who for seven years had been one another's only hope and joy, agreed to part; the mother to escape with her children to some safe retreat, while the husband kept the Indians at bay, resolved, if necessary, to perish for those who were so dear to him. The scene, as artlessly and simply described to me by Smith, must have been of terrible interest; the young wife and mother was now dealing death around her in defence of her home, the next minute weeping in her husband's arms.

Presently Esther would be recalled to a sense of her position by the crack of rifles, the whistling of arrows, which fell, however, harmless in the centre of massive logs, amid the treble shingles which formed the roof of the hut. In fact, at this moment there was little danger; but soon day began to give signs of its departure, and in desperate agony the father and mother separated. Heart-breaking, no doubt, were Esther's sobs, as, followed in sullen silence by young Smith, she stealthily, still holding fast the American rifle, crept to the water's edge, and the young father remained alone. That night, and part of the next day, the fugitives travelled without intermission, Esther and Smith propelling the piroque in turns. The journey about mid-day closed, by their reaching a small settlement on the mouth of the river which fell into the Colerado. Commending anxiously her children to the care of my friends, Esther remarked to Smith that, her maternal duties having been performed, she would now only remember she was a wife. Borrowing a smaller canoe than that she had come in, and taking a supply of provisions at the earnest request of the women who surrounded her, the men being out in search of the very Indians she had fled from, she started back alone to ascertain the fate of her husband. As I afterwards learned from her own mouth, she had no idea of fatigue, no thought of want of rest, but continued paddling her canoe, until the next morning brought her once more to her home. What her sensations were, as coming into sight of a blackened burning mass of ruins met her eye, untenanted of aught living, it is easier for the reader to imagine than for me to attempt to describe. The huge logs, of which a Texan hut is usually made, had been all cast down, and still resisted the force of the destructive element.

Esther landed, and sought—she expected to find nought else—the body of her husband. Her expectations were doomed to be verified, for she discovered the corpse, transfixed with arrows, scalped, and stripped of every article of clothing, the wolves busily engaged in devouring it. With steady and unflinching aim she raised the rifle, and laid the foremost of the group low. The very action brought up tumultuous feelings, and vengance took possession of her soul.

"My first thought," said she afterwards, "was revenge. I could have set out on foot, and followed the murderers to the end of the earth, and never have rested until I had taken every life; but, thank God, the thought of my children, came into my mind, and I yearned to be near them." She could not, however, bear the idea of leaving her husband's body to be devoured by the wolves; but, taking off the coarse cloak of deer-skin which enveloped her form, she wrapped it round him, and with a desperate determination, which well suited her energetic and noble character, dragged the corpse to the canoe, placed it in it, entered it herself, and commenced her return. On her arriving at the settlement, a burning fever, which had been gradually coming on, overcame her, and her life was some time despaired of.

A few weeks passed, and Esther Simmons, having recovered, took her departure for the coast a broken-hearted woman. From that day she was determined to risk no farther contact with the Indians; the idea of losing her children as she had lost her husband was a thought too terrible. In her next retreat the children tilled the ground,* planted Indian corn and sweet potatoes, killed pigs, &c.; while the mother, with the rifle on her shoulder, wandered through prairie and wood, in search of game of every description. This active state of life was, as she said, indeed necessary to her; it drove from her head thoughts of the past, which came crowding upon her at times with terrible vividness. Such is the substance, in my own words, of what I heard from Mr. Smith, who, as he concluded, exclaimed, "But there she is, and can tell you more about it all herself."

I raised my eyes, and found myself standing in front of a rude log hut, situated in the centre of a lovely glade, a dense forest surrounding it on all sides. Around the house were about four acres† of cultivated ground, inclosed by a rude fence, to keep off the various depredators, which otherwise would have utterly destroyed whetever crop was planted. Several pigs, of all sizes and colours, with a solitary cow, and a few fowls, were all that appeared animated around the dwelling, in the porch, however, of which sat a woman, still young, of handsome, though somewhat weather-beaten features. Her age I found to be two-and-thirty. She was of the middle height, slightly made, and engaged in the feminine occupation of sewing. I was both surprised and gratified; for her history had prepared me to see her only with the rifle on her shoulder, marching, like another Boadicea, to the conquest of her enemies. Mrs. Sim-

* The ground in Texas receives, of course, but very little labour, a hoe or mattock being about all the agricultural instruments ever used Their sowing differs but little from the Indian mode described in Hakluyt (iii. 329,): "First for their corne, beginning in one corner of the plot, with a pecker they make a hole, wherein they put four grains, with care that they touch not one another (about an inch asunder,) and cover them with the molde again: there is a yard square between every hole, where, according to discretion here and there, they set as many beanes and peaze."

† The assertion of Mr. Th. Hariot (Hakluyt, iii. 330), with regard to Virginia, is fully borne out by my experience in Texas. "I can assure you," he says, "that one man may prepare and husband so much ground (having once borne corne before) with less than foure-and-twenty hours' labour, as shall yield him victual in a large proportion for a twelvemonth, if he have nothing els but that which the same ground will yield; the sayd ground being also but of five-and-twenty yards square."

mons rose to meet us. Smith was welcomed most affectionately; while I was introduced as a countryman, and received a most hospitable, and even graceful, invitation to enter and take refreshment. I accordingly followed her, and found within two boys and two girls, of the ages of five, six, nine, and eleven, who instantly placed a stool for me, and proceeded with alacrity to disembarrass me of my gun, powder-horn, &c. The walls were hung with a few hunting implements, coarse habiliments, and venison, as well as pork-hams, always saved to be, at a proper opportunity, exchanged in Galverton for powder, shot, and the only article of clothing necessary to be purchased, red flannel shirts. Esther herself was completely habited in garments of deer-skin, while mocassins covered her feet, above which appeared leggings of the same material.

After some conversation, we displayed to the view of our hostess some ten pounds of powder, a bag of shot, a quantity of lead, as well as a small supply of bread, coffee, and sugar, which we desired to exchange for sweet potatoes and a ham or two. The faint trace of a smile, dim as the shadow cast by the evening star, passed across her dark and expressive countenance, as the latter articles were presented to her view.

"I never see coffee, Mr. S—— J——, or tea, or sugar, but I think of England. I left it very young; but even now I think how different had been my lot, had I never departed from my native land."

I made some remark of a consolatory nature, and the conversation fell upon other topics, and presently upon her remarkable history, various details of which I received from her own mouth; but I forbore to press her upon so painful a point.

During the day we strolled to several picturesque spots, as well in the woods as in the edge of the prairie, where we started numerous grey and red partridges. Here the fair Diana of this sylvan retreat first displayed to us the unerring nature of her aim, and the great skill she possessed in all the details of the *ars venatica*. Several fat partridges, two rabbits, and a sand-hill crane were the result of her efforts; while about a dozen rice-birds, killed in two volleys with small mustard shot, were all that my luck afforded me. The latter, however, though not much larger than a sparrow, are like balls of fat, and very delicious in taste. About five o'clock we terminated our stroll, though so fascinating was the society of my conductress, that I could have continued it hours longer, Even before I entered the hut the savoury odour of numerous viands assailed my olfactories in a most agreeable manner, and in a few moments I was seated on a solid stool at a smoking board, where a stew of mingled pork and venison, with fried deer's meat, hominy and much, besides a compound of hot milk and coffee, soon appeased a ravenous appetite. Hominy and much are both prepared from Indian corn, the former from the grain, the latter from the meal, and, to my taste, are exceedingly delicious.

As soon as the dinner was ended, Smith and the whole party of children dispersed in search of pine-knots, preparatory to a fire-hunt, and my hostess and myself proceeded to discuss the merits of that odoriferous weed, of which these parts are the native soil.

During the conversation which ensued, my hostess detailed to me some of her adventures; but I was chief spokesman, as she was eager to hear all that I could tell of dear England, and the many

changes which had taken place since her departure. In about two hours the merry foraging party returned, and preparations were made for our expedition. A large frying-pan was first fastened to a stick; in this the pine-knots were placed, and, having been lit, the fiery machine was shouldered by Mrs. Simmons, who, grasping her rifle, led the way to a prairie burn. Every spring, as soon as the sun's rays are sufficiently strong to dry up the grass, the inhabitants of the Texian wilderness set fire to the prairie, which "conflagrating" until arrested by various impediments, as a river, swamp, or heavy timber, leaves behind a rich mould, which is soon covered by a short grass, much coveted by the huge herds of deer that wander through this favoured land. The savanna being reached, I for the first time witnessed the extraordinary attraction which this fire possesses for the deer. We had not walked many hundred yards upon the burn before Mrs. Simmons called me to her side, and requested me to look in the direction in which she pointed. I did so, and plainly, amid the almost utter darkness, discerned the shining eyeballs of some animal gazing steadfastly in motionless astonishment at the fire. The sharp ringing crack of a rifle followed, and, running up, we found that, at the distance of upwards of fifty paces, our fair hostess had hit a doe directly between the eyes, and stretched it on the ground.

This kind of hunting is very much practised in Texas; it requires considerable experience, and a most steady hand, as the fire-pan has to be exactly balanced on the right shoulder, and held there, while the rifle is brought up, and steady aim taken. The knots will continue to blaze, so great is the quantity of inflammable material, no matter how much wind exists, giving a bright light; a calm and dark evening is, however, generally selected for this sport. The eldest boy and girl took possession of our prize, which was a small one, and we proceeding, succeeded in capturing another. Satisfied with the result of our hunt, and the two reports having scared the deer, we returned, and after a hearty supper and a smoke, turned in to sleep, or, rather, we all lay down, and the remaining portion of the inhabitants found repose in slumber. With me, however, the case was far different, for, about twelve o'clock, just as I was composing myself to sleep, the wind, which had been northerly, shifted to the southward, and brought with it a considerable supply of rain; from this, of course, our log hut kept us free, but not from the multitude of musquitoes, which began to congregate in great numbers, settling upon my head and face, particularly the forehead, in vast numbers. I had neglected to carry about a musquito-bar, and paid dearly for my carelessness. Morning, with which came a northerly wind, at length dispersed the tormentors, but all hope of sleep had departed.

Meanwhile, my companions, seasoned to the persecutors, had slept soundly, and presently rose refreshed. Mr. Smith now started to the landing, where we had left the canoe, and paddled it up to within two hundred yards of the hut, which was almost in sight of the river. Several bushels of sweet potatoes, and three hams were placed in it, and, bidding adieu to my fair and interesting hostess, with a promise of future visits, I returned to the camp. Subsequent inquiries made me aware that Mrs. Simmons had received several most advantageous offers of marriage, but the memory of the past was not to be eradicated, and every offer had been refused; she had

given herself up wholly to her family. Let it not be supposed that her children were utterly rude. On every visit to Galverton she obtained the loan of useful works, the contents of which being imparted to her children, they were returned and exchanged for others; while a Bible, and a considerable number of tracts, the gift of missionaries, remained ever upon her shelves,

Over a plentiful meal it was now agreed that the camp should be broken up, as the rain had wet the hut, and rendered lying on the ground far from pleasant.

P. B. St. J.

Texian Brig of War, Archer, Galverton Harbour,
April 27, 1843.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MISS RAY.

[SELWYN CORRESPONDENCE.]

WITH A PORTRAIT.

Like Falstaff, George Selwyn was "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." In writing to him, his correspondents, one and all, became jocose, mercurial, abounding in spirit, irrepressible buoyancy, and pungent raillery. They imagined that nothing else (as a general rule) could be fit for his reading: to think of George Selwyn and be dull, was impossible. To be formal, sententious, and precise, would never do in addressing him; for, though he was a greedy recipient of news, from the gravest matters of state to court levities and town gossip of all kinds, his informants seemed to think it necessary to garnish their facts with eccentric sallies, and other pleasantries, that would "smack well i' the mouth." That Gilly Williams, Lord Carlisle, and the Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March) should write in this strain was to be expected; for they were wits and humourists of approved mark and likelihood: they "laboured" (if labour it may be called) "in their vocation;" but, the wonder is, that the very name of Selwyn should have been sufficient to inspire all his other friends, when writing to him, with a portion of his own animation and significant drollery; so that, for the most part, the letters *to* him are worthy of having come *from* him. They are gay, easy, *debonnair*, with a spice, every now and then, of his pungency, which, however caustic it might be, was sure, after the first irritation had passed away from its victims, to end in laughter. This is a literary curiosity, and a very delightful one. It is pleasant to imagine Selwyn, with his demure face and half-closed eyes, opening these entertaining epistles, at once flattered and surprised on seeing his own spirit transferred there; and then, with an inaudible chuckle, relishing the curious facts communicated in them, and conniving at the facetious comments of the writers. Whatever transpired in this way to Selwyn was either true in itself, or believed to be so by the favoured few, to whose ears (and to whose alone) the *on-dits* of the court, and the incipient

projects of the Cabinet, were permitted to pass—a circumstance which should not be forgotten in reading the singular disclosures connected with state affairs, and the world of fashion, contained in the Selwyn Correspondence. Being himself the prince of hoaxers, and therefore likely to detect a hoax in others, no one dared to palm upon him a piece of false intelligence: to do so would have been a presumptuous assumption of Selwyn's prerogative — a sort of *leze-majesté:* no; his correspondents might be as witty as they could,—incontinent of secrets *to him*—abundantly satirical upon peers and peeresses, city knights and *knightesses*, country gentlemen and their wives, opera-singers and opera-dancers, &c.; but to attempt to hoax *him* would have drawn down on the offender his high and mighty retaliation. This security gives an imperishable value to the letters.

We are told by Wraxall that Selwyn lived in Cleveland Row, in the house rendered memorable by the quarrel which there took place between Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Townsend, in the reign of George the First; when the prime-minister and the secretary of state seized each other by the throat, a scene which Gray has parodied and ridiculed in the Beggar's Opera, under the characters of Peachum and Lockit. This, above all others, was the very residence where such a man as Selwyn ought to have lived. A spot in which so preposterous and ludicrous an outrage had been committed, furnished an association able to keep his jokes in good heart: the *genius loci* would prompt his recollection of that absurd state-farce, and aid him in projecting new jests against contemporary politicians.

Selwyn was a member of the House of Commons during the greater part of his life; and the debates often afforded rich matter for his jests. In reputation for *bons-mots*, he succeeded to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield; and the greater number of those witticisms which, as Milton says, "walked the town, numbering good intellects," were made by him. Their effect, when falling from his lips, was rendered infinitely more piquant by the "listless and drowsy manner in which he uttered them; for he always seemed half asleep." His hearers, however, were *wide awake*, and never failed to book his *impromptus*, and send them forth upon a thousand tongues. Horace Walpole was one of his most industrious recorders,—lying in wait for his sayings, like Boswell for those of Johnson.

The almost universal tone of joyousness and raillery which characterise these letters has been already alluded to. But this is not to the entire exclusion of weighty and even gloomy topics. When Selwyn was in the country or abroad, whatever appeared on the surface of town society, or was suspected to be lurking beneath it, was communicated to him by his observant and never-wearied correspondents. They treated of things at which the newspapers could not get; and gave to their narratives a spirit and a grace beyond the reach of the public journalists of that day—a very different race of men from the writers who now enrich the daily and weekly press with knowledge, and the excellences of composition.

One of the most prominent domestic events of the year 1779, was the murder of Miss Ray by a clergyman of the name of Hackman. This deed was the result of passionate love, running into desperation. Selwyn's correspondents could hardly fail to tell him all the particulars connected with this doleful affair; and their communications were highly interesting.

The following are specimens of their letters on the subject:—

"THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

"April 8th. [1779.]

"DEAR SIR,—I have been dining with a party at Harry Hoare's. All the talk was about Miss Ray and her murderer, but no clear account yet of the latter. There is an account of the former, which is supposed to be authentic, in the Whitehall Evening Post of to-night, and which you may see, I should suppose, at Dover. I called to-day, in coming from Coutts's, at the Shakspeare Tavern, in order to see the corpse of Miss Ray, and to send you some account of it; but I had no interest with her keepers, and could not get admittance for money.

"The history of Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is this. He was recruiting at Huntingdon; appeared at the ball; was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke; was introduced to Miss Ray; became violently enamoured of her; made proposals, and was sent into Ireland, where his regiment was. He sold out; came back on purpose to be near the object of his affection; took orders, but could not bend the inflexible fair in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without her. He meant only to kill himself, and that in her presence; but, seeing her coquet it at the play with a young Irish Templar, Macnamara, he determined suddenly to dèspatch her too. He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday."

"THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

"Saturday, April 17th. [1779.]

"I will try what I can muster for you of news. To my great surprise, I found Miss Ray, or, at least, her unfortunate admirer, occupied everybody. How much you have missed! Ere this reaches you he will be no more; his behaviour yesterday was wonderfully touching. This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B— is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering *on foot* from the East Indies; is quite mad; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing-room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the opera.

"Tuesday.

"Mr. Hackman's behaviour was glorious yesterday. Jack Ketch deserves to be hanged, for, when the poor man dropped the handkerchief it fell under the cart, and he ran to pick it up; so by that means kept the poor wretch some moments in that horrid state. Adieu! here comes a knock.

"The public journals of the day contain some interesting particulars relating to Hackman's behaviour, from the time of his being taken into custody to the hour of his execution. When first committed to prison he is said to have refused either to eat or drink; to have talked of his victim with 'all the extravagance that the maddest love ever suggested;' to have expressed the utmost indifference for life, and to have deeply regretted that he failed in his attempt at self-destruction. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he expressed his fixed determination to plead guilty at his trial, and turned a deaf ear to the affectionate entreaties of his sister, who in vain endeavoured to prevail on him to avail himself of the plea of insanity. To Lord Sandwich he addressed a letter, in which he detailed the circumstances which had incited him to commit the frightful crime for which he was about to suffer, and earnestly implored his lordship's forgiveness. To this Lord Sandwich returned an answer, pitying and forgiving him, but at the same adding, that 'he had disturbed his peace of mind for ever.'

"The trial of Hackman for shooting Miss Ray took place on the 17th of April. In one respect he seems to have yielded to the entreaties of his friends, for he pleaded 'not guilty.' The first witness who was summoned

was Mr. Macnamara, who swore, 'that being in the lobby of Covent Garden Theatre, and seeing Miss Ray in some difficulty by the crowd, he was induced to offer her his assistance; that she laid hold of his right arm with her left, and as he was leading her to her carriage, and very near to it, he heard the report of a pistol, when Miss Ray clapped her hand to her forehead and fled, and instantly another pistol was fired; that on the report of the first pistol he felt something strike him on the arm, which he believed afterwards to have been the bullet which passed through the head of the deceased; that he thought Miss Ray had fainted away, considering the pistol as being fired by somebody through wantonness; that he endeavoured to raise Miss Ray, and in so doing found himself very bloody; that he assisted in carrying her into the Shakspeare Tavern; that the prisoner being secured, he was induced to ask him, 'what could possess him to be guilty of such a deed?' to which Mr. Hackman replied, 'It is not a proper place to ask such questions;' that the prisoner said his name was Hackman; and upon his desiring to know if he was acquainted with any person in the neighbourhood, he replied, 'Yes, I know Mr. Booth, of Craven Street, in the Strand, and have sent for him;' that Mr. Hackman earnestly desired to see the lady, not knowing she was dead, but being informed she was by some persons present, he (Mr. Macnamara) objected to letting him see her,' and concluded his evidence with saying, that he did not hear Mr. Hackman make any observation, but being sick with the quantity of blood about him, went home.'

"Another witness, Mary Anderson, a fruit-girl, deposed, that 'she heard Miss Ray's carriage called, and was standing close by it, when a gentleman and two ladies came up to it; that she saw Mr. Hackman come up with two pistols, and pull the gown of the deceased, when the prisoner instantly fired one at her head, and she fell with her hand on her forehead; that the prisoner discharged one at himself at the same time, and fell, beating himself with a pistol, crying out,—'Kill me! kill me!'

"Mr. Mahon, an apothecary, swore that 'he heard two pistols go off, and that he thought two gentlemen had quarrelled, and had taken that method to settle their difference; that he went and saw Mr. Hackman beating himself violently on the ground with a pistol, and that he wrenched it from him.'

"The evidence of this and other witnesses having been heard, the prisoner was called upon to say if he had anything to offer in his defence. His reply occupied but a short period. He should not have troubled the court, he said, with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against him, had he not thought that pleading guilty to the indictment might give an indication of contemning death, not suitable to his present condition; in some measure it would have been making him accessory to a second peril of his life; and that he thought the justice of his country ought to be satisfied, by suffering his offences to be proved, and the fact established by evidence. 'I stand here this day,' he said, 'the most wretched of human beings, and confess myself criminal in a high degree; yet, while I acknowledge with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest, with that regard which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine till a momentary frenzy overpowered me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore. The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law after my decease will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.* Before this dreadful act, I trust nothing will be found in the tenor

* The letter which Hackman had addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Booth, commences: "My dear Frederick, when this reaches you I shall be no more, but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much." It then proceeds to state, that he was driven to madness, and that he had strove against it as long as he could, but in vain; that the world, he hoped, would forgive him, and Mr. Booth pity him; that there was one circumstance of his life which he had kept a secret from Mr. Booth, and for which he begged his pardon, which was a debt of 100*l.*, due to Mr. Knight, of Gosport, which Mr. Hackman had borrowed on some houses, and hoped, when everything was sold, there would be enough to balance the account between them; that he wished he could have left him a sum to testify his regard;

of my life which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but, being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence and patience to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this inquiry into my conduct and intention.' The jury, after a consultation which lasted only a few minutes, having returned a verdict of guilty, the usual sentence of death was pronounced on the prisoner; with the addition that his body should be delivered over to the surgeons to be anatomized, in accordance with the statute. He is said to have listened to the sentence with the most perfect composure and fortitude, and, bowing to the court and the jury, retired.

"The following account of Hackman's execution, which took place two days after the trial, appeared in the public journals of the period. 'A little after five yesterday morning, the Reverend Mr. Hackman got up, dressed himself, and was at private meditation till near seven, when Mr. Boswell,* and two other gentlemen, waited on him, and accompanied him to the chapel, where prayers were read by the Ordinary of Newgate, after which he received the sacrament. Between eight and nine he came down from chapel, and was haltered. When the sheriffs' officer took the cord from the bag to perform his duty, Mr. Hackman said, 'Oh! the sight of this shocks me more than the thought of its intended operation.' He then shed a few tears, and took leave of two gentlemen in a very affecting manner. He was then conducted in a mourning coach, attended by Mr. Villette, the Ordinary, Mr. Boswell, and Mr. Davenport, the sheriffs' officer, when the procession proceeded in the following form to Tyburn, viz.: Mr. Miller, City Marshal, on horseback, in mourning; a number of sheriffs' officers on horseback, constables, and Mr. Sheriff Kitchen, with his under sheriff, in his carriage; the prisoner with the aforementioned persons, in the mourning coach; officers, &c.; the cart hung in black, with the executioner, out of which he was to make his exit; officers, &c. On his arrival at Tyburn, he got out of the coach, mounted the cart, and took an affectionate leave of Mr. Boswell and the Ordinary. After some time spent in prayer, he was tied up, and about ten minutes past eleven he was launched into eternity. After hanging the usual time, his body was brought to Surgeons' Hall for dissection.

"The unfortunate Mr. Hackman behaved yesterday with a most astonishing composure, with the greatest fortitude, and most perfect resignation. Jack Ketch, if not the most attentive in his business, was extremely mindful of his profits; for, on the unhappy man's dropping his handkerchief, as the signal agreed on, the hangman, fearing it might be lost amongst the mob, left his station to pick it up, and by that means added half a minute's wretched existence to the sufferer."

"THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

"April 19th, 1779.

"My dear G.,

"Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is hanged. I attended his execution, in order to give you an account of his behaviour, and from no curiosity of

that he had long been a stranger to happiness, and was overwhelmed with a world of misery, which he had long laboured under; and he concluded with his prayers to Almighty God to bless for ever Mr. Booth and his family, signing himself Mr. Booth's faithful friend,—James Hackman.

* Apparently the celebrated James Boswell, whose taste for attending the execution of criminals is well known. In his life of Dr Johnson, we find him incidentally speaking of Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, as his "esteemed friend," on which Mr. Croker observes, "Why Mr. Boswell should call the keeper of Newgate his '*esteemed friend*,' has puzzled many readers; but, besides his natural desire to make the acquaintance of everybody who was eminent, or remarkable, or even *notorious*, his strange propensity for witnessing executions probably brought him into more immediate intercourse with the keeper of Newgate."

my own. I am this moment returned from it: everybody inquired after you; you have friends everywhere. The poor man behaved with great fortitude; no appearances of fear were to be perceived, but very evident signs of contrition and repentance. He was long at his prayers, and when he flung down his handkerchief for the signal for the cart to move on, Jack Ketch, instead of instantly whipping on the horses, jumped on the other side of him to snatch up the handkerchief, lest he should lose his rights, and then returned to the head of the cart, and, with the gesture so faithfully represented by your friend, Lord Wentworth, jehu'd him out of the world.

"The Duke of Queensberry is well, but lost his money at Newmarket. No news of consequence either public or private, at least none I shall submit to the curiosity of the postmaster, the Chr. Todd of France. Charles made his last motion last night, and he and Mr. Hackman expired together. Tell your friends, where you now are, that they had better get out of the scrape as soon as they can: I do not believe they like the business as well as when you was there last. I have, by Hare's desire, applied for an envoyship for him; two are vacant, Ratisbon and Warsaw. I do not despair of seeing him with a red riband.

"Yours, &c. C."

THE MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR.

A POEM. IN THREE CANTOS.

BY G. DE LYS.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Voyageth with his mates through the air.—Espieth the famous Island of Great Britain.—Descendeth thereon.—And proceedeth to the capital town thereof.—Successes therein.—Espousals.

Now 'twere lost time to tell,
What is known so well
In aerostation,
The phenomena seen
By Mr. Monk Mason,
And all who have been
Up in the skies with Mr. Green.—
How the mercury stood
At each altitude;—
What results philosophical were deduced from it, or
What problems were solved by the mountain barometer.
How they saw themselves clearly reflected upon
The back of a cloud by the rays of the sun,
Which gave out such heat that, one by one,
All their ginger-beer bottles went off like a gun.
Then the shower, which *all* froze
As it fell on their small clothes—



N. Dance R.A. pinx^t S. Bull sculp^t

MISS RAY.

Shot at Covent Garden Theatre by J. Hackman.

London Published by Richard Bentley 1843.

For *our* adventurers, bolder far,
Reach'd a much greater height;
And Sirius, polite-
ly, who keeps the "Star,"
Came out with a light
For Belphegor's cigar;—
(Something warm was much call'd for by all in the car;—)
And, impatient, and chilly withal, his train,
(Their voices, 'tis true, were a trifle the worse
For the changes of weather they 'd met on their course,)
Sang this strain:—

"Oh dear! what can the matter be?—
Dear! dear! what can the matter be?—
Oh dear! what can the matter be?—
Dangling so long in the air!—
He promised, at starting, we all might depend on 't,
A nice pleasant trip, balmy breezes attendant,—
He promised us, too, we should soon see the end on 't,—
Oh! when will this slow coach be there?

"For *us*, too, with such warm remembrances local,
Why, the only snug berth 's forward there, where they stow coal,
Oh! would we were up to the neck in the stoke-hole,
Instead of this plaguy cold air!
Then, woe worth these aerostatics,
Enough to make Imps, like us, die of rheumatics,
Oh! would that our master 'd begun his erratics
Alone, in pursuit of the Fair!
Oh dear, &c."

But Belphegor, disdaining all hardship and doubt,
Sat apart from the rout,—
He neither spoke, or
Button'd his cloak, or
Proposed, like the rest, to change berths with the stoker;—
But, patient, 'mid these exclamations frantic,
Sat, like Columbus crossing the Atlantic,
On the look-out!

"Land!—land!—
Bear a hand!—
By your ground-tackling stand!—
Be alive with it, mates!—let the downhaul be mann'd!—
Uncollar the gear!—
Let the steam blow off!—Quick with the telescope here!—
Through the clouds, as they open, I see it quite clear!—
Our land-fall is made, and our anchorage near!

"Oh, rare!—
And I swear
'Tis the very place where
I the most wish'd to try this connubial affair,—
And the Devil's own luck too has just brought us there!

Great Britain!—
Exactly as drawn on the map.—
Like an old woman, dress'd in a butterfly cap;
One leg awfully shown towards the Land's End, and sitting
On Sussex and Kent, with North Wales in her lap.



For England, then, ho!—It suits rarely my plan.
What remains?—Up to London
The journey is soon done,
Where it surely were nothing unfair or uncivil
If one ventured to say
Married men are so given to playing the Devil,
That one Devil may,
Once in a way,
Be permitted, in *his* turn, to play married man."
Then, 'twas grand
To hear the six imps, in a band,
One and all, in full chorus, by special command,
Strike up, "Hail to thee, Albion! all hail, happy land!"—
This sweet song thus ended,
They safely descended
Somewhere near to the middle of Salisbury Plain.
Thus Belphegor and suite were in time to gain
At Andover Road the six o'clock train;
So that by eight, or
A few minutes later,
He was shown his apartments by Mivart's head waiter.

Then a question of some importance came—
His name!—
"Ay! true!" he 'd exclaim
To himself, "what 's a name?—
Call the rose what thou wilt, it shall still smell the same;"
But, since he must have one, he 'd take, for the nonce,
A name that should call up attention at once—

A Castilian Grandee,
And Count of the Empire—why *not?* thought he.
It would suit his complexion, too,—charmingly.
Of descents he might well state his own to be
'Mong the first and directest, assuredly,
Of any recorded in history;—
Was allied to the great and old house of "Infiernos,"
And, with its achievements, as every one there knows,
Had a right to th' additions of "Coda y Cuernos."
What sounds for a proud maternal ear!
Straight each high dame shall look on her daughter dear
As she hears of the illustrious foreigner.

His arrival, it need not be added, engross'd,
For the recreation
Of people of fashion,
An eloquent corner in next day's "Post;"
Nor, as matter of course, was the "Herald" long
To announce, in its small way,
The news, as is alway
Its custom, with every particular—wrong.

Now, the reader will bear in his recollection,
In the foregoing Canto
We made this reflection,
That 'twas part of his plan to
Leave no room for cavils
About his ability,
During his travels,
To meet every pecuniary responsibility,
In a mode that should give him both power and gentility,
Ay, and what money always gives, respectability.—
To every great capitalist
He had credentials,—ample.
The foll'wing is a little list
Given for example.
He had letters of credit address'd to the large banks
Of Barnard and Dimsdale, of Coutts, (*that* is Marchbanks,
Or Mājŏrĭbānks, as that gentleman spells his name,
Chief of *that* good old firm with the which he unites his name,)
Of Currie, of Hankey, of Lubbock, of Call,
Of Prescott and Grote, of Snow, Strahan, and Paul—
It would take a great time to enumerate all;
Yet how *can* one refrain?
One feels *so* justly vain
To speak of Child, Masterman, Hoare, Smiths and Payne,
Jones and Lloyd, Drummond, Glyn, Roberts, Price, Praed and Fane,
Cox and Biddulph, Scott, Pocklington, Martin and Stone?—
Nay, he said he'd have set up a bank of his own,
And eclipsed them all round, but that never was known a Count,
At least of the Empire, in trade on his own account.
Once, indeed, of a landed investment he thought,
And ask'd, as so wealthy a gentleman ought,
If the Grosvenor or Bedford estate might be bought,—

Or the Portman concern,—at a fair valuation,
With a consideration for accommodation,
As a freehold just fitting his rank and his station.
And, albeit a person of great moderation,
He felt somewhat mortified when he heard tell
These proprietors did not, just then, wish to sell.
So, finding no one of these projects was gainable,
He left the desirable for the attainable,
And, tempering his wishes with modesty rare,
Took only a fourteen years' lease of a pair
Of the handsomest houses in Cavendish Square;
The one to reside in,—the other, by reason
That the whole world of fashion he might, with more ease, on
Each Thursday night see, through the whole of the season.
But then a great Lady, as sometimes occurs,
Sent to say 't *must* be Wednesdays, for Thursdays were *hers*.
At first, in affright, he objected outright
To be coolly desired thus to take Almack's night,—
'Twas as bad as a Tuesday, and Opera, quite;—
But the great Lady said she would set it all right;
For, as she was a Patroness, Belphegor might,
(Let *his* parties be early,) to make the thing even,
Consider he'd leave to come after eleven.
"Yes," quoth he in his own mind, "this may do
Mighty well for *you*,
But *I* have *my* wits about me too.
What care I, pray,
For *my* right of *entrée*?
Has she *no* compassion—
No consideration?—
What *is* to become of *my* people of fashion?
And *who*'ll come, on such terms, to *my* soirée?
A pretty arrangement, forsooth! did I follow it,
To add *me* to the list of the fools who would swallow it!
But my Lady shall see
I'm as sharp as she.—
So, now,—to be up to (a glorious thought) her,—
I'm blest if I don't, just for spite, wed her daughter."

Now, 'tis not my desire the question to move
How many for pique wed, how many for love;
Because love, in its different significations,
Admits of so many interpretations,
I think we may fairly conclude that none
Ever married but out of affection;
Love of wit, or of worth,
Love of money, or birth,
Or *man's first* love, for which all is felt, all is done,
With the which we find all calculations begun,
First and dearest of units, I mean *number one*.
I say nothing of Beauty, except that, howe'er
'T has been held as a doctrine that Beauty's a snare,
It is one by the which the examples are rare
Of any who've ever been caught unaware.
(For the most part, the owner humanely takes care

To make it observed that the engine is there,—
Or if *she* don't, one learns it from Madame la Mere.—)
And ladies there are who 've reach'd what are call'd *certain* years,
But which, to my judgment, were better call'd *flirting* years,—
(By the way, it is really past all comprehension,
Of course it is chance, it can not be intention,
Why so often that popular work on the Peerage,
I mean the new work
Of Mr. Burke,
Full of everything else, should be mute upon mere age.
Where descents and alliances so well are kept,
These "hiatuses" surely are "much to be wept,"—)
I say, ladies there are, some of whom one doth find
Are kind-
ly inclined
To leave beauty behind,
For directing one's studies, and strengthening one's mind;
On whose verdict the listener may place all reliance
In public affairs, and in every science;
Pronouncing with equal authority on
The Scinde Treaty, and Novum Organon,
Pro or con—
Some of these hold in scorn all but intellect, and some
By no means disdain being deemed young and handsome.
Of the first, thought Belphegor, he stood not in need;
And he took, with the second, the will for the deed.

But a mother! alas that such should claim,
Unmotherly, a mother's name!
Who one fair child through infancy
Hath nursed in a heart's full idolatry,
And reared her to be
The fondling of every hope and care
Which the world can spare
From its empire there;
A long-stored jewel, cast
Away at last,
Remorselessly!—
The ill-prized and unconscious fee
Of avarice and of vanity,
The betrothed to a purse and a pedigree!
Poor Constance! alas! I mourn for thee!
Worthy the best man's love and pride,
And given to be Belphegor's bride!

And, what seemed Belphegor, before he was mated?
Did he make himself like one of those who are born
To be loathed or be hated,
Right heirs to the world's detestation and scorn?—
No; nor yet one of such
Who often taste more of its bitterness—much;
With talents and virtues too high for forgiving,
Too wise and too good for the age which they live in.—
But he thought it far best for success to be
Of that numerous class one may everyday see;

Of those whom it well may be taken as certain,
None would dream of disliking, admiring, or hurting;—
Of those safe ones who never
Were famous for any performance whatever,
Either signally silly, or enviably clever;
Whose qualities are
So nearly at par,
That 'twere hard, without risking to over or under-rate,
To say whether the dull or the prudent preponderate;
And are, morally, almost as far left behind
By the best, as fore-running the worst of mankind;—
In intelligence fixt,
Equidistant betwixt
Lord Bacon, and some one,—you need not say who,—
But the veriest blockhead you ever yet knew;—
In benevolence, too,
The *juste milieu*
'Twixt Domitian and Basil Montagu.

But pardon all this long digression,
With the thread of my story now progress I on.
Well! the courting went smoothly, and never, beside
Belphegor, was devil so *happified;*
And, when a wedding is on the *tapis*
All should be happy.
Yet it's seldom but some things *do* make one falter,
And halt ere
One arrives at the hymenæal altar.
Above all things, when a father, who,
Hitherto,
Very properly, truth to say,
Hath known his place, and kept out of the way,
Begs a word or two.
The heart it, at any rate, somewhat appals
To hear papas make such inopportune calls,
And gentlemen then may look out after squalls.
"He was far from desiring
To give any pain
By inquiring
About the estates in Spain;
And was sure 't would be found not at all bewildering
To make proper provision for younger children.
On the score of mere *money*,"
(Thus the speech was begun,) "he
Did not wish to speak; for the time he 'd dismiss it, or
At least refer *such* matters to his solicitor.
But, he *must* say, (he hoped to be pardoned,) in quality
Of father (and out of a natural anxiety,
And motives of parental piety,)
What he thought about habits of social morality."
Then he went into some rather long dissertations
On the dangers of London, and all its temptations;
Talked much about gaming;—remarked what a shock is
The idea of a son-in-law going to Crockey's;

Having touched on St. James's Street, glanced at Pall Mall;—
"Hoped he never had seen the inside of a hell."
Belphegor till then had been mute,—but *that* word
Seemed his feelings to hurt, and he craved to be heard.
"Touching moneyed arrangements, it was his intent
  Of some half a million
  Of property real,
  (The lawyers should see all
The original title-deeds,—all pure Castilian,)
To put every acre in settlement;—
But, he wished on some matters far different from these
 To set the parental mind at ease.
First, he must own, with some sort of apology,
 That where *he 'd* been at college, he
Had been but imperfectly schooled in theology.
Though in Spain, as 'twas known, they adhered to the Pope,
Church of England to him was all one; and he 'd hope
That no scruples had he on the difference mystic
Between the Arminian and Calvinistic.
For particular tenets he 'd no predilections,
Would not set his opinions against his affections;
One thing, nevertheless, he *was* anxious to mention,
To which he must really solicit attention;
Just now there was *one* monosyllable fell,
  He remembered it well,
'Twas—no matter,—he wished not on such things to dwell;
For, as for a place of such very bad fame,
He could not but think it a pity and shame
A gentleman ever should speak of that same.
Till that moment he hardly had known it by name;
And begged as a favour he ne'er, to speak plain,
Might be caused so much scandal, annoyance, and pain,
As to listen to such naughty words again."

 With joy the upright father took
 The ingenuous youth's severe rebuke.
 All that he said was so satisfactory,
 Any further delay would be quite refractory.
 And, what a treasure it was to find
 Simplicity like his combined
 With such rare gifts!—so strong a mind,
 Stored with all good, and only blind
 To those things which degrade mankind.

 And Constance! oh, a woman's heart,
  Ere yet the havock hath begun,
 Ere the world hath usurped a part
  Of what, if yet one spotless throne
   On earth be fit
   For angel's seat,
 Heaven surely formed for such alone,
 Conceives no fraud, seeks no security,
  And is too happy in the sense
  Of its own primal innocence
 To ever doubt another's purity.—

And such was Constance. She, the while,
Unconscious of another's guile,
Respected where her sire approved,
And fondly trusted where she loved.
So that even Belphegor himself felt some touches
Of something like tender compunction, which much is
To say of a fiend with his prey in his clutches;—
Of compunction, I say;—while *she* could not discover, nor
Even suspect any harm in her lover, nor
See how *very* brown he was doing the governor.

Now the match was a catch 'twas important to snatch;
And in such things 'tis best not to fail of dispatch;
Yet the lady's great mother had some cause for fearing
That something appeared inauspicious and queer in
The gentleman's kinsfolk, and friends foreigneering,
Not one of them writing, and not one appearing.
She sometimes suspected it was but too clear in
Their conduct, through all the love-making and dalliance,
That 'twas held, after all, as a sort of misalliance.
He said his papa would be happy and proud
To be there, and assist at the solemnizations,
But a fit of the gout laid him up on the road;
And slight indispositions, he shewed by quotations
From letters, had stopped all his other relations.

But the rites were performed with becoming propriety,
Before a large *pick* of the choicest society;
And the ring duly placed on the lady's hand;
(Whence I've oft thought 'tis meant one should understand,
What no lady, of course, ever fails to remember,
What exquisite pain
It surely would cause to that sensitive member
If a gentleman ever should squeeze it again.)

Yet in some few respects, on that solemn occasion,
Somehow or other,
The bridegroom seemed somewhat the business to bother;
For persons there were who could not but observe his
Prayer-book was held on the "topsey-turveys;"
And that, more than once,
He would slurr the response,
Like a gentleman bred in a different persuasion.

Globe and Post were unusually lively and graphic.
Bride "looked quite the angel," her bridesmaids "seraphic;"
And, if you will turn
To the file, you shall learn
The details of the day;
What Marquis or Duke it was gave her away;
And 'tis there you'll at once be relieved from all puzzling
As to whether her dress was of *gros* or of muslin;
What fortunate modistes were blessed by selection; or
Who the coachmaker;
Who got some cake, or
If Gunter or Grange were the chosen confectioner.



Mr. Ledbury has his head cut off.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. LEDBURY AND HIS FRIEND, JACK JOHNSON.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

CHAPTER LVI.

A fête at Paris.—Mr. Ledbury's last appearance in public.

UNDER the care of the hospitable inmates of the convent, and the assurance that all danger was over, now that they had passed the frontier, Mr. Ledbury soon recovered. But they were both so fatigued with their exertions that they agreed to remain one more day in the building, and then once again start off together; for Mr. Crinks was to accompany them all the way to England. And, in spite of the isolated situation of the establishment, there was a great deal to amuse them, more especially on the evening of their arrival, when the whole of the passengers from the Milan and Geneva *malle-poste* sought refuge at the convent, in consequence of the mail being immovably fixed in a snow-drift close at hand.

"We hear strange stories of your dogs in England," observed Johnson to the Prior, as they were gazing from the window over the snowy waste before them, where two or three of these fine animals were playing with one another, or barking harmlessly at occasional travellers.

"So I have been informed," replied the father: "I fear they give us credit for a great deal more than we accomplish."

"We have a picture at Islington," said Mr. Ledbury, "of a dog knocking at a door, with a child on his back, and a brandy-bottle round his neck. Did that ever happen, monsieur?"

"Never, that I am aware of," replied the Prior, smiling. "Their chief use is to track out the mountain paths by their fine scent, when the snow is so deep that we cannot tell the road from the precipice. They go before us, and would, of course, discover the body of any unhappy traveller before we should; but I believe this is their most important employment."

"Then they do not carry little children on their backs?" said Mr. Ledbury, in a tone of disappointment.

"Oh, no," said the Prior. "I doubt not but if they found one in their rambles they would let us know by their uneasiness on their return that something was amiss, and then guide us to the spot; but this would be all."

"Travelling certainly expands the mind," said Mr. Ledbury, "but destroys many pleasant illusions."

"To be sure it does!" remarked Jack. "And, if people who write books would only put down the plain truth, instead of copying what they have read before, or allowing their romantic feelings to run away with them, what a good service they would render to persons about to travel."

The next morning, after a substantial breakfast, they contributed

a few francs, consistent with their finances, to the *tronc* of the convent chapel,—for the monks make no direct charge for their hospitality,—and then left the building in company.

They had a lively journey down to Brieg, although the snow was deep enough to make their progress a matter of no trifling exertion. But the sun shone brightly to cheer them, as the snow sparkled in his beams; whilst the clear, sharp mountain air braced up their limbs for double energy, and sent their blood circling through their veins with such vivid impetus that they laughed and shouted for very overflow of animal spirits, until the huge rocks and gorges rang again with their merriment. And when the road, at any steep declivity, assumed a zigzag course, to lessen the descent, Mr. Crinks always proposed that they should glide down the intervening slope to save time, and cut off the turning. And in these undertakings Mr. Ledbury greatly distinguished himself, generally shooting off at a much more rapid rate than the others, and going considerably beyond the goal, never stopping until he finally disappeared altogether in a snow-drift, where he remained until rescued by the ice-poles of his companions.

They arrived at Geneva in two days from quitting the Simplon, where they were compelled to wait a short time, until they procured some passports from Berne, by means of some extraordinary representation to the consul, which Jack Johnson invented. And then these three, taking the *banquette* of the diligence to themselves, crossed the Jura, and passing through Dijon and Troyes, finally, after an uninteresting and continuous journey of eighty hours, found themselves once more in the courtyard of the *Messageries Générales*, Rue St. Honoré, No. 130. Mr. Crinks, who had formerly inhabited a cockloft *suite* of cupboards at the top of a cheap hotel in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, suggested that they should go there. But Jack and Ledbury inclined to their old neighbourhood, and calling a *citadine*, they all drove off with their luggage towards the scene of their first revelries—the Quartier Latin.

There was something very natural in finding themselves together again in Paris; and the old, dirty, narrow streets, after they crossed the Pont Neuf, possessed far greater attractions in their eyes than the flaunting Rue de Rivoli and Chaussée d'Aulin.

"There 's a *grisette*, Jack !" cried Ledbury, as he caught sight of a little figure, *très gentille*, picking her way over the muddy stones of the Rue de Seine.

"And there 's a student," replied Johnson, looking towards a gentleman in a bright scarlet cap, mustachios, and puckered-in grey pantaloons, who was smoking at the corner of the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. "And there 's the old pipe-shop, and M. Constant, with his '*déjeûners à le sous*,' just the same as ever: and there 's the bill of a fête somewhere to-morrow. Hurrah! perhaps we won't be there!"

On arriving at their old lodgings in the Rue St. Jacques they found that the house was entirely occupied: so that, as they only intended to stop a day or two in Paris, Jack proposed that they should go to an hotel. His recommendations were always acquiesced in; and as he made sure that the flight of his former friend was all forgotten, he named the Hôtel Corneille for their temporary abode.

The Hôtel Corneille, at the side of the Odeon Theatre, is the chief

establishment of its kind in Paris — the Clarendon of the Quartier Latin,—devoted to the nourishing and shelter of nearly an hundred students of law and medicine, who therein "follow their courses." These consist of various studies, in accordance with the taste of the pupil, music being generally predominant; for it is seldom that the Hôtel Corneille does not contain a band of twelve French horns, who play concerted pieces at the open windows overlooking the Odeon colonnades with remarkable effect, and to the great diversion of the neighbours. Demonstrations, by learned professors, upon the various cannons and hazards required at billiards, take place daily in the *estaminet* attached to the establishment, to which no entrance-fee is required; lectures are delivered at least once a week to the inmates, upon social economy, by the prefect of police, before the student takes his degree of Bachelor of Grisettes; and frequent private classes are held for ethical discussions upon the influence of female society upon the habits of mankind in general. Its influence upon the habits of the *étudians* in the Hôtel Corneille, is, generally causing their disposal, in times of pressing necessity, such as the carnival, or close of the session, to the first dealer in second-hand apparel who may chance to visit the district. And this brings us to certain other great advantages which the Hôtel Corneille enjoys over similar houses, but which you must reside there to become acquainted with.

Our travellers soon procured rooms for the two or three final days of their journey; and then, as they had not much further to go, comparatively, before reaching home, Jack and Ledbury laid in fresh suits of clothes from the Palais Royal. Nothing, however, would induce Mr. Crinks to purchase anything French, especially garments, "for fear," as he expressed himself, "of being mistaken for some humbug foreigner when he got to England;" and so he paraded about just the same, in his check trousers and ankle-shoes, to the great admiration of the populace.

There was a fête the next evening outside one of the barriers; and as it was about the last one of the season, Jack and Ledbury determined to go, prevailing upon their friend, not without some difficulty, to accompany them, Mr. Crinks feeling more inclined to stay behind, and knock the shine out of various bearded students at billiards. Two or three of the inmates of the hotel, with whom Jack had already scraped up an acquaintance, proposed to join them, and entrapping a few grisettes on their way, who were apparently bound in the same direction, they made up a very lively party. For society discards its suit of buckram in those classic regions: and a previous acquaintance of the slightest description gives you full liberty to accost the pretty owner of any trim pair of feet that may be preceding you, picking their way from the summit of one paving-stone to another along the muddy streets of the Quartier Latin. Provided always, of course, that your addresses are in the strictest school of propriety and politeness; for the grisettes of Paris are particular. The fête was, as we have stated, outside one of the barriers, and the whole party went merrily down the *faubourg* leading thereto, until they arrived at the scene of its gaieties. It was a mild, bright afternoon—a sort of last appearance of autumn, giving an attractive representation for its farewell benefit; all the company were cheerful and happy; and shows, games, and stalls were set up in all

directions, novel in their character, and quite different to those of our fairs in England.

"Voyez, messieurs et dames, voyez," cried a woman at the edge of the road, "quatre coups pour un sou?"

This informed customers that they might have four shots for a sous at a stand placed about five feet from the ground, on which were arranged various little images in plaster-of-paris; and at the top was a revolving piece of machinery, embellished with birds of the same material. The weapon of demolition was a cross-bow with a barrel, and the missile a pellet of clay; and, as nothing was gained from a successful aim beyond the honour of having taken it, the game might be considered as invented principally to gratify the organ of destructiveness. Mr. Crinks immediately entered the lists, and after finding out which way the bias of the barrel inclined, to delude unwary marksmen, began to knock the parrots and giraffes about at such a fearful rate, that he would have broken not only all the objects, but even the proprietress, had she not demurred against a continuation of his achievements. Mr. Ledbury was less successful: for, in his nervous anxiety to distinguish himself as a sporting character before the assembled spectators, he pulled the trigger before he had taken an aim, and shot a bystander in the face, which feat cost him a two-franc piece, in avoidance of threatened punishment, and stopped all further display on his part.

"Oh he! oh he! messieurs, les oiseaux militaires!" shouted a man in front of a small show, sporting a cocked hat, and enormous feather, "les oiseaux savans et le gr-r-r-r-r-rand escamoteur. Oh he!"

There was an awful representation in front of the show, of the magician engaged in cutting off the head of a fashionable gentleman, and presenting it in a plate to an elegant lady, surrounded by company of various nations expressing astonishment. This was sure to attract the grisettes, and so the whole party waited in front of the exhibition, as the man continued,

"Entrez, messieurs et dames. Ce n'est point une vile et honteuse spéculation: non! loin de vous cette idée! Le prix des places est trois sous, mais c'est seulement pour la nourriture de la ménagerie! Allez, Fanfan—la trompette!"

A terrific blast upon an instrument boasting various solutions of continuity followed the command. When it was over, the showman shouted forth again, perceiving the party of our friends:—

"Entrez, messieurs les étudians avec vos dames adorables: entrez, foulez-vous, pénétrez tumultueusement dans ce local! Etouffez-vous, cassez-vous bras et jambes, mais entrez toujours! Allez, encore la trompette et la gr-r-r-r-osse caisse!"

This eloquence was not to be withstood, and, as Mr. Crinks insisted upon paying for the whole party, in return for their agreeable society, the whole party took the hint, and entered the show, choosing their places upon the rough planks that formed its benches. Their example was followed by others, and the pavilion soon filled, when the exhibition of the "oiseaux savans" commenced.

Up to this period, the poor objects had been all asleep in a cage; but, on being awakened, they presented a ragged assemblage of little featherless bullfinches, in cocked hats and small red coats, with miniature swords and guns tied round them. They drew carts,

marched, deserted, fired cannon, and sat down to dinner; and, when they had finished, walked very gravely into their cage again, where they directly fell asleep, except one of restless idiosyncracy, who was forthwith brought out and lectured by his master, who addressed him as "Mon petit jeune homme." But it did not appear to have much effect, as, upon being released from a gun-carriage upon which he was placed, he made a desperate charge at one of the candles lighted for the purpose of firing the cannon, and directly extinguished it: for which act of insubordination he was placed in solitary confinement in an old tea-caddy.

Next there was some conjuring, at which the girls screamed with delight, especially when a rabbit was produced from Mr. Ledbury's hat; and finally, the magician declared his readiness to cut off the head of anybody in the company, and replace it in five minutes. But for some time nobody seemed inclined to advance upon the platform, and accept the invitation.

"Now 's your time, Leddy," said Jack to his friend. "Go up yourself, and find out the trick. He will have rather a difficulty to take you in."

This compliment to his perception was quite enough to persuade him; and Mr. Ledbury stepped over the benches to the side of the conjuror, amidst the applause of the audience, to whom he bowed after a very distinguished fashion.

The conjuror, having pronounced his neck admirably adapted for the amputation, proceeded to array Mr. Ledbury in a long blouse, which he called *la dernière chemise d'un condamné;* and then sharpened a long knife on the floor, in the manner of clowns who put keen extempore edges upon pantomime razors. A curtain was next drawn down in front of the table upon which the decapitation was to take place,—most probably to save the feelings of the spectators; and everything was for a time veiled from their view. But during the interval they heard dreadful moans, and a harsh sawing noise, as if the cartilages of Mr. Ledbury's neck were exceedingly difficult to be cut through, which somewhat excited the fears of the *grisettes*, and brought about a state of mind proper for the *dénouement*.

When the curtain was raised, an impressive sight presented itself. In the centre of the table, on a round trencher, was certainly Mr. Ledbury's head, with the hat and spectacles as usual, looking very appalling. His body was apparently lying some little distance from it, being occasionally convulsed, in the manner of Mr. Punch before his medical attendant comes to his relief. After the first thrill of horror, the applause was tremendous, as well as the laughter, increased when the magician exclaimed,

"Messieurs et dames—la tête va chanter. Allons—tête! chantez, donc!"

And Mr. Ledbury's head thereupon began to sing, in nervous accents, his favourite ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," which had been long ago pronounced at merry Islington to be his *chef-d'œuvre*. When he had concluded, Jack Johnson requested the magician to pass the head and plate round amongst the audience, that they might be assured of its reality.

The magician replied that it was too heavy to move, which assertion was considered a joke, and produced a general laugh.

"Fiddlededee!" cried Mr. Crinks, getting up from his seat. "See me lift it up. I can carry it, I 'll be bound."

He advanced to the table, when, to the great surprise of every one, the plate and head rose quickly up, carrying the green cloth along with it like a pyramid, of which it formed the apex, shooting all the necromantic paraphernalia off upon the floor, and putting the body to great apparent inconvenience, whilst the lips exclaimed in vernacular idiom,

"Come, Crinks,—no larks!"

"Qu'est ce qu'il dit?" asked one of the *grisettes*, observing Johnson's glee, of her companion, who understood a little English.

"Qu'il n'a point des alouettes," replied the student. "Je ne le comprends pas précisément."

There was immediately a terrible misunderstanding between Mr. Ledbury and the magician, and the curtain was lowered with inconceivable rapidity, after which voices were heard in animated dispute behind it; and finally Mr. Ledbury emerged once more entire, with some precipitation, from the penetralia, requesting Jack to lend him five francs. And, when this second compromise had been effected, the audience dispersed, highly delighted with the unrehearsed effects of the exhibition. And then Mr. Ledbury, when his self-possession returned, let Jack Johnson into the secret of the deception, which is always a favourite one at the minor French shows. Two persons are required to perform it, and the table closes round their necks like a pair of stocks, according to diagrams in various conjuring books still extant.

As evening was approaching, they now turned towards the "Bal de Paris," which was gradually being illuminated by handsome lamps suspended all round it. Like most of the temporary ballrooms at the fêtes of Paris, it was an enormous tent, supported by gilt pillars, and surrounded by trophies and tri-coloured flags, with festoons of red, blue, and white calico. The floor was neatly boarded, and in the centre an excellent orchestra, of a dozen musicians, was performing all the most popular waltzes and quadrilles,—an extra charge of five sous above the admission being made for every dance,—the gentlemen only paying.

There were enough in our friends' party to form a snug little quadrille by themselves, Mr. Crinks not caring much to dance, but preferring a seat at the end of the tent, where he was allowed to smoke a cigar, and look after the respective properties of his party. But the others danced all the evening: they never needed the "*Aux places!*" of the master of the ceremonies, nor his urgent appeals for "*Un vis-à-vis!*" to make up their quadrille. And when the cornet pealed out the inspiring notes of "La Fille du Regiment," Jack went off with his partner in a style that even the Chaumière, and its presiding genius, "Le Père Lahire," would have been proud of. It was his last visit to Paris,—at least, in all probability, until his dancing days were over,—and he resolved to make the most of it. And Mr. Ledbury, too, was talking French to his partner,—a pretty "brocheuse," in a dark *mousseline-de-laine*,—with a fluency of perfection that only the influence of a bottle of outside-the-barrier vin ordinaire, at fifteen sous, could have accomplished; whilst the students kept up a perpetual skirmish with the municipal guard respecting

the regulations of their method of dancing "*plus ou moins cancan,*" which only increased the excitement.

There was a merry supper afterwards, principally composed of grapes and Rheims biscuits, with wine for the gentlemen, and *fleur d'orange* for their fair companions. And then they trudged joyfully homewards together, all abreast, arm-in-arm, until they occupied the entire road, singing the old Quartier Latin chorus, "Eh! ioup! ioup! ioup!" and buying more *sucre d'orge* and *galette* upon their journey than would have sufficed for a month's ordinary consumption.

At the barrier they took possession of one of the Dames Blanches omnibuses, which they nearly filled with their party, being finally deposited at the principal entrance of the Hôtel Corneille, just as the first band of the northern division of holiday-keepers was returning from the *guingettes* of the Barrière du Mont Parnasse.

Nor was the festivity then finished; for a fresh banquet was ordered in Mr. Ledbury's room, at which the mirth was so prolonged, that the proprietor, finding all his efforts to disperse the guests perfectly ineffectual, locked up the great gates in despair, and left the whole assembly to that benignant destiny which especially watches over the students of law and medicine in the Quartier Latin of the good city of Paris.

CHAPTER LVII.

The death of Edward Morris.

From the thoughtless revelry of the Hôtel Corneille, and the unalloyed gaiety of its inmates, we will once more change the action of our story to the dreary precincts of "The Brill," at Somers Town.

It was a cold and cheerless evening. Few persons were about in the lonely precincts of Stevens' Rents, and the wind was howling along the canal, and over the broken ground and unfinished foundations along its banks, threatening at each gust to extinguish the few dismal lamps, which vainly strove to throw their rays over the gloomy track of ground intervening between them. It was late, too—an hour after midnight; and the lights in the adjacent tenements had been some time extinguished, except at one of the windows in the detached clump of miserable abodes, of which the beer-shop formed the chief portion. And here a candle was burning close to the casement, as if intended for a beacon to guide some expected visitors across the ground to the building.

In the billiard-room adjoining the bar, Mathews, the nominal proprietor of the house, together with Edward Morris, were seated before a fire, composed of huge pieces of coal taken from the barges on the canal. Nobody besides these two was in the room; but occasionally a footstep over head, or the thick, heavy breathing of those in the adjoining apartments, gave token that most probably the remainder of the party were beneath the roof.

"Twenty minutes past one," said Morris, as he cast his eyes towards a watch. "She could have been back two hours ago, giving her even double time for the journey. I can't think what can have detained her."

"Nothing amiss, I hope," returned Mathews, knocking the remaining ashes from his pipe upon the stove, and giving a prolonged yawn. "I shan't sit up much longer, I can tell you. What do you think about it?"

"We had some words before she left," replied Morris. "She has done nothing but quarrel lately. I don't think she would—no—she cares too much for me."

"What, split!" observed Mathews. "What good would that do? She knows we must all go together when we are caught. I don't suppose the game can last much longer. The smashing has had its take, and all other money is running very short."

"If this new pigeon will bleed well that we expect, we can carry on a short time," returned Morris. "Look here."

And, advancing to the billiard-table, he lifted up the cloth, and showed Mathews the wood scraped away at one or two of the pockets, with an inclination that would draw any ball into them, once within the range.

"He won't know of this," said Morris: "I shall; and, even if he does play better, I shall beat him. I shall practise for an hour or so still, to see how the plan works."

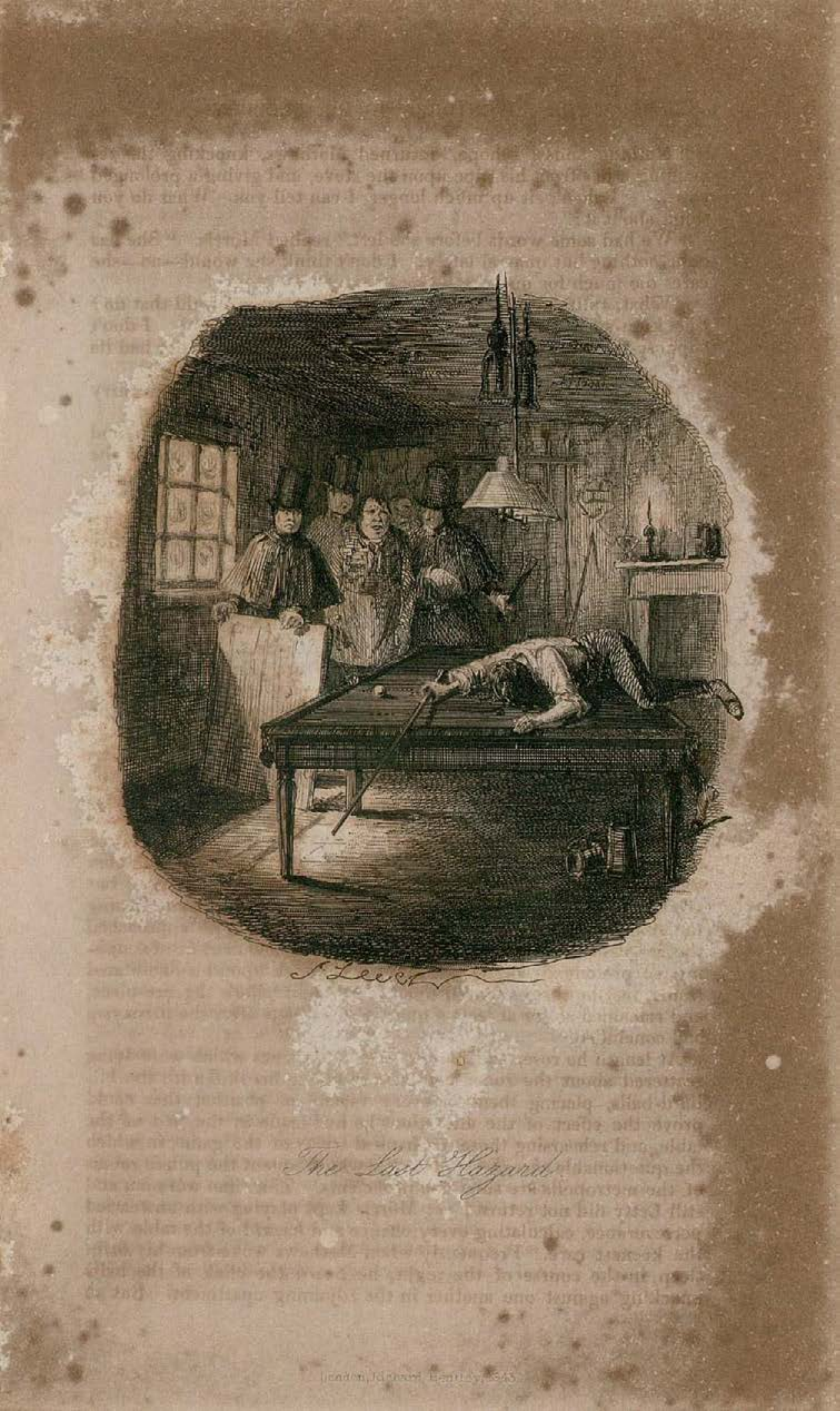
"You had better go to bed," observed Mathews gruffly. "You look like a corpse now."

"No—I shall not go until Letty returns. I am somewhat annoyed at her absence. I should not sleep if I did."

"Well, I don't see the use of my sitting up, just for the sake of doing so," continued the other. "You can give me a shake when she comes back, and let me know all about it. Good night, for the present."

As he spoke he rose from the fire-place, and turned into the bar, his accustomed sleeping apartment. Here he threw himself on the remnant of a sofa, covered with canvass and old sacking, and in a few minutes his heavy snoring proclaimed him to be asleep. Morris now went to the door, and opening it, walked out a few paces from the house, peering through the darkness, as if to discover whether there were any tokens of the arrival of his expected messenger; but all was desolate and obscure, and he returned into the room, closing the door after him, and shivering with the cold as he approached the fire. But the momentary chill brought on a violent fit of coughing, so prolonged and exhausting in its attack upon his debilitated frame, that he threw himself upon the ground before the fire-place, and remained so for at least a quarter of an hour after the paroxysm had concluded.

At length he rose, and, taking one of the cues which were lying scattered about the room, commenced trying his skill with the billiard-balls, placing them in every variety of position that could prove the effect of the alterations he had made in the bed of the table, and rehearsing those mechanical tricks of the game, in which the questionable *chevaliers d'industrie* who frequent the public rooms of the metropolis are such fine proficients. The time wore on, and still Letty did not return; yet Morris kept playing with unwearied perseverance, calculating every chance and hazard of the table with the keenest care. Frequently when Mathews woke from his fitful sleep, in the course of the night, he heard the click of the balls knocking against one another in the adjoining apartment. But at



The Last Hazard

last all was quiet; and then the worthy host, imagining that Morris was worn out with his exertions, or that Letty had returned, and all was securely shut up for the night, troubled himself no further, but turned round upon his rough couch, and once more sunk into a deep slumber.

The first grey gleam of daybreak was stealing through the apertures of the shutters that closed the bar-windows, when the landlord was aroused by a loud knocking at the door, coupled with the voices and footsteps of several persons outside. There was a determination in the summons very different to the stealthy signal of the usual frequenters of the house, when they wished to gain admission; and he was for a moment undecided how to act, when a renewed clamour, coupled with the intimation that the door would be broken in by authority unless it was directly opened, convinced him that the patience of the visitors was not to be trifled with. Groping his way to the door in the dim obscurity, he found that it was merely closed by the latch, none of the usual bars or chains being put across it, which proved that the girl had not returned. As he opened it, shading the cold morning light with his hand from his half-closed eyes, he saw that a large party of the police were standing round it, accompanied at a timid distance by a few early idlers of "The Brill," who had followed them from mere curiosity.

"You have some one named Morris living here," said the constable to Mathews, before he had well recovered himself from the surprise caused by his unexpected visitors.

"No, no," he replied, hastily assuming an apparent unconcern; "there is nobody of that name here, as I know of."

"Well, we will satisfy ourselves," returned the other, as he entered the passage. "Perhaps he is here, and you don't know it, so that we had better look."

"I'm sure I can't tell," observed Mathews carelessly. "I'm only a lodger. There may or may not be. Good morning, gents."

"I must trouble you to keep along with us," said the policeman, "if it is only to show us the way."

And, at a sign, two of the party placed themselves on either side of the landlord, who now began to perceive that things were taking a somewhat serious turn as regarded himself.

They advanced along the short passage before the bar, one of the force remaining at the door to keep back the followers who now clustered round it, and entered the billiard-room. It was here nearly dark, for the lamp on the chimney-piece was on the point of going out, its glimmering and expiring flame being scarcely sufficient to cast a light above a few inches from where it was placed.

"We must have some more light," said the sergeant. "Open the shutters there, one of you."

A man advanced to the window, and pulled down the strong square board that was placed against it. The light streamed through the casement, and an involuntary exclamation of surprise and horror burst from the party, as it fell upon the billiard-table deluged with blood, and the body of Edward Morris, cold and dead, hanging over the cushions, the feet scarcely touching the ground, and reclining on its face in the midst of the hideous pool, whilst one of the hands still grasped a billiard-cue.

"He has made away with himself," exclaimed one or two voices.

"He has been murdered!" cried others, at the same time.

The inspector approached the body, and, with an apathy only acquired by constant intimacy with similar scenes, raised the head by its hair from the table, and endeavoured to ascertain the cause of death. But there was none visible, although the crimson stream had apparently welled entirely away from its tenement; for the body was perfectly blanched from the loss, but still retaining its flexibility. He had ruptured a vessel in the lungs whilst leaning over the cushion, and thus died upon the table.

"This may prove an awkward business for you," said the constable to the proprietor. "You must go back with us, as well as everybody in the house. How many have you got here?"

"I don't know," replied Mathews, in a surly tone. "I have told you that I know nothing about it. They only sleep here: if you want them, you had better look for them yourself."

"I intend to," returned the other.

And he prepared to despatch one of his fellows to the nearest station for additional help; whilst a couple of those remaining were ordered to post themselves outside the house.

But, whilst the officer was giving these directions a fresh tumult was heard at the door. Above, the murmur of several voices in contention, a female's was distinctly audible in accents of earnest supplication and distress; and, before the cause could be ascertained, a young girl burst into the room. She was but half-dressed, and partially enveloped in a coarse whittle shawl thrown carelessly over her head and shoulders; but her face was so pale and haggard, that in the absence of speech and motion she might have formed a fitting consort for the dreary corpse on the table before them. She cast one wild and hurried glance, with the restless vision of a maniac, from one to the other of the assembled party; and then her eye finally rested upon the body of Edward Morris. For an instant she appeared to mistrust the reality of the fearful object. She advanced towards it, and then, shrinking away with terror, fell shuddering back, as a subdued cry of agony burst from her parted lips—an intense but stifled exclamation of fearful despair, as if a breaking heart was choking the utterance of the deepest and most poignant anguish. One of the bystanders caught her in his arms as she was falling to the ground, and placing her upon one of the rough settles in front of the fire-place, attempted to offer a few words of common-place conversation. But she heeded them not; to all appearance she was as unconscious of aught about her as her late associate.

It was indeed the unfortunate companion of Edward Morris, whose attempted suicide on the preceding night we have already spoken of. She had been carried to bed by the people of the house to which she had been first taken; and her clothes placed in her room at her own request, before she fell into a feverish sleep; the result of exhaustion from the trying ordeal she had undergone. But the slumber was of short duration; and upon awaking, as soon as her ideas were sufficiently collected, she sought for the letter, which she remembered was in her pocket, and found that it was gone. From the unguarded answers of the servant of the tavern, who came up occasionally to look after their patient, she learned that the police appeared on the point of starting upon some expedition to which they had but just obtained a cue: and this intelligence, heedlessly

given, determined her how to act. In the absence of the woman she attired herself as hastily as her enfeebled powers of exertion would permit, and slipping quietly down stairs, left the house at daybreak. The morning air came cold and deathlike to her shattered frame; and the few individuals who were moving at that early hour regarded her with some slight feelings of suspicion, as her haggard apparition crossed their path; but she heeded them not, her only object being to arrive at the Brill, and warn Morris of his danger. When she got into the wretched neighbourhood in the precincts of Stevens' Rents, she was regarded with less mistrust, for misery was the prevailing character of the locality and its inmates; a ruddy face and buoyant step would have excited more surprise than the pale features and cowering progress of the unhappy girl. As she approached the house which Morris inhabited, she saw a few persons round the door; and on arriving at the threshold, was at first refused admittance by the constable; until the man relented, partly shaken in his determination by the taunts of the bystanders, who are ever ready to take part against the authorities. The rest the reader is acquainted with.

It was not long before the reinforcements of police arrived, and the whole of the gang found in the house were taken into custody. They made no attempts at resistance. The persons of the majority were so well known to the police that their escape would have been speedily followed by a recapture in another direction. And then the house was closed, two of the force remaining to guard it, until the inquest had terminated, and the body might be removed.

The unhappy girl was taken to the St. Pancras workhouse, still insensible. Fever rapidly supervened upon the previous prostration and sudden shock her frame had experienced. The reaction increased beyond the power of medical assistance to control it; and in three days she was no less free from further peril and anguish than her late hapless associate. Then came a pauper funeral; the plain elm coffin, and the transient monument of carelessly heaped-up mould, which was soon shuffled down level with the ground, until there remained no trace to mark the grave of the single atom in the vast body of London misery that was mouldering below.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson once more return home.

A VERY short time elapsed after the fête, before Jack and Ledbury packed up their treasures to return home, having agreed to go back by Rouen and Havre, to the great delight of Titus. For, he anticipated much pleasure in getting romantic about Joan of Arc and Robert the Devil; and also calculated that a knowledge of the country would enable him to throw additional force, when he got once more to Islington, into the air, "Quand je quittais la Normandie," which might serve to represent the night when he left Havre, and which he had an idea would be very effective on the flute. Mr. Crinks also was of the party, for he likewise began to think it was time to return, being the acting head of some city establishment located in Mincing Lane, which would have excited

much ingenious speculation in deep thinkers as to how money could be made in such a dingy, unpresuming set of chambers as he occupied. But in the city dirt and gold are always intimately connected: as if the precious metal still retained a hankering affection for the earth it sprung from. And alchemy is therein studied with wondrous success, transmuting all things into wealth, no longer in underground laboratories and secret chambers, but in the peopled thoroughfares, and on the broad and sparkling river.

They steamed with tolerable speed down the Seine, which at some parts may be termed a miniature Rhine, from the beauty of its scenery; and only stopping at Havre a few hours, crossed, the same evening, to Southampton. And then the railway deposited them at Vauxhall in perfect safety, when the trio separated, not without some feelings of regret, Mr. Crinks availing himself of the services of the Lightning to convey him to London Bridge, after being made the subject of a serious trial of muscular power between the respective partisans of the iron and wooden companies. Jack Johnson avowed his intention of invading the establishment of Mr. Prodgers, and procuring a bed for a night or two in his old quarters, until he could look about him: and Mr. Ledbury proceeded at once to his family mansion at Islington.

The delight of Mr. Prodgers at seeing his old friend was unbounded; and Jack was no less pleased at inspecting the different arrangements of his late fellow-apprentice, which he did with great interest, from one end of the surgery to the other, as soon as an extempore meal was finished, and the first burst of conversation had subsided, and then he took his place behind the day-book as naturally as if he had never been away, and as if Mr. Rawkins was still his guide and preceptor.

"And how are you getting on, Percy?" asked Jack.

"Well, I ought not to grumble," returned Prodgers, "Those pills have been a great hit," he added, pointing to the pyramid of Vitality. "I have added a treatise on indigestion, and a list of cures, to their other attractions."

"Ah! I see," observed Jack, as he read reports of several cases, coming from Cardiff, Bolton, York, Norwich, and Exeter. "What a very extensive practice you must have, eh, Percy?"

"Remarkably so," returned the other, directing Jack's attention to some chimerical object, by pointing with his thumb over his left glenoid articulation of the humerus. "But it is nothing to my imagination. Do you know, I invented all those cures myself, except that one of the cobbler, who had been given up by all the hospitals."

"And, how did you cure him?"

"I gave him a pair of strong walking-shoes."

"What!—to take?"

"No, to make. I told him what I wanted; and he promised to have every illness I wished in return for my patronage. New-footing a pair of boots induced a hitherto incurable asthma; paying him ready money for them made him paralytic since his birth; a pair of hob-nailed highlows for my cad-boy drew him into a confession that he had been led by a friend to try "Prodgers's Pill of Vitality;" and the final order of the strong walking-shoes eliciting an avowal that

I was at liberty to make what use I pleased of the communication. Don't you see?"

"Perfectly," replied Johnson, laughing; "and, who are your agents at Cardiff, and the other places, who take such interest in your discovery?"

"Ah, now you puzzle me," returned Prodgers. "I looked out for the names in an old London directory, and then appointed them to different country agencies myself. I established one in Philadelphia last night, who wrote back this morning, begging that I would have the goodness to forward him two hundred boxes; as his first consignment was exhausted."

"You 'll do, Percy," said Johnson, looking with complacency at his friend, whom he had never before given credit to for such sound medical knowledge. "Only take care they do not produce any ill effects."

"They are perfectly harmless," answered Prodgers, "equal parts of bread and soap, rolled in liquorice-powder. They are very useful to emigrants, because, upon emergency they would do to shave with; and may be given to infants with impunity."

"That is a great point," observed Jack.

"It is everything. I always leave everything to Nature. You may depend upon it she knows a great deal more about our constitutions than we do."

The establishment of Mr. Prodgers was closed that afternoon at an early hour, and the remainder of the evening was spent in conversation upon past occurrences, and the discussion of future prospects on either side. Fortunately, no case required the attendance of the young practitioner, and so he sat with his guest over the fire of the old back parlour, comparing positions, and laying out plans, until the last pipe of *tabac de regie* was exhausted, when they both retired to rest.

Early the next morning Jack collected his testimonials, and started off for an interview with Mr. Howard's solicitor, having determined that he would not call at Ledbury's house until he had settled everything; and, feeling assured that Titus would lose no opportunity of smoothing the way for his reception. His visit was most satisfactory; and everything was arranged in a most pleasant manner to all parties; for Mr. Howard had already written to London, advising his lawyer of his intentions with regard to Johnson, and begging him to lose no time, upon that gentleman's return, in introducing him to the duties of his new office. And those were not very heavy; a daily attendance of from three to five hours in the city, for transcribing and arranging certain documents, English and foreign, which at present had somewhat the appearance, to Jack, of hieroglyphics made difficult; but which he was assured a little attention would enable him perfectly to understand and enter into.

This point being pleasantly arranged, Jack next bent his steps, with a throbbing heart and anxious expectancy, towards the city house of business of Mr. Ledbury senior. The old gentleman was engaged in his private room when Jack arrived, so he sat down to wait until he should be at leisure, one of the clerks — a presentable one, who had been present at the party at the beginning of the year —recollecting him, and politely handing him the morning paper.

But Jack found it was of no use trying to fix his attention to it. He read the leader through and through four or five times, without having the slightest idea at the conclusion what it had been about, his eyes running over the state of Spain, and his mind only thinking of Emma Ledbury, until all the paragraphs, letters, and advertisements appeared to join in one wild dance of triumph at his confusion; and shot about to all corners of the page at once, like motes in a sunbeam.

At last the visitor with whom Mr. Ledbury had been occupied took his leave; and Jack was ushered into the room, in the same state of mind as that of a prisoner when he is called up to receive judgment; or a medical student as he follows the awful beadle of the Apothecaries' Company into the hall of inquisition to undergo his examination. But he was somewhat reassured by the very polite, and almost cordial manner in which the old gentleman received him, and requested him to be seated.

"I am glad to see you back in England, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Ledbury; "and am also exceedingly obliged to you for the attention which you showed to my commission. We must thank you, too, for looking after Titus: you appear to have brought him out of several scrapes, which his want of knowledge of the world led him into."

"I believe all the gratitude ought to be on my part, sir," replied Jack. "We had a delightful journey, and, to me, a highly fortunate one. I suppose Titus has mentioned to you something about it."

"I think he said something last night about an agency with which you had been entrusted by Mr. Howard. I was very happy to hear it," returned the old gentleman.

Jack thought Mr. Ledbury alluded to this circumstance very unconcernedly, considering what an important affair it was, and did not very well know how to proceed; whilst Mr. Ledbury, who had some very slight suspicion as to the motive of Jack's visit, waited for him to speak first concerning it. So that for a short time they were both silent; and it was not until Mr. Ledbury had poked the fire, and folded and arranged several perfectly unimportant letters upon the desk before him with great care, that Jack could summon up courage to speak. At last he made a bold plunge into the affair, and began,—

"I have come, sir, for the purpose of having a short interview with you respecting my attachment to your daughter. You will recollect, perhaps, that on one occasion before this we discussed this subject?"

"I remember it perfectly," answered the old gentleman; "and I believe I then made you acquainted with my sentiments on that point, which you can possibly call to mind."

"I ought to be able to do so, sir," said Jack. "I have repeated them to myself, and commented upon them often enough lately."

"But you have not since discovered anything unreasonable in what I then told you?" observed Mr. Ledbury.

"Neither since, nor at the time, sir. I think you then made the observation that you could not countenance my attentions to Miss Ledbury, unless I was possessed of an income sufficient to support her in the same style of comfort she had been brought up to."

"I have no doubt those were my words. I will give you credit for having recollected them better than I could," returned Mr. Ledbury, half smiling.

"Well, sir," continued Jack, drawing additional courage from the expression of placidity that stole over the old gentleman's face, "I am happy to say that my prospects now enable me to make an offer for your daughter's hand. You were pleased to tell me some time ago that you had confidence in my honour. I hope that confidence has not been shaken?"

"Nothing on your part has led me ever to mistrust you, Mr. Johnson," answered the old gentleman; "but you must excuse me, if I ask you, what regular income your expectations lead you to expect?

"I am to receive two hundred a-year," returned Jack; "at least that was the sum Mr. Howard offered me, to become his agent."

"And Mr. Howard's word is his bond: you will learn that, if you have not found it so already. But you will pardon me, Mr. Johnson: do you think that a sufficient income to marry upon?"

"Not by itself, sir, certainly," said Johnson. "But you will perhaps not dislike me the more for being frank with you. I will confess I have not altogether been without hopes that, on your own part, you might feel inclined to advance some certain moderate sum, to be settled on your daughter, and entirely at her disposal. You must not think that I am actuated by any mercenary feelings on this point—it is for her sake alone that I should wish this."

"You will never find me unreasonable or illiberal in my transactions," observed the old gentleman; "but this is an affair that requires some little consideration. Besides, there is another inclination to be consulted—my daughter's."

"In the mean time, sir," said Jack, "may I be permitted to call at your house?"

"Well—I see no very great objection to your so doing," replied Mr. Ledbury; "and you may take this, if you please, as a proof of my trust in your good feeling. Will you dine with us on Sunday?"

There can be little doubt but that the invitation was speedily and most willingly accepted. Then, as other business required Mr. Ledbury's attention, Jack took his leave, thanking him earnestly—if ever there was sincerity in the world—for the hopes he had thrown out, that all might finally be pleasantly arranged, however faintly shadowed forth those expectations were. And he lost no time in flying back to the house of Mr. Prodgers, where Titus was awaiting his return, in accordance with a previous arrangement, to whom he reported nearly every syllable of the interview.

"It's all right, Jack," said his friend; "I know the governor's ways better than you do. He would not have asked you to our house, if he had not intended everything to turn out comfortably. You will be my brother-in-law, after all."

"If you are about to marry," observed Mr. Prodgers, with much importance, "allow me—"

And hereupon he presented Jack with his professional card in all due gravity, continuing,

"No connection with Mr. Koops. Individuals ushered into and out of the world in half the usual space of time, at the lowest possible

scale of prices. Ask for the Pill of Vitality—there is a private box at your disposal."

CHAPTER LIX.

In which the wishes of most parties are accomplished.

It was not until some days after his arrival in England, and then by mere chance, that Jack became acquainted with the particulars of his cousin's death. When the catastrophe occurred, a policeman friendly to the Prodgers' interests had started off directly to give him notice of the event, even taking a cab upon his own responsibility; and by this alacrity Mr. Prodgers arrived at "The Brill" before any other medical man, which procured his attendance at the inquest, and the accompanying guinea for his services. This important fee he had entered in large letters, and with great form, in his day-book; and thus Jack learnt what had happened, whilst looking over the different entries that marked the progress of his friend's professional career.

As he had never mentioned the connexion between Edward Morris and himself to any one, not even to Titus, he determined that it should still remain a secret; and accordingly he checked the exclamation of surprise which Mr. Prodgers' narrative of the occurrence brought to his lips. At first, however, he was much shocked at the wretched fate of his relative, although it would be wrong to deny that, when this had passed away, he did not feel a heavy weight taken from his mind by Edward's death; for the purely innocent manner in which he had become, in a measure, involved in his cousin's delinquencies, had ever since thrown a shadow across his path, even in his gayest moments.

His first care was to return the money committed to his care to the quarter from whence it had been purloined. He took it from his box, enveloped in the same old rag in which he had received it a twelvemonth back,—for his word had been kept with respect to its being sacred whilst in his possession,—and left it himself at the banking-house wherein Morris had been a clerk, accompanied by an anonymous note, briefly explaining the circumstances, and requesting an acknowledgment of its receipt in one of the daily journals. The advertisement appeared two days afterwards, and before long Jack felt happier than he had been for some time; insomuch, that Mr. Prodgers, who had caught a new patient, and was equally joyful, having proposed a celebration of the event, only anticipated Jack's intention. A note was sent off to Titus, who was delighted to join the party; and after this the trio waylaid Mr. Tweak upon the Queen's highway, as he came from evening lecture, and carried him off in triumph to the heights of Clerkenwell. And then they passed a very merry evening, aided by a hot supper, and subsequent indulgence in spirituous liquors and tobacco, until they got so lively, that the old days of Rawkins and Hoppy appeared to be revived with all their original splendour and effect. And Mrs. Pim, next door, heard unwonted harmony in the middle of the night; the chink of wine-cups, and the lively measure of hornpipes danced upon the table amongst the pipes and tumblers, in emulation

of cunning Terpsichorean professors, amidst their new-laid eggs, until the tumblers vindicated their pretensions to their names by falling off upon the floor. All this, as may be expected, considerably disturbed Mrs. Pim's rest, although this was possibly less inconvenient to herself than it would have been to other old ladies, inasmuch as, from her own account, she had never slept a wink for forty years. But when Mr. Koops called to see her the next morning, she gave him a painful account of her sufferings during the night, which she described as if Chinese mandarins had been performing solos on the drums of her ears, and all her brains had turned into barrel-organs out of tune. Mr. Prodgers and his party, however, thought little about Mrs. Pim in their moments of conviviality; although they went so far as to serenade her in the open air, when the hour arrived for them to part.

As soon as they were gone, Jack retired to bed, in spite of all his host's entreaties that he would stay up a little longer, leaving Mr. Prodgers to be convivial by himself, who refilled his glass, smoked another cigar, and then began to read all his printed lists of cures by the Pills of Vitality three or four times over, placing a box of those invaluable preparations upon an inverted tumbler before him, which from time to time he regarded with affectionate admiration. And from this circumstance, those who had minutely studied his idiosyncrasy might have offered a safe opinion upon the present state of his cerebral organs; for whenever Mr. Prodgers had imbibed more of the products of fermentation than was absolutely essential to allay thirst in a normal condition of his organization, he was wont to read his list of cures with untiring attention; or if he chanced to be from home, upon returning to his abode he would contemplate his name on the door, in wrapt ecstasy, sometimes for a quarter of an hour before entering. And then it was that his unfettered aspirations soared aloft, and he felt the exalted place which that name was destined some day to hold, although when, where, or by what means, were points which the glittering web of his futurity had not plainly revealed.

On the following Sunday, according to the invitation of old Mr. Ledbury, Jack dined at his house. Nothing could be kinder than his reception by all the family; and there seemed to be a tacit understanding amongst them that he was to sit by Emma at dinner. And when, after the ladies had quitted the table, he was left with Titus and his father, the old gentleman completed Jack's happiness by telling him "he saw nothing against his being allowed to pay his addresses to Emma, upon mature consideration;" and also that he, Mr. Ledbury, had made such pecuniary concessions in her favour as he was assured Mr. Johnson would not be displeased with.

"And now, Mr. Johnson," said the old gentleman, "I suppose you and Emma understand each other's sentiments pretty well: let me suggest your union with all reasonable expedition."

"I desire nothing better, sir," was the reply.

"I am glad of it," continued Mr. Ledbury. "I do not like to see young people rushing head over heels into precipitate marriages; but, when everything appears tolerably straightforward, I am a great enemy to long engagements. Titus, get another bottle of claret."

Titus took the key from his father, and left the room.

"During the time you have been my son's companion," said Mr. Ledbury, as the door closed, "I believe he has had much to thank you for. He has gained a knowledge of men and manners, which may be of some service to him in my establishment. I must confess, before he became acquainted with you, I was somewhat puzzled, from his simplicity, what to put him to."

"I can see myself an alteration in him, sir," replied Jack. "But, through it all, his sense of honour and good feeling have always remained the same."

"You are right; and Emma possesses all his best qualities, with a more extended judgment. She is a good girl, Mr. Johnson. My giving her to you is the best evidence of my confidence in your own integrity. Come—we will drink her health."

The tears stood in Jack's eyes as he filled his glass, and swallowed its contents very convulsively to hide his emotion. Titus returned directly afterwards with the claret, and some wonderful story pertaining to the economy of the cellar, which turned the conversation, and after a little while they all retired to the drawing-room.

It was the happiest evening that Jack ever passed in all his life. The old gentleman read "The Sun" with his usual attention; and Mrs. Ledbury was still deeply engaged in the fabrication of the knit worsted shawl, which had employed her, apparently, ever since the dark ages of fancy-work, when the light of Berlin wool was beginning to dawn upon the hitherto sober dominion of crewel, and, in point of imperceptible progress, was bidding fair to rival the suspension bridge at Hungerford. Titus was more than usual fraternally affectionate, and was assisting his little brother Walter, before Foster came to put him to bed, in giving a grand banquet to nobody, from various extraordinary wooden viands, imported to Islington from the distant regions of the Lowther Arcade. And so Emma and Jack were left to entertain each other, and they did not appear to complain of being dull. Emma played the piano nearly all the evening, and Jack turned over the leaves for her, as he sat close by her side, talking "through the music," as they say in stage directions, when the heroines have to declaim, in moments of deep interest to an orchestral accompaniment. Possibly a thorough musician would have discovered a want of unity, and an occasional too rapid transition from one style to another, in Emma's performance; but so much important conversation was passing between them all the while, that it was only remarkable how the young lady could play anything at all. And indeed at last Titus, with all his forbearance, solicited a new tune, reminding her that she had played the *Valse de Fascination* fifteen or sixteen times over from beginning to end, and recommending her to try something from Norma, by way of variety. But their series of concerted pieces only came to a conclusion upon the appearance of the supper-tray; and when Jack finally took his leave, Emma chose to light him to the door herself,—a proceeding which occupied so much time, that it was evident some evil genius had hidden Jack's Chesterfield and hat in one place, and his stick and gloves in another, during his visit, or nothing would have detained his fair companion so long from the sitting-room.

At length, however, Emma returned, rubbing her taper fingers together, exclaiming it was very cold, and looking amazingly as if she thought so. And Jack was once more on his way home; but,

as he left the door, he could not help looking back upon his wretchedness the last time he quitted the house,—how dreary everything appeared to him,—how the very wind appeared to howl in insulting triumph at his misery, as it swept through the unfinished buildings of the street. And now, although the shells of the houses were just the same, and the wind was blowing, if anything, with double violence, yet its very anger suggested ideas of cheerfulness and comfort, as the thought of long happy evenings, and snug merry firesides, which would lose half their charms without the noise of the wind,—locked out for the night, like any other boisterous reveller, —to let folks know, by contrast, how contented they ought to feel. And in this pleasant mood he trudged home to Prodgers', and went to bed, finally dreaming that he could furnish a four-roomed house comfortably, a six-roomed ditto elegantly, and a ten-roomed ditto luxuriously, at ten shillings per room ; such being about the rate of prices his friend had adhered to when he entered upon the establishment of Pattle, surgeon and accoucheur, a fortnight with, and successor to, Mr. Rawkins.

CHAPTER LX.

The last indiscretion of Jack Johnson.

To make up for the spirit of inaction which had pervaded the world of Islington for some time past, the Grimleys and Mrs. Hoddle soon had enough to talk about, and engage their attention. For Miss Grimley had first heard from her dress-maker that a *trousseau* was in active preparation for Miss Ledbury, and forthwith carried the intelligence to Mrs. Hoddle at tea-time that same evening; expressing her great sorrow that poor Emma was going to marry that Mr. Johnson, after all, and hoping sincerely that everything would turn out for the best. By the medium of Mrs. Hoddle's general news-agency the important fact was soon promulgated in every corner of Islington, and the day was fixed, the arrangements determined upon, and the pecuniary affairs on either side definitively laid down by the settlers of the northern metropolitan colonies, long before the parties most interested had themselves any fixed ideas upon the subject. Jack passed all his spare time at the Ledburys', possibly more than he ought strictly to have done, and even appeared on two consecutive Sundays in their pew at St. Mary's church, which considerably distracted the attention of the congregation from matters of deeper import, which fully proved the interest excited by the circumstance; for Islington may be considered, upon the whole, of the elect.

Three or four weeks passed from this period, during which time Jack Johnson was unceasingly employed in making all sorts of elaborate preparations for this change in his condition ; and at last the important day arrived. At an early hour of the morning, as soon as breakfast was concluded, Mrs. Hoddle took up her position at the front window in a full-dress cap, that she might not lose any of the visible proceedings ; and, at the same time, close observers might have discovered various heads of the Grimley family approximating as closely to the gauze blinds as prudence would permit, casting

frequent glances towards the Ledburys' front-door, and being at last gratified by the arrival of two carriages, the closest approximation to private vehicles which the enterprize of Titus could procure. These drew up at the gate, and soon attracted a crowd of children, to beguile the time by swinging upon the chains, practising gymnastics on the rails, chasing one another round and under the carriages, or occasionally greeting Titus with a prolonged huzza, as his head nervously appeared at any of the windows.

The next arrival was a fly, which had come the whole way from the South-western Railway, containing Fanny Wilmer, who was to be one of the bridesmaids, and her brother, who had left Clumpley that very day to be present at the solemnization, and who, being taken by the assembled children for the bride and bridegroom, were cheered vociferously until they entered the house. And Ledbury's page, who had all the morning resembled a human puppet in buttons, so active were his movements, having carried in all sorts of strange country-looking parcels, which spoke of fowls and cream, and came with the Wilmers, darted off at a frantic tangent up the street. He returned in a few minutes, leading back a fellow-page with a patronizing air, a small boy of spare habit, who, upon closer inspection by those who had known him formerly, turned out to be the original Bob that had shared the vicissitudes of the pigeons and guinea-pigs in the medico-zoological establishment of Mr. Rawkins. For Jack had discovered a clue to Bob's *locale*, subsequently to Mr. Pattle's break-up; and taking him from the workhouse, in which he had passed some months, caused him to be clad in a modern page's most approved costume, and appointed him his especial retainer. In the interim he had boarded with a staid woman of industrious habits, who assisted families in distress when cooks left suddenly, and new ones came not, at the rate of a shilling a-day and her meals; and on this eventful morning had been so long occupied in getting into his clothes, that it was found necessary to send for him, as his assistance was needed in the general turmoil.

Nor was there less bustle at Mr. Prodgers's, where Jack was still staying, although fewer characters were engaged in it. Our friend had lain awake all night long, sinking into a deep slumber towards morning, from which he was aroused by Mr. Prodgers at half-past seven, who knocked violently at his door, reminding him that he was to be turned off at ten, and that he had come to pinion him; such expressions being figurative of the approaching ceremonial, and proffered assistance in his toilet. When Jack appeared there was no denying that he was looking remarkably well, but at the same time very quiet and thoughtful, which induced Mr. Prodgers to enliven him with the banter usual, and perfectly allowable upon similar occasions, telling him to recollect that he had brought it all upon himself, although it was soon over, and regretting he could hold out few hopes of a reprieve. And, lastly, when the carriage came to the door, he told him the hour had arrived, and, taking his seat with his friend, carried the analogy still further by a novel play upon the word "altar."

The Grimleys and Mrs. Hoddle saw the *cortége* depart from Ledbury's in the accustomed order of such things. Miss Grimley observing that she did not think Emma Ledbury looked very happy for a bride, and Mr. Horace Grimley finding fault with a twist in

Mr. Ledbury's new fawn-coloured trowsers. And then Miss Grimley, much annoyed to think that Emma — such a sweet girl as she was,—should be throwing herself away, with such strange prospects in anticipation, vented her humour on the servants by giving them various commissions, which required their attendance in the back-rooms of the house, and prevented them from balancing themselves from all the windows, which they had hitherto been doing, in company with all the other domestics of the street.

At last the wedding-party returned; and beyond the glimpse which the Grimleys caught of the happy couple as they hurriedly passed from the carriage to the house, they saw no more. But great was the excitement within the walls of the Ledbury mansion. The confectioner who had provided the supper for the renowned evening party, furnished the breakfast upon the present occasion; and never had there been a similar collation in Islington. Hipkins also came to wait, in white Berlin gloves, bringing his umbrella, although the morning was bright and fine; and the two pages together made an important leaf in the chronicles of the day.

And the breakfast—what a scene of prawns and tears, cold partridges, and cambric-handkerchiefs, was the breakfast! There was not a very large party, some twenty or thirty guests; but they were all intimate friends of the Ledburys, for they had invited nobody from mere compliment. Mr. Prodgers was there, of course, as well as Mr. Crinks, their merry *compagnon-de-voyage;* who took this opportunity of shewing that he had other clothes besides the check-trowsers and lace-up shoes in which he had travelled. And these two, introduced to one another by Titus, soon became acquainted, and were of invaluable service in counteracting the crying part of the morning's programme of performances, wondering that the bride and bridegroom should look so miserable, when what they had done was entirely voluntary on their parts. Still Emma was pale and tearful; and those who had seen Jack in former times dancing the *cancan "chez Tonnelier,"* or conducting the election of Mr. Rawkins, would scarcely have recognized in him the same person. But, if they were both so serious, they were no less happy: and did not care to intrude their grave thoughts upon the party assembled, for they were too much occupied with each other, until their healths, proposed by Mr. Wilmer, called a few words of warm acknowledgment from Jack, and a few more tears from his weeping, blushing, smiling Emma; which also made Titus wipe his spectacles for very emotion. Mr. Crinks, as we have stated, did not feel at all inclined to cry, nor did Mr. Prodgers; for, being stationed one on each side of Miss Wilmer, they kept that young lady in such a continual state of mirth with their remarks and hopes, at some of which she hardly knew whether to be most alarmed or amused, that her bright laughing eyes allowed no room in them for sentiment. And when nobody was looking, Mr. Crinks gave Master Walter Ledbury repeated glasses of champagne, until at last he tumbled back into the plate-basket, with very faint hopes as to the probability of his ever being extricated; whilst Mr. Prodgers, who kept Bob behind his chair the whole time, as an old friend, finished by rendering his services, for that day at least, entirely unavailable, by means of the same potent beverage. And when the kissing came, Mr. Prodgers pronounced it the best portion of the entertainment, and Miss Wilmer never saw

anybody so rude, and Mr. Ledbury — the junior, our own Titus,— laughed, and took wine with everybody, sometimes twice over, and said good things, and proposed Mr. Crinks' health, and finally drank "The Bridesmaids," with their speedy promotion, with three times three and musical honours, which he even led himself, before being publicly requested to return thanks on behalf of the young ladies.

At two o'clock a carriage and four drew up in front of the house; and once more attracted the Grimleys and Mrs. Hoddle to the windows. And then, in a few minutes afterwards, amidst the fresh cheers of the little boys, and the energetic pantomime of Titus, Jack and Emma entered the carriage, which immediately dashed off with railway speed, and was soon out of the sight of their assembled friends; but whose most sincere wishes for their happiness and prosperity they carried with them.

CHAPTER LXI.

Which winds up everybody's affairs.

There is one great advantage, in the creation of fictitious characters, which the dramatist enjoys over the novelist: he is not obliged to pursue any of their fortunes beyond the marriage in anticipation, with which the majority of plays terminate; but drops his curtain at once, and allows his audience to form what ideas they best may from what has gone before as to the ultimate disposition of the various personages in whose fortunes they may have felt interested.

But the modern writer, unless he adopts the precedent afforded by the early fairy novelists—honoured by the authority of antiquity —of simply stating that everybody lived happy all the rest of their lives until they died, is usually expected before he takes his leave of the reader, to give some little parting information respecting the destinies of the different individuals who have figured in his pages. And so we will set this forth; at the same time intreating the reader's indulgence for a very short period before we part.

The latest advices we have received from Paris state that the last time Aimée was seen she was in a dashing cabriolet, that whirled up the Champs Elysées one fine afternoon, on its way to the promenade in the Bois de Boulogne. Can it be possible that she has forgotten her old friends of the Quartier Latin, and found new ones? Oh, Aimée!

A Sydney newspaper came by chance into Mr. Ledbury's office a very short time back; and in it Titus read that a married emigrant, named Rawkins, who had enacted the different positions of Hercules and The Gladiators, for a benefit at the Sydney Theatre, with great success, was about proceeding to some hitherto undiscovered wilds up the country, together with his wife, whom Titus recollected as formerly landlady of the retail establishment at the corner, from whence Jack Johnson and Prodgers procured their half-and-half in the early ages of their acquaintanceship. The reason given out for this proceeding was, that Mr. Rawkins had received a call, — but whether from the spirit or a creditor did not appear.

Nor was the great delineator of the statues of antiquity the only one of our characters who took up this line. For Mr. Roderick Doo, having passed some pleasant months in confinement after his arrest, upon suspicion of coining, where the accredited barber of the institution paid but small respect to his mustachios, reappeared in a rusty black suit, a white neckcloth, with his hair cut very short, and in this guise made various morning calls. His object was at one time to solicit donations to the Jehosophat Mission of Aboriginal Illumination; and at another, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions towards throwing open all the turnpikes in England for the benefit of the poor. Finally, he turned scheme-inventor, having always some project in his head that would bring in a clear ten thousand a year, without one farthing risked or lost.

Mr. Prodgers is working hard at the up-hill labour of forming a medical practice; and has great hopes of ultimately establishing a first-rate one. The fifteen-shilling case terminated with great credit to himself; and the old women who collect upon the occasions of persons making their first appearance upon, or taking their final leave of, the stage of life, with such neighbourly pertinacity, speak of him as a clever gentleman. The Pill of Vitality is also still looking up as it proportionately goes down: a penny loaf furnishing sufficient body for twelve boxes at thirteen-pence halfpenny; and he has thoughts of boldly opposing Mr. Koops at the next parish election, having been promised the support of one guardian, and the porter of the workhouse.

The Grimleys remain in the same house; and Miss Grimley also remains single, in spite of the district meetings, and tract-delivery company. Her feathered pets increase as her chances of matrimony die off; they are the small birds of prey who feed upon the remains of her decaying hopes. As a final struggle, she will next autumn try the effect of a match-making engaged-against-your-will boarding-house, at a favourite watering-place on the south-eastern coast of Kent.

A few months back there was an awkward break-up, which nobody was surprised at, although everybody remained ignorant of the cause, in the establishment of the De Robinsons. A sale took place, which was numerously and fashionable attended, upon the premises; at which Mrs. Hoddle was present each day, for the purpose of reporting the prices and purchasers of the most remarkable lots, the same evening, to a select tea-circle at Islington. The De Robinsons subsequently went to live at Boulogne: for the purpose, as they publicly gave out, "of educating their family."

Johnson and Emma are, indeed, very happy. Jack has taken a pretty cottage at Highbury, where they now reside; and Titus pays them frequent visits, always accompanied by his flute, and sometimes by Master Walter Ledbury, who gets exceedingly tired and restless after twenty minutes in the parlour, and is then consigned to the society of Bob, between whom and himself there exists the warmest friendship. And Bob, to amuse his visitor, pitches pies innumerable, and dances hornpipes on his head, with a continuity only broken by the ringing of the parlour-bell, which he generally answers in an extreme state of excitement and demi-toilette. Johnson finds Mrs. Ledbury a kind and excellent mother-in-law: the more so because she has had better sense than to invoke the first shade of

domestic discontent by coming "to stay a little while with her daughter," giving her son-in-law the first grounds for supposing, perhaps erroneously, that he is under *surveillance*, however slight, and no longer a free agent.

Titus is the same kind-hearted creature as ever. His knowledge of the world is still far from being acute; but he always rubs his hands, and looks so happy at his sister's, that it does all their hearts good to see him. His sanguine mind is anticipating all sorts of merry-makings for the ensuing season; and at times he hints at the practicability of forming a general party to Paris in the autumn; but we have particular reasons for believing that Emma will not make one of it.

And now we have but one task left to perform. It is the last, although far from being, to us, the most unimportant. We wish you, reader, respectfully, but earnestly, farewell; and, in so doing, whilst we throw off our masquerade costume of burlesque for the sober attire of truth and good feeling, which should ever lie beneath it, we willingly confess that it is with no small regret we break the last strands of the tie which has for a year and a half held our acquaintanceship together. We tender our warmest wishes for your welfare and happiness, in whatever circumstances you yourself most desire to be prosperous. Nor, possibly, will it lessen your approaching Christmas gaiety to know, that the indulgent reception which you awarded to our monthly chronicles has been the means of cheering many a lonely hour, and brightening many an access of that gloomy depression,—that bitter reaction of spirits, which the "comic writer" knows too well, in all its acute intensity.

We are aware, in the unvarying fate of lighter periodical literature, that we shall soon be forgotten—that the multitude admire and applaud the firework as it twirls and sparkles before them; but that, as soon as its display is over, and it has ceased to amuse, they think very little about the case from which its eccentricities were produced; but be assured, however, that some slight sense of gratitude on our parts will not very readily pass away. To borrow from one of the speeches made by Mr. Prodgers to his audience, during his lesseeship of the caravan of wonders, which, from some neglect of ours, was not reported in its proper place, we beg to thank you, in the name of the proprietor and ourselves, for this proof of your kindness, and to inform you that a different performance will take place in the shortest possible space of time. And so, our present duties having at length been brought to a conclusion, we will finish with the prayer of old Chaucer's "Knighte," when he came to the end of his story,

"God save all this fayre compaynie!"

THE POPULAR BALLADS OF IRELAND.

LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

BY COQUILLA SERTORIUS, BENEDICTINE ABBOT OF GLENDALOUGH.

A CELEBRATED statesman declared, that he would prefer the power of making a nation's ballads to that of making a nation's laws. In every country that has not attained an advanced state of civilization, popular ballads have been the best index to the feelings, the wishes, and the purposes of the bulk of the nation; and, "though they be merely straws," as Lord Bacon declares, "yet are they straws, which, when thrown up, indicate the direction of the wind." Very soon after the English invasion of Ireland, we find the parliaments of the Pale, as the portion of the country immediately under English rule was called, making bitter complaints of the revolts occasioned by the stimulating effect of the songs recited by Irish bards, and from thence, to the time of Cromwell, we find a continuous series of enactments against rhymers, harpers, and genealogical bards, placing them beyond the pale of the law, and enjoining, that wherever found they should be slaughtered without mercy. Many of the Anglo-Norman families that came over with Strongbow, abandoned their ancestral usages for those of the nation in which they settled, and were described to the alarmed English government as "more Irish than the Irish themselves" (*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*). The Geraldines of Kildare and Dermond were the most conspicuous in this "degeneracy," as it was termed; and the first symptom of such revolt was invariably their taking into their household a bard or rhymer, who repaid the proscription of his class by denouncing every act of the government, and to whom treason furnished both the topics of his song, and the chief source of his inspiration.

In the wars of the Roses, the Irish, from gratitude to Richard Duke of York, the best lord-deputy that ruled the country for several centuries, zealously embraced the side of the Yorkists, and "the white rose" became, what it has ever since continued, the favourite cognizance of every popular movement, and the favourite emblem of every popular hero. It was first used as a symbol for Lambert Simnel, and then for Perkin Warbeck. Silken Thomas was next hailed as the rose of beauty, which was to be the omen of Ireland's freedom, and from him it descended through the thousand and one insurgents, demagogues, and agitators who have successively won the favour, and directed the passions of an enthusiastic people, until at last it has been added to the chaplet of Daniel O'Connell, who has succeeded Napoleon Bonaparte in the inheritance of all the emblems applied by past generations to Lambert Simnel and the young Pretender.

The persecution of the Irish bards by Queen Elizabeth, which was continued with still greater severity by the Cromwellian settlers, taught the Irish ballad-mongers caution. They learned to speak in parables, and these parables became so mystical that it was scarcely possible to guess at their interpretation. Like the early bards of Latium, they laid claim to the gift of prophecy, and predicted the restoration of the church of Rome to its former pride of place, and the establishment of Irish independence, with a confidence unshaken by

three centuries of sanguinary failures. When events falsified a prediction, some bard was always ready to alter the verses, so as to make them refer to some new and distant conjuncture, and the prophecy thus vamped up at once regained all its former currency and credit. As an instance of such a prophetic ballad we may quote the "Grey Mare," a delicate emblem of the Catholic Church, which is as old as the reign of James II., and originally predicted that he should win the battle of the Boyne. The poet was mistaken in his catastrophe, and none of those who altered that portion of his song have been more successful in their speculations. It stands thus in the latest edition:—

My horse he is white, although at first he was bay:
He took great delight in travelling by night and by day.
His travels were great—if I could the half of them tell—
He was rode in the garden by Adam, the day that he fell.

When banish'd from Eden, my horse he was losing his way;
From all his fatigues, no wonder that now he is grey.
At the time of the flood, he was rode by many a spark;
And his courage was good when Noah took him into the ark.

On Babylon plains he ran with speed for the plate,—
He was hunted next day, it is said, by Nimrod the Great.
After that, he was hunted again in the chase of a fox,
When Nebuchadnezzar eat grass in the shape of an ox.

At the battle of Clontarf he fought on Good Friday all day;
And all that remain'd my horse drove them unto the sea.
He was with King James when he sail'd to the Irish shore;
But, alas! he got lame when Boyne's bloody battle was o'er.

To tell you the truth,—for the truth I like always to tell,—
He was rode by Saint Ruth, the day that in Aughrim he fell,
And Sarsfield the brave, at the siege of Limerick town,
Rode on my horse, and cross'd o'er the Shannon, I'm told.

He was rode by the greatest of men at famed Waterloo;
And brave Daniel O'Connell long sat on his back, it is true.
For to shake off the yoke which Erin long patiently bore,
My horse, being fatigued, he means but to travel once more.

He is landed in Erin, and in Kerry he now does remain—
The smith is at work to fit him with new shoes again.
Place Dan on his back, and he 's ready again to be seen,
As he never will stop till our Parliament is in College Green.

During the early part of the last century a vast number of songs was produced in favour of the Pretender, and a very large portion of the native music of Ireland is associated with its Jacobite relics. The pretended Prince of Wales was typified as "the black-bird," "the green linnet," "the flower that blooms in France," "the bereaved orphan," "the white rose," "the white lily," "the morning star," and countless other emblems, which need not be recited. As the hopes of the partizans of the Stuarts faded away, the political song-writing of Ireland fell into desuetude until the United Irishmen made a vigorous effort to re-establish such a powerful instrument of popular agitation.

Without entering into any political dissuasion, for which this is neither the time nor the place, it may be noted that the United Irishmen made anti-English appeals to their countrymen in songs that were thoroughly English, not only in their language and metre, but in

their style, feeling, and sentiment. They even republished the republican songs written by the Englishmen whom the violent excitement of the period had rendered dissatisfied with monarchial government; but these appeals were not comprehended by those to whom they were addressed. They had some success in the north, where the Presbyterians cherished a fond remembrance of the Solemn League and Covenant, but in the rest of Ireland republicanism was unintelligible. The well-known stanza, which was everywhere heard among the united men of the north,

Plant, plant the tree, fair Freedom's tree,
'Mid dangers, wounds, and slaughter;
Each patriot's heart its soil shall be,
And tyrant's blood its water;—

this stanza, we say, was all but utterly unknown in Munster and Connaught. It may be quoted as a proof of the little importance attached to republicanism by the Irish peasantry, that it found no place on the ballads of the broad sheet. On the contrary, the popular hero, who inherited the popularity of the Pretender, was no other than Napoleon Bonaparte, to whom all the emblems that formerly typified the last of the Stuarts were transferred in a body. Many of the allusions required no change; both were in France, both menaced England with invasion, and both professed Catholicity. When Napoleon was first dethroned and sent to the island of Elba, a popular Irish song appeared, predicting his restoration, and his complete triumph over all the powers of Europe. The accomplishment of one half of the prophecy made men firm believers in the remainder; the first intelligence of the battle of Waterloo was discredited, and Napoleon was a prisoner in the English waters before the Irish peasants could be persuaded of his defeat. Incredulity went further; it was whispered that the allies imposed upon the world, exhibiting a false Napoleon as their captive, while the real hero bided his time in some unknown fastness, ready to appear when the favourable season arrived, and fulfil all the anticipations of his poetic prophets.

Slowly and sadly conviction forced itself on the minds of the Irish bards; they all at once joined in one cry of elegies, and the misfortunes of Napoleon were bewailed throughout the land. Here is part of his "Farewell to Paris."

Farewell, you splendid citadel, so towering, grand, and charming!
Farewell, you splendid palaces, you peers and courtly dames!
Farewell, you lofty monuments of valour's noble daring,
Saluted every morning by Sol's refulgent beams,
Conjoin'd with bright Aurora, advancing from the oreint,
The radiant light adorning, with pure refulgent rays,
Commanding Cynthia to retire,
Where the glass windows flame like fire,
Which the great universe admire,
With brilliancy so gleam'd!

I 'm Napoleon Bonaparte, the conqueror of nations,
I banish'd German legions, and drove kings from their thrones;
I trampled dukes and earls, and splendid congregations,
But now I am transported to Saint Helena's shore;
Like Hannibal, I cross'd the Alps, the burning sands, and rocky cliffs,
Over Russian hills, in snow and frost, I still the laurel wore.

Now in a desert isle, annoy'd by rats,
Without good Christians or good cats,
To tread those wild forlorn paths,
I never trod before.

We shall never forget the effect produced by these verses in an Irish fair, particularly when it was announced that the absence of "good Christians" was aggravated by the want of "good cats;" it was instantly proposed to send, by subscription, a large consignment of the feline species to St. Helena. There is only one of the Napoleon ballads which still preserves its popularity; our readers will see that it is not destitute of poetic merit. It is entitled "A Dream on Napoleon."

One night sad and languid I went to my bed,
And scarce had reclined on my pillow,
When a vision surprising came into my head—
Methought I was crossing the billow—
Methought, as my vessel dash'd over the deep,
I beheld that rude rock, that grows craggy and steep—
Ah! that rock, where the willow is now seen to weep
O'er the grave of the once famed Napoleon.

I dreamt, as my vessel she near'd to the land,
I beheld, clad in green, his bold figure;
The trumpet of fame clasp'd firm in his hand—
On his brow there sat valour and vigour.
"Ah! stranger," he cried, "hast thou ventured to me,
From the land of thy fathers, who boast they are free?
If so, a true story I'll tell unto thee
Concerning the once famed Napoleon:

"Remember that year so immortal," he cried,
"When I cross'd the rude Alps, famed in story,
With the legions of France, for her sons were my pride,
And led them to honour and glory!
On the plains of Marengo I tyranny hurl'd;
And whenever my banner the eagle unfurl'd—
'Twas the standard of Freedom all over the world,
The signal of fame!"—cried Napoleon.

Of the multitudinous songs produced by the present agitation for Repeal it is not our purpose to give any account, "their name is legion;" so that the task of selection would be invidious and difficult; their consideration would involve us in political discussions, irksome to ourselves, and most probably wearisome to our readers. We turn, then, to another class of songs, more peculiarly belonging to Munster; the songs of the hedge-schoolmasters, now fast disappearing before the exertions of the National Board of Education.

In times not very far removed from our own, the man who aspired to be the village teacher was obliged to go through a form of popular election; but, instead of a prose address, he was obliged to produce a song, which was deemed to be the best test of literary merit existing. In order to astonish the rustics, the candidate usually produced verses abounding with the quaintest classical allusions, conveyed in words of learned length and thundering sound, with an utter disregard of their applicability or meaning. In these compositions all laws of syntax, prosody, and rhyme, were ostentatiously set at defiance, and yet there was a music in the flow of the words which has often charmed the most fastidious. Take, for instance, the description of the "Fair Irish Maid," with its original, or rather aboriginal, orthography,

I guess'd her not Venus, Minerva, or Helen,
  Calypso, Zycarious, or the fair Uredice;
Her dress appear'd rural, as she sat there viewing
  A meandering brook that most rapidly glides;
My spirits recruiting, I approach'd with confusion,
  And gently saluted this seraphic fair.
She said, "Sir, pass by me, and don't tantalize me,
  For by love I 'm destined to repine in those shades."

"Are you Sylvia, Pomona, sage Palace, or Flora,
  Hibernia, or Scotia, or what is your name?
Or are you famed Juno, or bright shining Luna?
  Or are you a human of Adam's great race?
If you are, my dear creature, have commiseration,
  Be balm to my ailment, and free me from care;
For you have captivated all my fondest sensations,
  And made me a slave to you, charming fair maid."

As a singular example of the double and triple rhyming in which the Munster peasantry delight, we quote a stanza from the "Phœnix of the Hall."

One day, for recreation and silent meditation,
  Near to a sweet plantation I carelessly did stray,
When Flora's decoration enrich'd each situation,
  And rural habitation, that lay along the way.
I was wrapt in contemplation, on viewing the creation,
  Its grand illustrations I thought for to extol,
When, to my admiration, I saw a constellation,
  Whose proper appellation is the Phœnix of the Hall.

In the days of which we write, the Irish schoolmaster was the most important man in the parish; he was poet, painter, musician, and land-surveyor; he acted as clerk in the parish; and it was shrewdly suspected he could bother the priest if he tackled to him fairly in the Latin; he wrote love-letters for the young women, love-songs for the young men, and Rockite notices for their parents. He was general secretary to the Whiteboys, and an assiduous courtier to the landlords; he was foremost in every mischief, not untainted with profligacy; a tyrant to his pupils, whom he flogged without mercy, and at the same time a universal favourite with the young men, for whom he was ever ready to invent some "new bit of div*a*rsion." It was his primary duty to immortalize in verse the beauties of the district to which he had been elected, and most of our readers are acquainted with the "Groves of Blarney," which is merely an adaptation of a still richer song, originally written on Castle Hyde. We can, however, match it with one dedicated to celebrating the praise of Annagh shore, which has not yet obtained all the celebrity it merits.

As I walked out of a summer's morning,
  All in the charming sweet month of May,
Down by the banks of sweet Annagh harbour,
  Where trout and salmon rejoice and play;
I stood awhile in deep meditation;
  My eyes were feasted—I 'll say no more—
When I beheld all the works of nature,
  And rural places of Annagh shore.

Trout and salmon are favourites with the Irish poets; in the song to which we have referred it is stated

The trout and the salmon
Are a-playing of backgammon
All for to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

The birds of Annagh water are not less appropriately employed than the fishes of Castle Hyde.

This pleasant harbour is all surrounded
With limpid waters and shady groves,
Where you might see both the duck and millard,
In numbers floating along the shore;
The thrush, the blackbird, and woodcock ranging,
And pheasants croaking for evermore,
For recreation and exultation,
Along the borders of Annagh shore.

There are, however, human visitors, who flutter the ornithology of this sequestered spot.

From foreign nations you might see legions
Of brilliant ladies and men of fame,
Fishing, sporting, and boats afloating,
Along its waters and silver streams;
The feather'd chanters around that harbour
And bands of music in summer time,
Compel the vulture and floating eagle,
To leave their mansion that is sublime.

The poet was unwilling that the fishes of Annagh should be less celebrated for their gambols than those of the Blackwater at Castle-Hyde, and he thus describes those novelties of natural history:—

From the Atlantic or troubled ocean,
The fish in motion, all in a throng,
With great rejoicing to gain that harbour,
The frigid waters doth pass along;
The fleeting mackrel, the bream, and codfish
Could be obtained in the place you know,
By warlike officers and foreign statesmen,
Along the brooks as they gently flow.

In one respect, Annagh shore is superior to Blarney, Castle Hyde, or any other locality celebrated in Irish song; it enjoys a fair share of agricultural prosperity.

It is inhabited by noble farmers,
Who read the charms of husbandry,
And have a faculty of cultivation,
In proper season, as you may see;
They are in general both good and gracious,
And always pleasing, I truly say,
To every mendicant or distress'd creature,
That happen daily to pass the way.

The poet concludes with a lecture on geography, which is a curiosity in its way.

I travelled Ireland and other places,
The Isle of Wight and sweet Donerail,
Spain and Portugal, both Cork and Sweden,
To Limerick city, and sweet Abbeyfeal;
I was in Liverpool, in Ennistymon,
In Newfoundland and great Baltimore,
But in all my ranging and serenading,
I saw none equal to Annagh shore.

It is curious to find the trout and salmon conspicuous in all the de-

scriptive poetry of Munster. Here we have them at the lakes of Killarney.

Down comes the huntsman, sounding with his horn,
Among the cliffs of gold that surround this fine arbour,
Chorus—Fal de ral de ree.

The bucks coming down from the mountains in swarms
Passing through the town, and the hounds tallying after—
The salmon and the trout bouncing in the water.
Chorus, &c.

At seven years old they are famous grammarians—
The nymphs and swains are no shame to their parents.
Chorus, &c.

Before my old age I could trace of this fine arbour,
But now I 'm getting lazy, and quite weary of talking,
So gentlemen excuse me, for 'twas there I was born.
Chorus, &c.

Again we find them mentioned in a song which celebrates the beauties of the River Lee, and which is exceedingly popular.

There 's a beautiful river that springs in the west,
With daisy-clad banks and mountains so green,
And purling fine streams, no man can contest,
Where the salmon and trout in plenty are seen;
The sun from the east the hills doth adorn,
The lambs sweetly sporting on each pleasant morn,
And the huntsman he starts with his hounds and the horn,
To chase the bold fox on the banks of the Lee.

It was held by poetic law to be sufficient substitute for the praise of a locality to celebrate the beauty of some real or imaginary resident. Thus, the Bandon river, which might have suggested full as much poetry as the banks of the Lee, is known to the Munster bards only as the residence of a lovely lady, described in the following strains:—

By the Bandon side of a charming night,
As I pass'd by a-musing,
I beheld a bride with bluish eyes,
I thought her more fine than Juno;
Her curling locks lay hanging down,
And to the ground perfuming,
That wounded me with darts most keen,
And left me there perusing.

Every Munster bard is by profession a controversialist, and ever ready to take up arms in defence of his creed. We have more than a hundred ballads before us denouncing the errors of Luther and Calvin, and declaring that salvation can only be obtained within the pale of the true church. They are all very flat, and we pass them by to turn to the account of the argument, by which a lowly maiden won a squire of high degree to forsake the Anglican faith for that of the Church of Rome.

"Kind sir, we are not one way of thinking;
The truth I will tell you, indeed,
For I am of the Roman persuasion,
And ruled by the Catholic creed;
The Scriptures, I often peruse them,
And I have taken them as my guide,
So, until that you turn a Roman,
You 'll never get me for a bride."

"In hopes that I will have a blessing,
This night from the heavens above,
Controversy we 'll fairly abolish,
And join in the arms of love.
Your grand explanations have won me,
My dear, I will not you disown;
With you I 'll become a true member,
And live up to the old Church of Rome."

The last ballad from which we shall quote is written to advocate the cause of temperance. It may further serve to illustrate the readiness with which the Munster bards take up any theme, though apparently unpromising, and "catch the living manners as they rise."

Whiskey was the instigation of our great ruination,
Drunk and intoxicated, as we always wish'd to be,
Watching and waylaying, cursing and blaspheming,
Full of false temptations, as you might plainly see;
Our crimes by informations, and vile insinuations,
Dragging us to jail with great severity.
We 'll drop all wrath and spite; like brothers we 'll unite,
And glorious we will shine in love and unity.

The publican so stout, with his belly to his mouth,
How soon he 'd kick us out if our pockets were drained;
The mistress drinking tea—her tackling and her tray—
Her satin-bottom chairs, and she like the queen of May;
Her daughter wearing veils, bonnets, and tight stays;
Bobs hanging to her ears, and shining bright like gold;
Whilst our children and our wives, without comfort all their lives,
Supporting of this pride, and our pockets poor and low.

See how we 're imposed on by cunning winning rogues,
How often we were coaxed to spend our earnings free;
Patches on our clothes, and our shirts in scuffles tore,
But now we are enrolled in this bless'n society;
The pawns now are idle, and we defy the Bridewell;
Our enemies can't be jibing, the police meet no prey;
The publican's taproom 's quite dark, and completely idle,
They must now lock up their doors, and at night run away.

This great grand splendid place, the distillery, I mean,
Which brought us to ruination, and proved our overthrow;
The worm will be drained, the pans be full of earth,
The roof without a slate, like a wreck cast on a shore;
Jackdaws, crows, and cranes, resorting of those places,
The ruins with ivy veiled, and grass growing through the floor;
We 'll have the toleration of viewing their condemnation,
Like castles or ancient places, as we often did before.

Before concluding this notice we are bound to state that the later ballads of Munster are very superior to those of thirty years ago in purity of language and elegance of expression. English is the mother-tongue of the rising generation; a change of which it would not be easy to over-estimate the political importance, and which has been entirely effected by the National Board of Education. Most of the ballads we have quoted would be scorned by the men of twenty-five and under, who, in fact, differ so much from their progenitors that they may be regarded as a new nation. We are, therefore, anxious to preserve some specimens of an expiring literature; the Munster ballads are fast yielding place to the songs of the nation, and it is far from improbable that future antiquarians will have to refer to Bentley's Miscellany for illustrations of the Irish literature that existed in 1843.

THE VARGESES.

A WILTSHIRE STORY.

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT.

Yes, though there is much to interest, much to admire, and much to *learn*, among the busy haunts of men; though we are not of the number of those who travel from one end of a great city to the other, and say that all is barren, yet we cordially subscribe to the proverb, "God made the country, and man the town." Though we think with Doctor Johnson, that the view of Saint Paul's from Fleet Street is imposing, yet we prefer the hill side glowing in an autumn sunset, the murmur of a trout-stream as it sweeps over its gravelly bed, while the gnats dance fandangoes above the eddies, to the head-splitting rattle and busy hum of the locality just mentioned.

Yes, when "cabined, cribbed, confined," some years since, in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the noisiest thoroughfares in London, our heart yearned for the country. In our reveries of the scenes of our youth we heard the mellow peal of the bells in the old grey tower, the thwop of the thresher's flail in our honoured relative's well-stored barn, the cawing of the fussy colony of rooks in the old elms, ay, even the joyous quack of the ducks in the mill-stream, like the loud ha! ha! from a village ale-house. The recollection of these scenes stole upon our senses, till, like some favourite and indulged old setter dozing before the fire, we fancied ourselves a-field again,

> "Where the partridge o'er the sheaf
> Whirred along the yellow vale:"

and woke to discover that we were dreaming!

Though for some twenty years past our hand has been busily occupied in ministering to our necessities, we have not forgotten the days of our childhood.

> "Ah, fair delights, that o'er the soul,
> On Memory's wing like shadows fly!
> Ah, flowers! which Joy from Eden stole,
> While Innocence stood smiling by."

Can we forget the kind smile at the lattice as we came home, with satchel on shoulder; or the jug of syllabub with which we were rewarded occasionally, if neither rod nor dunce's cap had been called in requisition for our especial profit during the day. Those evenings when the leaves looked greener, and the sun went down in richer hues than it now seems to wear; when the bat took up the hunt which the swallow and the martin had abandoned. Such a summer's eve as poor Kirke White describes, when

> Down the deep, the miry lane,
> Creaking comes the empty wain,
> And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
> Whistling now and then by fits;

And oft with his accustomed call
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master 's gone,
And thresher puts his jacket on,
While Dick upon the ladder tall
Nails the dead kite to the wall!

The two last lines remind us of the gable-end of the barn already spoken of. What a Montfaucon of feathered offenders it was! There was the screech-owl, which Tom the Carter had shot, in deadly revenge for its having frightened Molly and himself nearly out of their wits one moonlight night. The sparrow-hawk and his hapless mate, both condemned and executed for taking tithe of missus's chickens. The martin and the stoat, too, were there,—"lynched" without mercy, for nocturnal visits to the poultry-roost. The goat-sucker, destroyed for no other reason, perhaps, than that he was a night-flyer, and therefore could be "no good." The robber-kite, the cravings of whose ravenous maw could only be appeased with lamb; and the carrion-crow, shot in the very act of embowelling a fat ewe which had rolled on its back into a furrow; nor must we forget poor "Molly Hern," who, defending herself after her wing had been broken, pecked out Carlo's right eye. "Rats and mice, and such small deer," completed the grim medley.

It may seem to the fastidious like bad taste, and as if we had an ear for what is vulgar, when we avow our partiality for the very dialect of the rural population. To all such, however, we have only to remark that, if they will take the trouble to analyse it, they will find it more closely resembles that which the great Alfred wrote and spoke, than our modern English. Cockneys of London, bear this in mind, and cease to ridicule the homely lingo of the Chawbacons! But we have been wandering from our purpose, which was, to relate certain passages in the history of a family of "poor vauk," whom the student of rustic life may still find located not many miles from the town of Highworth.

"Now, do 'e plaze to walk in a bit, zur, and rest 'e, and dwont 'e mind my measter up ag'in th' chimley carner. Poor zowl on hin, he 've a bin despert ill ever zence t' other night, when a wur tuk ter'ble bad wi' th' rheumatiz in 's legs and stummick. He 've a bin and tuk dree bottles o' doctor's stuff; but I 'll be whipped if a do simbly a bit th' better var't. Lawk, zur, but I be main scrow to be ael in zich a caddel, ael alang o' they childern. They 've a bin a leasin', and when um coomed whoame, they ael tuk and drowed the carn ael amang th' vire stuff, and zo here we be, ael in a muggle like. And you be lookin' middlinish, zur, and ael as if 'e was shrammed. I 'll take and bleow up th' vire a mossel; but what be them bellises at? here they be slat a-two! and here 's my yeppurn they 've a' bin, and scarched, and I 've a-got narra 'nother 'gin Zunday besepts thisum!"

This elegant sample of North Wiltshire eloquence was uttered nearly in a breath, by Mistress Varges, the wife of a labourer with a large family, as the poor man's master entered the cottage to inquire after his health, and whether he would be soon able to return to his work.

Farmer Smith paid little heed to the salutation, but proceeded to ask the sick man how he felt.

"Oh, I be uncommon bad, zur, martal bad, I assure ye," was the reply; "I can't draw my vet a'ter m'. I veryly thenks th' doctor's stuff has made m' wuss."

"Howld yer tongue vor a gawney!" cried Mrs. Varges. Then, turning to the farmer, "A won't do as I tells un, zur; a's as cam and as obstinate as a mule. I gied un zome stuff as I got made up at Highworth from Molly Ockle's resait, and when a took't a made as many queer vaces as Jack Radaway when a's grinnin' drough a hos-collar."

The farmer took little heed of this remark, but, addressing himself to the invalid, told him he had better send to the town for advice, and that he would pay the expense. Just at the moment, a jolter-headed, gawkey, lop-eared youth entered the cottage, and, doffing his "wide-awake,"* made his obeisance to the farmer, who asked if he had obtained employment yet.

"Noa, zur, I ain't," was the answer.

"Then, if you'll come to me the day after to-morrow," continued the farmer, "I'll try and find you some. To-day you must go to Highworth, and ask Doctor —— for something for your father. Run up to the farm, and wait there till I come and write a note to him."

Off went the boy, and the worthy farmer proceeded to ask how the children got on at the Sunday-school.

"Oh, featish, zur," replied Mistress Varges. "Sally, yander," pointing to a child in the little garden at the back of the cottage, "her's gettin' on oonderful: a can rade in the Bible pretty smartish, I assure 'e. Maybe you'd like to hear'n, zur. Here, Sally, coom hedder, and let th' genelman hear 'e rade."

The child came running in: Mistress Varges had taught it the duty of obedience at any rate. The well-thumbed Bible was taken down from the dusty shelf, and opened at the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, the little imp being told that it might skip the first ten verses, to save time.

The child read better than a girl of her years generally does, and Mistress Varges looked alternately at her offspring and the farmer, as if watching the effect of this display of "larnin'" on his mind. By and by the child arrived at the forty-seventh verse, "Nahor's son, whom Milcha bare," &c., which she read "Milcha *bore*," &c.,—a very excusable mistake in so young a reader; but it was a very serious one to the ears of Mistress Varges.

"Hey, hey, stop a bit, there!" exclaimed the anxious parent,—"milk a *boar!*—that's impossible, child. Gwo auver it again, do 'e."

The little hopeful blushed, looked foolish, and read again,—"Milcha bare," &c.

"Ha! milk a bear! that *may* be child. Gwo on."

Farmer Smith, however, thought this enough; so, giving the child a penny, he left the cottage, and went laughing all the way to the farm at Mistress Varges's Biblical acquirements. As soon as he got home, he dispatched the boy Sam to the town to procure medicine for his father.

* A wag at our elbow suggests that the term *wide awake* was applied to these hats because they have no *nap* on them.

Sam was not so "sprack" as his sister, a fact of which his amiable mamma often took care to remind him; and he certainly monopolized the greater part of the kicking and cuffing dispensed in the family of the Varges, his father frequently telling him he was "the laziest young 'oosbird in the parish," a declaration to which his mother would subjoin her confident belief that he would live to be hung. He was certainly of the number of those described by honest Piers Plowman:—

> Grete lobies and longe,
> That lothe were to swynke,

a gawkey, lop-eared, clumsy urchin, who ate thrice as much as he earned. But we have now to speak of his journey to Highworth. Sam arrived in the town, and proceeded at once to the doctor, whose assistant he found busily engaged. Having delivered the note, he was told to take a seat, while the medicine was prepared. Sam did as he was bidden; but, while the assistant's back was occasionally turned, he dipped his fingers into a gallypot which stood on the counter, the contents of which he thought very nice.

The doctor's youth was a wag, and, pretending not to notice Sam's attack on the gallipot, he asked him if he would take a little warm beer before he started. Sam never refused a good offer, and, of course, said "eez" to the invitation.

"You must be very careful of this physic," said the pupil of Galen to the grateful Sam, who thought him "such a nice young genelman," "you must be careful, I say, and take care you don't hold it close to you; for, if you do, it will play the d—l with you before you get home."

Sam stared, but assured the youth he'd take great care. A couple of draughts and a box of pills were then delivered to him, and off he set home.

He had scarcely cleared the town, when some violent twinges led him to think that he was not obeying the injunction of the doctor's assistant, so he held out the physic at arm's length, and trudged homeward. The people he met on the road grinned at him as they passed by, and thought he was either drunk or mad; but Sam grinned at them again, and muttered to himself, "I ben't zich a vool as y' thenks!"

Alas for Sam! the young scoundrel who had dispensed the medicine had stirred up with the beer a powder, the effect of which was to make him grimace with pain like a monkey. What could the doctor's stuff be that he was carrying? Should he throw it away? No; if he did that, his mother would thrash him to death. What was to be done? Sam's wits were sharpened by necessity; he took out his clasp-knife (what country boy is without one?) and, cutting a stick from the hedge, fastened the medicine to the end of it, and again proceeded on his way, holding the supposed cause of his distress at arm's length.

At length he neared the cottage, and saw his mother's vixen visage peering out at the door.

"Od drattle th' vor a loitering young wosbird," cried Mrs. Varges, shaking her fist at him, "I'll gie't th' presently!"

With this threat she attempted to snatch the stick out of Sam's hand, intending, no doubt, to apply it to his shoulders as soon as she

had detached the medicine from it. She was, however, prevented doing this, by the boy, who started back.

"Oh, dwon't 'e, mother, dwon't 'e!" he cried, "dwon't 'e touch un, a 'll zar 'e dreadful! I 'll never gwo to Highworth for any mwore as long as I lives!"

"What 's that?" inquired Varges Pater, on hearing the uproar.

Sam explained to his father, while Mistress Varges vowed he was bewitched.

"Od dang it!" cried his father, "dwon't 'e bring 't in here. I won't touch 't, no how! Gwo and hang 't on thuck tree." And, accordingly, Sam, with many grimaces, fastened it on the bough of an apple-tree in front of the cottage, grinning and swearing all the while that it made him "wus."

The next day Mr. ——, the surgeon and apothecary, riding up to the dwelling of the Vargeses, inquired after the patient, and whether he had taken the medicine that had been sent to him.

"Oh, no, no, no, that a aint!" screamed Mrs. Varges. "I wouldn't let un tak't! I wouldn't let zich cusnation stuff come into th'ouse. It inamwoast killed our bwoy Sam. There 'tis, hung up in thuck tree!"

The doctor turned to look in the direction in which the bony forefinger of Mrs. Varges pointed, and saw, to his great amazement, the medicine suspended from the branch of a tree, like a trapped mole.

"Ha! ha! I see how 'tis," said he. "Reach me down the medicine—your husband must take it immediately; and mind you tell your boy to leave the gallipot alone when he goes for another draught."

Sam, who had been attentively listening to this conversation, had heard enough to satisfy him that he was sadly compromised; so, without further ado, he betook himself to the fields, swearing that "his father might go to Highworth hizzelf, if a wanted mwore doctor's stuff, for *he* wou'dn't;" while Mistress Varges, as soon as the 'pothecary had departed, began to entertain her submissive spouse with the usual catalogue of their hopeful son's delinquencies, summing up the whole with the wonted comfortable assurance, that he would live to be hung!



FIVE-AND-THIRTY,—OR THEREABOUTS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

"You wouldn't think it,—to look at him."
Mrs. Everybody.

"And so, Bob, you really think my cousin a fine woman?"

"Charming," answered Bob,—"a style of face seldom the growth of this country. I remember Madame Recamier well—ahem! I mean, I remember my father telling me—"

"Charlotte's fortune 's entirely at her own disposal," resumed Jack Bolsover; "altogether her own mistress."

"Indeed!" said Bob.

"Yes—I wonder she has kept single so long."

"So long!" exclaimed Bob. "Why, my dear fellow, Miss Bolsover can't be more than—let me see—"

"Thirty," interrupted Jack; "nay, not much less, upon my honour. By the by, instead of a steak at Slaughter's, why not take your mutton with us to-morrow? Charlotte has no friends in London except myself: we'll be delighted to see you. A drive in the park once or twice a-week is all the time I can spare her. Come—say the word. Call upon me at six, and I'll take you with me."

"Well—I will," replied Bob; and the two gentlemen shook hands, and parted.

The foregoing conversation occurred in Hyde Park, and the shaking of hands took place at Cumberland gate. Jack Bolsover proceeded towards Bayswater, and Bob Nuneham crossed the road, and directed his steps to Crawford Street, where a single mutton-chop, two potatoes, and a glass of water awaited him,—this being one of the two days of the week in which Bob's strict economy at home balanced his low expenditure at Slaughter's.

Let us cast a glance upon Bob Nuneham, as, flourishing his cane, he stalks with martial step towards Crawford Street. One would swear now, in a case of disputed succession, or other legal difficulty, if an affidavit were equally satisfactory as a parish-register, that Bob must be "five-and-thirty, or thereabouts." See how he walks! Rather stiff in the stride, to be sure; but that 's rheumatism. Mark! he takes off his hat—to a friend in the distance, we presume, whom we do not observe — (what eyes he must have!) While his hat 's off, just take notice of that capital head of curling brown hair. He smiles—to the same friend, we conjecture. What a fine set of teeth! —the very remark just made by the young lady in the balcony before which Bob is now passing in review. Erect in person,—that person graceful, compact, and muscular,—Bob Nuneham is just the man qualified to dispense to ladies

"The heartache, and the thousand natural pangs"

incident, time out of mind, to the tender passion.

Lodgings are like game,—in estimation with people of taste when they happen to be high. Bob's are two guineas a-week—dirt cheap, —his income falling little short of two hundred a-year; and Bob

ranks as a gentleman; and, though he does live in an oil and pickle shop, yet the private door is round the corner, "quite away" from the concern; not one in a thousand would guess that the house belonged to Gherkin. One comfort is, he's in the very heart of the aristocratic nucleus,—"quite away" from Tottenham-court-road,—that broad line of demarcation between "the thing" and "low, decidedly low."

Bob, having despatched his chop, rang the bell, that the little bone and half a potato (left to intimate that he had made a most excellent dinner) should be taken away; and ordered the servant, when she appeared, to bring up some hot water. This being duly provided, he proceeded to the cupboard, and drew forth a sugar-basin, a tumbler containing a German-silver tea-spoon, and a bottle. This last was carried to the window, and being held up perpendicularly on the blind, with an inquisitively peering countenance behind it, passed off very well for a bottle of sherry with the curious old lady opposite, who was always at her window. This proceeding, having taken effect, was discontinued; and the bottle being withdrawn, was subjected to a close examination. Had he not known very well there was nothing else in the cupboard, his nose, which never deceived him, would have told him that it *was* rum. His eye, equally infallible, after gauging the contents, suggested to him that more than that was left last Friday.

"I think that girl's been at it again," he said anxiously. "I really must keep my spirits under lock and key."

So saying, he emptied the remainder into his tumbler, thereby drowning half the bowl of the spoon, and mixed a glass of grog for himself, which was not likely to give him the headache.

Over this moderate stimulant the thoughts of Bob went into and out of many matters, and at last settled snugly upon the invitation which had been given to him that afternoon, and upon its possible consequences. They were to the following effect, and ran almost in the order assigned to them.

"Jack Bolsover's cousin is a remarkably fine girl, and decidedly of aristocratic appearance: I should be inclined to think, also, of distinguished manners. I rather fancy her eye dwelt upon me. I'm seldom deceived."

(There *were* young ladies in the park daily, of whose mothers Bob had, "a very few years since," said the same thing. But let us not interrupt his thoughts.)

"Her property is entirely at her own disposal. She is hipped for want of company. A fine young fellow is introduced to her—"

Here, in the midst of his contemplations, Bob arose, and regaled himself with a survey of his person in the glass. Placing one hand upon the crown of his head, he re-arranged the curling brown hair, drummed with his finger ends upon the two upper front-teeth, slapped one leg after the other, and sat down again.

"Well—well—a fine young fellow is introduced to her. Who cannot foresee the end? St. George's, Hanover Square! By the Venerable Archdeacon What's-his-name, or, that's better, by the Very Reverend the Dean of So-and-so. I hear the crack of the post-boy's whip—I see the white favours. Then, hey for Hampshire and the honeymoon."

The upward fling of one ecstatic leg awoke his lumbago, which

speedily brought him down to the ordinary human level. He pursued his further reflections with more circumspection.

"Living so long out of the society of ladies has brought me into a vast many pernicious habits; amongst which, and not the least, is that of referring to bygone events, of adverting to old facts, of remembering things and persons, now, and for a long time past, no more. I must be particularly careful to avoid this pernicious vice. Thirty years ago it was all very well to tell a friend I was born on the day of Dr. Johnson's funeral; but seventeen eighty-five won't do now. I must sink the last century. Mind, I was a very—very little boy when Foe died. I remember hearing my mother say I was cutting my teeth when the news of Pitt's death was brought (that was the year in which Lucy Stokes gave me the slip, and married young Franklin). I'm sure my father never took me to see Mrs. Siddons (her Lady Macbeth was very great); and what illuminations we had—*at school*—after the battle of Waterloo! That's the sort of thing. I must be upon my guard. At fifty-seven—mum! it behoves a man to take care of himself. The time will come when even I can no longer think myself young."

On the following day, Bob, at the appointed time, called upon his friend, Jack Bolsover, and accompanied that gentleman to a handsome house in Bayswater, the residence of the wealthy heiress. She had made no stranger of Bob; he was to make himself quite at home; it was a plain dinner, &c. Such as it was, however, it was not to be paid for; and, a handsome woman by his side, upon whose purse he had a design, was a far more agreeable object to "our hero" than an ugly waiter, who had a design upon his. He was welcomed with the most flattering affability.

The manners of the lady were not quite so distinguished as Bob had expected to find them, but she had been brought up from her infancy in the country. To that circumstance, likewise, must be attributed the liberties she allowed herself with her vernacular tongue, and a habit in which she indulged herself of staring in her visitor's face, and then bursting into a loud laugh, such as some Hampshire Cicely might greet some Hampshire Hodge withal. Her refusal, also, to retire to the drawing-room after dinner; or, rather, her expressed determination of "biding" where she was, with her invitation to Bob to take another glass with her, by the familiar and startling appellation of "old fellow" completely put to flight all his preconceived notions of May Fair propriety, and the amenities of Grosvenor Place.

"Is she not a beautiful creature?" asked Jack, after he had succeeded in playfully dragging his cousin to the door, where a female servant was in waiting, to show her the way to the tea-equipage.

"A beautiful creature, undoubtedly," answered Bob.

"Don't you think her manners a little singular?" inquired Jack, with malicious pleasantry.

"Why—well—I don't know," replied Bob, hesitatingly, who knew not well what to say. "I should call them a little—a very little provincial. The manners of the county, I presume?"

"How Charlotte would laugh if she believed you would leave the house to-night under the impression that she hadn't been quizzing you. Why, you dog! she always assumes country manners on her first introduction to a thorough-bred Londoner. Charlotte," he

added, in a tone almost of solemnity, "is a very accomplished woman—very."

"What a singular whim, that she should delight in appearing so entirely the reverse. Isn't it?" observed Bob.

"O! very singular," replied Jack, somewhat vaguely. He rallied after a minute. "Bless you, it's only her way. We'll humour her in it."

Cousin Charlotte required no humouring. The evening passed away, leaving Bob to wonder how it was possible a very accomplished woman could assume the character of a vulgar country-wench during many hours, without once betraying the slightest deviation into refinement.

Only her way! Bob, as he walked home, could not help thinking it was like "the way of all flesh;" a way very earnestly to be avoided. But, as she was beautiful, and had money, what signified her ways. His thoughts resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, in which the latter were considerably more dwelt upon than the former.

Bob, on reaching home, let himself in with a latch-key, and, lighting his chamber-candle with a lucifer, walked up to bed. Here, alone, subject to no scrutiny, liable to no exposure, he threw off his coat, and listlessly divested his head of a patent elastic wig, weighing three ounces, which he carefully hung on the knot of the clothes-horse.

"Only her way!" he muttered, proceeding to the glass; "but, why should she have such ways, why assume such a character? I have no patience when I think of her. Why be what she is not? why seem to be anything but what she is? When I get more familiar with her, I must tell her as much. I can't bear imposition. I hate counterfeits of all descriptions."

With this, and with the utmost imaginable coolness, Bob took out three or four of his front teeth, and laid them down upon the drawers.

"I think I acquitted myself pretty well," he resumed, after a pause, putting on his nightcap. "I checked myself in time about Mrs. Billington, and turned off the mutiny at the Nore upon my old father ('gad! the poor old buck has been dead five-and-thirty years,) most capitally. I began to be deucedly nervous when Miss Charlotte's dog snapped at my leg,—ha! ha! how to look as though the cur had bitten me; when I think I may safely defy any specimen of the canine species under a bulldog to do that."

So saying, he held up, and viewed with some complacency, a pair of caoutchouc calves, which during his soliloquy he had drawn out of his stockings; and, once more giving way to a natural emotion of merriment, he slipped into bed, and presently fell asleep.

Probably the two glasses of wine more than usual that Bob had drunk; perhaps the course of his thoughts ere he stepped into bed, which gave the fancy more employment during slumber than ordinary; we know not exactly from which of the two causes it may have been; but it was uncommonly late when he awoke, or rather, when he was awaked by a knocking at the door. This unprecedented summons to arise caused him to start up in his bed, and to claw off his nightcap in perplexity. Presently a voice without was

heard, "Bob! Bob, I say! Bob Nuneham!" It was the voice of Jack Bolsover, whose hand was agitating the handle of the door!

He was about to enter the chamber! What was to be done? How was Bob to collect himself?—by which we do not mean his thoughts or his fortitude; but those adventitious aids on the drawers, and on the clothes'-horse, by virtue of which he passed himself off to the world's eye as "sprightly Bob," and not as "the old un." It was well he had not answered Jack Bolsover's summons. He was about to spring out of bed, and turn the key, when (O Lord! it was all up with him!) Jack turned the handle of the door, and made a step into the room.

There was a friendly, a familiar smile, on Jack's face as he entered. What was the amazed expression of Bob's countenance, let those conceive who have read Mrs. Radcliffe, and know how unfavourable the sight of ghosts is to the muscular composure of the human countenance.

Jack Bolsover started in extreme surprise, and drew back. The smile vanished from his face. He raised his hat in some embarrassment, and said, "I really beg pardon—I was not aware—I thought this was Mr. Nuneham's chamber. Pardon me." With this, he turned, and walked down stairs.

Bob was, for the moment, relieved by the unrecognizing air of his friend, and by the sound of his retreating footsteps. Jumping out of bed, he made his toilet with unwonted expedition, and descended to his parlour, anxious to know, yet fearful to inquire, whether the visitor, ere his departure, had questioned the servant so closely as to have satisfied himself that the chamber he (the elderly gentleman) occupied, was the sleeping apartment of Bob Nuneham, "Five-and-thirty, or thereabouts."

On opening his parlour-door, great was his surprise, and still greater his consternation, at beholding Jack Bolsover seated, knocking his cane against the toes of his boots.

"Ah! my good fellow! down at last, eh?" said Jack. "I 'm glad I 'm in the right house, at all events. I made the strangest mistake a few minutes ago. It seems, I didn't exactly catch what the girl said; and, going up stairs to get you out of your nest, opened the wrong door, and disturbed an old gentleman. A nervous old fellow, I imagine. He looked terribly scared."

"An old gentleman!" cried Bob, with a kind of desperate confidence of assurance,—"an old gentleman! oh!—ah! I remember now—Mr. Witherington."

"Witherington! who is he?"

Bob felt it to be the most degrading moment of his life, when, after a short pause, he was constrained to answer, "a relative of the people of the house,—the father of the landlady, I believe."

"And an ugly old sinner he is," said Jack. "How the poor old frump stared when he saw me! Tell the man in years how it was when you stumble upon him, will you?"

"Ha! ha! I will," replied Bob, in whose throat the muffin was going the wrong way; "but I seldom see the old man: ugh! ugh!"

Bob's crimson cheeks were accounted for by the misdirection the muffin had taken; and the conversation turning a sharp corner, and leaving old Witherington behind, restored him to himself.

During the talk it came out that the lady had been very favoura-

bly impressed by Bob's manners and appearance; and a hint was thrown out, to the effect that, if he didn't win her and wear her, he would have no one to blame but himself. More, to the same effect, followed, at several periods, till Bob began to feel that at his time of life, to have a broken heart laid at his door would be likely to upset him altogether; and that he must take pity on the Hampshire heiress. A like preference shown to a younger man had, probably, been deemed flattering; but Bob, having secured a heart, was mighty exacting in his notions, set great store by himself, put himself up at a higher figure, and began inwardly to take himself to task for "going to throw himself away,"—and "consenting to sacrifice his own interest, merely to secure the happiness of a foolish young thing who doted on him to desperation."

His greater intimacy with Miss Charlotte assured him that Jack Bolsover's report, as to her wilful assumption of the country girl, on her first interview with gentlemen who chiefly resided in the metropolis, was perfectly true. As that intimacy increased, Bob could not draw her into conversation, and thereby hoard up delight to himself in the contemplation of her many accomplishments. He could scarcely prevail upon her to utter a word,—"yes," and "no," "la!" and "indeed!" being the staple commodities of her colloquial stock. "When women love," thought Bob, "the tongue is tied by the heart-strings. There's too much *there* to do" (meaning the heart) "to give employment to the tongue."

There is one question, however, to which "yes" is usually considered as a satisfactory and a sufficient answer; and this question, in due time, did disinterested Bob (who had been running riot with his last half-yearly receipts, in giving politic propitiatory dinners to Jack Bolsover) prefer to the private ear of Miss Charlotte, from whom he extracted the monosyllable he had so often heard, but never until now with so lively a sense of pleasure.

They were to be married within a month—Charlotte had consented to be his. Jack Bolsover slapped him on the shoulder, called him "lucky dog,"—"cousin Bob,"—"a sly old fox,"—(for Bob, cunning old Reynard, had "popped" without previous "preaching,") —and, in conclusion, wished him an amount of happiness passing that of mortals. Miss Charlotte hid her blushes in her handkerchief, and stole glances from time to time at her intended, who really began to feel himself almost as young as he looked, and who left his mistress to dream over his happiness, as he said, in the park, but in reality to get a plate of alamode beef in Long Acre,—the chop at home being discontinued, since Jack had taken it into his head to drop in at all hours of the day.

And now—that is to say, in a few days afterwards, "the house-affairs" of Jack Bolsover "did draw him thence" into Hampshire, where he expected to be detained some weeks. When Bob and his cousin were married, they were to write to him, letting him know whither they were gone to spend the honeymoon, that he might take a run over the country to see the happy pair,—the precarious state of Mrs. Bolsover's health being such as to preclude the possibility of his entertaining them at his own house.

Meanwhile all was going on well, as far as the lovers were concerned, between Crawford Street and Bayswater. Bob usually took a gratifying and gratuitous supper with his Charlotte,—a plan at

once sentimental and convenient, since he had been under the necessity of getting a sum in advance of his half-yearly income, to enable him to provide the sprat which was to catch him the herring, —in other words, to purchase the preparatory jewellery commonly presented on such interesting occasions. I must in candour state, that the whole of these brilliant articles of *bijouterie* issued not from the shop of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge. Some, O M'Phail! were of thy mosaic dispensation. Such as they were, however, they nearly paralyzed Bob's treasury department, insomuch that he ran into arrears with his landlord, and the salad withered away from his alamode.

One morning, as he sat over his breakfast, a lady-visitor was announced,—his sister-in-law, the widow of his younger brother, Andrew. Bob said he was very glad to see her, which, as he had not seen her for several years, might have been true. Salutations having passed, the lady took a seat.

"And how are the boys?" asked Bob.

"Boys!—you forget, Robert; one's twenty, and the other close upon him. They're both grown such fine tall young men. I've brought 'em to London with me, for the chance of your being able to get 'em into something good. You're the eldest of the family, Robert, and promised poor Andrew—"

Bob cut the reminiscence short by asking where the boys were, and being answered at the inn, said he was sorry she had brought them to town, situations being rather difficult to procure; but that he'd see what could be done, &c.

"Vexatious!" thought he, scratching his ear. "These young fellows will throw a shade of hoar antiquity over me, if I don't mind. But, however, I shall be married soon."

"Well, Robert, I declare," said his sister-in-law, who had been eyeing him attentively for some time, "I really can't see the least bit of alteration in you: you do wear well, certainly."

Bob was flattered by the compliment, but didn't altogether like the phrase. *Wear* well!—bad taste! He looked with some contempt upon the crow's feet pertaining to his sister-in-law's eyes, and with unmitigated disgust upon the unmistakeable, self-confessing orange-tawny front, which, in her haste to wait upon Bob, she had put on sideways, one bunch of dapper curls being over her left eye, while the other held its bad eminence on the top of her forehead.

"Why, yes," answered Bob, "I'm pretty well, thank you. I have my health wonderfully."

"And your looks too," answered the other.

"That's well," said Bob. "Do you know, Sarah," he added confidentially, "I'm going to be married."

"No!—you don't say so? What! after more than thirty years' thinking about a wife? No, you're joking."

Bob winced, and didn't look at all jocular. "By the by," said he, "you come out of the same county; do you know Jack Bolsover?"

"Bolsover! Bolsover!"

Bob in an instant supplied his portrait with more than photographic exactness.

"O yes; very well—Mr. John Bolsover. I recollect."

"Well, I'm going to marry his cousin."

"Indeed! I don't know the lady."

"Why, Firtree Lodge," said Bob.

"Indeed! I don't know it."

"What stay-at-home, stupid people these country folks are!" thought Bob. "Here 's a woman knows nothing of the next parish! —Well," resumed Bob, "how is Mr. Bolsover's lady?"

"Upon *my* word, Robert," answered Mrs. Sarah, "I don't know howhis lady is, nor nobody's ladies, for my part. A pretty thing, indeed!"

"I mean his wife—Mrs. Bolsover."

"Bless you, he 's no wife, and never had one,—not he. I don't know where 's the woman would have him, for my part."

Bob felt a strong disposition to scratch his head, but the wig stopped the way. He drew his sister-in-law to the window, and a conversation ensued, for the most part inaudible, Bob's face undergoing frightful changes as it proceeded.

The word "lady" occurred many times—"I 'm confident of it" more than once,—"Firtree Lodge—no such place—stuff!" twice or thrice;—and "the devil!" emphatically from Bob closed the conversation.

He was suddenly indisposed. He would wait upon his sister-in-law at the inn. He would really be grateful if she would go now. Having dismissed her, Bob summoned his landlady, and, giving her warning, caused a piece of square pasteboard to be hoisted into his window, and before nightfall was on his way, as he designed, to the uttermost parts of the earth; but his finances restricting his peregrinations, gave him no longer a tether than Gravesend, where he lodged *incog.* during three entire weeks.

At the expiration of this time Bob felt himself considerably cooled down. After all, it might be a mistake on the part of his sister-in-law. It could hardly be that so monstrous an imposition, so base a proceeding, could have been designed by his friend Jack. It was impossible.

He would return, and call upon Charlotte;—the poor girl was, perhaps, broken-hearted at his absence. It was a cruel thing to trifle with the feelings of a woman. He would know the truth —to state his resolutions correctly and in full—he would ascertain whether Miss Charlotte was Jack Bolsover's cousin—whether there was a Firtree Lodge, and, if so, whether she was the mistress of it —in short, whether she was a woman of *bonâ fide* property and propriety—the one for him to direct, the other for him to possess.

He came to town. He was in luck's way. Why, Jack was just entering Charlotte's door. He halted a few minutes, and followed. Bob was not without spirit; but this was a trying moment.

The door being opened, he hastened up stairs. His intimacy warranted so unceremonious a presentation of himself; but the sound of his own name caused him to pause at the drawing-room door.

"And so Bob Nuneham 's off, eh? D—ation! that 's awkward."

"Yes; he hasn't been anigh these three weeks. But it 's no great odds. I never much liked him, Jack. He wasn't rich, was he?"

"Not very rich," answered Jack, in a tone of vexation; "but he had money, too."—("Ah! ah!" thought Bob, "much of that!")— "He was a stingy screw; but one of those soft ones that a woman like you might have got anything out of. There was a mystery

about an old fellow he called Witherington, whom I never could see. The people of the house knew nobody of that name. His father, I suspect." (Bob, spite of all, really liked that. "His father! ha! ha!" *sotto voce.*) "Yes, he would have made a very good husband for you. You might have fleeced him sweetly."

"Drat him!" answered Charlotte, "don't let us talk any more about him. How 's father?"

"Why, pretty well. Wants to hear you 're married, though."

"And our little Jack?"

"Fat as a mole."

Little Jack and the elastic wig between them nearly had Bob's hat off. He turned his head towards the stairs, and shrunk out of the house. Little Jack! "Old John of Gaunt,—time-honoured Lancaster," could not more effectually have given poor Bob his quietus.

Bob Nuneham was a sad, futile old fool; but something of the gentleman had been born in him, and pertained to him still. On that evening he sent a friend to John Bolsover, Esq., and on the following morning met him at Chalk Farm, and had the satisfaction of "winging" him.

Having so done, he returned to his old lodgings in Crawford Street, which he had retaken on the previous day. Here he divested himself of his wig, his caoutchouc calves, and his other personal impositions; and, designing to go through a certain scene, by way of penance, habited himself like a man verging upon sixty, and hobbled into the street, (it was the easiest walk he had taken during many years,) first scaring his landlady out of her wits as he passed her in the passage.

Knocking at Miss Charlotte's door, he sent up the name of Nuneham, following closely in the servant's wake.

"Ha! come in, Mr. Nuneham," cried Charlotte, overjoyed; "it 's an age since I saw you."

"You 'll say so when you *do* see me," thought Bob, entering the room.

Miss Charlotte retreated a step or two. "Sir!"

"I come *from* Mr. Nuneham," said Bob. "Pray don't disturb yourself. Mr. Nuneham has had the misfortune to wound Mr. Bolsover in a duel."

"What! wounded Jack!—oh! the villain!" cried Charlotte, staring at, as she conceived, old Mr. Witherington. The stare became more emphatic. Bob was not so changed as to be able to deceive a woman. "Lord! Lord! why, surely—can it be your—"

"Mr. Nuneham," said Bob.

Bob had anticipated a scene wherein he was to strut about like a sort of triumphant genius, or destiny,—receiving prayers and tears,—granting forgiveness and forgetfulness: he was mistaken.

"And I was agoing to marry you, was I?" cried the impenitent Charlotte,—"you!—such a weazel-faced, spindle-shanked thing as you!—ha! ha! ha!"

There was no bearing this horrifying outbreak of hysterical mirth. Bob vanished from the room with an alacrity that might have done credit to a younger man than he himself had so long professed to be, and took refuge in his lodgings, where he repeated his solemn vow against the adoption of his relinquished deceptions.

And he kept his vow. Once, indeed,—last summer, at Brighton,—a young lady, casting a casual eye upon him, (he probably reminded her of her grandfather,) fired his susceptible soul, and he yearned for his wig, "and all appliances and means to boot," wherewith to captivate; but the paroxysm soon subsided, and has never, to our knowledge, returned upon him. He is now rather a sensible old gentleman than otherwise.

SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

It 's 45 days since our parting,
Which took place at 10h. 6m. P.M.,
The cab No. 90 was starting,
When you gave me 8 kisses, my gem !

Of these same 45 days, ⅓
Have been fine, and all drenching the rest,
And the wind since the 13th has veer'd
Between N. and NE. and NW.

My thermometer show'd me one day
87 degrees Fahrenheit,
(About 24° Reaumur)—they *say*
It was down to 15° 4 one night.

Now 45 days, my dear, just
Make 1080 good hours ;
Take ⅓ off for sleep, and I trust
You know less won't revive our young powers ;

Who are scarcely past 20, at best—
(For old folk, they say, 6 are plenty,)—
Well, deducting those hours for rest,
There remain 720.

And, allowing I thought of your form
Only 5 times 'twixt each hour's chimes,
Why, I thought of it, heaving and warm,
Just 3600 times !

Then remember your lover, though he
Woos in *numbers* of quite a new fashion.
Oh, he 's ciphering mad, and you see
'Twas your *form* that made *figures* his passion !

15th June, 1843. C. G.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN:

Or, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

" Slave, thou hast slain me!
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body."
SHAKSPEARE.

There are times when, even with the most anxious and sorrow-stricken, the heart seems to glow with glad existence, and the bowed spirit to throw off its crushing weight of care. Trials appear light. Disappointments are forgotten. Inquietude slumbers. The cheerfulness of nature communicates itself to our spirits; and all without and all within speak of renewed enjoyment and refreshed existence. To many this feeling is peculiarly present on a sunny morning in early spring. The bright green of the trees; the wild singing of the birds; the busy hum of animated being which rises from glade, and coppice, and cottage-garden, and hedge-row; the perfume of the flower, and the blossom of the tree; each and all tell the tale of living gladness. With the balmy breath of morning the Deity is, as it were, forced upon our recollection. Nature is his vast and glorious sanctuary, and we adore him in the temple which he himself has raised. Thus musing, in the deserted pleasaunce of a religious community which had long since passed away—a pleasaunce which yet contained traces of the taste of its former owners,—fine old trees scattered in clumps, or gathered together in broad sweeping woods, and with their clear and well-defined shadow nobly contrasting the vivid green around, it was "with reluctant step and slow" that I turned from the soothing tranquillity of nature to my irksome task of marking the strife of human passions, the wreck of better feelings, and the ravages of crime. A distant clock admonished me. It was my hour for visiting the gaol.

"Mr. Cleaver," cried the surgeon as I passed the portal, "a word with you, if you please! I have just returned from the sick-ward, and have seen that old woman, Waldron; but, really she requires your assistance more than mine."

"How so?"

"She is ill, but will take no remedies. In fact, I believe she *wishes to be off*,—a rare bias in an old woman. The *genus* generally holds on to the last. Such, at least, was the feeling of my two venerable maiden aunts, whose tenacity of existence had well-nigh starved their dutiful nephew. At length they retired, aged respectively ninety-two and ninety-seven; and the survivor deplored to her last breath 'the fatal mistake of her dear sister Bessy, who called in the doctors, and in consequence *was prematurely hurried off the stage of life!*'"

"But what has this to do with Waldron?"

"Something in the way of illustration. *They* both parted with existence unwillingly; *she*, after seeing you, will do so cheerfully. My questions she cut very short by asking repeatedly the hour, and whether you had come."

"Why did you not mention this sooner?" said I, thankful to escape from this merciless gossip.

I found the old woman much altered; she was gradually sinking; her voice had lost its volume, and her features had assumed that sharpness and rigidity of outline which I knew full well indicated approaching death. She received me with a smile.

"Well, sir, shall I be believed at last? I told you that I should hold up my head before no EARTHLY judge. What say you to me now?"

"That you lose no time in preparing for the award of an eternal one."

"Good!" she murmured, after a pause; "and it is because you have *thus* and often warned me that I now ask from you a favour,—easily granted, and not likely, I hope, to be denied."

"Let me hear its nature."

"*Here* I shall die. I know well what this faintness, fluttering pulse, and clammy brow mean. Be it so—I am content. But, dying within prison walls, an inquest must, and will, be held upon me: that the law of the land requires. Circumstanced as I am, little decency after death, probably, awaits me; and very few hours will, I dare say, elapse between the drawing of my last breath and a very hurried burial. Now, sir, will you—will you grant my dying, my final request? Will you see that I have fair play?"

"You wish,—if I rightly catch your meaning,—you wish that your last moments may be undisturbed, and that you may be permitted to pass quietly away. Be at ease on that point; no unkindness shall be shown you; this is no hour for it."

"No!" she returned quickly, "that is not my meaning. My dread extends beyond—beyond that. I fear"—and into her fierce eye a tear stole as she spoke,—"I fear *burial before death!* Oh! prevent it, prevent it!"

"Don't distress yourself by apprehensions so frightful and so needless. Nothing of that sort ever takes place in *this* country."

"I know to the contrary," said she sternly, "I know to the contrary; and for years I have dreaded that what I consented to in the case of another would one day be visited on myself. *That day has come!* Oh, befriend me, and save me!"

"Explain to me what you mean; tell me what I can do, and it shall be done. But don't expend the little strength you possess,—and, above all, don't waste the last moments of existence in exclamations and expressions which—"

She interrupted me eagerly.

"And you too would exclaim, if your conscience were as heavily burdened as mine! Years ago—yes! I find I must speak—call it Nurse Waldron's confession, testimony, explanation, what you will—years ago, a young officer, of the name of Helsham, came to E—th. He was hurried there, labouring under confirmed consumption, feeble, emaciated, and worn down by hectic fever. But the exten-

sion of his life was important to his family; and, as a last expedient, a trial of the mild air of Devon was recommended to him by those who must have well known that, in his case, no air, however balmy, would avail. He came into Devon—as hundreds before him with ulcerated lungs have done—*but to die!* His family accompanied him. By his sick couch watched most attentively his father, mother, and three sisters, not one of whom would admit the extent of his danger, or believe that recovery was hopeless. Fear, they say, is blind; so is love. Strong affection, sir, acts variously on different parties. Some it renders sensitive and keen-sighted in the extreme, others it wholly blinds;—the latter was the case here. The Helshams, one and all, were persuaded that 'Harry had no radical disease,' and that 'the soft breezes on the Devon coast would soon bring him round.' *They* saw 'daily amendment,' while to others on his visage was death. But, independent of natural affection, his family had ample cause for dreading any evil to 'Harry.' He was their prop — their stay; to him they owed every luxury they enjoyed; and his death, were that to occur *speedily*, would leave them beggars. They might well reject with frenzy the most cautious hint of its approach. Who would not, so situated? Their case was this. A self-willed grandfather had bequeathed to Harry Helsham the whole of his large property, without the slightest provision for either his mother or sisters. While a minor, the property was under the control of trustees, for the young heir's benefit, to whom a very liberal allowance was made. If he lived *over* one-and-twenty, he could dispose of the property as he pleased; but if he died *under* that age, the whole passed to his cousin, who was his guardian and managing trustee. It was a cruel will, and vast was the amount of misery which it caused. The young man grew weaker; his sleepless nights, incessant cough, profuse perspirations, and hectic fever rapidly reduced him. A nurse became necessary: I was sent for. His debility was alarming, and I urged the attendance of a physician. Dr. D—n—l of Exeter was called in. In kind, gentle, and cautious terms the doctor apprized the family of his patient's danger. The father, Major Helsham, became outrageous. Poor old gentleman: he had had a stroke of paralysis, and was, as most paralytic people are, peevish, testy, and obstinate in the extreme. He called Dr. D—n—l to his face an 'ignoramus' and 'an alarmist,' told him to 'return to Exeter and study his profession,' and vowed he 'would never trouble him for an opinion again.' Another practitioner was sent for, and he, after exhausting the invalid with a succession of questions, declared the 'symptoms distressing,' and the 'case attended with difficulty,' but 'by no means with DANGER!' Nobody told *him* to '*return and study his profession*;' but there was one who was very sure such a recommendation was necessary. Days rolled on, and, however blind to his danger his family might be, the sufferer himself gradually awoke to it. One morning, after a very restless night, during which he had been greatly harassed by cough, hectic fever, and a burning feeling in the palms of his hands,—a common accompaniment of consumption,—he called me to his side, and said,

"'Nurse, I am about to ask you a question, and I expect from you a resolute and explicit answer. Your experience in cases like mine must have been great: tell me, do you think I shall recover?'

"I hesitated.

"'Be candid: you will neither shock nor distress me by your reply; only let it convey your real opinion. Say, shall I recover?'

"I told him I thought it doubtful. He mused for a few moments, and then, pointing to his portfolio, said,

"'Write from my dictation, post the letter yourself, and observe the most rigid silence respecting it to my family.'

"I obeyed his instructions. The letter was brief, and addressed to his lawyer in London. It alluded slightly to his increased indisposition, and requested his friend to lose no time in repairing to E—th, where he wished to consult him respecting his will.

"A journey from the metropolis into Devon was not then, as now, an affair of twenty-four hours, and ten days elapsed before Mr. Helsham's man of business reached us. His unexpected arrival threw the family into the most painful agitation; but by the invalid himself the attorney was cordially and eagerly welcomed. Their conference was long; but, as the distressed young man that evening voluntarily confided to me, *very unsatisfactory*. Mr. Underwood candidly told his anxious client that he could make no valid will for the next three weeks,—till, in fact, he was of age.

"'I will take your instructions,' he added, observing the young man's distress, 'will carry out your wishes in every particular, will take care to have the will drawn up, and ready in every respect for execution, the moment you are twenty-one—till then you are powerless.'

"The invalid expressed audibly his distress and disappointment.

"'Three weeks will soon pass,' suggested his companion.

"'But if I should die in the interim?'

"'Then,' returned the lawyer, 'you will be unable to make any provision for your family. They must be left to the kindness and consideration of the next heir.'

"'In other words,' said young Helsham, '*to absolute beggary*.'

"And as the sick man repeated to me, during a sleepless night, this painful conclusion, his lips quivered with agony. I endeavoured to console him: I reminded him that he had youth on his side, that ease and quiet would do much to stay the progress of disease, that no expedient was omitted to counteract it, and that, in truth, the interval, one-and-twenty days, was very short.

"'Not in *my* case, nurse,' was his gloomy reply.

"The excitement consequent on this interview, and the feelings of bitter disappointment which it left behind, were prejudicial to him. His manner underwent an entire change. Previous to his lawyer's visit he had been submissive, calm, and cheerful; now he was anxious, irritable, and impatient. No attentions seemed to soothe him, no vigilance to satisfy him; every feeling was absorbed in a passionate desire to live over his minority; and the anxiety with which he watched every new symptom, the eagerness with which each morning he scanned the countenance of his medical attendant, as if to read his fate there, the restless impatience with which he counted the lagging hours,—all this it was painful to witness. To himself, moreover, it was destruction. Henry Helsham's bitterest enemy could have suggested no surer scheme for hastening his end than his own unhappy suggestion of Mr. Underwood's visit, and the incessant excitement which followed it."

"And, amid all this anxiety, all this restlessness about the present, was there," said I, interrupting her, "no thought bestowed on a higher and nobler state of existence?"

The aged woman was silent, and I repeated my inquiry.

"Religion was not fashionable in that family!" was the revolting reply.

The remark, every way offensive, was from *her* lips, under her circumstances, and within those walls, appalling. I told her so. Reckless of all reproof, she drew breath, and hurried on.

"Twelve of the twenty-one days had expired when the will came down. For the first time the family seemed to take alarm,—all but Major Helsham. He persisted in saying 'it was only a cold—a severe, and rather obstinate cold. The will! — tut! I think nothing of that. I've known men live five-and-forty years after making their will! A lad *with Harry's prospects* die? A likely thing indeed! If he's not better next month, I'll take him to Madeira. A sea-voyage, and a short sojourn at Madeira, will set up any man. Doctors run tame about my house, as if it were a county hospital! A lad's appetite fails him, cough comes on, he looks rather pinched in the face, and in an instant those blood-suckers, the fee-hunting doctors, surround the mother, and groan her into the belief that her son is on his death-bed! I beg I may hear no more of such nonsense!'

"He was obeyed: he did hear '*no more nonsense*' on the subject. The next tidings brought him were too clear to admit of cavil. The day on which the will arrived was one of considerable excitement. Its contents were made known by the failing youth to his mother. He told her, in feeble accents, that if she wished any alteration to be made, *that* was the time to suggest it. Tears were her reply; and in an agony of grief I half led her, half carried her, to her apartment. It was in vain that I urged the necessity of quiet, and besought the sisters to restrain their feelings while in their brother's presence. I might as well have shouted to 'The Parson and Clerk' at Dawlish.* The Miss Helshams were quite as impenetrable to counsel, and in taking up their position quite as immovable. The whole family, the major always excepted, seemed, I thought, to vie with each other in the noisiness and extravagance of their grief. If they knew how obstreperous lamentation distracts the dying person, —how it unnerves and unsettles him,—how it aggravates his sufferings, and hastens his end, affectionate relatives would avoid it. The issue was exactly what I expected. Towards evening, the ill-fated young man burnt with hectic fever; thirst, which nothing could assuage, parched him; violent and rapidly-succeeding fits of coughing distressed him, and rendered sleep impossible. Such was the aspect of affairs till about three in the morning, when the fever began to subside, the cough to be less frequent, and I ventured to hope the worst of that weary night was over. Suddenly he spoke in, I fancied, an unusual and peculiar tone; a strange, gurgling sound in the throat followed. I ran towards him—blood was gushing from his mouth and nostrils—he had ruptured a blood-vessel!

"To raise him instantly, to ring for assistance, to apply cold water freely, to hold him upright in my arms till further help could

* Two well-known rocks at that favourite bathing-place.

be procured, seemed to be the act of a single instant; and it was successful. He revived, smiled, and whispered, 'Summon my surgeon.' He came; approved of what had been done; and told me what, in truth, I knew before, that this new symptom was alarming; and that 'the case had now become critical in the extreme.' A second physician, Dr. Luke, was called in. His directions were peremptory, and he insisted on their observance. The family were excluded from the sick-room. Positive orders were given to maintain in it perfect quiet. Windows and doors — it was November — were thrown open, that the lowest possible temperature might be obtained. A single sheet and counterpane formed the whole covering allowed the invalid. Speech was forbidden. In future he was to communicate his wishes on a slate. It was singular how completely, throughout these trying circumstances, one idea possessed him. His first question was, 'whether he should live till that day se'nnight—*his birthday?*' His next, 'whether, in that case, he should be in full possession of his faculties?' The reply of the physician was ready and cautious. With respect to his first question they told him they hoped he would live much beyond the period he had named; but that everything depended on his keeping himself perfectly quiet, and shunning whatever would excite emotion. As to his second inquiry, 'it was well known that with persons labouring under his complaint the faculties generally remained unclouded to the last moment.' They again counselled silence, and withdrew. To the weeping mother below they were more communicative. They told her 'No opinion as to the result could then be hazarded. If the next eight-and-forty hours went by without any recurrence of the bleeding, all *immediate* danger, they hoped, might be *then* said to have passed away. The new symptom was alarming; but its return might, possibly, be obviated by good nursing; care, QUIET, and vigilance. They then rose, looked grave, bowed over their respective fees, and departed.

"The specified period did not elapse without bringing with it a renewal of the dreaded symptom. Again the vessel opened, and again life was with difficuly preserved. His thoughts then turned to a fresh object. He directed his cousin, the heir-at-law, to be sent for—*express*. It was imagined, for no explanation could be sought or given, that his object in summoning Mr. Lemuel Helsham was to interest him in behalf of his mother and sisters; to represent to him their destitute condition, should he die a minor; to commend them to his kind offices; and, if possible, to extract from him some promise in their favour. Such, at least, was the impression throughout the household. Not that even then, wasted and debilitated as he was, the sufferer ever wholly despaired of carrying out his cherished plan. The will was kept in a small blotting-case, on a stand by his side: and when he was too weak to speak, he would, on waking from sleep, point to it, and inquire, *with the eye*, if it were there. It was invariably, on these occasions, exhibited. He smiled, and was satisfied. Poor fellow! it was the one idea which held him to the last!

"The cousin came. He was a harsh-looking, harsh-visaged man, of forty. He scanned curiously, and without emotion, the pallid, sad, and gentle face, that was earnestly raised to him; expressed in civil terms his 'regret' at the spectacle; professed his 'wil-

lingness to do what *propriety would justify*,' hoped there 'would be no need for his meddling with matters at all;' said 'the Exeter doctors were thought clever, Dr. Luke especially;' 'knew that there was no cure for decline;' but had heard that while there was life there was hope!"

The invalid listened; gazed up sadly and piteously into that hard, dark, passionless countenance; *caught its merciless meaning*, and turned, with bitter and burning tears, away. It was the first and only time I saw him so moved.

"Eighteen out of the twenty-one days had now elapsed. Three only remained to torture the dying man's family. These over, the sufferer was of age, and his will valid. It was a feverish interval for Mr. Lemuel; and there stole every now and then an involuntary and convulsive movement over his hard features, which showed the struggle which was going on within. He shifted his quarters to the nearest hotel; and, from a motive I *then* guessed not, was unremitting in his attentions to his kinsman. The major loathed the very sight of him; and vehemently insisted on his being forbidden the house. But Mrs. Helsham prudently pleaded, 'Be civil to this man. The result who can foresee? We may be wholly in his power. Oh! make not an enemy of one whose means of injuring us may be so many and so various.'

"Ah! could she have read the future, she would have barred that man from her dwelling, even if life had parted in the struggle!

"Meanwhile, the subject of so many fears and surmises, and, I may truly add, villanies, lay feeble and passive on his comfortless couch. He was perfectly sensible; and clearly comprehended what was passing around him; but his strength was so reduced, and his situation so critical, that the boldest of his medical men dealt only in conjecture.

"'The vessel may,' said Dr. Luke, 'open again; and, if so, his death will be instantaneous; or, no return of hæmorrhage may take place, and he may sink from total exhaustion.'

"But '*when?* — *when?*' was the point so momentous and so uncontrollable.

"Time crept sluggishly on; forty hours alone were wanting to complete his majority; but whether the sufferer would survive the interval appeared every moment more doubtful. Weak as he was, my charge seemed aware of the lapse of time; for twice during the day he wrote, 'Has my lawyer, Mr. Underwood, arrived?'

"It was clear his thoughts were busy on the intended execution of his will; at which Mr. Underwood had promised to be present. Evening drew in. My orders were, to give him every four hours, his medicine — a gentle opiate. 'The object,' said the surgeon, 'is to soothe and quiet him. Extreme discretion is requisite. Watch him as you would an infant. Symptoms of approaching restlessness are evident. Meet them. Compose and lull him on the one hand, but do not drug and stupify him on the other. Be wary, and be punctual.' I *thought* I was both: but I was over-matched!

"About a quarter before ten on this eventful evening, Mr. Lemuel Helsham stole into the sick-room. 'He called,' he said, 'to take his last look of Harry for the night;' and had brought with him 'some

hot-house grapes.' Their 'flavour might be grateful' to the invalid: at all events, they would be 'useful in moistening his lips.' His opportune present was accepted. He then — oh! that I had detected his drift! — engaged me in a low, whispered conversation about the weight of these grapes, their price, their size. For the moment off my guard, I left him, most inconsiderately, for some minutes, alone and unwatched, while I trimmed and lighted, in the adjoining dressing-room, the invalid's night-lamp. When I returned, the house-clock warned me that the hour for giving Mr. Harry his composing draught had arrived, and I stepped to the bedside, and presented it. While doing so, it struck me that this new bottle of medicine was considerably darker in point of colour than the last. But finding, on further examination, that it closely resembled, both in taste and smell, what I had been in the habit of giving him, all hesitation vanished. He took it readily, smiled, as was his wont, when I adjusted his pillows; and waved his hand gaily to his cousin, in token of farewell for the night. I glanced hastily round, to see if this cordial salutation was returned; and in doing so, was paralysed by the look of the being who fronted me. His gaze was fixed upon his helpless kinsman, and he trembled in every limb; but still there was a smile of exultation in his countenance, and a gleam of triumph in his eye, at once frightful and incomprehensible. In a moment he recovered himself; hoped 'Harry's sleep would refresh him;' fancied he 'looked better this evening;' wished me good night, and departed.

"Midnight came; my charge slept soundly. One o'clock; his breathing was calm and regular, and his whole appearance that of a person abandoned to the most refreshing repose. Two o'clock, the hour for repeating his composing draught; but his slumber was so profound that I felt averse to disturb him, and determined to wait till three. Before its chime sounded there was an expression about the mouth, a falling of the jaw, that alarmed me; and I hastily approached the bed, to view him more nearly. The breathing had ceased; no pulse was perceptible. He was gone!

"Words cannot depict the agony of his family. It was frightful to witness. But no sorrow moved me so much as that of the poor old father. For days after the sad occurrence he walked about, as if stunned by the weight of his bereavement; his whole disposition seemed changed. His impatience, irritability, and occasional vehemence, were fled; he wandered helplessly from room to room, sighing deeply, but addressed no one, replied to no one. From food he turned with loathing. A dozen times a-day would his tottering steps be heard overhead, in the chamber where his dead son lay. He would then approach the insensible form, kiss the pale brow, and exclaim, as if the extent of his loss was then first understood by him, 'Too true! too true!' It was a piteous spectacle; but it lasted not long!

"The professional coolness displayed by the medical men was edifying! Not the slightest surprise at the sudden close of young Helsham's life was expressed by any one of them. They each and all professed themselves 'quite prepared for the event!' It was 'exactly what might have been anticipated?' The 'system was exhausted: and the patient had passed away in sleep.'

"But, had he 'passed away' *fairly?* Was the result solely the effect of disease, or had *other* agency been at work? I had my misgivings! and the more I reflected on the last six hours of his life, the darker was the conclusion I arrived at.

"But, if *I* was gloomy, another was glad; and the alacrity of Mr. Lemuel in urging on the performance of the last sad office which the living can render to the dead, was unremitting. He 'begged to take on himself the charge of the entire proceeding.' Who, alas! could forbid him? The Helshams were beggars. Funded property, trust-monies, land, timber—all were his!

"At a short distance, it might be three miles from E—th, stood a ruined church. It was fair in its proportions; no niggard workmanship had been bestowed upon it by its former founders. The gothic arch, and the noble porch, and the well-carved font were there. It stood a monument of the piety of a previous generation, a reproach to the present. It was wholly unroofed; and each succeeding winter's gale threatened to prostrate its toppling tower. In its aisles had long ceased to echo either prayer or praise. The hiss of the snake might be heard there, and the harsh cry of the raven, and the melancholy whoop of the owl. The faithful worshiper was gone! But the burial-ground around it was still used as a cemetery. A dreary and a desolate spot it was! The grass was long and coarse. The wild hemlock grew in rank luxuriance; the thistle there waved its tall head in triumph. The nettle, and the foxglove, and the deadly nightshade, throve undisturbed. Fallen obelisk, broken headstone, and massy tomb, open to the prying gaze of each passing traveller, told the same painful tale. They spoke, each and all, of desolation, loneliness and desertion. They whispered, 'They who sleep HERE are *soon forgotten!*' Aptly was the fane called 'St. John in the Wilderness;' and rightly was its cemetery an asylum for the betrayed! Thither they bore him.

"But previously a discovery was made, a sad and woeful discovery; the remembrance of which has embittered every moment of my life.

"I told you," said the wretched woman, "my suspicions of Mr. Lemuel Helsham. They never slept; and there was something in the appearance of poor Harry, as he lay in his coffin, which I could never reconcile with death. There was no symptom of decay. In fact, I had my doubts whether the vital spark had *really* fled. I said as much to Mr. Lemuel the evening before the funeral.

"'A supposition too fanciful and absurd to deserve attention,' was his reply.

"'Perhaps so; but to this moment the body is not cold!'

"'Pshaw!'

"'I tell you, sir, that now—yes! now, there is warmth over the heart. Examine. You will find I have spoken truly.'

"'I shall do no such thing. It is, in my opinion,'—he here called up a devout and solemn air,—'highly improper, nay impious, to disturb the dead. They should rest—they should rest.'

"'*I* cannot! What I have witnessed is unusual. It makes me uneasy; and I shall report it to the family.'

"I turned to go away: he grasped my wrist, and said, in a voice low, but rendered somewhat unsteady by fear,

"'BE SILENT! If you would thrive, *be silent!* Here,' giving

me money ; 'double this sum shall be paid you annually for silence, rigid, perfect silence !'

"Mr. Cleaver, I was poor ; I had a drunken, dissolute husband ; my children were starving and in rags. The world was busy with my character. My landlord was stern and rapacious. Often had he threatened me ; and I was now months in arrear—*I listened.*'

"'Mr. Harry Helsham,' continued the tempter, altering his tone, and assuming an air of disgusting frankness, 'is DEAD. Alas ! that it should be so ! Now, keep this — this — this appearance from his family. It would only distress their feelings ! I wish to spare them !'

"I yielded. His words haunt me still,—'be silent, if you would thrive.' Thrive ! a curse fell on me then, and has rested on me till now.

"The arrangements were at length completed. Would that I could describe to you my feelings when I saw the procession move forward, or those with which, two hours afterwards, I listened to his poor mother as she took leave of me, received the handsome gratuity she held out, and heard her faintly murmur, amid the grief which choked her utterance, 'A thousand thanks, Winifred, for your ceaseless attention to my dear, dear boy.'

"Nine weeks afterwards they carried to his long home the broken-hearted father. On re-opening for the Major the ancient, roomy vault, which had received his son, poor Harry's coffin was found so strangely. . . . My comfort is, the struggle must have been short. A few seconds must have closed it. But, buried alive I and others firmly believe him to have been ! And now, sir, you understand the fears which possess me ? I dread that what I saw meted out to another may be measured to me again."

"I will see that it is not."

"You promise me ?"

"I do."

"You will take care that, until the certainty of death is visible, interment shall be delayed ?"

I assented.

"I am satisfied," was her reply.

"But I am not : nor shall I, till you surrender yourself to prayer and penitence."

"To-morrow !" said she carelessly.

"No ; *to-day.*"

"You hurry me ; and, besides, religion was never much in my way," was her strange remark.

"But you have much to answer for."

"Yes ; but more has been laid to my charge than, rightly, I deserved."

"I must be plain with you ;" and I submitted to her, briefly, the penalties of meeting death in her then state of mind.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! So you are taking me on that tack, are you ? Ho ! ho ! trying to alarm me, eh ? Others have attempted it before. But, why speak so disrespectfully of *the Gentleman in Black ?* He 's the best friend you clergymen have ! ho ! ho !"

I remained with her about an hour longer. She died at midnight.

PADDY MAX; or, THE SMUGGLER'S EXIT.

A RECENT FACT.

BY HILARY HYPBANE.

"Lupus pilum mutat, non mentem."—*Proverb.*

So oft with trite, proverbial, wise conceits,
I intersperse
My freakish verse,
That fancy whispers, when this volume meets
The reader's eye, I shall be class'd
With some sage wight of ages past:
Not with my brother poet, Solomon,
Because the apothegms are not my own;
But rather with Cervantes' Sancho Panza.
Howe'er, to prove I am not apprehensive
My muse's whimsies will be deem'd offensive,
I 'll weave two proverbs into one short stanza.
'Tis true they somewhat old are grown;
Yet, in each memory they 'll be fresh;
First, "*What's engender'd in the bone*
Can ne'er be rooted from the flesh."
Second, (and two
More terse and true
Ne'er were hatch'd by human pate sure)
"*Custom is a second nature.*"

To prove them just, how many an anecdote,
From daily observation, we might quote!

Tenax, the miser,
Whose constant care, whose only pleasure
Is to be o'er his hoarded treasure,
Sole supervisor,
Who, trembling o'er his bags of gold,
Fireless, endures the biting cold;
Whose dwelling, like a badger's hole,
Each winter night,
Dark as his abject, grovelling soul,
Affords no light;
Who, ere he 'll dissipate his darling dust,
Banquets on water and a mouldy crust;
Now stretch'd upon the bed of death,
Still fondly clinging to his useless trash,
Would not disburse one shilling of his cash,
E'en though the coin could purchase breath.
As if the contumacious knave
Could bear his pelf beyond the grave.
Nor would his sordid spirit change a whit;
For e'en did Providence divine permit
The avaricious fool to bear it
To th' other world, and, spite of all his sin, he
Could gain a place in heaven for half a guinea,
He 'd rather go to hell than spare it.

The gamester, Risk, who, through life's checker'd scene,
Some hundred times had fallen and risen,

Whose habitation oft had one day been
  A palace, and the next a prison,
    Unsated when by Fortune blest,
    Unalter'd when her tables were reversed,
    Call'd wealth a bubble, life a jest,
    So *crack'd the last* and *threw away the first.*
    Nay, in the crazy dupe's last hour,
    (Such was his master-passion's power,)
    Lamented that his life was ending,
    Because some wagers still were pending,
    And swore that he could die content,
    Might he but know of each th' event.
Each moment death's relentless gripe grew stronger:
  The doctor enter'd—felt his pulse—look'd blue,
And told he could not live one half hour longer:
  "I 'll bet a hundred pounds," cried Risk, "I do!"
        Hasten'd to snatch
        His faithful watch,
    Gazed on its face, and strove to pop
    His icy finger on the stop;
Yet, while he sought t' evade great Nature's debt,
Expiring, lost his reckoning, breath, and bet.

    Old Brief, the advocate, when dying,
    With all his friends around him crying,
    Essay'd to portion out with care
    His wealth to each succeeding heir;
    To obviate each informality,
    Adopt each legal technicality,
Erect each claim upon a firm foundation,
And bar all plea for future litigation;
Perhaps confiding in his rhetoric's flow,
(So long successful in the *courts below*,)
That, when arraign'd before the Throne above,
'Twould only cost some odd half hour to prove,
    By skilful handling of his cause,
    Aided by precedents and flaws,
    A legal title to salvation,
    Beyond all chance of refutation.

Dose, the physician, too, when brought to feel
Some of the ills which 'twas his trade to heal,
    Straight for himself prescribed a potion;
    Yet, true to his habitual motion,
    Oblivious of the patient, he
    Held forth his hand to grasp the fee.

    Prætor, the minister of state,
    When the resistless stroke of fate,
    Erewhile, assail'd him unawares,
    Still knaw'd by his habitual cares,
Exclaim'd, "What will become of this poor realm,
When I no longer live to guide the helm!"

    The gallant soldier, or the tar,
    From earliest youth inured to war,
    When smitten by some fatal ball,
    Breathes deadly vengeance in his fall;
    And, as he lies 'midst heaps of slain,
    Forgets the selfish sense of pain.

The victories gain'd on many a former day
Still haunt his mind; his soul is in the fray;
He breathes a prayer, in accents hearty,
That they may drub the adverse party;
Points t'ward the foe with trembling aim,
Resolved to perish *thorough game,*
(As if with loss of blood his heart grew bigger,)
And, with his life's last struggle, pulls the trigger.

The belle, as a great bard has said,
Expiring, begs that, when she 's dead,
Her friends will deck her pallid face
With curls, and rouge, and Brussels lace.

With equal warmth that human beast,
The Glutton, sighs forth an expiring wish,
That he may make a parting feast,
By gorging on some favourite, dainty dish.

While the swoln Toper faintly prays
To have his oft-drain'd glass replenish'd,
That his last bottle and his days,
At the same moment, may be finish'd.

Thus, 'twill be seen, where'er we find
Some ruling habit sway the mind,
Nor e'en th' approach of death can move it:
My tale most forcibly will prove it.

Although the stories now are flouted,
Which by our grandames ne'er were doubted,
That *spirits* are abroad at night,
And travel by the moon's pale light;
Yet those who dwell on England's coast
Can bear me witness that a host
Of bold, advent'rous mortals keep
Their vigils on th' adjacent deep,
While timid peasants soundly sleep;
And nightly bring an ample store
Of *spirits* from the neighbouring shore;
Holding them with such firm command,
They e'en transport them o'er the land.
Nay, of the scruples which molested
Our nurses' minds are so divested,
The more they get the better still they 're pleas'd;
And so devotedly befriend 'em,
They often with their lives defend them,
Lest they, in their migration, should be *seized*
By certain other valorous wights
Who also prowl the world o' nights,
Striving with all their might to bring
The *truant-spirits* to their king;
To lock them up in slavish durance,
And make them pay for their assurance:
For, 'stead of fleeting shadows, these
Are tangible commodities;
Not fairies, ghosts, or goblin-hags,
Flitting, light, bodyless, and frisky;
But *double-proof,* in lusty cags,
Cognac, Schiedam, and potent whiskey.

One of this *spirit-hunting* clan,
(I mean the former, not the latter,)
A boist'rous, churlish, sordid man,
Furnish'd my present story's matter:
His principles were somewhat lax:
His name (a pithy name!) PAT MAX!

His sire pronounced, when his last breath he drew,
His trite oration:
"Paddy, my boy, I know your skill,
So take my trusty lugger, and pursue
Our old vocation!"
"Thank ye," quoth Pat,—"good-b'ye!—I will!"
"And let me add,"
Pursued his dad,
"Before I in the earth am laid,
This good advice;
Never be idle! never be afraid!
Never be nice!"

Oh! what a sweet consoling blessing
To a fond parent, is that one,
The dying knowledge of possessing
A dutiful, obedient son!
And this had he, for Pat, with reverence due,
Replied, "No, divil burn me if I do!"

Now, launch'd upon life's fickle sea,
Pat carried on a swimming trade;
Nor scruples, fear, nor rest had he,
Just as his honour'd father bade.
Tobacco, spirits, wines, and laces,
At various times, and various places,
As easily he *ran* to land
As if they 'd not been contraband:
And knew so well his opportunity,
He almost smuggled with impunity:
For, if detected in the nick,
He was so skilful in each trick,
Whether to bully, fight, or fee
His wily enemies, that he
Found, when his fiftieth year was come,
His wealth amounted to a *plum*.

Now, straight desisting from his toil,
He hied to London with his spoil;
Bought a gay mansion, coach, and brace of hacks,
And placed upon his gate
A shining brazen plate,
With this inscription, "MR. PATRICK MAX."

But this precipitate transition
From constant work to constant quiet,
With change of scene, and change of diet,
Soon cut out work for the physician.
A fever, fraught with dire malignity,
Suddenly raging through his veins,
Threaten'd to quash his promised dignity,
And snatch him from his hard-earn'd gains.

Each anxious relative and friend,
  Stood whimp'ring round the patient's bed,
And gave some hints about his end,
  Which ne'er had enter'd Matthew's head.

"Sir," said his heir, in accents meek,
"I pray you suffer me to seek
A ghostly confessor, whose care
Your *precious spirit* shall prepare;
    Ere Fate's decree
    Shall set it free.
    Say, shall I go?"
    Quoth Paddy, "No!"
His lungs were nearly of their breath bereft,
And thus he used the little that was left.
"It never shall be said that Paddy Max,
Living or dying, paid the *spirit tax*
  When he'd the means to shun it.
  No priest will give my *spirit* his *permit*,
  Unless I pay the duty—deuce a bit!
  So, by the powers, I 'LL RUN IT!!!" *

MY SISTER'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

MY Sister's song! how sweetly wild
  That music seems to be!
It was my fav'rite when a child,
  And still it pleases me;
Although it wakes regretting tears,
  For days that are no more,
And lifts the veil from buried years,
  I love that song of yore!

I well remember how profound
  We listen'd to the strain;
While those rich notes would float around
  My heart responds again!
I know not why it makes me sad,
  For cheerful is the lay;
But while each brow is smiling glad,
  My own is turn'd away!

My mother loved that simple air,
  It soothed her aged breast,
And oft dispell'd the mists of care
  That broke upon her rest!
Then chide me not for feelings deep
  That to this theme belong;
Its melody can make me weep,—
  It is my Sister's song!

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* The importing goods clandestinely, in order to evade the duties; thereby *risking* their seizure and *condemnation*, is by the smugglers called *running them.*

OTHĒE;

OR, THE FISHERMAN OF THE PULK.

A TALE OF THE COAST OF NORFOLK.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

PART II.

Betty happened to come upon the fisherman at a moment he had just suspended operations, and was standing in a fit of abstracted admiration, contemplating what he had achieved. From a cross piece of wood, going from one side of the boat to the other, there hung suspended a strange and curious machine. From a ring, which was attached to this cross piece by some spun yarn, there depended, first of all, something of the nature of a buoy, which had been manufactured out of a keeler, or small washing-tub, over which some bits of board had been nailed by way of a cover, and from this again there descended a strong rope, to which a dozen or twenty strong hooks of iron were fixed, upon some of which some bits of bread were stuck, as if for baits, and at the end of the rope, which might have been two or three yards long, there was fastened, with a good deal of sailor-like knotting and tying, a large stone, weighty enough to pull the rope tight, but not to pull the buoy under water. There were also sundry coils of cord lying about, most ingeniously spliced and put together.

Contrary to the expectations of Betty, Othēe showed neither anger nor much surprise at the intrusion made upon him, but stood quietly looking up, and appeared to smile. Seeing this, his visitoress took courage, and exclaimed,

"Ah! well, I never! Othēe, what are you arter? Goodness me!"

Othēe eyed his neighbour aslant with a sly, self-satisfied look, as much as to say, "Guess."

The old lady continued to issue sounds of wonderment, whilst Othēe regarded her as if he pitied her ignorance. At last, shaking his head, and with something of a sigh, he exclaimed,

"Oh, if I could make you understand some things, Lord bless 'ee, you'd be perfectly astounded,—you would not know what to think."

Betty stared, and continued to listen, whilst Othēe, looking serious and mysterious, continued,

"What things there is, and what tongues there is to tell 'em, but no ears to hear 'em! Mine were shut once. As I've stood in the water a-catchin' them trashy fish, first, there would come in my ears a sound like the singing of the wind in the rigging of a ship, and after that the ringing of a little bell, and then a voice — one that spoke oftener than the rest — would begin to count the fish I had caught, one, two, t'ree, ten dabs, one butt, one plaice — t'ree hours' toil, one penny's gain. And then all together they burst into a loud laugh, and scream and w'istle like mad. That one with the hoarse voice always laughs the loudest and the longest. I know him very well—he's always there. But there is one that never mocks me, but sighs when the others do it. But I don't mind their laughing, and the idle songs they make about me. Let 'em joke and sing: I've

learnt what they can't take from me. I know their secret now—I know their ways—I know their haunts—I know where to find 'em—how to treat 'em—how to cheat 'em."

Betty, who had continued to stare with eyes wide open, and looks of wonder, no longer able to contain herself, here exclaimed, "Ah, well, God bless the man! what's come to 'um?"

Smiling quietly to himself, Othēe observed, "They won't catch me there again, standing all day knee-deep in the cold ebb tide for a few dabs. I know a trick worth two of that; don't I?" And here he smiled again; then, fixing his eyes upon the odd machine which hung suspended before him with a self-satisfied air, he observed, "You see that 'ere thing, Betty?"

Betty nodded, still staring with wonder.

"Well," he continued, "there is not a fisherman in the world as knows how to use it—there isn't one as knows what bait to put upon them 'ere hooks, no, nor yet what sort of fish it will catch."

"Fish!" exclaimed Betty; "why, that rum affair isn't meant to catch fish, is it?"

"It is, Betty," said Othēe, in a solemn tone.

It was impossible for the woman to control herself any longer; so, giving way to the tickling of her fancy, she burst into an incontrollable laugh After making several vain attempts to speak, she at last uttered in a broken sentence,

"Well, I niver—why, Othēe, you are cracked, sure! Lard, lard! what would my poor husband a said to see sich a thing as that!"

Betty was proceding to have her laugh out, but Othēe stopped her by remarking, with a significant look, "He may see it, though."

"Who?" interrupted the woman; "what! my dead husband, poor man,—he see it?"

"Yes," responded Othēe; "nothing more likely. 'Od bless ye, you are a poor weak woman, and can't form no notion of them things; they are above your comprehension, and your thoughts and ideas. I was a silly fisherman once, and stood paddlin' in the cold salt water, my fork in my hand, my head bowed, and my eyes seeking for bubbles in the sand; I went looking down, when I ought to have looked up and around me. A man is a creature not made to look down, and to waste his thoughts upon dabs, and butts, and such like trash, that live in the mud, and feed on sand and sea-weed. There's them in the water, Betty, that is worth millions on 'em, that, if you look upon 'em once, you'd shut your eyes, and never wish to see such muck again. Betty, there is fish that would do your heart good to see 'em,—fish that live in the deep, deep sea, at the very bottom,

"Where the water is bright as the day is light,
And the sand is all clear, and clean, and white;
And among the flowers and leaves so green
They lie, and live, and sport between;
And each in his own sea-garden dwells,
Which he makes his choice, and divides with shells;
And his path, as he floats in the water so cold,
Is all spangled, and shining with jewels of gold;
And all the rich treasures that lie in the sea,
Now have no other masters to own them but he.

I know some of their songs, Betty; I've heard them singing them often and often. That one with the hoarse voice never sings any but

sea-songs, and he makes more noise than all the rest. I don't like him. But there is one I love to listen to, and to learn her songs. Bless you, I've seen her sit for hours listening with her ear close to a large shell. Once she left the shell where she had been; I put my ear to it, but could only hear the sea roar in it."

Betty's wonder appeared to increase every minute as the fisherman gave way to the wild fancies that had taken possession of him. At last it burst forth in one long interrogation.

"A, well, did you ever!—goodness me! did anybody ever hear the like of that? Why, Othēe, what's come to you, man? In the name of wonder, who are they you have been talking about? Why, you must be mad to nonny in that manner!"

Othēe gave something of a chuckle, and in a disdainful tone said,

"Who are they, and mad, quoth ye? Oh, as all the world is mad, poor young Master Martin is mad, and everybody is mad that sees farther than other people. Lord help us! poor creatures that we are, going about with our eyes shut, and complaining that we can't see."

"Ah, well, Othēe, I niver heard ye talk so afore, niver. I know where you've learnt this."

"Why, you see, Betty," said the fisherman, "I have kept better company of late; I've had them for companions that nobody niver thinks of making his acquaintances."

"Pity a shu'd, I think," replied Betty.

"I've had my own thoughts," continued the fisherman. "I've been thinking, Betty, that all men are fools, and all women too."

"Well, I am sure!" exclaimed the woman.

"What a fool is a man that is for ever striving to put a bar between himself and his best friend and adviser! and, while he goes about seeking a set of silly acquaintances, he makes a stranger of his own thoughts. Ah! Betty, these thoughts!—little do people know what they are, nor where they come from, nor what they lead to. Where do thoughts live?—where is their habitation?—and who are they lodged with?—what company do they keep?—and who and what is it that is their associate? It is the soul, it is the immortal part of a man that is their companion. No wonder, then, that thoughts are what they are, having such fellowship. A man may well be proud of his thoughts; and yet the silly carcase thinks to do without them. Well, 'tis curious how dull we are, and how slow we learn, even when we've begun we laugh at one another. But there is them as laugh at us, them as is always around us, by our sides, before us, and behind us."

Here Betty, turning her head, suddenly exclaimed, "Why, where, Othēe?—who are they? Lord! you frighten one wi' your nonsense! I don't see nobody nor nothing."

"No, you can't, Betty; your eyes arn't opened. Mine were shut once. Forty years have I been a fisherman, man and boy; but the time is come, and the secret is known, and the spot is found, and now the prize will soon be mine."

"Why what, in the name of goodness," exclaimed Betty, "what are you going to do?"

Othēe took no notice, but stood musing.

"And where are you going to try that rum thing you have been making?" said the woman. "Bless the man! a must be crazy to talk the nonsense he do."

Rousing himself, and giving his nether garment a hoist, Othēe said, in rather a solemn tone, "There is only one spot near here where it can be used—one spot, in the Pulk, Betty,—in the Pulk," he repeated; "and then the bait, where's it to be had?"

The woman started, and as if out of breath, exclaimed, "What! in the Pulk-hole? You would not go for to fish in the Pulk, to be sure!"

"Well," observed the man, "they are certainly thicker about that part than any other, and far worse looking too, especially them as ha' been there soaking so many years in the water. Them as have been so long dead, with their skins shrivelled and dark, their eyes eaten out by the crabs, and their hair matted and tangled with sea-weed, I don't like 'em at all. They used to come round me by hundreds once, as I stood catching 'em silly fish. At first I didn't like to turn my head to see 'em, but after a little while I didn't care about it. Their voices were disagreeable, with a sort of bubbling noise, like people drowning: it was not pleasant to hear them, nor to talk with them?"

"Mercy on us, Othēe!" said the woman; "fishes don't talk, to be sure?"

Othēe shook his head, and said, still looking mysterious, "These ain't them; these is spirits—

"Spirits of them that the fates have told
To make their graves in the waters cold;
Spirits of them that the waters will have,
Though the greedy earth may gape and crave;
And, although she vows they should all be hers,
The worms and the fishes must still go shares.
Man with treachery cheats his brother,
So the elements rob and cheat each other.
The weary a resting-place must find,
And happy is he who gets one to his mind.
The earth is a clod that is dreary and dark;
But the sea is a gem that has still a spark;
A gleam in her crystal grave is seen,
And there's promise and hope in her twilight green.

Ah! I forget now; but I know 'tis true; and Master Martin ha' seen 'em as well as I; and that's the only place to look for 'em when the tide is out—when the tide is out."

And here Othēe commenced a sort of dance, turning himself round and round, with his arms in the air, at the same time humming a sort of tune, and mumbling some strange nonsense, of which Betty could make nothing.

Othēe having gone two or three times dancing round the machine, which had so much excited Betty's wonder, now stopped to tie a knot, or to do something to it. He was stooping with his back towards his neighbour, when some one called Betty Dyer, from the cottage.

The woman started, and bestowing one look and another exclamation of wonder upon Othēe, went to see what was wanted.

A gossip had just called in for a bit of chat, so, with a serious look, and a sort of a sigh, Betty asked her visitoress to take a chair; and taking another herself, they sat down together in the tidy room of the cottage, the *pommons* of which were of red earth, baked, sprinkled with sea-sand, and swept lightly over with a broom into streaks of a herring-bone pattern.

The person who made Betty a visit was a very tall thin woman, of about fifty; she walked with a long cane, and appeared very much crippled, and although perfectly upright, and not in the least distorted, she moved with difficulty; and Betty, after saluting her respectfully, assisted her to a chair. She was dressed with perfect neatness; and both in her person and manner there was an air of superiority and gentility about her which could not be overlooked.

Betty was too full of the thoughts of Othēe, and his strange condition, to delay long introducing the subject to her visitor, who listened with attention and interest to the tale Betty had to relate.

After giving the whole history of the case, and going into the details, with her own comments, Betty remarked in a careless way,

"And your son, Martin, they say, is a little wild, ma'am?"

"Wild, Betty?" responded the mother of young Martin. "How, and in what way do you mean that he is wild?"

"Oh, I don't mean no harm, ma'am; but, as a body may say, he isn't quite right,—that is, he is somehow strange, wild-like."

"Upon my word," said the mother, "you make the matter worse by your explanation. Poor Martin is perfectly in his senses, and makes a better use of them too than everybody does. I wish he had more worldly tact and less romance in his nature. I grieve hourly that my poor boy is not like other people; not that he is greatly to blame for anything he does; indeed, he is the best of sons. His nature is noble, and his heart is full of goodness: he has not a fault. 'Tis his mind, his restless fancy teeming with wild images, that leads him astray, and keeps him from his mother and his home."

"Ah, well, they do say, ma'am, that a stays out a nights, and wanders on the sea-shore alone, when everybody is in their beds."

The mother smiled sadly, and remarked, "He is too good to run into vice, and the only fear I have is for his safety. He loves to wander in wild places, and alone."

"Yes, ma'am; and that poetry that Othēe repeats that 's his."

"I dare say it is, Betty; although I have no notion how he learnt it."

"'Od bless ye, ma'am, they are quite cronies, Othēe and Master Martin, always together, I believe, almost night and day, as I hear."

The lady smiled faintly, and after musing for a moment, she sighed, and said, as if speaking to herself,

"That spell will never be broken. Time seems rather to strengthen it. It ripens with his years; and, from having so long lived in his thoughts, it seems at last to have fixed itself upon his heart, and become part of his very existence. Can there be any foundation for the fact, any grounds for such a belief? Their resemblance is strong enough to warrant such a notion—it may be—"

"What is it, ma'am?" asked Betty.

"Why, Betty," rejoined the lady, "I was thinking of past times and events, sad enough in themselves, but worse in their consequences. It is many years since the poor fisherman who then inhabited this cottage lost his daughter, his only child, and so beautiful a creature, too, that I don't think the poor fellow has ever been quite himself since. I remember him a very different kind of man; indeed, so much so that when I look at him now, I almost doubt of his identity. He doated on that child, about whom there were some strange tales. No

one here knew her mother; she was a stranger, and that is all that ever was known about her."

"And the girl was drowned, was she not, madam, twelve or fifteen years ago?"

"Alas! Betty, she was not the only victim," said the lady, her voice trembling, and her eyes filling with tears. "The father of poor Martin fell a sacrifice in endeavouring to save the fisherman's child."

"Dearie me!" exclaimed Betty. "Well, I have heard something about it, but never the rights on't. Pray tell us, ma'am, how it happened."

"It is a sad tale," observed the weeping lady, "and painful to recal in all its frightful details; but if it will gratify you, Mrs. Dyer, I will tell it to you—some of it. You remember the burning of a merchant vessel out at sea, a few miles from the mouth of the harbour?"

"I've heard speak of it," said Betty.

"That ill-fated ship belonged to my husband. It was at that time that some of the most violent storms prevailed that have ever visited the coast, and every tide brought with it some part of the cargo, or some portions of the burnt and blackened wreck. A desire of gain tempted hundreds to go down and loiter upon the shore, in hopes of picking up what did not belong to them, and which, if found, was scarcely worth the pains and suffering it cost. The fisherman, of course, was of the number, but not as a wrecker; what he found he restored to us, and had our thanks, which was all he would take for his trouble. From day to day he was upon the shore early and late, with the little girl, who was then about twelve years of age, his constant companion. I was once tempted to go down myself, when I saw this young creature running by the side of her father; and as the rough wind displayed her light and elegant form, and her dark-brown hair streamed out from the handkerchief that surrounded her flushed face, I thought I never saw so beautiful a vision. The thought struck me that—but, no matter. She was the fisherman's child, so it was generally said, although every one did not believe it. It was not many days after this that I saw her again—Heaven! when shall I forget it?—how changed, and in what company!"

After pausing for a minute or two, and making a violent effort to subdue her emotions, the lady proceeded.

"It was one of the most boisterous of these days, and, as it was at the time of the spring tide, it was expected that something from the wreck would be cast on shore, so that a number of the townspeople were assembled upon the *Meals*,* and many were scattered about to an extent of some miles. Now, it is well known that there is but one safe passage back to the town after the tide has risen to a certain height; and this requires some practice to find, particularly after the evening has set in. All the prudent people had withdrawn themselves from the distances right and left; many were gone home, but a few were still left, who were assembled, talking over what had been found by this one or the other; but, more particularly they were waiting the coming in of some two or three of the most adventurous, who were still away, to lead them back by the safest road to the town. As several were together, no fears assailed them for some time. At last one, and then another, began to make remarks upon the swelling and disturbance of the angry waters, which now had completely filled the channel

* The sandy beech, so called in this locality.

which led up to the town, and had extended itself laterally apparently so as to have entirely surrounded them. This appearance was familiar to many, who only smiled or jeered others for their fears, as they knew that the course they had to take was a zigzag, and on which they could pass dry-footed. However, the alarm began to spread quickly, and many began to shout and call the names of those who were absent. It had suddenly come on very dark; the lights in the town had appeared, and looked like sparks on the embers of some large fire, an effect which the setting sun had left; while in the opposite direction over the sea, it was one black and compact mass, which united with the dark and boiling sea, and from thence extended upwards to mid-heavens. The wind had increased to a hurricane, and the deep bellowing of the sea had something peculiarly dreary, and really awful in its sound. The party of loiterers had already begun to feel their situation alarming. Presently a voice was heard close at hand, and a man was seen running without his hat or jacket, with a look of the wildest disorder and distress.

"'My child! my child! I have lost my child! Has any one seen Maria?'

"In a moment several voices answered at once, 'Why, Othëe, she's been gone home these two hours and more.'

"'Are you sure of it?' asked the agitated man.

"'Sure of it. O, yes; certain as possible. 'Od bless you! she went off with Molly Foreman and ever so many others.'

"'Oh, thank God! thank God!' said the agitated man, somewhat soothed. But, still doubting, he asked one of his comforters, 'Did you see her, Johnson?'

"'No,' replied the man, 'I did not; but Williams did; didn't you, Williams?'

"'No,' answered the man, 'I did not, but Jack Thomas did; didn't you?' asked the other.

"The man shook his head, and Williams added, 'Well, no matter; I know she is gone; that I'm certain about, whether or no.'

"The poor fisherman looked aghast; but at the same moment the three men who were out returned, rolling before them, with the utmost difficulty, a barrel, which contained something of which they were ignorant. Their companions assembled round them, each inquiring what it was they had found. After a minute's inspection, it was found to be a cask of resin, and worth but little.'

"'Whatever it is,' said one, 'we shall be forced to leave it, I'm thinking; for, unless I am mistaken, the tide has already rounded the drift, and we shall be obliged to wade for it, if not to swim.' And, thus saying, he jumped upon the head of the barrel, stretching himself to his full height, and looking in the direction they had to go. 'By Heaven!' exclaimed the man, in a tone of deep earnestness, 'we are in for it, anyhow.' Then jumping down, and throwing his sea-jacket over his shoulder, he said, 'Bear a-hand, my hearties; are we all here?' and giving a hasty glance round, he cried out, 'Follow me!' and in a moment the whole party were in rapid motion.

"They had but a very short distance to go before they became fully sensible of their danger. The spot they had now reached was the highest part of the shore, covered everywhere, as it was, with sand, shingle, and sea-shells; but here there was such an accumulation of them, that it was elevated many feet above the surrounding parts. On

each side of this the sea made its way, uniting its currents at a little distance, and running on to join the main branch, which led to the town. This union *had* taken place, and the waters were running, roaring, and foaming with terrific violence. In an instant it was seen that any attempt to ford or swim this torrent would be attended with certain destruction, and no one, not even the boldest and most rash, would attempt it. The whole stood petrified, and staring, with stupid looks. Presently a gun was fired from the town, to warn the party of their danger, and in a minute after fires were lighted with the same intent. The sea continued to rise, and it was necessary immediately to decide on what course to take. Nearer the sea, and near the spot upon which they had left the cask, there were some low sand-hills, covered with a long prickly kind of grass. These were something higher than the drift, and during the ordinary tides, the points of them rose a few feet above the surface, but in bad weather the waves washed over them; and, upon an occasion like the present they could only afford a temporary resting-place. The party were, however, obliged to resort to these, and made their way with much difficulty, each holding the other's hand until they reached them.

"What was to be done? Mounting to the highest points they could find, each sat down, wearied, and in mute despair the most timid wept, others prayed, and but few words were spoken. Their situation was so perfectly hopeless, that no project of escape was thought of: there was but one hope, and that was, that boats would be put off from the town; but the chances were greatly against their arriving in time to save them, and it seemed almost impossible that they could make head against the sea. Othēe exhibited more nerve, or more restlessness than any of his companions. He stood constantly upon his feet, asked questions about the child, which nobody answered, muttered to himself, and often his fears for his child arose into a paroxysm of despair, which no one heeded. Half an hour had elapsed, and the angry waters had risen to a frightful height. The spray had for some time deluged the party, and rendered their condition miserable enough. But worse was yet to come, and after a few minutes a tremendous wave broke over them, so that it was with the utmost difficulty they could keep their hold upon the long grass. Parts of the loose sand-hill also gave way, and some who were on the point of being washed away, were saved by suddenly seizing the hands or legs of their companions. The wind blew still a hurricane, but the sky had brightened, and the moon shone upon the wide-extended waters, making the scene still more desolate and hopeless. No object was in sight, except a signal-pole, which was elevated upon a higher and more secure hill than this they were upon, at about half a mile distance to the right. As soon as it was made apparent by the moonlight, some vague thoughts of reaching it suggested themselves, as it had now become somewhat calmer, but they were immediately abandoned,—all escape was hopeless.

"The fisherman, who had continued rocking himself to and fro, and wringing his hands, still kept his eyes in the direction of the town, looking anxiously, and elevating himself from time to time to his utmost height. Suddenly he called out,

"'Williams, look out there! Is not that a boat yonder, by the end of the sea-bank?'

"In a moment Williams, and every one else, all who could stand, were upon their legs, and directly a shout arose from the whole party,

'Boat a-hoy! boat! boat a-hoy!' After listening in intense silence and anxiety for a minute, and during a lull of the elements, a sound like the voices of men met their ears, and they instantly set up another shout, louder and longer than before. A thousand exclamations of thankfulness now broke from the party. A large boat now made its appearance, was hailed again, and returned the summons. The men in it were evidently pulling with all their might, but they made but little way, and it was still doubtful whether or not the sand, which was loosening under their feet, would support them until its arrival. The party stood knee-deep in water, the boldest and strongest in advance, so as to seize the boat the moment she should come within reach. To embark was a perilous business. The whole party were very much benumbed, and some almost exhausted, and it was with great difficulty that the least active could be dragged into the boat. However it was at last effected; and long before it had been done the fisherman was anxiously inquiring if any one had seen his child. All answered that they had not, and that they believed to have found her with them. At hearing this, the poor fisherman was struck with horror, and would have fallen to the bottom of the boat if a strong arm had not upheld him—it was that of my husband. A feeling of humanity, and a recklessness of danger had tempted him to go in search of the forlorn party on the sea-shore, and a peculiar interest for the lost child made him anxious to use every endeavour to learn what had become of her, and to save her, if possible. Addressing himself to the fisherman, he said, 'Compose yourself, my good fellow, and tell me when and where you last saw Maria.' 'Heavens!' replied the poor fellow, 'I don't know. I can't recollect. Many hours ago I saw her, with some other children, not far from the signal-post; but I went there and everywhere to look for her, and hoped to have found her with the rest when I joined them; but they told me she had gone home.'

"'I heard some one say so,' observed one and then another.

"'Are you sure, sir,' asked some one, 'that she is not gone home?'

"'I am sure of it,' replied my husband, 'for I went to make the inquiry. You said, at the signal-post, Othēe,' observed my husband; 'is it possible she can be there at present?'

"A general murmur was heard. 'It was not at all likely; in short, it was impossible.'

"'It does not appear quite impossible that she may be sheltered there. There is a hut at the foot of the pole. I should think the water could not have more than reached it by this time.'

"'Bless you!' said several voices at once, 'it has been under water some time, such a tide as this; that is certain; 'tis of no use whatever to lose our time in thinking about it.'

"And here the men that had the oars began to put themselves in readiness for pulling away.

"'Hold on, my good fellow!' cried my husband, 'we must make the attempt to reach the signal pole, sink or swim, live or die. Put her head about, give me the tiller, and pull away like men.'

"In an instant all was in uproar and confusion in the boat. All were decidedly opposed to make the attempt; even the men my husband brought out with him shewed no disposition to obey. A very few words, spoken in a resolute tone by my husband, however, decided the matter, and quieted further remark. In a few minutes the boat was making rapid way in the direction of the signal-post. On reaching the

swell of the sea, the full danger of the undertaking showed itself. Several large billows dashed over the gunwale of the boat, so that it was necessary to keep continually *baling* out the water. A sullen silence prevailed for some time, and the men laboured with their utmost strength, until their efforts began to flag through weariness. Some words of discontent were heard, but were unnoticed. At last, seeing that a strong feeling of opposition was manifesting itself, my husband spoke to the fisherman, and said,

"'Othēe, step over here, and take the tiller, and give me your oar—steady!' and in a moment my husband was in his place. After a further struggle, the boat neared the spot within one or two hundred yards. All shouted, but no answer was returned.

"'It's altogether useless, sir,' remarked one of the men. 'There is not five feet of the hill above the surface of the sea, and the waves break over it every moment. Indeed, there was but little hope; none but my husband would persevere. The boat was now almost upon the sand, and again they shouted. The rowers suspended their oars, and all held their breath.

"'Heavens!' exclaimed my husband, 'is not that a voice? Listen!' and a dead silence ensued.

"''Tis but the scream of a sea-bird,' observed two or three.

"'Listen! shout, and listen, for God's sake!' said my husband. 'There, again! I am certain I hear a voice. Put me on shore; drive the boat aground upon the hill! I am certain I heard a voice.'

"'If we *stave* the boat, master,' observed one of the men, 'we must all perish. We had better try and round it; but I don't think that's possible; for if we don't keep her head to the breakers, we shall be swamped. We told you it would be impossible. We can't sacrifice our lives for nothing: it can't be, sir. Shall I bring her head round, sir, and get into the lee, and the little shelter that the hill will afford us?'

"'Do,' replied my husband, at the same moment stripping off his coat, his hat, and the heavy boots he had on, from his legs.

"Othēe, watching the movement, brought the head of the boat round, and her bottom grazed against the sand and grass that covered the hill.

"The moon shone brightly, and the long pole, with a basket hoisted at the top, and the cabin attached to it, could be distinctly seen. The lower portion of it must be filled with water. Around it were several stakes driven into the sand to support it, so that a resolute person might have found shelter and protection for some time against the fury of the waters; but it was hardly to be hoped that a child could, yet still the character of the fisherman's child, accustomed in some degree to similar dangers, was in favour of the hope. All eyes were bent upon the spot. The door of the little hut was flapping backward and forward, and was not more than twenty yards distance from the boat. Once or twice a faint moaning seemed to strike the ears of the listeners, and some remarks were made that the hut seemed to contain some light-coloured object; but, in the dashing of the spray, the driving of the wind, and the unsteadiness of the boat, it was impossible to be certain. The men were making a strong effort to keep the boat near enough to the hill, so that it would be possible to jump the distance. My husband stood ready to leap, the moment it could be done; and was on the point of springing forward, when a terrific wave dashed over everything, filling the boat, and threatening the party with instant destruction. It was a terrible moment; the water

was baled out as quickly as possible, and all put to rights; but two or three heavy waves followed, and it was with great difficulty the boat could be saved. The moment it was practicable the boat was brought to, and my husband encouraged the men to make another effort, and put him near enough to land. They had just commenced their labours afresh, and were straining every nerve, when a faint shriek was heard in the hoarse murmur of the sea. All started upon their feet, and, straining their eyes, saw distinctly a slender form clinging to the signal-post.

"'Maria! Maria!' cried my husband; 'hold fast. Don't fear; we will save you. Courage, my good fellows! for the love of God, pull with all your might. Another minute, and we shall reach her. Great God aid us! Pull! pull! or we shall lose her yet!'

"At that instant another wave dashed its relentless fury upon the ill-fated child, and after it had passed, a faint cry was again heard. The sea appeared to have collected its strength, and was levelling its fury against the frail and sinking victim, for successively several terrific shocks of the mad waters were felt. For a few seconds the devoted child was entirely lost sight of, and when it cleared it could be seen that she had fallen. An ejaculation of pity, and a prayer, broke from all. The fisherman had fallen into the bottom of the boat, my husband wrung his hands, but still keeping his presence of mind, he cried to the child to encourage her. A few strokes of the oar brought the boat near, and the men no longer thought of or feared running her upon the sand. It was a desperate and a dreadful moment; the tide had risen still higher; every danger and difficulty was increased; the men were breathless with exertion, exhausted, and blinded by the spray and the foam. The stem of the boat touched; and as the shock was felt, my husband leaped from the gunwale. It was a cruel and disastrous moment; a wave enshrouded him. Consternation and terror seized on all; none knew what to do; many voices called to the fisherman, who rose, staggered, and fell again. Heavens! how can it be told? Many were ready to risk their lives for him, or for the innocent creature they had braved such perils to save. They stood up, looking aghast; and the moment had arrived when many a brave heart would have died, full of the humanity that gave it strength. It was but half an instant they delayed, in order to see where best to direct their efforts. They looked: the young and innocent victim was no longer there.

"Mrs. Dyer," observed the afflicted lady, "I can't tell you any more. Both the bodies were found. I saw them lying together in the church, and saw, for the first time, that extraordinary likeness between them which I can only account for by the frenzy of my brain, or that my tears disturbed and deranged my vision."

THE LONDON BANKER.

BY ALBANY POYNTZ.

There are two leading classes of London bankers — the square-toed and the pointed. Of the multifarious qualifications of these human appendages to the moneyed and unmoneyed world, the adnoun most advantageously applicable is the same as to a lady's horse. To be a "safe" man is to be a good banker. As regards this important distinction, however, neither square-toedness nor pointed-toedness is to be relied on. Of the many unstable firms, which, by anomaly of speech, have figured in the course of the last ten years in the Gazette, some have been as remarkable for the quizzical and old-fashioned sobriety of the heads of the house, as others for their flashy elegance; the steadiness of the former, and the volatility of the latter being equally a matter of assumption, with a view to increase the cliency of the establishment.

Your sober city-banker is a man who affects, in his shop and his exterior, to have that within which passeth show. His clothes and manners are homely, his equipage plain, his town and country-houses "neat, not gaudy;" abounding in solid comfort, but eschewing all pretence to luxurious prodigality. Josiah Grubbinson chooses it to be perceived by the care he takes of his own money, what care he is capable of taking of the moneys of other people. Sparing and thoughtworn, there is nothing in his gravity of brow to encourage indiscreet encroachments on the part of his constituents. The defaulter who knows the *debit* side of his account to be in excess, dare not encounter the repellant aspect of a man who

scarcely confesses
His appetite is more to bread than stone;

who attends divine service thrice on every Sabbath, and has his name inscribed, perforce of ample benefactions, in the hearts of the churchwardens of his parish and the subscription books of all the religious and charitable institutions of the vast metropolis. So conscientious an individual is not a man to be lightly molested with avowals of need, or the indiscretion that engenders need. He is fenced round by the quickset hedge of his own virtues; intangible as the wooden effigy of a saint in its crystal shrine. Grave, earnest, undemonstrative, it appears almost a crime to hazard the ruffling of so serene a nature. The attempt were as wanton as when perverse children fling stones into a glassy pool, to mar with convolving circles its sacred evenness of surface. So long as the reserved banker appears quiet

as a nun
Breathless with adoration,

we almost forget that his adoration is simply that of the molten calf, —the most mundane of all idolatries.

The serenity of the banking Tartuffe, meanwhile, is a gift worth

twenty per cent. to the firm. "Like loves like!" quoth the vulgate of "*qui se ressemble, s'assemble*;" and to the compter of the sober banker, comes the sober citizen; the moderate man, whose moderate gains are sure, and who looks out for a sure banker in whose till to deposit them. Thither rolls the dark and unemblazoned chariot, rumbling from Edmonton after its pair of fat and bean-fed horses, to cash its weekly cheque for its weekly house accounts. Thither comes the snobby gig, conveying red-faced individuals, whose upper man is thatched with straw, and whose nether man subjected to the stripes of corduroys. Nay, thither, on Saturdays at even, rattle the market-carts which lack courage to return to Ealing or Battersea Rise with a charge of gold in their weazel-skin purses. The tapsters, who delight in sobriety in all human beings but their customers, swear that he is the man for their money! And so he is, by virtually making it his own! So painstaking is the air of the decorous banker, that these happy dupes entertain a vague conviction that he carries about with him in his pockets the exact amount of their balance, not caring to entrust it even to his iron safe!

Nor *does* he. He knows better! The square-toed banker shows how fully he appreciates the value of a deposit by instantly endeavouring to double the amount. Where the stock is so good, it ought to be blessed with increase; procreation of gold being the end and aim of bankermony. The net produce deposited with him by the corduroys and market-carts, accordingly returns unsuspected to their neighbourhood in the suburbs; enkindling the kilns of brick-fields, the furnaces of gas-works; fermenting the vats of breweries, and the stills of distillers. It gallops in mail-coaches; it whirrs along the rail; it crosses the Isthmus of Suez; and disturbs with the paddles of steamboats the tranquil waters of the Niger or Nile, the fœtid canals of China and Batavia. While the greasy butterman enjoys his quiet afternoon's nap in his parlour at Kennington, or his pew in Ebenezer Chapel, satisfied that his unctuous bank-notes are rotting themselves at ease in a safe in Lombard Street, little does he opine, good, easy man! that they are evaporating *in fumo* from forth the tall chimneys of twenty power-engines, sinking shafts into the bowels of the earth, or encumbering the surface thereof with the squares and crescents of some new-born watering-place, rising, like Venus of old, from the froth of the sea!

What matters? His ignorance is bliss. His money, that is, the money of some newer dupe, is forthcoming at his demand! When he saith, "the funds are low, buy stock," stocks are bought, as the stockbroker's receipt avoucheth; and he lives and dies the happier for having his imprisoned soul taken and lapt in Elysium by his solemn banker; unless, indeed, the gas-works should explode, or the bricks fall—*like* bricks,—carrying with them the unstable firm, *and* its square-toed commander-in-chief.

Even then he scarcely finds it in his conscience to complain. He is reminded by a circular, as plausible as the face of his grave deceiver, "how strenuously Mr. Josiah Grubbinson laboured against the adverse nature of the times, devoting himself with all his soul, and with all his strength, to business, for the sole profit and advantage of his constituents; how his head grew white, and his cheeks wrinkled, for very zeal in their behalf; and how, when he found that the pressure of the crisis rendered it impossible

for the house to go on, he instantly closed it." Such is the usual drift of similar addresses. If he inquire, on the other hand, with insolent pertinacity, for the title-deeds of the family estate in Kent, he will be referred to the marriage-settlement of Mrs. Josiah Grubbinson. The house in Bedford Square is the property of the eldest son; the villa at Wandsworth was bequeathed by an aunt to the younger children. Mr. Josiah Grubbinson's "robe, and his integrity to Heaven" are all he has to surrender in Basinghall Street!—

Nevertheless, the fellow in corduroys is required to compassionate the wealthy banker, who, "after going through life so respectably," is reduced to ruin! He is told he must be a brute not to feel for the mortification of one whose honest name is hoisted into the Gazette, after having figured in deputations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in finance-committees, in royal and imperial loans, and, above all, in lists of subscriptions to county hospitals, lunatic asylums, and refuges for the destitute. How can he refuse, under such circumstances, to sign the certificate of a worthy individual, so oppressed by the evil juncture of the times, ruined by the war in Afghanistan, and overturned by Chinese reverses? Besides, Mr. Josiah Grubbinson has no idea of resuming business as a banker. It is his intention to retire into private life, in his wife's country-seat in Kent, his son's mansion in Bedford Square, and his daughter's villa at East Wandsworth. The fatigues of the speculations undertaken for the benefit of his cliency, have impaired his constitution, and made him old before his time. His day for work is over. All he asks is to live. *Otium*—*otium* without *dignitate*, is the utmost to which he aspires. Those who wish to speculate in gas-works and brickfields may go and speculate for themselves.

Reverse of wrong is not always right, nor reverse of right always wrong. But the very reverse of the solemn or square-toed banker is he of the West End, Sir Eustatius Consols, who spins his cobwebs of golden wire in the sunshine of life, instead of the shade; and who, instead of delivering his guineas in a copper-shovel to his customer, serves out his half-pence in one of precious metal. This Chesterfield of money-dealers belongs to the vast family of the Surfaces. Everything about himself, or his establishment, is varnished and burnished. Dress, equipage, house, furniture, fruit, flowers, society,—everything is *optissime*, everything forced. Having begun life with an aristocratic alliance, by marrying the fiftieth cousin of a needy Scotch or Irish lord, he pursues his system by sending his sons to Eton, and his daughters to Madame Michau's, all for the good of the firm. For the good of the firm, he grows prize peaches, and feeds prize merinos, duly advertised by the Morning Post. For the good of the firm, he gives weekly dinner-parties, and monthly balls or concerts throughout the season. For the good of the firm, his wife's diamonds are reset at Mortimer and Hunt's, to glitter at the drawing-room. For the good of the firm, his new carriage is seen, brilliant, but substantial, in front of Houlditch's shop. Quick-sighted, and far-sighted, he has as ready an eye to the shop as John Gilpin of old. At some public *fête* he picks up the fan of a duchess; and, instead of instantly returning it, like a simply civil man, carries it off in his pocket, to send it back the following morning with a flummering note, calculated to impress indelibly upon the mind of her Grace the name of the Sir Eustatius Consols who

presents compliments in so glib a running hand. You see him shaking hands with some flashy but penniless younger brother, or fetching a chair for some girl of moderate fortune, and wonder why. *Why*, indeed! Why, because from his box at the opera the canny banker has watched that showy Honourable close at the ear of Eve; calling blushes to the cheeks of the fair widow of one of the unfairest —*Anglicè*, richest — of nabobs; and has been the first to discover that the pretty girl has bagged the heir-apparent of the wealthiest dukedom in the three kingdoms. Certain fools have been obtuse enough to cavil at Lady Consol's box at the opera as un-bankerish and prodigal. Bless their five wits! It plays its part to admiration, for the good of the firm.

Examine her ladyship's visiting-list, or rather, the lists of invitations to her entertaiments (for she is a great deal too far north to invite her poor relations of twenty descents, to her house,) and you will find that all is according to Cocker. Not a name but might stand for a cipher. Not an individual but is translateable into realty or personalty. "Sir Hogmore and Lady Pigwiggin, ten thousand a year in the Fens." "Mr. and Mrs. Groylyn Rugmouth, mines to the tune of hundreds of thousands." "Lord and Lady Frowsyfusty, worth their weight (and what a weight!) in gold!"

Examine the light of their respective countenances, Sir Eustatius at the door of the supper-room; Lady Consols, of the ball-room, pressing their civilities on their customers, past, present, or to come. What urbanity, what courtliness, what flexibility of vertebræ and knees. The curtsy of Lady Consols to a dowager duchess, with a sufficient jointure, is a thing of caoutchouc; and when she shines forth upon some heiress, who has bought her way out of Aldermanbury into the baronetage, it is like the expansion of a July sun at noonday!

People love to be toadied. The rich crowd to the well-lighted, well-refreshmented *fêtes* of Sir Eustatius Consols, season after season, year after year, till, insensibly, intimacy is begotten. On the failure, or retirement of their banker, they recall to mind the persevering civilities of these hospitable hosts. After all, they cannot choose a safer man than Sir Eustatius! Sir Eustatius is one so completely above the world. So much evidence of comfort and abundance in his establishment! Nothing wanting! Old wines, young horses, new pictures, old masters, new carriages, old servants. It has become almost a bounden duty with them to bank with Sir Eustatius!

Sir Eustatius and Lady Consols are, in fact, a sort of Monsieur and Madame Nontongpaw of fashionable life. You ask in the park, "To whom belongs that fine pair of bays?"—"To Lady Consols." You inquire at Madame Dévy's for whom they are making that magnificent court-dress, trimmed with point?—"For Lady Consols." You admire at Kitching's a set of emeralds.—"They are for Lady Consols." You wish to secure Collinet's band for your ball. —"He is engaged to Lady Consols." You think of giving a concert. Not one of the Italian singers but has taken earnest from Lady Consols! But, neither the bays, the point, the emeralds, the French orchestra, nor Italian chorus, are appreciated by her ladyship for their sake, or her own. It is simply essential to her to make her house and person agreeable to those she is desirous to

conciliate, as hosts or guests, in order that Sir Eustatius may conciliate them as customers. Her cast of the net is a bold one; her angling is angling with a golden hook; and unless the draught, or take, of fishes, be little short of miraculous, the game can scarcely pay. To deal with the great world, it is essential that out of every three persons, two should be able to defray the cost of the third; and, for every duke with a splendid rent-roll, there are poor relations, spunging friends, and swindling dependants to be compromised withal, who not unfrequently render them a profitless bargain.

A house of business of this description necessarily comprehends a baronet, and a member of parliament. The "Bart." looks well in the printed cheques; the senatorial dignity extends the connexion of the house, and brings it into hook and crook with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In former days, franking went for something, by a saving of a couple of hundreds per annum to the firm. But, even under the domination of penny postage, election expenses repay themselves by the divinity that doth hedge an M.P. in the eyes of smaller constituents, and the consequence of a vote to be conciliated in those of the greater. A seat in parliament is, consequently, a species of underwriting to a banker.

If one wished to adduce a modern example of the Dives in purple and fine linen of modern times, it might well be in the form of one of these thriving London bankers. Their lives exhibit the comfortable in quintessential comfort. A duke, with a rent-roll of one hundred thousand pounds per annum, is often at a loss for a fifty-pound note — nay, for less. A duke is preyed upon by auditors, agents, stewards, bailiffs, attorneys, bankers; the banker is king over his own till. Money is power, and over money *his* power is great. His foot is upon the necks of the proud, and over the fiercest of the aristocracy doth he cast forth his shoe. But the shoe thus cast forth must be of such costly materials that it is more than problematical whether a Crœsus of the counter of this description is to be considered a safe man!

It is amusing to observe what strange specifications enhance the prosperity of certain bankers. By force of affinity, one man succeeds with the Dissenters, another with the Quakers, a third with the Evangelical, a fourth with the theatrical world—(and a hit or miss order of success it is!) The connection of one firm lies with the agricultural interest, of another with America, of a third with Cochinchina. The jargon and legerdemain of the whole tribe is, however, much the same.

Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing;

a low bow for a large deposit,—a blank stare at a large demand. It has often struck us that, in these days of literary destitution, a private secretaryship to a London banker might be a good place to apply for. The reader to a theatre or a publisher has not half so great a call upon his discretion or powers of language as such a functionary. Every moneyed man, or rather every man having the reputation of a capitalist, and the misfortune of having banked with an insecure firm, must have had occasion to admire, on the failure of his banker, the number and eloquence of the missives addressed to

him in solicitation of his custom. He finds himself suddenly hoisted upon a pedestal, with a dozen servile money-spinners crawling in the dust at his feet. After having made his election, he is not a little diverted to perceive the change of tone in the very first letter addressed to him by the new chancellor of his empty exchequer. The superlatives have already subsided into comparatives. Mr. Grubbinson, who was his most obedient humble servant in 1841, becomes his obedient humble servant in 1842, and his obedient servant in 1843. On the first overdrawing of his account, he is addressed by Grubbinson as Grubbinson and Co.; and, in case of a lagging remittance or dishonoured bill, is informed by him, "for partners and self," that it has been "the uniform practice of the house," or "the immemorial custom of their management of business," &c. &c. &c. After having dragged you by the ears into their books, they use just as little ceremony in kicking you out of them. But to manage the intermedial negociations, the coaxing in and bowing out of Grubbinson's shop, perforce of correspondence, requires no trifling exercise of secretarial prudence. When personally effected, the tact of Grubbinson by himself Grubbinson, alone sufficeth. The man hardens or softens towards the fluctuating constituent, like a bar of iron in a forge. There is as wide a difference between the countenance that says "Good day!" to the man of thousands and that which, the following minute, says, "Get along about your business!" to one in arrear of hundreds, as between the winter and summer solstice!

Safer than either the rigidly severe or irregularly obliging banker is the one between Squaretoes and Pointed, who neither solicits business nor rejects it; satisfied with the cliency bequeathed to him by his predecessor, and sure to surrender it undiminished by ungraciousness, as unendangered by irregular concessions, to those who shall succeed him; pursuing the even tenour of his social way, without regard to the conciliation of business; and forming no intertanglement between his counter and his dining-table.

The business of private banking is supposed to have been greatly diminished of late years by the increase of commercial or joint-stock banks. We doubt whether the preference thus accorded be half so much conceded to prejudice or faith in the greater security in these public concerns, as to the absence of offence in the person of the banker. The manager or superintendent of these concerns is a species of irresponsible and disinterested intermediary, who has no object in picking your pocket, or throwing dust, even if gold dust, into your eyes. You run no risk of being affronted through his means by an invitation to tea, when you feel that your account entitles you to be asked to dinner. He is an influence rather than an individual. You would as soon think of feeling piqued at his deportment as by some dispensation of Providence. It matters not to you whether he drive a barouche or gig, or even adventure the infamy of a hack-cab. He has his stipend, as nominated in the bond, nor more nor less; and to play at ducks and drakes with your money, in the rashness of speculation, would not advance him a doit. He advertiseth not his dinners in the Morning Post, nor doth his wife give balls or concerts. All the better chance that his name will never figure in an uttermost corner of some Wednesday's or Monday's morning paper, in a citation from that exterminating document, the London Gazette.

Be it noticed among the notabilia of the moneyed world, that there are in London one or more banking houses, whose books of business extend back from the reign of Victoria to that of Elizabeth, where, under the name of goldsmiths, curious items of credit appear entered therein, such as goblets, tankards, and apostle spoons. These books constitute invaluable historical archives, besides conveying a patent of commercial nobility; when, as in certain instances we could point out, the banker of to-day descends in direct line, and inherits the identical patronymic of the goldsmith his ancestor,—even as

> An Amurath an Amurath succeed,
> And Harry, Harry.

This is the very legitimacy and conservatism of the kingdom of Mammon. This is an indisputable attestation of hereditary prudence and probity. Such a standing in commercial life becomes a sort of second conscience. Three centuries of trustworthiness!—twelve reigns of financial discretion! It amounts in business life to a barony connected with Magna Charta in the aristocratic! Most of the prominent financial demigods are men of yesterday,—individuals whom Fortune has rolled to the top of her wheel by a single turn, perhaps to be rolled back again with similar precipitation. The greatest Jewish names in the moneyed world are names unknown to the eighteenth century, and which the nineteenth may be reserving to

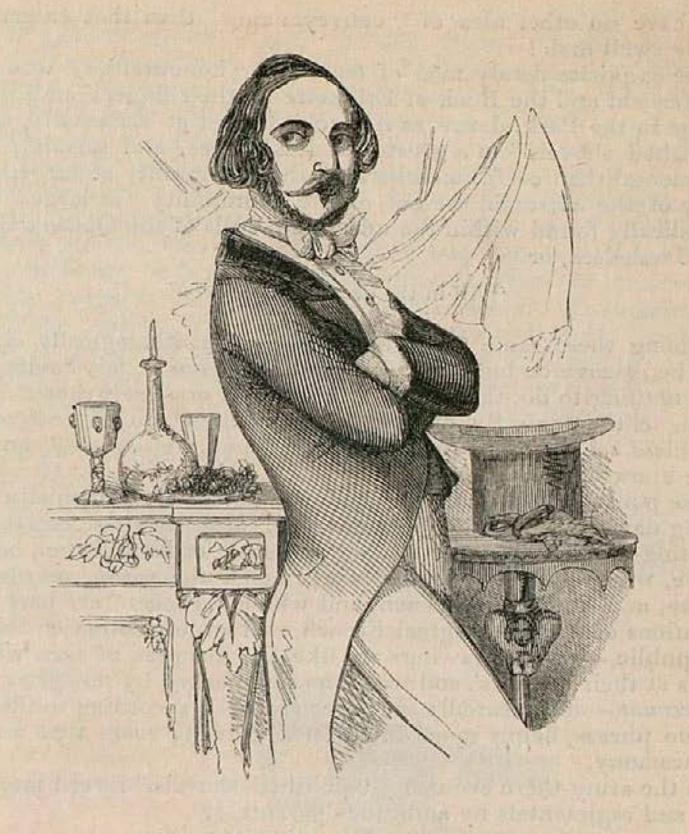
> Point a moral, and adorn a tale.

The life, influence, and connections of old Coutts will one day become historical, conveying a great moral lesson as regards the frailties and infamies at which the worshippers of Mammon, even of the highest grade and repute, will connive, in pursuance of their vile idolatry;—how they will swallow the camels forced upon them by a rich banker, and strain at the gnats buzzing round the head of uninfluential penury.

The thriving London banker of the Coutts order is in truth Sir Oracle. Your Privy Councillor sings small to him;—your learned magistrate defers to his decree;—the thews and sinews of the war of life lie at his disposal. At his nod the sluice-gates close or open which control the fate of a country, and the destinies of thousands. The Sultan is not more absolute. Where he concedes, the world applauds his liberality,—where he withholds, his prudence. His penuriousness is foresight,—his weakness magnanimity. Whether close-fisted or open, a great banker can do no wrong—*i. e.* till his docket is struck.

More would we say; but be a simple anecdote the apology for our discretion. Some one was complaining to a popular lawyer of the inconvenience he had sustained from the failure of his banker. "You should do as I do," replied the cautious friend.—"*I* can never be inconvenienced.—I always have *two* bankers;—and I overdraw both."

On this hint, having become the banker of our own banker, the less we say the better, perhaps, in elucidation of the mysteries of the calling; for howbeit we have no house of business in Lombard Street, we entertain a sort of fellow-feeling towards—The London Banker.



THE POLISHED SHOVEL.

"DON'T use that!" exclaimed my maiden aunt, as I attempted to take the shovel to throw on a fallen coal or two. "You must be a Goth to think of using a polished shovel. It is only for *ornament;* and there is more time and trouble spent in keeping it so than you imagine."

I owned my *gaucherie*, and stood corrected.

Of course all our readers must have seen or heard of a polished shovel,—as ordinary an appendage of the *grate* as a six-foot show-footman,—a sort of case-hardened sinecurist, who does nothing from one year's end to the other but loll listlessly upon its supporters,—and, although neither wanting in *brightness* nor *reflection,* does *nothing,* and says *less,* as an Irishman would phrase it!

Alas! and alack a day! (or, according to the ambitious aspiration of an East Indian cadet, "a *lass* and a *lac* a-day!") there are many, very many polished shovels in society, in human form, who, albeit as ornamental, are as perfectly useless as our acquaintances of the drawing-room stove. They have many of them, probably, been bred to the *bar;* but, contemptuously spurning *Coke,* and never having "taken up" a *Little-ton* in the whole course of their lives,

they have no other idea of "conveyancing" than that entertained by the swell mob!

The exquisite-dandy-men of *ton*,—the "honourables," who have Chesterfield and the Book of Etiquette at their fingers' ends,—who lounge in the Park, dance at Almack's, or bet at Tattersalls', are all "polished shovels" in a greater or less degree, and certainly more ornamental than useful members of the community at large, albeit many of the aforesaid are not of the community "at large," being periodically found within the unscalable walls of the Queen's Bench, the Marshalsea, or

"All in the *downs*—the *Fleet!*"

Among these same "polished shovels," ornithologically classed, may be discovered both "rooks" and "pigeons;" for, having literally nothing to do, they "do" one another, or—are "done." And again, ichthyologically classed, some of these stupid and utterly worthless *souls* may be termed "flats" and "gudgeons," and the more knowing ones "*sharks*."

The polished shovels of the feminine gender are principally those young damsels who are "brought out," after having received the finishing polish from some of the "refiners" of Kensington, or elsewhere, who do Berlin worsted work, touch the piano, murder the Italian, and burke the French, and whose "capers" are bare-faced imitations of the real original French, and an imposition on the British public,—whose drawings are like the cheques of men without funds at their bankers', and are generally marked by no *effects*, or of no *account*,—and assuredly are never *honoured*, according to the mercantile phrase, being more fitted for a drawing-room than a drawing academy.

In the army there are many "polished shovels" forced into a red coat and regimentals by ambitious parents, or

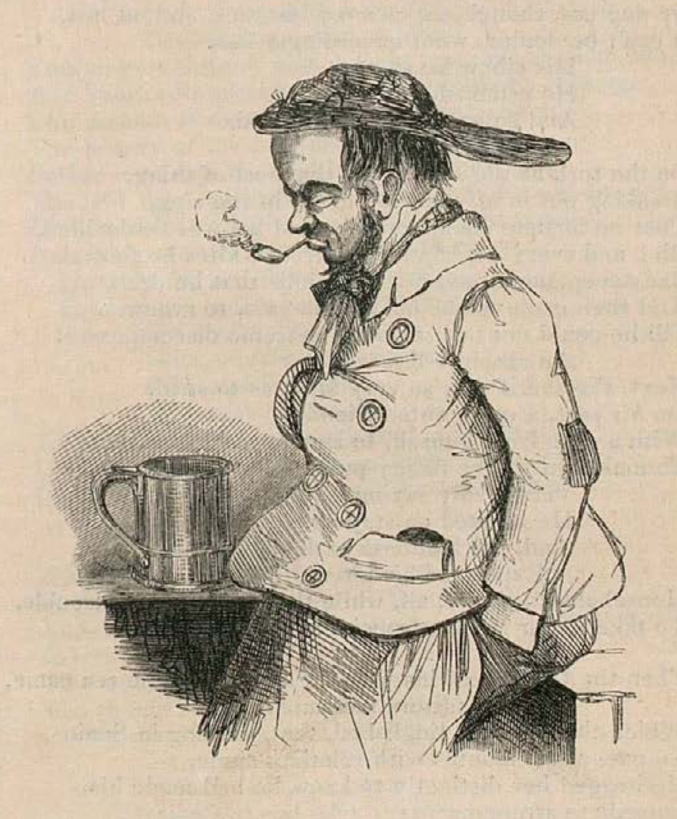
"Because they 've nothing else to do,"

and who are "martinets" to the men in the parks and parades, and the admiration of giggling nursery maids; but who generally prefer "home, sweet home" to travel, and always "exchange" when their regiment is ordered abroad, to the great delight of whole ranks and old "files," who are vulgar enough to think that the smell of gun is superior to violet-powder!

In the law, too, there are "polished shovels," and especially among the first houses in town. The firm of Messrs. Varnish Fitzdiddle and Son is composed of three members, all of wealthy families of extensive connexions; they have consequently splendid offices, ruled into the different departments of chancery, conveyancing, common law, &c. &c.; and have only just sufficient parrot-knowledge to discriminate the department, and to send for Figgins or Liggins, as the case may be, who is the principal drudge of that particular section of the law which is desired to be put in action by their respectable clients; and the business is well done, and their bill of costs untaxable, for they are *legally* honest, and are too polished to be pettifoggers, but on their own part they do nothing. "Our chancery" or "our common law clerk" conducts the whole suit, "shovelling up the coals," while they stand by, unsullied and unmoved.

In all government offices the "polished shovels" are very numerous; they are generally branches of the aristocracy, or appointed by ministerial interest; their thirty-third cousin will be found, upon investigation, to be able to command a certain number of votes for a certain borough, and his peculiar interest transforms his relative into the "principal" of some office, who punctually attends from eleven till two, reads the newspaper, yawns, fatigues himself by signing his name to some important documents, and rushes away precisely as the clock strikes, like a newly-emancipated slave. Four times a year, however, he is really moved,—that is, when he receives the quarterly payment of his "hard-earned" salary. Unfortunately, with all his "polish," he is not frequently very civil to the "public." Of course there are exceptions; but they are "gentlemen born," and cannot "help it," so we must not praise them for exercising that urbanity which is so natural to that very limited class, that to be "uncivil" would be contrary to their nature and education. We have the pleasure of knowing many such.

At court, which is all *great*, the "polished shovels" are innumerable; but, alas! for pride and poor humanity, Mors, that great dust-contractor, and contractor of men's views, will, sooner or later, inevitably call upon the "polished shovels," and with his enormous dust-shovel, unfeeling cast them all in one common heap!



THE MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR.

A POEM. IN THREE CANTOS.

BY G. DE LYS.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Straits and difficulties.—Repaireth with his bride to Spain.—Difficulties increase.—Quitteth home and wife.—Meeteth with a friend in his extremity.—Belphegor not unmindful of benefits.—Exorcism.—Is at odds with his friend.—Is vanquished.—Returneth to the realms infernal.—Great question of his mission remaineth unsolved.—Conclusion.

To return to our hero and heroine, they
Began their *ménage* with a striking display,
Not to say too profuse,—what I mean is, that *she* had her
Box at each theatre;
He his yacht and his racers.—A wealthy man *may*.
By degrees, though, he mended his pace, and, at last,
It can't be denied, went exceedingly fast.
His elbow he shook,
He established a book,
And so gambled and revelled,
Taking his swing
On the turf, at the *salon*,—all that sort of thing,
Breaking out in *all* places,—at *all* in the ring,
That no fortune could stand it, and his was be-devilled.
Oh! and every description of strange kites he flew,
Bad acceptances gave with the bills that he drew,
And then came to the holders, in vain, to renew.
Till he could not but see, with extreme discomposure,
An absolute brosier.
Next, the sheriff was so very kind, as to send,
On *his* part, a confidential friend,
With a note from himself, to announce him as come
To make one of the family-party at home;
Very civilly saying
He insisted on staying,
And, the kindness to double,
Expressed his intent,
Household, furniture, all, while the Count was in trouble,
To take under his own special management.

Then the Count told his wife she must over the sea come,
"Gades aditura mecum,"
Which thus may be Englished, that, wishing in Spain
To pass a few months with relations again,
He begged her distinctly to know he had made his
Immediate arrangements to take her to Cadiz;

Then, passing across a few Vegas and Sierras,
He would give her a sight of his Bienes and Tierras,
Where she 'd live, not in clover, there 's little there—very,
But the best of figs, chocolate, melons, and sherry.

Ah me! what troubles environ and weary a
Countess who 's going by sea to Iberia!
From the Land's End, all out to th' aforesaid Cadiz,
To think of what sufferings were that lady's.
All down Channel a tumbling sea!—
Then, off Ushant, alarmed, and not well was she!
In "Gascoigne's vexed gulph," at every breath
She went, sick,—to a berth did I say?—sick to death!
Then, after head-winds, and all other things sinister,
To their comfort they heard they had weathered Cape Finisterre;
Saw the Burlings next day,—made the Tagus at sun-down,—
Passed St. Vincent's,—and, having their latitude run down,
On the next hauled their wind, and stood in under Rota,—
Took in courses and spanker,
Stood by to drop anchor,
Then brought up in smooth water;—out came a shore-boat, a
Queer craft, with a saint
On her stern-post, in paint,
And two eyes at her stem,
Twelve oars,—and at *them*
Twelve men did not *pull*, but they *pushed* at them, standing,
And half Cadiz turned out to admire at the landing.
But, enough of descriptions! I 'll not pursue
The history of the land-journey too.
Suffice it to say, that the lady and devil
Thought they might as well rest a few days at Seville.
It seemed for delay he 'd some excellent reason;
Enlarging such considerations as these on,
How the Intendente at Cuença
Says all the mules have the influenza,
Speaks, besides, of banditti,
Who, without ruth or pity,
Offer sad incivilities
To people whose will it is
To travel just now 'twixt Madrid and this city,
Or westward, toward Talavera la Reyna,
By the Strada Reale, through Sierra Morena.
All fudge!
He could not budge,
Simply because that it so did hap,
He hadn't, to bless himself, left one rap;
And, to stay where he was, he was puzzled from whence his
Resources to raise for the current expenses.
That excellent plan for deferring a smash,
Viz. to buy things on credit, and sell 'em for cash,
Was one he could not very long pursue;
And, poor Constance, too;—
What was *she* to do?

Allowance for pin-money many months due,
And in vain representing she had not a shilling her
Own, to pay either her washing or milliner.
So, all else of the family-stock gone and spent,
The last thing to go was her temper.—It went!

Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and apt to tease,
And variable, as the trade
Is by Sir Robert's new corn-law made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
Or—never mind the where, or how,—
A ministering angel thou!
Now no one of these was Belphegor's malady,
Which into an angel will always turn *a* lady,
For Constance would never have failed to minister,
I'll warrant, in any conjuncture so sinister.
But an angel himself, who's been long rolling *in* money
Would grumble a little, if stopped of his pin-money.
Belphegor saw his politics
At a considerable fix,
All his troubles before him;—
With long bills to bore him;—
And nothing to pay them.—
Duns calling successively,
Grieving excessively,
Cash was so scarce that they could not delay them;—
Would always feel honoured, at his command,
To send out their goods on his note of hand,—
Or an I. O. U.,—
But had doubts, when due,
Whether *they* would find themselves honoured too.
Wife always a-scolding him;—
House too hot for holding him;—
And, one blessed day, as he went up to dress,
His devils of servants completed the mess.
Such a mess he was ne'er, since the day he was born, in;
For they came in a body,—they did,—to give warning.
They would always be proud, they desired to say,
To live with His Honour in any capacity,
And, of course, like all other poor devils, that they
Would have held to their places with all due tenacity;
It was all very well,
And they *scorned* to rebel;
With reluctance they'd formed their decision unanimous;
But, rather than stay, upon such terms, in any house,
They preferred going back—where, 't was needless to tell.

Here's a nice bit of cookery!
Servants gone!
Left to keep house with his wife alone!
And, as if just to finish the row in the rookery,

Creditors, peeping in, one by one,
Knocked, as before,
No one answered the door ;—
To each other they say,
"Here 's the Devil to pay!"—
They were wrong.—He was *not.*—He was gone right away.
What was now to be done?—
The stable wide open!—What!—Not cut and run?
Yes!—His nag was a clipper.—The race was begun!—

There was mounting 'mid silversmiths, bootmakers, schneiders,
(The latter were found but indifferent riders,—
There were many, indeed, who had ne'er been astride horse ;)
But all, to a man,
They rode, or they ran,
The pace became killing ;—now catch him who can!—
. . . .
A lone cottage gate!—
'Twas a goatherd's!—he gain'd it!—the duns they came late.

"Help!—Thieves are pursuing!—
Help!—Hide me from ruin!"—
In the chimney there'd not been a fire all night,
Up he went and sat tight—
It was not at all likely they 'd there make inspection,
And a trifle of soot would not hurt his complexion—
And 'twas cool to *some* places in his recollection.—
What a rout!—
They 'd no doubt
He was somewhere about,—
Where they would,—closet,—cellar,—they can't find him out.
A few curses they mutter'd
At the honest old goatherd,
Maledicted his children, and outraged his dame,—
Which done,—they departed, as wise as they came.

"To talk of mere gratitude
Now were a platitude.
For your kind hospitality, friend, I am *all* thanks.
To return it hereafter to *you* were but *small* thanks.
Only, mind what I say ;—
You have shelter'd this day
One who now can and will, in a measure and way
You little have dreamt of, this good turn repay.
First, it's right to explain to you,—(how the man stares!)
That you have not an *angel* received unawares.
Do not cross yourself so—
You 're annoying me ;—no,—
I come, now don't start, from the regions below.
They tell me, among your great people in Spain,
A disease call'd Possession prevails ;—I 'll be plain ;—
The next case you hear of, be sure you attend ;
'Twill be I,—there 's my card,—take a hint from a friend,—

Speak my name in a whisper,—the Spirit is laid,
The patient 's restored,—and your fortune is made."

Now it chanced that our goatherd, within half a year, accidentally, met,
In the Seville Gazette,
(The good man could read,) with a letter signed "Verax."
The daughter, it said, of the Corregidor
Had an illness which puzzled the faculty sore,
Symptoms of mental excitation,
Amounting almost to an aberration—
That she chatter'd all manner of impropriety
To her ghostly advisers, of every society
The most famous for learning as well as for piety;
Putting them up to a great deal more
Than ever they 'd heard of or dreamt of before;
Moreover that she, when to church they did bring her,
Before incense-boy, bell-ringer, preacher, and singer,
Put her thumb to her nose, and extended her finger;
Telling *such* things, besides, to her priest in confession,
That he strongly suspected a case of possession.
Then they call'd for her Governess to her, whose station
Had been to watch over her education.
But this well-bred young lady strait told the Duenna,
In three short shocking words, she might go to Gehenna;
Calling out, without shame, like a heretic sinner,
('Twas on Friday,) she wanted some beef for her dinner.—
The conclusion was obvious—the Devil was in her.
They had tried mesmerizing,
Homœopathizing,
And took to advising
With all who are wise in
The best received methods of exorcising.—
They had tried for her fits
The cold-baths, call'd Sitz,
So much recommended by Doctor Preisnitz—
Unsuccessful they were, though that able physician
Every mode tried them in, and in every position,
Bed whether she lay on,
Or up, *sur son séant*,
Day and night for a month she was chin-deep in water;
But, immerse, as they would, the Corregidor's daughter,
In his glory, alone,
To wait till they 'd done,
Still, snugly within her, the Evil One
Sat, as warm as a toast, and as dry as a bone;
While she talk'd a score,
Or two, naughty things more,
And louder and faster than before.

"Now 's my time," thought the Goatherd, and gat him before
The Corrégidor's door,

Whose respectable head
Put itself out of window,
And civilly said,
" Don't remain talking there in the street, but come in, do."—
Quoth the visitor, " Muy estimable Señor,
I 've no reason to doubt it,
From what I have glean'd,
The young Señorita 's possess'd by a fiend.
And, judging it likely you wish him cast out, it
Is fit I should say, knowing *something* about it,
'Tis easy effected—
And, speak but the word, (as for remuneration
I will trust to your worship's kind consideration,)
And the Dæmon 's ejected."

" Pooh ! pooh !
Who the plague are you ?—
Go back to your goats, and take care of them !—do !"—
But, he humbly replying
That, without on his powers too boldly relying,
He thought that there might be no harm in his trying,
On the whole, the fond father
Confess'd he was rather
(Remember we say
No play, no pay,—)
Disposed, all consider'd, to think so too.
Then the Goatherd drew near,
Put his mouth to her ear,
And whisper'd, " I say !"—A small voice answer'd " Here !—
All right !—as I promised,—and, now, you shall know
And feel
I have not been slow
To keep faith, and do all that is just and genteel.—
For the rest, my old boy, you 've (I wish you much joy) done
The very best day's work you e'er were employ'd on.
But a word.—All great measures, we 're told, have one quality,
Or *should* have,—*finality*.—
So *this* hint I give you.—We part as we met,
Neither of us one ha'p'orth in t'other one's debt.—
But, remember these words,—I don't speak them in vain,—
You must never presume to disturb me again.
To be exorcised isn't
By any means pleasant.—
You have known me as friend ;—you 've not known me as foe.—
Mind you never forget it was *I* told you so.
Farewell ! I have done ! I 've obey'd your commands.—
Live a thousand years ;—and I kiss your hands."

Now at once be it said, to avoid being tedious,
The reward which our Goatherd received was egregious ;
That he lived at his ease ; like a rich man and cosey ;
Had his villa, and vineyards, and toadies ;—and those he
'd been known by as " Pepe " now call'd him " Don Jose."

Toward the fall of that year,—
(I acknowledge that here
Some little confusion of dates doth appear;
This is often the case in history, . .
But you have the tale as 'twas given to me.—)
The French King,—(and, in spite
Of every inquiry, I 'm troubled outright
To say *which* King it was,—) did a letter indite
To his Brother of Spain,
Certain facts to explain;
How his eldest born daughter, to wit Madame Royale,
To the great consternation of all subjects loyal,
And his infinite grief, both as Father and Sovereign,
Was far gone with a Devil, and deem'd past recovering.
'Twas possession, in short, such as seldom occurs;—
Like the case aforemention'd?—No!—many times worse.
Suffice it to say, 'twas enough to embarrass
The Archbishop of Tours, and the Bishop of Arras,
To puzzle extreme-
ly the Bishop of Nimes,
And to put to his trumps the Archbishop of Paris.—
"Now," continued the Monarch, "forgive this intrusion,
But I 'm told that a subject of yours, Andalusian,
A native of Seville,
Is an eminent hand at ejecting a Devil.—
You may easy conceive, King and Brother, I 'm bent
On consulting this wise man, incontinent."—
He of Spain said in answer he 'd instantly sent
To the person in question,
And deliver'd his Majesty's gracious suggestion,—
But that, as to the practical proposition,
He could not bring him to it
On any condition.
First, the man himself said he 'd lost all pow'r to do it.
And he next pleaded bodily indisposition.
In short, the whole job, he seem'd much to eschew it.—
He of France then replied he did not care a jot,
As regarded the man, whether 'twas so or not;
"But I beg *you 'll* remark, if he don't,
Or he won't,
I shall take it, as *we* say in French, *en affronte*,
And hold *you* responsible.—Do as you please.—
But,—*there 'll be an end of the Pyrennees!*"

So the Monarch of Spain,
(For, when monarchs take fright,
The expedient will sometimes lose sight of the right,)
Made it clear to our Goatherd resistance was vain;—
So, accordingly, he
Forthwith to the Frontier was dragg'd, neck and heels,
By the Alguazils,

And given in charge to the Gens d'Armerie.—
"Oh ho!" quoth the King, "are you there?
Mon cher.—
What you *would* do, or *can* do, I don't know or care;—
But see
That tree!—
If you don't cure my daughter, and instantly,
Je vous pendrai,—that 's flat.—
Have you French enough in you to understand *that?*"
And, to show the sense clearly, he twitch'd his cravat
With a sidelong jerk.—

Now, here 's pretty work!—
It was plain to the Goatherd 'twere talking to air
For *him* to declare
All the straits he was in;—
He was quite at a loss even how to begin;
But submitted 'twould be both a shame and a sin
To persist in so cruel a resolution;
And he *hoped* he would *not* order execution.
Wouldn't he though?—
Oh dear no! -
He only pointed to his bourreau.—

"Well, then, build me a platform both broad and high,
With a canopy
For the princess, and for your Majesty;
Let the court, and the priesthood, all, likewise, be by.
It is hard on me—very;—but still I will try."
Dying men have a sort of an inspiration.
He placed his finger across his brow.
And, on what is the good man a-thinking now?

"And give me, besides, for myself, I pray,
Twenty-four trumpeters, all of a row;
The same number of drummers, too, standing below.
And, when I shall throw up my hat, then, straightway,
Let them all drum and blow,
And the mob also
Be instructed to set up a lusty hurrah!"

The platform is set,
And upon it is met
A concourse prodigious
Of the whole of the court, and of all the religious.
And, around, troops of *all* arms,
Artillery, and small arms.
Then mustered in very great force, furthermore,
Of guards that strong corps,
Which one oftentimes meets
In such very great numbers in London streets;—
(I *don't* mean the *First* Guards, whose exploits have stunned us;—
Nor the *Fusileer* Guards,—nor the Nulli Secundus;—

Nor yet any one of those regiments crack,
Life Guards, who so often were led to attack
By brave Colonel Camac,
Whose name spells the same both forwards and back;—
Neither do
I mean *Horse* Guards *Blue*;—
But that fine *eighth* battalion of foot-guards, called *Black*,
Whom the ancients did term the *Melænophylac*.*)

Then the Goatherd drew near,
And he put his mouth close to the princess's ear,
And whispered, "I say."—A small voice answered "Here!
Is it *you*?—Then we 're likely to fall out, I fear."
"Belphegor! Belphegor!" the Goatherd replied,
"Such misfortunes as these may the best man betide—
I would not, I suppose you
Will do me the justice to feel, discompose you;
I 've refused;—but this tyrant will take no denial,
And insists—woe is me!—on my making the trial.
If I fail, he will hang me. But, nevertheless,
On *your* pity I cast me in this my distress."—
"You don't say so, my friend!—Why, then, you 're in a mess,
I guess.
Men are apt to be so when they trust to *me*;—Yes.—
Recollect, when we last met, on some such affair,
What I said.—Go, be hanged!—I 've no pity to spare."

Now, hey day!—what 's that?—
In his utmost despair
The Goatherd has thrown up his hat
In the air!
Then the drummers they drummed, and the trumpeters blew,
And the mob gave a shout,—and the little boys, too,
Having nought else to do, joined the hullabaloo.

Then again to the Goatherd the small voice it spake.
"Just, before you 're suspended, for old friendship's sake,
One request let me make.
You well may suppose it is not that I 'm baffled in
Facing the company here on this scaffolding.
Give devils their due, and don't think us such asses
As at this time of day to be frightened at masses,—
At your incenses,—
Nonsenses!—
Candles a-twinkling,
And little bells tinkling,
And a man in a cope, with a shaven crown,
Holding two fingers up, and two fingers down;—
But, pray tell me, (I own that it rather annoys me),

* "Τοις μεη Μελαινοφυλακοις, Ο Ανδρες Αθηναιοι, ουκ αγορηστω."
DEMOSTHEN. Περι Στεφαν.

There 's nothing to daunt in
A little good chaunting,
But what *can* this confounded unnatural noise be ?—
All this buxination, and tubicination,
This acclamation, and tympanization ?—
My acoustics are perfect, though, do what I may,
Not a ray of day
Can I see any way,
You may well understand, from a place such as mine is
At this present, inside of Her Royal Highness."
To whom thus the Goatherd, "I beg and desire ye
No excuses to make for this simple inquiry,
To the which, I believe, I can give satisfaction.
They tell me this trumpetting, horning, and drumming,
Means simply, a great Foreign Countess is coming
From Spain ; but I hear she 's of English extraction ;
A trav'ler, in short,
Come to see the sport.
She 's a widow, they say,—but I can't answer for 't."

He had not ceased to speak,
When one terrible shriek
Was heard from the princess, all hearers alarming ;—
One struggle, the while ;—
'T was a moment ;—the next she sat up, with a smile,
And declared all was over,—she felt herself charming !
And some credible monks there are *now*, who declare
They saw *something*, with horns and a tail, then and there,
Like mad fly away with all speed through the air.—
It was clear that Belphegor was off in a panic,
And nothing remained of the influence Satanic,
Exept an effluvium slightly volcanic.

What remains of this history, and what befell
Belphegor, a few simple words will tell.
He went back his best pace,—where,—you know very well.

Quoth the devils who wait
At the outer gate
"Why, *what* brings *you* back at this deuce of a rate ?"—
"Spare my feelings,—don't ask me details to relate.
'Tis sufficient,—before ye
You see the old story.—
I wedded,—and now am sent here by my mate !"

Unsolved the old question, then, *still* doth remain ;
But Belphegor declineth to try it again.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

AN EVENING'S GOSSIP.

BY FRANCIS PAUL PALMER.

Come from the lulling fireside,
The wine-cup and the song!
We will wander forth through woodlands wide,
In a wild and sportive throng,
Where the whirlwinds blow the falling snow
From the upland's wint'ry brow,
And with mournful cries the owl replies
To the raven on the bough.
With carol-strain we 'll chaunt in the lane,
Where the hawthorn glimmers white,
And we 'll gather us boughs to adorn the house
On holy Christmas night.

HAIL to the Old Man!—welcome to Father Christmas!—welcome! welcome! upon the threshold of our winter-home! Shake the snow-clod from your ancient feet, the drift from your mantled shoulders, the icicles from your hoary beard, and let us lay aside your pilgrim-wand, and lead you through the garlanded porchway into our cheerful hall! And *thus* you have returned again, dear, old, mirthful Father! to bless our children and our grandchildren, and to see the "fading year" shrouded for its solemn grave! How fine and cheery you look!—your eyes so bright, your cheeks so beaming with life's own mellow rubicundity! Ah! it is good to see thee now, so hie to the vaulted nook; and Margery shall spice a brown bowl for your evening's draught, and we will circle around your knees so closely, as if "farewell" were the word you had never spoken! And indeed you shall never leave us, until you have worn out the whole treasury of songs, and told us all of the jests and the ballads of olden time you learned so truly. Ah! now you lay down your wonder-wallet; for it is bursting from corpulence of manuscript and pictorial rarities, quirks and funny faces, receipts for dainty junketings, lists of courtships, weddings, revelries, and right royal games, with here and there a vizard, a tuning-pipe, a roll of *contre-danses*, and dog-eared packs of playing-cards. So here is the brown bowl! and let us drink health and a happy season together; for you told us last winter old Tusser hath indited,—

Good housewife and husband, now chiefly be glad,
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be had:
And both they provide against Christmas do come,
To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have some;
Good bread, and good drinke, a good fier in the hall.
Brawne, pudding and souse, and good mustard withal:
Beef, mutton, and porke, shread pies of the best,
Pig, veale, goose, and capon, and turkey wel drest;
Cheese, apples and nuts, jollie carols to hear,
As then in the country is counted good cheere.

TUSSER, "*Of Christmas.*"

No festival time of the Christian calendar is so dear to remembrance, or treasured with such anticipation, as the "*Holiday of Christmas.*" Long, long before the Blessed Nativity had given to the world the *Saviour Child,* the nations of northern Europe were accustomed at the winter solstice to celebrate the birth of a new year; and there is reason to consider that, even in those semi-fabulous days, the banquet and the outrageous revel were allied to sentiments inculcated by Pagan

priests. The heathen Saxons (who approximate to our purpose) commenced their year on the eighth of the calends of January, which is now our Christmas Day; and the night before that day, which is our "holiest Eve," was called "Mædrenack," or the *Night of Mothers,* probably from ceremonies observed at the time, and now absorbed in the tide of oblivion. Certain it is that some of our own signs and ceremonies, such as The Yule Log, the use of evergreens, and "Christmas candles," were derived from pagan mysteries. They were in full favour upon the introduction of the Gospel, and were, without compromise transferred to the new religion, through multitudes whose hearts were pledged by nature to a reverence for certain simple emblems, beloved by sires and grandsires of the unblemished race, and by ancestors of earlier date than many of the Druid oaks of Britain, or the gloomy pine-trees of prophetic Scandinavia.

Much learning has been frittered away in chasing to its positive signification the word YULE, which is used still more poetically to express the holiday. Gebelin and Stiernhielm are authorities upon the etymon; for it is clear that the *primitive* "hiol," "iul," or "wheol," signifies *revolution wheel;* and in Sweden the month of December is called "Iul-month," or the *month of return.* The festival in the early Latin Church was observed as the *Feast of Lights,* because many torches were then used in divine service, &c.; and in church as well as in hall, this became universal as an emblematic exposition of the manifestation of the Godhead in the Second Person,—the emblem, by the way, partaking also of pagan formalities, inasmuch as the *Yule-bloc,* and other burning evidences, were only counterparts of the "Bæl-fyr," or "Bæn-fyr," (Bon-fire?) at Midsummer; one being made within doors in the colder solstice, the other upon hills, &c. in the warmer solstice. We have abundant record of the manner in which Christmas was observed in earlier times; for history has bequeathed to us by our splendid old chroniclers the important fact, that it was "kept" with solemn pageantry at Oxford, London, Windsor, Westminster, Greenwich, &c. by the Edwards, the Henries, and by the kingly paladins of each reign; and, though battles, treacheries, pestilences, and famines were the theme of those "mountains of vellum," yet such fireside materials were appended, as an illumination, amidst pages of less amiable transactions. In the middle ages, and whilst feudal tenure predominated, the larger manorial dwellings were inundated at this season by visitors of every description,—princes, ambassadors, knights, minstrels, mendicants, and eager bondsmen. "The barons," say old chroniclers, "feasted the *whole* country!" And writing this, I bethink me, the *limbs* of humanity were nearer to the *heart* in those days! Great lords "kept Christmas" with the monarch. In all places wide hospitality and beneficence prevailed. Donations and dues were given to the Catholic Church, domestics were supplied with abundant apparel, presents were universally exchanged between persons of equal rank and station, and there were found welcome and a wassail for every guest. It will aid our conception of the middle age hospitality to remember, that our King Richard the Second ordinarily employed three hundred household domestics, and entertained six thousand persons daily. On the Eve of the Nativity, the "Yule Log" (the trunk of a timber tree, fashioned into a convenient form by the household carpenter) was dragged with much ceremony into the hall, accompanied by a flaunting procession of boisterous personages, some perhaps in

masquerading suits, accompanied by minstrels, who were now to be hired by "village-fuls," and by the local jester, or buffoon, with fox-skin head-dress, and garment of "motley." It rested in the hall, whilst horns of mead or ale were quaffed on and around it, to the master and family, who usually surveyed the sport from the dais gallery. It must be remembered for these times, that the eve of every great festival was a day of shrift and a "fasting" day, so that excesses before the feast were restrained. The log was then laid on the "supporters" upon the hearth, and fired with lighted wood preserved from the brand of the preceding year. Yule torches were then distributed, carols were sung, and good wishes were reiterated. All this while, or soon after, the "master-cook" was fuming in the kitchen, or storming in the "buttery-hatch," arranging with his subservients for the forthcoming banquet, and the whole mansion echoed to the braying of spice in mortars, the worrying of incessant rolling-pins, the keening of trenchant blades, the shivering clash of pewter, the crackling of wood fires, the clumping and scraping of innumerable chopping-knives, and the shrill jests of rosy maids, responsive to the provincial drolleries of juvenile lubberkins in waiting upon their "*sweet personages*." Then there was the midnight Mass, and torch-light in every lane, and by every forest boundary, and sounds of music afloat. Then there was the High Mass, or solemn Mass of the Festival,—great eloquence upon "Bethlehem, the Babe, and the Virgin Mother, and mercy infinite." Sweet chaunting, too, of the hymn, "Jesu Redemptor Omnium;" for

"The mass was sung.
And the bells were rung,"

and every holy and every profane roof was garnished with evergreens, the "thimble-leafed" box, the gallant mistletoe, the drowsy ivy, and the holly-bough, glistening with coral-clustered beads. Then all rushed at random from the sanctuary, the rabble shouting "Ule! Ule! Ule!" with provoking lungs; the pious whispering "*Adeste fideles!*" and the spiggot-men singing wonderfully in laud of frumenty, honey-cakes, and spiced ale. "A curse upon King Edgar for a loon!" say they; "the murderer and the born villain! who invented 'peg-tankards,' and so deprived poor blind Thirst of a way of its own!" Surely a kitchen is Paradise at plentiful Yule-tide! Shall we be permitted to clear our lips with a moistened toast, and tune up a song from that garrulous lively old cricket of the bygone hearth; our most excellent Master Herrick!

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success on his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That good luck may
Come while the log is attending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding,

For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums standing by,
To fill the paste that's a kneading."

Harvest and vintage found good men and strong, who all the world over claim guerdon now in Christendom.*

Believe me, too, how the country in those days swarmed with pedlars, sword-dancers, and mummers; lords in waggons, judges upon horseback, clergy, also, in reverend train, on sleeken sumpter mules. You could not walk behind a varlet, but, forsooth, he was bound to a "Christmassing," or to giggle with other lewd knaves at the Abbot of Fools, and his indecorous "*clerical*" assistants. You could not look through a privet-hedge, or a black-thorn boundary, without banging your brow against the nose of some hungry homeward traveller. Venerable historians relate that "the feast was equally observed in war or in peace," and that even outlaws, homicides, and traitors, were free to join in the universal pastimes and solemnities. As the once powerful chains of feudal bondage were rusted and broken, men became less enslaved to each other, and to mutual observances; the sports that royalty and vagrancy delighted in together, decayed; and to our day was consigned the sentiment, a sincere one, in good truth, but stripped of all quaint and eloquent adornment, "Clavus, clavo pellitur, consuetudo, consuetudine vincitur." Nail is driven out by nail; one custom vanquishes another. "Henry the Seventh" (one wonders how he could find it in his heart to change a groat,) "kept his Christmas at Greenwich: on Twelfth Night, after high mass" (mass, of course, was *before* mid-day) "the King went to the hall, and kept his estate at the table; in the middle sat the Dean, and those of the King's Chapel, who immediately after the King's first course, sang a caroll."—LELAND, *Collectar.* vol. iv. p. 237. Conceive Queen Alexandrina Victoria, and her amiable husband, keeping their Christmas at the "Old Ship," or the "Star and Garter," Richmond!—then imagine his "Grace of Canterbury," after the first course, or the last, being requested to favour the company *with a carol!* How could he be freed from the dilemma, save by commanding one of his own purple-breeched lacqueys to supply his deficiency. This might be the selection:—"*As it fell out upon a day,*" "*Rich Dives made a feast,*" or, "*My gift is small—a dozen of points,*" or, "*As I lay on a sunny bank!*" and yet, all of these have been carolled unto royal ears, unplugged of flattery, for the homely occasion. Kings listened, whilst great lords and fleecy divines drawled forth the plaintive melody. If we would racily enjoy the contemplation of such a period, or even of later days, when

"Christmas had its Christmas carols,
And ladies' sides were hoop'd like barrels,"

we must upraise the cumbrous chronicle again, never forgetting the while that the tyranny of the rich man over the poor, the strong man over the weak, was a sad scourge even in those "hospitable days;" and few men lived, who, after the heavy repast, licked bashfully, like a hound, from the groaning table of a Lord Paramount, would have

* From the commencement of Christianity, there was much uncertainty as to the precise time of our Lord's nativity. Pope Telesphorus (A. D. 127), at the suggestion of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, ordered a scrutiny, and the 25th of December was accordingly fixed upon; but, if we consider "the general enrolment of the people," and the "watch of the shepherds," we shall perhaps agree with those who place the occurrence about the end of October or the beginning of November.—See LARDNER'S *Evidences.*

dared to whisper *upon a common* the thought that rose at the sight of the bloody, bribe-polluted fingers, which rendered to him the feudal platterful. It is sagely prophesied that in these "*our* times," the Stomach will be fairly dethroned, — I *don't* believe it, — but joyfully may we celebrate the proclamation of Regal Brain as the reigning successor. In the great and gradual contest which marks the age, trenchermen and portly buffetiers are fast disappearing from the ranks of the victorious side, and lean and more spiritual warriors, who do not babble of "education," but who *do discipline* and "*educate*" by their delegated omnipotence, have supplied their once-shadowy places.

But we are growing grave as an old saw. Where, then, shall we spend this very Christmas, when health and spirits are bestowed? In the town?—no, indeed! We abhor as "a double poor's rate" the unequivocal infliction of a family "party" or "squat" upon the 25th of December, that is to say, in such unpoetical regions as Brummagem, Manchester, Sheffield, and the like. Beshrew me! the unscientific, unsentimental "assortment!" (to use a "trade" favourite). *No new* piano for me; *no new* curtains; *no new* dining-tables; *no new* chandelier; *no new* packs of gilded playing-cards; *no* little, fat, selfish old man, in blue and drab; *no* "nice old ladies" in *new* head-gear; *no* "*lecturing*" young "*professionals*" in *new* suits of black; *no* brass-buttoned school-boys; *no* mamma, and muslin-stricken school-girls; *no* "Robinson Crusoe," and "Paul and Virginia" new Christmas prize-books; *no* sham champagne; *no* after-dinner and after-supper oratory. *No!* for *all* these, *half* these, or *one* of these, would be like an effervescing draught with a tea-spoonful of soot in it! We shall wander either to the favourite holiday home of our boyhood, the venerable mansion in Worcestershire, where in the past year I kept Christmas with the good squire; or I shall revisit my old kinsman at the Elizabethan grange in Warwickshire, for "the county" has my decided choice.

How delightful it is to snuggle into a warm bed, and many dear associations, all at once, beneath the low, strange timbered ceiling of the chamber of an ancient farming residence, after the social enjoyments of a thorough "Christmas Eve!" The habitation all in one hour becomes as silent as a sepulchre; the night dark, and undisturbed by the whistling or howling of prophetic winds. I say *dark*, for the moon is not there, only the sombre vault of heaven, powdered with stars innumerable, whilst meteor drops of faint blue light travel their mysterious journey from the silver keystone aloft to the sad horizon and its impenetrable boundary; and the economical, all-providing mother earth, turns round at the beck of the Creator, and after moons of labour and anxiety have shone upon its companion-face, Nature seems to pause, as if considering how best to re-unite the separated links of kind domestic feeling (broken by mental and corporeal labour) for the wearied human race.

The cheerful robe of Spring, the embroidered tunic of Summer, the vine-stained apparel of fruitful Autumn, have disappeared! It is Winter—deep Winter!—and decay. Hush!—what a thrill trembles upon the startled enthusiast, as the deep, sweet chorus of village minstrels upon the threshold bursts at once upon the ear in that holy midnight, "Hark! the herald angels sing!" As the earnest and pathetic voices blend in experienced modulations, you feel at once emancipated from the proud and vulgar world; so simple, but so effective is the magic of the hour; you hear sounds, brothers to the thoughts in every mortal bosom! No wonder at all, should you weep! for, by

the heart's adoration you acknowledge humility and dependence. Think you, are there shepherds in the choir? Ay, sirs! even humble shepherds from our neighbouring hills. How cheering is it to the poor husbandman, and the labourer upon the soil, to remember the celestial favour shown to lowly brethren at the birth of one who loved the poor so well! It is food of hope in affliction and toil, and every hard endurance; and certainly they will think of it when they see the starlight and the frost upon the Christmas fold season after season, from youth to age and its decrepitude. When the song is hushed (for that song must be heard at many doors to-night) you hear the bells of the adjacent belfries all going, as mad as fox-hounds, for sheer rapture, peal upon peal, cadence upon cadence, the dark night round. "Ralph," and "Old Nicholas," the sexagenarian beggar-men, who are dozing in their rags and ropes, by especial favour in the litter of the stall, bless those Christmas chimes, for they know they are as keys to generous hearts, and that they can dissolve even the petrified core of grey beard money-misers, and they cannot sleep for thinking of them. Ere the choristers leave your door, they bid aloud, "Merry Christmas to master and mistress, and all in th' whole house!" and soon you hear the unfastening of the casement, and a bluff voice responding, "Same to you, good neighbours, and many sich!" and then from chamber to chamber base and treble voices go, and return again, with "Merry Christmas!" to each, and from each one with the name of the party addressed. After this, silence again, gentle slumber, and a blessing.

"Well," say you, "what is there on Christmas Day?" why, laurels and ivy, holly and mistletoe, cleanliness, and decent profusion, with clinking cans, and busy knives, and cheerful faces in the chimney-nook, from aged granny croning over the Yule fire, to gentle Janet at her morning prayer. Then, at dinner-time you have beef and ham, turkey, tongues, and creditable chawls, humming ale, fragrant perry, and an amber-coloured array of cowslip and ginger wines. Welcome there is, and much fierce appetite. Mirth whirls every soul along until eventide, the well-arrayed domestics, from their apartment near, joining in every pledge, and exaggerating even the immoderate laughter of their glad superiors. Then the wonder wallet of old Father Chistmas is opened with a vengeance; songs, tales, jests appear in rapid succession. Whilst there are ears to listen to these things, and hearts to enjoy them, Christmas never will be forgotten in cottage or in courtlier hall; for, after all, what is Christmas but a sweet reunion of all living and natural things which we hold most dear,—sanctioned by a joyful mystery, which blends our joy with the jubilee of angels above. It is then that sounds and voices speak up from the olden time to a more enlightened generation, blended with emblems germinating ever in the poetry of the human heart, and stifled alone by selfishness and debauched pride.

So a merry Christmas to all dear friends of every degree, rich and poor, near and afar,—to our wives and sweethearts, especially—God's blessing upon all of them!—and, whilst they feast upon his bounty, oh! let us plead with them for mercy and largess for the wretched, the houseless, and the vagabond; enjoining also our kindred seriously "to shake the cloth" after every meal during the winter to the poor small birds, who also belong to our humble history of the Merry Christmas Holy-tide.

AN AUTUMN AT BAYSWATER;

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO AN AUTUMN ON THE RHINE, OR AN AUTUMN ANYWHERE ELSE.

BY THE PILGRIM IN LONDON.

"And Bob, my dear," said Mrs. Mac Namara, "I wish it was in your power to go travel, and see the Booleries and the Tooleyvards, and the rest, and then you might be, in course of time, as genteel as Ensign Brady."

"Heigho!" said Miss Dosy, ejecting a sigh. "Travel, Bob; travel."

"I will," said I, "at once." And left the house in the most abrupt manner.

DR. MAGINN.

A PROTRACTED residence in Leathersellers' Buildings, London Wall, can hardly be said to conduce to the complete recovery of a gentleman, like myself, of a consumptive diathesis, as the doctors call it. The atmospheric air in that select locality not being capable of any renewal, owing to the lofty walls, and impenetrable stacks of close-compacted chimney-pots, remains unaltered by any meteorological changes, and is probably the self-same air that was inspired by Julius Cæsar, when that gentleman took up his quarters in this neighbourhood. Whether or no, the air here is certainly second hand, as you may readily discover by the smell; it has the fuzzy, flat, unrefreshing taste upon the lungs that bad water has upon the palate, and is about equally wholesome. Now, although I had long since tried the water-cure by substituting good draught-porter as my ordinary beverage, yet there is no artificial compound hitherto invented, and to be had by the gallon, or otherwise, for satisfying the appetite of the lungs; you must be content to respire the article which is the staple of your neighbourhood, or try another shop; in other words, be recommended by your physician a change of air, which is found equally efficacious in pulmonary and pecuniary complaints, and is the general remedy for maladies of the chest and the pocket.

Now, having been recommended by my physicians change of air—I mention this merely in conformity with the usual custom, for, the fact is, I was my own physician, and recommended myself a change of air, but the other looks better, especially in a book of travels,—I determined, in my own mind, to make an incursion into some remote region, where nobody ever had been before, or rather, about which nobody had already written a book, which would take the bread out of my mouth, and subtract from the reputation I intended to create for myself as an original tourist, which I venture modestly to hint, the reader will not hesitate to confer upon me before I have done.

Full of this idea, I entered the CAFÉ LEOPARD, MUR DE LONDRÈS, commonly called, the Leopard Coffee House, London Wall. Once for all, however, I may tell the reader, I know French, and mean to let *him* know it, and I shall lug it in, together with Italian, after the fashion of Sancho Panza, and travellers in general, by the head and shoulders, in season, or out of season. Having ordered refreshment, consisting of half-a-pint (coffee), a half-round thick (bread and butter), and a 'chovy (a fish known to naturalists as a sprat or bleak pickled, and coloured with a little red-lead or brick-dust), I cast my eager eyes upon a map of the world, on Mercator's projection, and desiring

Susanne to hand me Guy's Geography, of which a well-thumbed copy is kept for the use of such members of the British Association as reside in that neighbourhood, I was speedily engaged in deep rumination upon such of the remote angles of this planet as had as yet escaped the visitation of bookmaking perambulators.

This I found a more difficult inquiry than I had anticipated; almost every spot on the habitable globe I could not avoid recollecting, had its representatives in the libraries, in one, two, or three volumes, *post octavo;* Africa had its Denham, Clapperton, Lander, Park, and many others, travellers and martyrs; America boasted its Basil Halls, Hamiltons, Trollopes, Powers, and a countless catalogue of tourists of lesser note, and of no note at all; India was overrun by field-officers, captains, and subalterns of the Bombay and Madras armies; we had squints at Scinde, glances at the Ganges, hops in the Himalayas, peeps at the Punjaub; our ears rung again with *atta,* and *batta,* and half *batta,* Nawaubs, Begums, Ameers, Bengal tigers and cheroots, elephants, *suttees*, John Company, Juggernhaut, pale ale, pickles, madeira, big livers, and ten thousand a-year!

Even the moon—at least the Celestial Empire, has been ransacked and exhausted by the intrepidity of English travellers. Talk of the supremacy of British arms, if British legs don't beat the arms hollow, call me a French milliner; let me know in what part of the world, from the interior of the Pyramids to the outside of Pekin, these indefatigable diffusers of useful knowledge have not pushed their way.

Look what an array of celestial tourists we have to boast of already. LORD MACARTNEY, STAUNTON, GUTZLAFF, DAVIS, DOWNING—*Toogood* Downing, as the author, or the book, I don't exactly recollect which, is denominated—and LORD JOCELYN; what may we not expect in the course of a few years' occupation of the territories of HANG-FO.

We will have in quick succession, "a Year in Hong-Kong," "Hong-Kong Revisited," "Advice to Emigrants to Hong-Kong," "Hong-Kong in 1845," "Hong-Kong and the Hong-Konquis,"—and I know not what else; and, with respect to Hong-Kong, and all the other kongs, and *tons* and *kins*, "of the making of books there shall be no end."

Return to Europe, and what greets us there? Is there any man, of not more than Job-like patience, in whose power it is to read through one-twentieth of the books of travels in Italy, Germany, everywhere? What years in Spain, what autumns near the Rhine, what summers have we not seen among the Bocages and the Vines? Might we not as readily swallow the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Moselle, as the books upon books that have been written of and concerning these much be-toured rivers; were it not almost as easy to digest the Rhætian and the Pannine Alps, the Appenines, and Pyrenees, as the successive migrations and re-migrations of those who cannot enjoy their excursions unless, upon their return, the press sweats, critics praise, and the public pays the piper.

These considerations passing rapidly through my mind as I sat refreshing myself in the Café Leopard, I determined, with the characteristic modesty of truly great—excuse my blushes—truly great minds, to give my preference to untrodden ground, and, as the only place in the map of the world concerning which a book or books had not already been given to the public, was, as far as I could see, the locality indicated by the title of this paper, I determined, on the fullest consi-

deration, that I should qualify for the Travellers' Club by a visit to, and a book about, Bayswater.

I say, every other place about the world of London, as about the world at large, was already provided with its tourist, its historian, its traveller, its penciller by the way. Hampstead has its History, by John James Park; Prickett, the auctioneer, offers a History and Antiquities of Highgate; Chelsea, Hammersmith, and Fulham have been "done" by the erudite Mr. Faulkner, who keeps "a repertory of ancient and modern literature," over against Chelsea Hospital; Camberwell is, I believe, now in the press; and Battersea will speedily be published.

Under these circumstances, there was nothing left for me but Bayswater; nor would this have been overlooked, if its existence had not happily been of a date so modern, that, before this present season, the traveller who would have anticipated me must have anticipated the place itself.

Bayswater, the more I thought upon it, the more I thought I could make it answer my purpose, and I need not say what that is—the reader at this moment has his eye upon it.

You see

The Rhine and the Rhone,
The Seine and the Saone,
The Danube and Darro,
Blackwater and Barrow,
Amazon, Guadalquivir;
In short, every river,
Not forgetting the Po,
Have been *done*, as you know.

The Bayswater river, on the contrary, has not been done by any one; we take to ourselves the same sort of merit for having discovered its source that Bruce did for his rummaging the fountains of old Nilus.

"Thus, then," said I to myself, as I cleared up my last mouthful of bread and butter, "I have discovered that grand desideratum in these days of universal locomotion, A NEW TOUR,—a tour not merely new, but interesting in the highest degree; at least I intended to make it so, whether or not, as I had no notion of going and returning with my finger in my mouth.

I spent twenty minutes in laying in the requisite stock of information regarding the geography, topography, and hydrography of Bayswater at large. This I obtained from a public functionary connected with the *messageries générales*, or public conveyances of the country, to whom I was introduced—I mean introduced myself—at the well-known caravansera, called the TAURO E VOLPONE, Strada di Leadenhall, where this intelligent gentleman was accustomed to resort. Our conversation was animated, though not prolonged. The gentleman would have told me much of Bayswater, if there had been much to tell, and of the little that was worth telling he, unfortunately, did not know anything.

He assured me, however, that I should never have a better opportunity of seeing the country than by returning in his *diligence*, which in three quarters of an hour would repass the TAURO E VOLPONE, on the homeward-bound voyage from FIN DE MILLE. I shook my worthy friend heartily by the hand, thanking him for his hospitable invitation, promising faithfully to make my arrangements for accompanying

him, and having drank to our *bon voyage* in a small bumper of a high-coloured, but well-flavoured spirit, called "Booth's Middlesex Cognac," we parted, he to explore FIN DE MILLE, and I to procure a clean shirt, pair of socks, a nightcap, comb, and toothbrush, indispensable for so distant, and it might be dangerous a journey.

Returning at the time appointed, I found my hospitable friend in the act of driving rapidly towards the BANCO D'INGHILTERRA. Introducing my bundle to the notice of the "*conducteur*," he desired me to "jump up," which I accordingly did, and away we went, as well as I could judge from the position of the sun, in a direction west by south through the COTE DE PRIX BASSE, CIMITIERE DE STO. PAUL, STRADA DI FLOTTA, BORD DU TAMISE, as far as CROCE DE CHARING, where we pulled up for a couple of minutes.

Thinking the present a favourable opportunity to open a conversation with the *conducteur*, who was a man of grave and formal deportment, I took the liberty of stating a meteorological fact, about which there could not be, even in the Royal Society, a shadow of doubt, as the air was mild and balmy, the sky clear, and the sun shining with unusual brilliancy; in a word, I observed, with some diffidence, that it was a very fine day.

The *conducteur* said nothing; not a word. He seemed immersed in thought, and I did not choose to disturb his *reverie*. He muttered some incoherent syllables, clenched his whip, bestowed an emphatic and, as it seemed to me, vindictive cut upon the ears of first one of his horses, then of the other, then turning to me, exclaimed, with a bi-syllabic prefix, in a language I did not understand,

"This here country 's a going to the devil!"

"A politician," thought I.

"This," continued the *conducteur*, "is what I mean to say, and nothing but it—this here country 's a-goin' to blazes—I say, we 're a-goin' to blazes!"

Imagining that we were on the high road, not to blazes, but to Bayswater, I ventured respectfully to ask the gentleman to explain.

"Evils," said I, "are incurable while they are indefinite. Man is given to complaining, and in every condition of existence there is ground of complaint; nor can we expect that complaint should cease, until all men shall have nothing to complain of; a state of things impossible to hope for, since perfect happiness is not the condition of this life. From querulousness and repining no age, sex, or condition is free. The beggar repines, wanting a meal, or a place where to lay his head; the noble, possessed of the accumulated lands and wealth of ages, has his hours of repining; the maid pines for marriage, and the wife regrets the careless life of the maid; the bachelor longs for the solace of domestic life, the married man repines at the independence of a single state; the labourer repines that he is a slave to his labour, the man who laboureth not, that he is a slave to himself; the independent man repines at the lot of the prosperous placeman, the placeman repines that independence makes no part of his enjoyment; the tradesman repines at the humility of his social state, the professional man envies the substantial comforts of the tradesman; the domestic man misses the excitement of a traveller's life, the traveller longs for familiar faces, and a fireside that he may call his own; the many that have reason for repining repine, and the few that have not, repine also. Political querulousness is only social complaint enlarged, as a nation is

but a larger family. Under whatever government we live, by whatever means, under whatever name we are governed, we still retain the privilege of complaint. Under a paternal despotism slaves have nothing to complain of but slavery, and of that they complain; in a free commonwealth, where men govern themselves, they complain of each other; a constitutional government, though perfect, would be complained of because too liberal, or not liberal enough. The slave pines after freedom, the freeman that he is not yet more free; and those that are not altogether slaves, nor entirely free, repine for that, or for some other reason. To hope, as a man or a citizen, for happiness is pardonable, as hope urges on the duties and the business of life; to *expect* it, is to expect that our lot shall not be the common lot of all."

"I 'm surprised," observed the *conducteur*, "to hear a man o' common sense bring up sich gammon. Blowed if you arn't a-jawin' like a Methody! But look at this, d' ye see: a hact o' Parlimint comes an' says as how I shan't wear my coat—shan't—wear—my—coat—D—n—n!—d' ye call that a free desperism?—is that put down in black an' white in *Magner Carter*?—is it law?—is it jistis?—a man as drives this here bus isn't to wear no coat!"

"Not wear your coat!" exclaimed I, doubting if we had not already passed some imaginary line dividing the free people of England from some slave state. "Bayswater, then," thought I, "may be another North Carolina."

"I say," shouted the *conducteur*, "I MUST wear my coat—whether I likes it or not—no compulsion, only you must—it 's scored up, and we must wear coats. Now set in case as the weather 's unkimmin hot—like it is now—isn't a pro*v*oking case as how I mus'n't take off my coat—this here coat what I paid for—eh? Did ever a bus man inquire of ever a Parlimint man if he wears coats when he can't bear a coat on his back? Does Bobby Peel wear a coat when he doesn't like it? and why should Bill Smith? That 's what I wants to be informed on."

The *conducteur* could say no more; he swelled with inward rage, blowing off occasionally the steam of his execration upon the iniquitous oppression of the law that compelled him to the encumbrance of a coat on duty. He gradually subsided, however, into comparative tranquillity, and, until we arrived at the L'HOMME VERT ET TRANQUILLE, STRADA DI OXFORD, solaced himself with a doleful ditty, the *refrain*, as well as I can remember, being something like the words,

"Old England, what have you come to?"

While waiting our appointed time at L'HOMME VERT ET TRANQUILLE, I could not help meditating upon the various and opposite appearances political grievances assume, and of their connexion with such apparently trivial matters as articles of wearing apparel.

The Highland Scotchman has been known to revolt against inexpressibles; the grievance of the Englishman is, that he is compelled by a wise legislature to wear his coat; while one of the many grievances of the Irishman consists in his having no coat to wear.

To how much confusion, pillage, and blood was the *bonnet rougé* a party? Have we not heard and read of hundreds of battles being fought, thousands of men marshalled against their fellows, for the purpose of mutual destruction, under the auspices, on the one side, of a

cockade of three, and on the other, a cockade of one colour, which, possibly, made the only serious difference in the two sets of combatants.

"Where do you get down, sir?" inquired the *conducteur*, in a calm, business-like tone, contrasting wonderfully with the violence of his manner when discussing the politics of the coat.

"At Bayswater, sir, if you please."

My patriotic friend, pulling up at a *posada*, where I had the first opportunity of observing the Bayswaterian peasantry, seated after the manner of the Jews, Cherokees, and other nations, some upon stools, others upon steps, and a few on the ground, pointed with his whip to the door of the house of entertainment, merely observing,

"That is the Lion."

I saw it was. A black lion, a lion in mourning, *couchant* upon a beam, supported by two posts, the whole forming a lively representation of a well-known engine for vindicating the majesty, as it is termed, of the law; our Lion *noir* looking like Jack Ketch reposing in grim dignity, after his morning's work in the service of her legal Majesty.

"This *is* the Lion," repeated the *conducteur* with some asperity.

"But I wish to get down at Bayswater."

"Why, what a st*oo*pid! I tell yer this here *is* the Lion. Pay me, if you please."

A thought struck me. I conjectured that the *conducteur* was in the condition of those intelligent mariners who, circumnavigating the globe, return with full, true, and particular information of the various grog-shops on their route, their signs, and the quality of the liquors, but are profoundly ignorant of everything else; in this conjecture I was right. The *conducteur* knew Bayswater: that is to say, he stopped at the Lion *noir;* he drank, there, of course; and when there it was that he knew himself and his living cargo to have arrived at the place of his destination.

I was so much pleased with having made this important discovery, that, as I put the price of my journey into the hand of my friend, I could not help exclaiming, "It must be so!"

"*Must it!*" exclaimed the *conducteur*. "You're a bright un, *you* are! Step down, Mr. Ferguson," continued he, no doubt mistaking me for some other gentleman, "and take care of your precious limbs, good people is so unkimmon scarce in the market!"

I could not avoid smiling at the humour and cheerful hilarity of this worthy man, with whose society I had been so much gratified since leaving London, and with whom it was not likely that I should ever meet again. This reflection saddened me. "Thus it is," thought I, "are the joyous moments of existence dashed with sorrow. We meet a delightful companion, we travel with him on our way, we reciprocate good humour, good fellowship, good offices; he exhibits the bright side of human nature, and calls forth the good that is on our side; we have forgotten that we were strangers, and begin to hope that we may be friends; our hearts, expanded by sympathy, open to embrace each other, when lo! our friend, that ought to be, must take another route, we shake hands, part with mutual expressions of sincere regret, and see each other no more.

Reflecting thus, I observed my friend of the TAURO E VOLPONE hanging behind the *diligence*, as it moved onwards. I bowed, and waved my hand, in token of recognition; my friend performed some

eccentric evolutions, applying his thumb to the point of his nose, and imitating the action of blowing that prominent feature with his fingers, with other friendly gestures, intimating, no doubt, his high respect for me, as well as his regret that we were thenceforwards to be deprived of the pleasure of each other's company.

There are few pleasures more gratifying than finding yourself, for the first time, perambulating the streets of a place hitherto unvisited. Although all cities and towns are no more than congregated dwellings, yet, like the individuals that inhabit them, no two have an exactly similar physiognomy; there is an individuality about towns, as about townsmen; and, though there may be family likenesses, yet it is impossible for the least accurate observer to confound the individual with the species.

The first stroll I had through the streets of this interesting locality I found nothing worthy very particular remark. The natives dressed, I observed, after the fashion of the north, middle, and southern parts of Europe, the men wearing a coat, waistcoat, and trousers, which I believe are customarily worn wherever civilization has made much way. The women were clothed, for the most part, in flowing robes, by some nations known under one name, by others another, but being, in fact, neither more nor less than a cotton gown all the world over.

The little girls were attired in the Turkish fashion: a short tunic, hardly reaching below the knee, and displaying to much advantage a pair of muslin frilled trousers, not too clean. The slipper, however, instead of being turned up at the toe, as in the East, is here turned down at the heel, which probably answers the same purpose.

Bayswater, like New York, is evidently a city of recent date; I need, therefore, hardly say that it affords a barren field to the antiquarian. The conduit, whence, in former times, water was supplied to the city of London, and where the Mayor and Corporation used to have an annual West-End Epping hunt, has been pulled down, and first-rate houses erected upon its site. I am not aware of any erection of undoubted antiquity existing at the present day. It is some consolation to reflect, however, that in time the houses which are now new will become old; and when they are perfectly useless to owner, tenant, and everybody else, it is a gratification to know that they will be still valuable in the eyes of antiquarians.

I was ever more gratified in the contemplation of the advance of civilization than in its decline. The crumbling monuments of elder centuries have no charms for me, compared with the business-like brick and mortar substitutes of our own day. To look with wonder and admiration upon mouldering walls and time-corroded pediments, the work of the ancient Romans, may delight the classical antiquary; let me rather delight in beholding the multitudinous aggregation of structures, intended to minister to the household wants of the modern Briton.

To behold cities mouldering, or already mouldered in decay, their half-naked inhabitants cowering under the shelter of their ancestral ruins, and to have no other consolation than that these were mighty cities in their day, is, after all, a *triste plaisir*. The progressive increase of an already great city, on the contrary, is not only a pleasurable, but a wonderful sight; houses rising, like mushrooms, in a night; street marrying street, and bringing forth a large small family of little

buildings; suburb blending with suburb, and together becoming absorbed in the interminable and eternally increasing town.

Where does the money come from?

Where do the inhabitants come from?

Whence are derived the incomes that are to support the tenants of these myriad habitations?

I was excogitating categorical replies to these three self-proposed queries, when I was arrested by a brisket of boiled beef, in a cook-shop, perforated by a skewer, with a printed ticket on the top, announcing the viand for sale at a shilling a pound; a crusty outside penny roll lay temptingly propinquitous; a pot-boy flitted past like a delusion. I thought I smelt fresh mustard—in a little box behind the shop-door, I caught a glimpse of a snow-white table-cloth; two accidental circumstances, not usually concurring, concurred this day; I was hungry, and I had a shilling in my pocket. As Tony Lumpkin says, my appetite and my purse were in a concatenation accordingly, and—

I bolted into the cook-shop!

THE MONARCHS OF EARTH.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Who are the potentates of earth?
Not they who boast a lordly birth,
Nor those to rank and wealth allied,
Who bear the pomp of 'scutcheon'd pride
But unto whom hath been denied
        The mastery of mind!
All-powerless before that soul,
Who holds o'er knowledge stern control,
        They fall far, far behind.

Who is the mightiest? He whose head
Hath royal honours round it spread,—
On whom the purple and the gold
A blaze of glory doth unfold,
That mocks him as his limbs get old,
        When death comes creeping slow;
Or he whose genius fears no end,
But will to countless years extend,
        Undimm'd, unstain'd in glow?

Whose sway is limited the most?
He who hath rule from coast to coast,
From ocean isle to desert vast,
Where foot of man hath seldom pass'd,
From pierceless woods to distant waste,
        Until the boundr'y 's cross'd,
That intervening, takes away
The freedom of the monarch's sway.
        How often won and lost!—

Or he whose still small voice is heard,
When winds have left the leaves unstirr'd,
By swarthy savage in the wild,
Whose heart is melting like a child,
To hear the notes, so sweet and wild,
That speaks to him of love,
And binds his tameless spirit down
To worship—not a gilded crown—
But fadeless ones above?

How futile are the soaring dreams
That float on Mammon's misty beams!—
How sand-like are the hopes they bring,
The heart how grovelling whence they spring!—
And thoughtless too; for, as men cling
To each deceitful ray,
It is but like the rainbow's hue,
One moment beautiful to view,
The next all pass'd away!

But Knowledge has a sun, whose light
Hath never yet seen mortal night:
It rose upon a world of sin,
And, clothed with bright imagining,
The soul that was so drear within,
And on its mission went,
To take from earth each slavish ban,
And teach what best ennobles man,
And how life should be spent!

Are they not conquerors in name,
These worshippers of that pure flame,
Who from the brilliant meteor take
A thousand joyous things, that break
The spirit's slumber till it wake
Into a higher state;
Who have with winning arts entwined
Their hallow'd spells around the mind,
And made it good and great?

Are they not more than victors, thus
To bear a weight inane from us,
And keep their powerful influence
O'er manhood, heretofore and hence,
With means we scarce know how or whence;
Causing the weak to rise
In giant strength of wisdom's lore,
Themselves had wonder'd at before,
And deem'd most strangely wise!

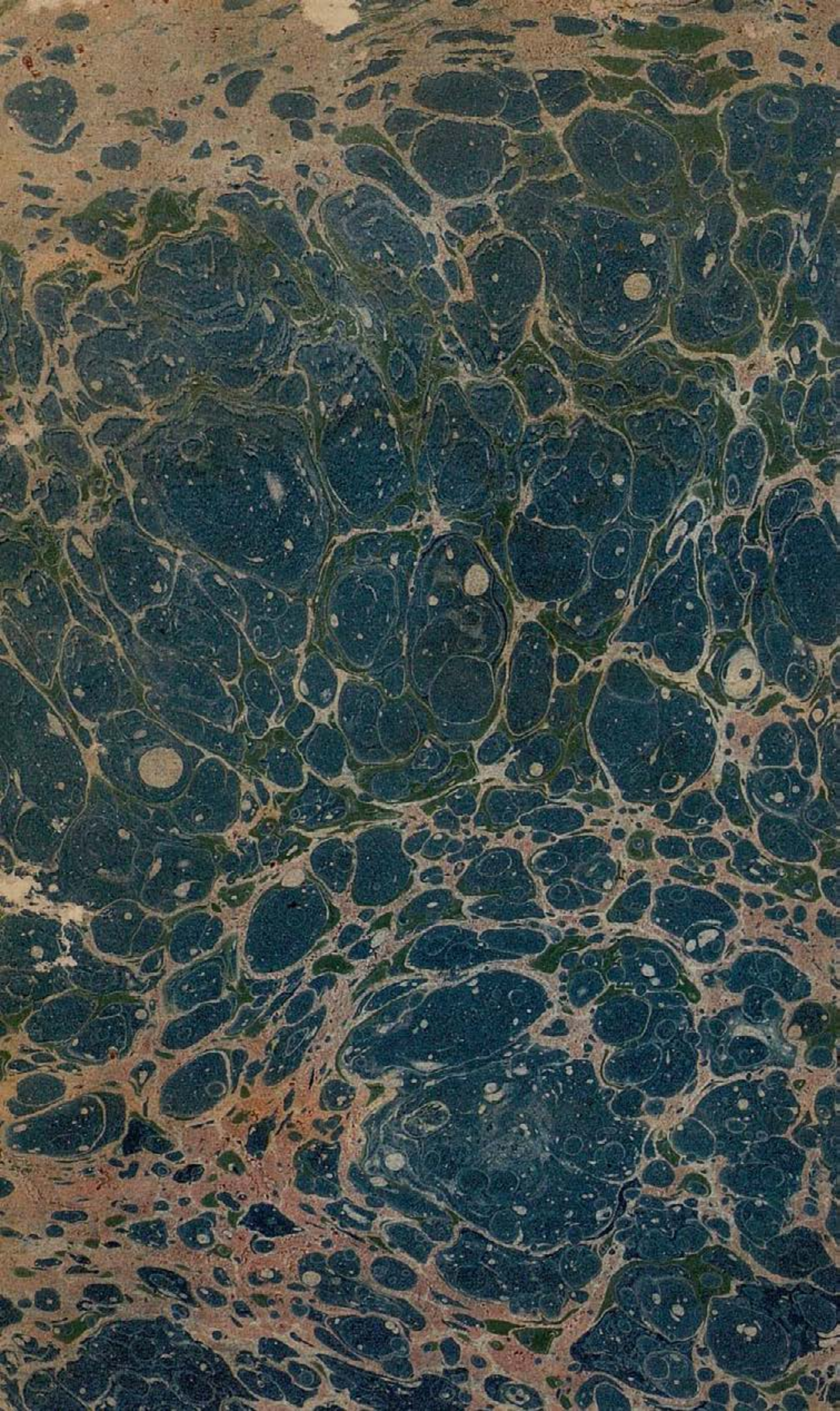
These are earth's potentates, who bear
No vain or transitory gear!—
These are the sovereigns elect,
Whose thrones are in the intellect,
Placed there to study and reflect,
By those alone who bow
In homage to majestic thought,
With priceless stores of wisdom fraught,
And blessings on its brow!

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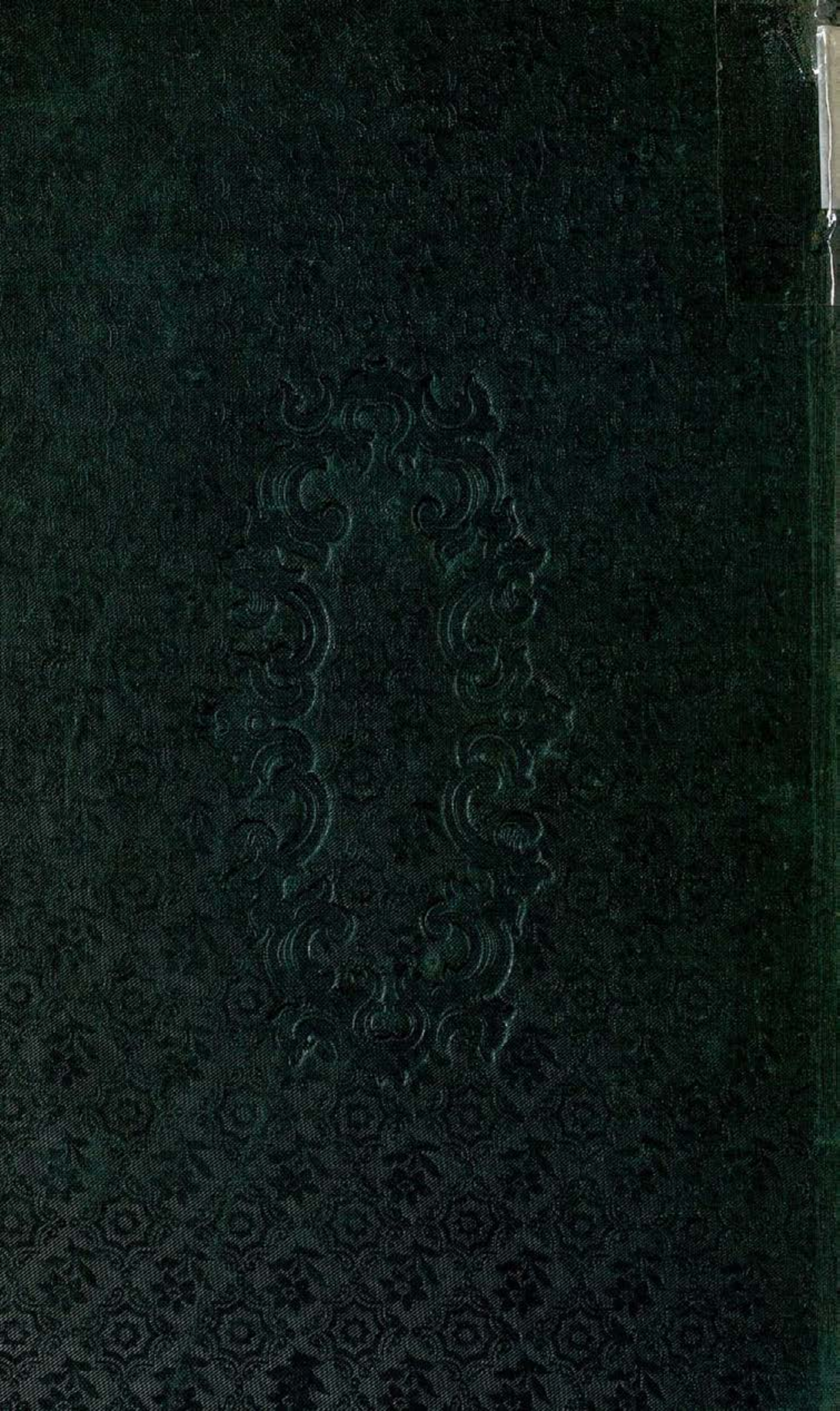
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END OF THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

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